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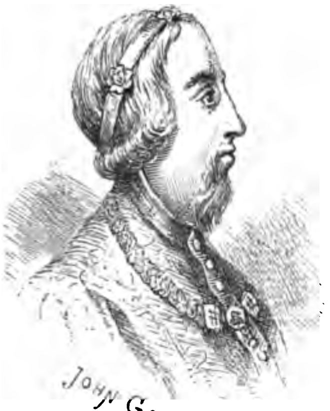
# CHAMBERS'S CYCLOPÆDIA

OF

# ENGLISH LITERATURE



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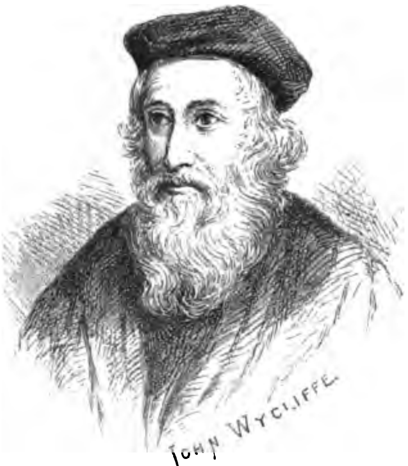

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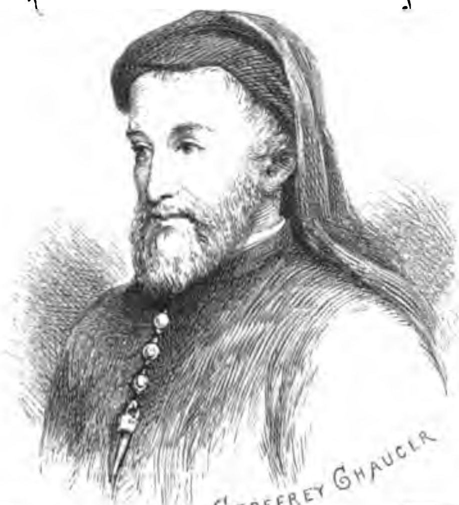

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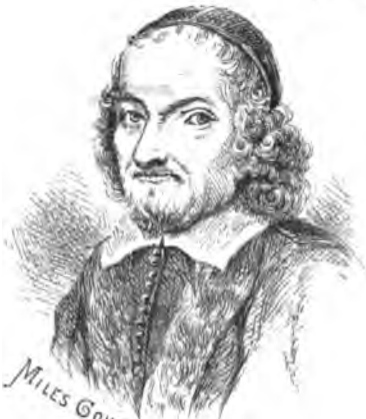

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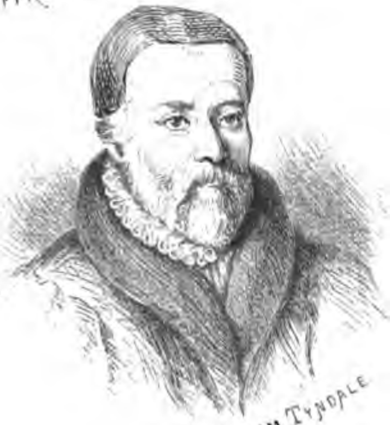

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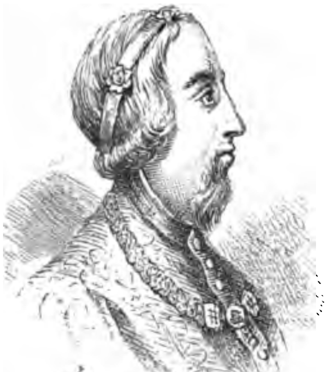

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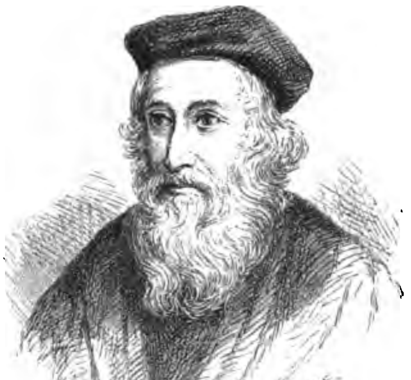

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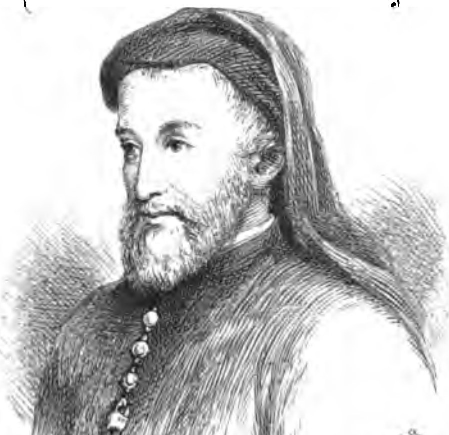

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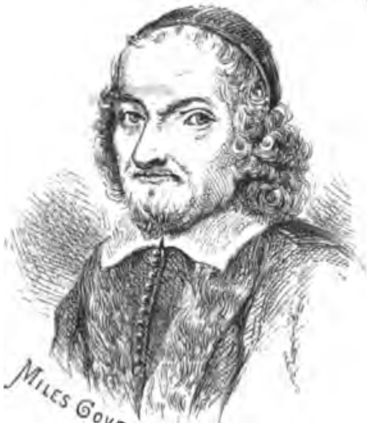

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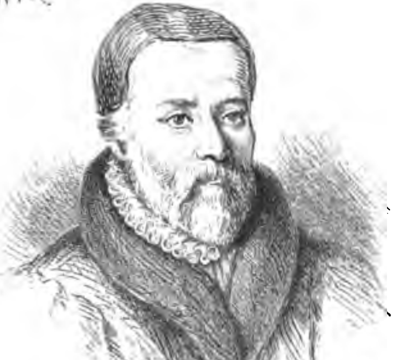

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I.

CHAMBERS'S

# CYCLOPÆDIA
OF
# ENGLISH LITERATURE

A HISTORY, CRITICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL, OF BRITISH AUTHORS
WITH SPECIMENS OF THEIR WRITINGS

ORIGINALLY EDITED BY ROBERT CHAMBERS, LL.D.

*THIRD EDITION*

REVISED BY ROBERT CARRUTHERS, LL.D.

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I.

W. & R. CHAMBERS
LONDON AND EDINBURGH
1876

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# PREFACE.

THE present work, the first of its kind in Great Britain, was originally published in 1843. It was designed and commenced by the late Dr ROBERT CHAMBERS—always zealous and indefatigable, as he was successful, in the promotion of literature and public improvement. The work was undertaken for the purpose of supplying what was considered a deficiency in the literature addressed at that time to the great body of the people—namely, a chronological series of extracts from our national authors—a concentration of the best productions of English intellect, from Anglo-Saxon to recent times, set, as it were, in a popular biographical history of our literature. Great efforts had previously been made for the diffusion of useful knowledge, and for popularising scientific information; but there was no work, at once cheap and comprehensive, which sought to bring the treasures of imaginative and historical literature within the reach of the busy mercantile and industrial classes of society. This CYCLOPÆDIA, which aimed at supplying the want, was received with great favour, both in this country and in America. Gratifying proofs of its usefulness have been received from various quarters and from numerous readers, who have acknowledged that their earliest love of literature, and their veneration for our great authors from CHAUCER to WORDSWORTH, were first called forth by the successive monthly parts of this work.

After the lapse of fifteen years, during which literature and literary information had greatly increased, a Second Edition of the CYCLOPÆDIA was issued, bringing it down to the year 1858. This edition also was highly successful.

A further interval of eighteen years having taken place, a Third Edition is now offered to the public, carefully revised, continuing the extracts and biographical notices to the present time. One distinguishing feature of this period has been the advance in American literature. The New World has nobly vindicated its claim to be associated with the Old in the arts which dignify and adorn social life; and there only wants an international law of copyright to completely assimilate and do equal justice to British and American authors.

It would have been impossible to have rendered the present work as complete as it now appears, without the sanction of living authors and publishers, proprietors of copyrights; and the great liberality and courtesy with which permission to make extracts has been granted, demands the grateful acknowledgments of the Editor and Publishers. It remains to be added that, for the revision of the second and third editions of the work, we have been indebted to ROBERT CARRUTHERS, LL.D., of Inverness, whose excellent literary knowledge and taste are conspicuously observable in the present improved edition.

W. & R. C.

EDINBURGH, *March* 1876.

# CONTENTS OF FIRST VOLUME.

## *FIRST PERIOD.*

### FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO 1400 A.D.

PAGE
- English Language—The Gael and Cymry ........ 1
- Anglo-Saxon Writers ........ 2
  - Extracts from Beowulf and Judith ........ 2
  - Cædmon, the Monk of Whitby ........ 2
    - Extracts from Cædmon's *Creation* ........ 3
  - Alfred the Great (with Extracts) ........ 3
  - Alfric, Canute, The Saxon Chronicle ........ 4
  - Ode on the Battle of Brunanburh ........ 4
- Anglo-Norman or Semi-Saxon Writers ........ 5
  - Wace, Layamon, &c. (with Extracts) ........ 5
  - The Owl and the Nightingale ........ 6
  - Song, 'Summer is Coming in'—*Squire of Low Degree* ........ 6
- Early English Writers ........ 7
  - Thomas of Ercildoun—Havelok, the Dane ........ 7
  - Robert of Gloucester ........ 8
    - England and the Normans about 1300 ........ 8
    - The Muster for the First Crusade ........ 8
  - Robert de Brunne ........ 9
    - Interview of Vortigern with Rowen ........ 9
    - Praise of Good Women ........ 10
    - Death of Edward I ........ 10
  - Lawrence Minot, Richard Rolle, William Langland 10
    - How Edward the King came to Brabant ........ 10
    - What is in Heaven ........ 11
    - Extracts from *Piers the Plowman* ........ 11
  - Geoffrey Chaucer (died in 1400) ........ 12
    - Opening of the *Canterbury Tales* ........ 14
    - The Knight, the Squire, the Prioress ........ 15
    - The Monk, Friar, Franklin, Wife of Bath, Poor Parson ... 17
    - Extracts from the Tales of the Knight, the Man of Law, the Franklin, and Wife of Bath ........ 19
    - Good Counsel of Chaucer ........ 21
    - On Gathering and Using Riches ........ 21
  - John Gower (*circa* 1325—1408) ........ 22
    - Story of the Caskets ........ 22
- Scottish Poets ........ 23
  - Oldest Fragment of Scottish Poetry ........ 24
  - John Barbour (*circa* 1316—1395) ........ 24
    - Apostrophe to Freedom ........ 24
    - Bruce's Address to his Army ........ 25
    - Death of Sir Henry de Bohun ........ 25
    - Battle of Bannockburn ........ 25
  - Andrew Wyntoun (died after 1420) ........ 26
    - Macbeth and the Weird Sisters ........ 26
    - St Serf and Satan ........ 27
  - John Fordun (died about 1385) ........ 27
- Prose Literature ........ 27
  - Sir John de Mandeville (*circa* 1300—1372) ........ 27
    - The Beginning of Mohammed ........ 27
    - Lecture on Christian Vices ........ 27
  - John de Trevisa (*translator*, 1387) ........ 28
  - John Wycliffe (1324—1384) ........ 28
    - Gospel of St Mark, chap. i ........ 28
    - The Magnificat ........ 29
    - The Mendicant Friars ........ 29

## *SECOND PERIOD.*

### 1400—1558: HENRY IV. TO QUEEN ELIZABETH.

- Thomas Occleve (*circa* 1370—1454) ........ 30
- John Lydgate (1373—1460) ........ 30
  - Description of a Silvan Retreat ........ 30
  - The London Lyckpenny ........ 31

PAGE
- Alexander Barclay (died in 1552) ........ 31
  - The Book Collector ........ 31
- Stephen Hawes (*Poet*, 1506) ........ 31
  - The Temple of Mars ........ 32
- John Skelton (*circa* 1460—1529) ........ 32
  - A Satire on the Clergy ........ 32
  - Cardinal Wolsey ........ 32
  - To Mrs Margaret Hussey ........ 33
- Earl of Surrey (*circa* 1517—1546) ........ 33
  - Sonnet on Geraldine ........ 33
  - Prisoner at Windsor ........ 33
  - How no Age is Content ........ 34
  - The Means to attain a Happy Life ........ 34
  - Extract from Translation of *Virgil* ........ 35
- Sir Thomas Wyatt (1503—1542) ........ 35
  - The Lover's Lute ........ 35
  - The Re-cured Lover exulteth ........ 35
  - Pleasure is mixed with every Pain ........ 35
  - The Courtier's Life ........ 36
  - Of the Mean and Sure Estate ........ 36
- Lord Vaux (*circa* 1510—1557) and other Court Poets ........ 36
  - On a Contented Mind ........ 36
  - Amantium Iræ Amoris Redintegratio Est ........ 36
  - Song by William Hunnis ........ 37
  - Praise of his Lady, by G. Boleyn ........ 37
- Thomas Tusser (*circa* 1515—1580) ........ 37
  - Directions for cultivating a Hop-garden ........ 38
  - Housewifely Physic ........ 38
  - Moral Reflections on the Wind ........ 38

### SCOTTISH POETS.

- James I. of Scotland (1394—1437) ........ 38
  - James I., a Prisoner in Windsor, first sees Lady Jane Beaufort, who afterwards was his Queen ........ 39
  - Extract from *Christ's Kirk of the Green* ........ 40
- Blind Harry (died after 1492) ........ 40
  - Storming of Dunnottar Castle ........ 40
  - Adventure of Wallace while fishing in Irvine Water ........ 41
  - The Ghost of Fawdoun ........ 41
- Holland—Robert Henryson (died about 1490) ........ 42
  - Extract from *Robin and Makyne* ........ 42
  - Extract from *The Town and Country Mouse* ........ 42
  - A Summer Morning ........ 43
- William Dunbar (*circa* 1460—1520) ........ 43
  - The Merle and Nightingale ........ 45
  - The Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins ........ 45
  - Tidings fra' the Session ........ 47
- Gavin (or Gawain) Douglas (*circa* 1474—1522) ........ 47
  - Apostrophe to Honour ........ 47
  - Description of Morning in May ........ 47
- Sir David Lyndsay (*circa* 1490—1555) ........ 48
  - Extract from *The Complaynt* ........ 49
  - Satire on the Syde Tails ........ 49
  - Abuses of the Clergy ........ 50
  - Speech of the Pardoner ........ 50
  - The Law's Delay ........ 50
- Walter Kennedy, The Maitland and Bannatyne MSS., &c ........ 50

### BALLAD POETRY.

- The Deaths of Douglas and Percy ........ 51
- Sir Patrick Spens ........ 52
- The Nut-brown Maid ........ 52
- The Gaberlunzie Man ........ 53

## PROSE LITERATURE.

PAGE
- Sir John Fortescue (1395—1485) ... 54
  - English Courage ... 54
  - What Harm would come to England if the Commons were Poor? 54
- Bishop Pecock (*circa* 1390—1460) ... 55
- Sir Thomas Malory (*Acts of King Arthur*, 1469) ... 55
  - The Death of Sir Lancelot ... 55
- William Caxton (*circa* 1412—1491) ... 56
  - Account of Virgil ... 56
  - Legend of St Francis ... 56
- English Chroniclers—Robert Fabian (*circa* 1450—1512), and Edward Hall (*circa* 1499—1547) ... 56
  - Jack Cade's Insurrection ... 56
  - Scene in the Council-room of the Protector Gloucester ... 58
- Sir Thomas More (1480—1535) ... 59
  - Specimen of More's Juvenile Poetry, *note* ... 59
  - Epigram of a New-married Student, *note* ... 59
  - Sheep-masters Decayers of Husbandry ... 60
  - The Utopian Idea of Pleasure ... 60
  - Character of Richard III ... 61
  - Letter to Lady More ... 61
- Act of Parliament, 1533 ... 61
- Bishop John Fisher (1459—1535) ... 62
  - Habits of a Pious Lady of Rank ... 62
- Sir Thomas Elyot (*circa* 1495—1546) ... 62
- Bishop Latimer (*circa* 1485—1555) ... 62
  - Account of his Parentage ... 63
  - Germany made a Mingle-mangle of their Religion ... 63
  - Bishop Latimer gives place to Robin Hood's men ... 63
  - Goodwin Sands and Tenderden Steeple ... 63
  - The Devil the most Diligent Preacher ... 64
- John Leland (*circa* 1506—1552), and George Cavendish (*circa* 1500—1562) ... 64
  - King Henry's Visits to Wolsey's House ... 65
  - The Death of Wolsey ... 65
- Lord Berners (*circa* 1474—1532) ... 66
  - Battle of Cressy ... 66
  - Edward IV. and the Countess of Salisbury ... 66
- Bishop Bale (1495—1563) ... 67
  - Death of Lord Cobham ... 67
- William Tyndale (*circa* 1477—1536) ... 67
  - The Magnificat and Lord's Prayer ... 68
  - Part of St Matthew's Gospel ... 68
- Miles Coverdale (1485—1565) ... 68
  - Passage from Book of Genesis ... 68
- Translations of the Bible ... 68
- Sir John Cheke (1514—1557) ... 69
  - Remonstrance with Levellers ... 69
- Sir Thomas Wilson (*circa* 1520—1581) ... 69
  - Simplicity of Style Recommended ... 69
- Roger Ascham (1515—1568) ... 69
  - Interview with Lady Jane Grey ... 70
  - Study should be relieved by Amusement ... 70
  - Occupations should be chosen suitable to the Natural Faculties ... 71
- John Bellenden (*circa* 1495—1550) ... 71
  - Part of the Story of Macbeth ... 72
- The Complaynt of Scotland ... 72

## THIRD PERIOD.

### 1558—1625: THE REIGNS OF ELIZABETH AND JAMES I.

- Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst (1527—1608) ... 73
  - Characters from the *Mirror for Magistrates* ... 73
  - Duke of Buckingham in the Infernal Regions ... 75
- John Harrington (1534—1582) ... 75
  - Sonnet on Isabella Markham ... 75
- Arthur Brooke (died about 1563) ... 75
  - Friar Lawrence ... 75
  - Love of Romeus and Juliet ... 75
  - The Nurse to Romeus ... 76
- George Gascoigne (*circa* 1535—1577) ... 76
  - The Country Gentlemen and Squires ... 76
  - Satire on the Court Ladies ... 76
  - The Arraignment of a Lover ... 77

PAGE
- Sir Philip Sidney (1554—1586) ... 77
  - Four Sonnets ... 77
- Edmund Spenser (*circa* 1553—1599) ... 78
  - Una and the Red-cross Knight ... 81
  - Adventure of Una with the Lion ... 82
  - The Bower of Bliss ... 82
  - The House of Sleep ... 83
  - Description of Belphœbe ... 83
  - Fable of the Oak and the Brier ... 84
  - Extract from the *Epithalamium* ... 84
- Robert Southwell (1560—1595) ... 86
  - The Image of Death ... 86
  - The Burning Babe ... 86
  - Times go by Turns ... 86
- William Warner (1558—1609) ... 87
  - The Life of a Shepherd ... 87
- Samuel Daniel (1562—1619) ... 87
  - Epistle to the Countess of Cumberland ... 87
  - Richard II. the Morning Before his Murder ... 88
  - Early Love ... 88
  - Sonnets ... 88
  - Ulysses and the Syren ... 88
- Michael Drayton (*circa* 1563—1631) ... 89
  - Description of a Stag-hunt ... 89
  - Sherwood Forest and Robin Hood ... 90
  - The Queen of the Fairies visiting Pigwiggen ... 91
- Edward Fairfax (died after 1631) ... 91
  - Armida and her Enchanted Girdle ... 91
  - Rinaldo at Mount Olivet ... 91
- Sir John Harrington (*circa* 1561—1612) ... 92
  - Epigrams: Of Treason, Of Fortune, &c ... 92
- William Shakspeare (1564—1616) ... 92
  - Sonnet, 'That time of Year' ... 93
  - The Horse of Adonis ... 93
  - Venus's Prophecy after the Death of Adonis ... 93
  - Selections from Sonnets ... 94
  - Selections from Songs ... 94
- Sir John Davies (1570—1626) ... 95
  - The Dancing of the Air ... 95
  - Reasons for the Soul's Immortality ... 96
- Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford (*circa* 1540—1604) ... 96
  - Fancy and Desire ... 96
- Sir Edward Dyer (*circa* 1540—1607) ... 96
  - 'My mind to me a kingdom is' ... 97
- Thomas Storer (died in 1604) ... 97
  - Extracts from poem on Wolsey ... 97
- John Donne (1573—1631) ... 97
  - Address to Bishop Valentine ... 98
  - Valediction—Forbidding Mourning ... 98
  - The Will ... 98
  - Character of a Bore ... 99
- Bishop Hall (1574—1656) ... 99
  - Selections from Satires ... 100
- John Marston (died about 1634), Thomas Churchyard (1520—1604), George Tuberville (*circa* 1530—1594), Thomas Watson (*circa* 1557—1592), and Henry Constable (*circa* 1560—1612) ... 100
  - Sonnets by Thomas Watson ... 100
- Nicholas Breton (1558—1624) ... 101
  - A Pastoral ... 101
  - From *Farewell to Town* ... 101
- Thomas Lodge (*circa* 1555—1625), and Richard Barnfield (died after 1598) ... 102
  - Beauty—Rosalind's Madrigal ... 102
  - Love—Two Short Poems ... 103
- Christopher Marlowe (1564—1593), and Sir Walter Raleigh (1552—1618) ... 103
  - The Passionate Shepherd to his Love ... 103
  - The Nymph's Reply ... 103
  - Raleigh's Verses before his Execution ... 106
  - Passions are likened best to Floods and Streams ... 106
  - Two Sonnets by Raleigh ... 106
  - The Pilgrimage ... 107
  - On Sir Philip Sidney ... 107
  - The Lie ... 107
- Joshua Sylvester (1563—1618) ... 108
  - Satan's Temptation of Eve ... 108
  - Morning—The Sun—Plurality of Worlds ... 108

# CONTENTS OF FIRST VOLUME.

PAGE

- Ben Jonson (1573—1637) .... 109
  - To Celia.—From *The Forest* .... 109
  - The Sweet Neglect.—From *The Silent Woman* .... 109
  - Hymn to Diana.—From *Cynthia's Revels* .... 109
  - To Night.—From *The Vision of Delight* .... 109
  - Song.—From *The Forest* .... 109
  - Good Life, Long Life .... 109
  - Epitaphs .... 110
  - To Penshurst .... 110
  - To the Memory of Shakspeare .... 110
  - On the Portrait of Shakspeare .... 111
- Sir John Beaumont (1582—1628) .... 111
  - Richard III.'s Address to his Troops at Bosworth .... 111
- Francis Beaumont (1586—1616) .... 111
  - From *Letter to Ben Jonson* .... 112
  - On the Tombs in Westminster .... 112
  - An Epitaph .... 112
- Sir Henry Wotton (1568—1639) .... 112
  - The Character of a Happy Life .... 113
  - To his Mistress the Queen of Bohemia .... 113
- Lord Brooke (1554—1628) .... 113
  - The Prehistoric Age .... 113
- Phineas Fletcher (1584—1650), and Giles Fletcher (*circa* 1588—1623) .... 114
  - Decay of Human Greatness .... 114
  - Description of Parthenia .... 115
  - The Sorceress of Vain Delight .... 115
- William Browne (1590—1645) .... 116
  - A Descriptive Sketch .... 117
  - Evening—Night .... 117
  - The Syrens' Song .... 117
  - Description of Psyche .... 118

## SCOTTISH POETS.

- Alexander Scott (*To the Queen*, 1562) .... 118
  - Rondel of Love .... 118
  - To his Heart .... 118
- Sir Richard Maitland (1496—1586) .... 119
  - Satire on the Town Ladies .... 119
- Alexander Montgomery (died about 1607) .... 119
  - Extract from *The Cherry and the Slae* .... 119
- Alexander Hume (*circa* 1560—1609) .... 120
  - Extracts from the *Day Estival* .... 120
- King James VI. (1566—1625) .... 120
  - Ane Schort Poeme on Tyme .... 120
- The Earl of Ancrum (1578—1654), and the Earl of Stirling (1580—1640) .... 121
  - Sonnet in Praise of a Solitary Life .... 121
  - Sonnet to Aurora .... 121
- William Drummond (1585—1649) .... 121
  - The River of Forth Feasting .... 122
  - Epitaph on Prince Henry .... 123
  - Five Sonnets .... 123
- Sir Robert Ayton (1570—1638) .... 123
  - On Woman's Inconstancy .... 123
  - The Forsaken Mistress .... 123
- George Buchanan (1506—1582), and Dr Arthur Johnston (1587—1641) .... 124

## DRAMATISTS.

- John Heywood (died in 1565), and Bishop Bale (1495—1563) .... 125
- Nicholas Udall (1504—1556), and John Still (1543—1607) .... 125
  - Extract from *Roister Doister* .... 126
  - Jolly Good Ale and Old .... 126
- Thomas Norton (1532—1584) .... 126
  - Extracts from *Gorboduc* .... 126
- Richard Edwards (*circa* 1523—1566), George Whetstone (*temp.* Elizabeth), &c .... 127
- John Lyly (*circa* 1553—1601) .... 128
  - Cupid and Campaspe .... 128
  - Two Songs .... 129
- George Peele (*circa* 1558—1598) .... 129
  - Apostrophe to England .... 129
  - Prologue to King David and Fair Bethsabe .... 129
  - Parable of Nathan and David .... 130
  - Song, 'Cupid's Curse' .... 131

PAGE

- Thomas Kyd (*temp.* Elizabeth) .... 131
  - Scenes from *Hieronimo* .... 131
- Thomas Nash (*circa* 1564—1600) .... 132
  - Short Extracts from Plays .... 132
- Robert Greene (*circa* 1560—1592) .... 133
  - Extract from *Pandosto* .... 134
  - Extract from *Orlando* .... 134
  - Content, a Sonnet .... 135
  - Sephestia's Song to her Child .... 135
  - The Shepherd and his Wife .... 135
- Thomas Lodge (*circa* 1555—1625) .... 136
- Christopher Marlowe (1564—1593) .... 136
  - Scenes from *Faustus* .... 137
  - Passages from the *Jew of Malta* .... 138
  - Scene from *Edward II* .... 139
  - Description of Tamburlaine .... 140
  - The Nobles remonstrate with Edward II. .... 140
- Anthony Munday (1554—1633), and Henry Chettle (died after 1603) .... 141
  - Sport in Sherwood .... 141
- Anonymous Dramas .... 141
  - Scene from *Arden of Feversham* .... 141
  - Picture of a Gambler .... 142
- William Shakspeare (1564—1616) .... 142
  - Garden Scene in Romeo and Juliet .... 147
  - Moonlight with fine Music .... 148
  - Ghost-scene in Hamlet .... 149
  - Hamlet's Soliloquy on Death .... 149
  - Mark Antony over Cæsar's Body .... 150
  - Bolingbroke's Entry into London .... 151
  - Fear of Death .... 151
  - Perseverance .... 151
  - Mercy .... 151
  - The Forest of Arden .... 151
  - The World compared to a Stage .... 152
  - Oberon's Vision .... 152
- Ben Jonson (1573—1637) .... 152
  - The Fall of Catiline .... 154
  - Love.—From *The New Inn* .... 155
  - A Simpleton and a Braggadocio .... 155
  - Bobadil's Plan for Saving the Expense of an Army .... 156
  - Advice to a Reckless Youth .... 157
  - The Alchemist .... 157
- Court Masks of the Seventeenth Century .... 158
  - Extracts—Venus and the Graces, &c .... 160
- Francis Beaumont (1586—1616), and John Fletcher (1576—1625) .... 161
  - Extracts from *Philaster* .... 161
  - Generosity of Cæsar .... 162
  - Grief of Aspatia .... 163
  - Palamon and Arcite .... 164
  - Pastoral Love .... 165
  - Perigot and Amoret .... 165
  - Melancholy.—From *Nice Valour* .... 166
  - Song.—From *The False One* .... 166
  - The Power of Love.—From *Valentinian* .... 166
  - To Sleep—Song to Pan—Song from *Rollo* .... 166
- George Chapman (1557—1634) .... 167
  - Extracts from *Bussy d'Ambois* .... 167
- Thomas Dekker (died about 1641) .... 167
  - Short Extracts .... 168
  - Picture of Court-life .... 168
- John Webster (early half of 17th century) .... 169
  - Funeral Dirge for Marcello .... 169
  - Scene from the *Duchess of Malfi* .... 169
  - Death of the Duchess, and Dirge .... 169
- Thomas Middleton (died in 1627) .... 170
  - Happiness of Married Life .... 171
  - Witches going about the Caldron .... 171
  - Flight of the Witches, and Song .... 171
- John Marston (died in 1634) .... 172
  - The Scholar and his Dog .... 172
  - Prologue from *Antonio and Mellida* .... 172
  - Short Extracts: Day Breaking—One who died Slandered—Wherein Fools are Happy .... 173
- Robert Taylor—William Rowley—Cyril Tourneur (all *temp.* James I.) .... 173
  - Scene from the *Witch of Edmonton* .... 173

PAGE

- A Drowned Soldier ..... 174
- Extracts from *Return from Parnassus* ..... 174
- George Cooke—Thomas Nabbes—N. Field—John Day—H. Glapthorne—T. Randolph—R. Brome (all 17th century) ..... 174
- Philip Massinger (*circa* 1584—1639) ..... 175
  - Midnight Scene ..... 175
  - Pride of Sir Giles Overreach in his Daughter ..... 176
  - Compassion for Misfortune ..... 176
  - Unequal Love ..... 177
- John Ford (1586—1639) ..... 177
  - A Dying Bequest ..... 178
  - Contention of a Bird and Musician ..... 179
- Thomas Heywood (died after 1640) ..... 179
  - Description of Psyche ..... 180
  - Song—Shepherd's Song ..... 180
- James Shirley (1594—1666) ..... 180
  - Fernando's Description of his Mistress ..... 181
  - Passage in *Grateful Servant* ..... 181
  - The Prodigal Lady ..... 181
  - Scene from *The Ball* ..... 182
  - Death's Final Conquest ..... 183

### MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

- Verses by Queen Elizabeth ..... 183
- The Old and Young Courtier ..... 183
- Time's Alteration ..... 184
- There is a Garden in her Face ..... 185

### PROSE LITERATURE.

- John Fox (1517—1587) ..... 185
  - The Death of Queen Anne Boleyn ..... 186
  - A Notable History of William Hunter ..... 186
- Sir Philip Sidney (1554—1586) ..... 187
  - A Tempest ..... 189
  - Description of Arcadia ..... 189
  - A Stag-hunt ..... 189
  - Praise of Poetry ..... 189
- Lord Burleigh (1520—1598) ..... 190
  - Choice of a Wife ..... 190
  - Domestic Economy ..... 190
- Earl of Essex (1567—1601) ..... 190
  - On the History of Rome ..... 190
  - A Passion of my Lord of Essex ..... 190
- Queen Elizabeth (1533—1603) ..... 190
  - Extracts from her Correspondence ..... 191
- John Lyly (*circa* 1553—1601) ..... 191
  - How the Life of a Young Man should be Led ..... 191
  - A Father's Grief for the Death of his Daughter ..... 192
  - Continue not in Anger ..... 192
- Stephen Gosson (1555—1624) ..... 192
  - Extracts from *School of Abuse* ..... 192
- George Puttenham (*circa* 1530—1590) ..... 193
  - Of Language ..... 193
- Richard Hooker (1553—1600) ..... 193
  - Letter to Archbishop Whitgift ..... 194
  - Scripture and the Law of Nature ..... 195
  - Defence of Reason ..... 195
  - The Nature and Majesty of Law ..... 196
- Lord Bacon (1561—1626) ..... 196
  - Friendship ..... 199
  - Studies ..... 200
  - Of Discourse ..... 200
  - Of Beauty ..... 200
  - Of Deformity ..... 201
  - Prosperity and Adversity ..... 201
  - Universities—Government ..... 201
  - Books and Ships Compared—Libraries ..... 201
- Sir Walter Raleigh (1552—1618) ..... 201
  - Uncertainty of Human Happiness ..... 202
  - The Battle of Thermopylæ ..... 202
  - English Valour ..... 203
  - Ambition and Death ..... 203
  - The Strength of Kings ..... 203
  - Three Rules for the Preservation of a Man's Estate ..... 204
- Richard Knolles (*circa* 1540—1610) ..... 204
  - The Taking of Constantinople by the Turks ..... 204

PAGE

- William Camden (1551—1623) ..... 205
  - Camden's Account of his Historical Labours ..... 205
- Sir Henry Spelman (1562—1641)—Sir Robert Cotton (1570—1631)—John Speed (1552—1629)—Samuel Daniel (1562—1619)—Sir John Hayward (died in 1627) ..... 206
  - Uncertainty of the Early History of Nations ..... 207
- Richard Grafton (died after 1572) ..... 207
- John Stow (*circa* 1525—1605) ..... 207
- Raphael Holinshed (died about 1582)—William Harrison (*temp.* Elizabeth)—John Hooker (*temp.* Elizabeth)—Francis Botteville (*temp.* Elizabeth) ..... 208
  - Character of the English, by Harrison ..... 208
- Richard Hakluyt (1553—1616) ..... 209
- Samuel Purchas (1577—1628) ..... 209
  - The Sea ..... 210
- John Davis (died in 1605) ..... 210
  - Voyages in Search of North-west Passage ..... 210
- William Lithgow (1583—1640) ..... 212
- George Sandys (1577—1644) ..... 212
  - Modern State of Ancient Countries ..... 212
- Authorised Translation of the Bible ..... 212
- Robert Burton (1578—1640) ..... 213
  - The Author's Abstract of Melancholy ..... 213
  - Love ..... 214
  - Study, a Cure for Melancholy ..... 214
  - Love of Gaming and Immoderate Pleasures ..... 214
- Thomas Dekker (died after 1641) ..... 215
  - The Old World and the New ..... 215
  - How a Gallant should behave ..... 215
  - Sleep ..... 216
- Sir Thomas Overbury (1581—1613) ..... 216
  - The Tinker ..... 216
  - The Fair and Happy Milkmaid ..... 217
  - A Franklin or English Yeoman ..... 217
- Bishop Hall (1574—1656) ..... 217
  - Upon the Sight of a Tree, Full-blossomed ..... 217
  - Upon Occasion of a Redbreast coming into his Chamber ..... 217
  - Upon hearing of Music by Night ..... 217
  - Upon the Sight of an Owl in the Twilight ..... 218
  - Upon the Sight of a Great Library ..... 218
  - Paradise—The Gospel of Labour ..... 218
  - Christ Crucified Afresh by Sinners ..... 218
  - The Hypocrite ..... 219
  - The Busy-body ..... 219
- John Knox (1505—1572) ..... 220
  - Assassination of Cardinal Beaton ..... 220
  - Interview with Mary, Queen of Scots ..... 221
  - Another Interview with the Queen ..... 222
- David Calderwood (1575—1650)—John Row (1563—1646)—Sir James Melvil (1535—1607) ..... 223
  - Interview with Queen Elizabeth ..... 223
- George Buchanan (1506—1582) ..... 224
  - The Chamæleon ..... 224
- John Leslie (1526—1596) ..... 225
  - Burning of Edinburgh and Leith in 1544 ..... 225
- King James I. (1566—1625) ..... 226
  - Sorcery and Witchcraft ..... 226
  - How Witches Travel ..... 226
- John Spottiswood (1565—1639) ..... 227
  - Destruction of Religious Edifices ..... 227
  - James VI. and a Refractory Preacher ..... 227
- Newspapers ..... 228

## *FOURTH PERIOD.*

### 1625—1689: CHARLES I., THE COMMONWEALTH, CHARLES II., AND JAMES II.

### POETS.

- John Taylor, the Water Poet (*circa* 1580—1654) ..... 229
  - The Border Lands of England and Scotland ..... 229
  - A Deer-hunt in Braemar ..... 230
- George Herbert (1593—1633) ..... 230
  - Virtue—'Sweet Day, so Cool, so Calm,' &c. ..... 231
  - Religion—Stanzas—Matin Hymn ..... 231
  - Sunday—Mortification ..... 232

# CONTENTS OF FIRST VOLUME.

PAGE

- Francis Quarles (1592—1644) 232
  - Stanzas—The Shortness of Life 233
  - Mors Tua—The Vanity of the World 233
  - Delight in God only 233
  - Decay of Life 234
- Dr Henry King (1592—1669) 234
  - Song—Sic Vita—The Dirge 234
- George Wither (1588—1667) 235
  - The Companionship of the Muse 235
  - Sonnet upon a Stolen Kiss 236
  - The Steadfast Shepherd 236
  - Christmas 237
- Lady Elizabeth Carew (*temp.* James I.) 237
  - Revenge of Injuries 237
- Bishop Corbet (1582—1635) 238
  - To Vincent Corbet, his Son 238
  - From *The Journey to France* 238
  - Farewell to the Fairies 239
- William Habington (1605—1645) 239
  - Epistle to a Friend 240
  - Description of Castara 240
- Thomas Carew (1589—1639) 240
  - Song, 'Ask me no more where Jove bestows' 241
  - The Compliment 241
  - Song, 'Would You know what's Soft?' 241
  - Mediocrity in Love Rejected 241
  - Disdain Returned 241
  - Approach of Spring 241
- Sir John Suckling (1609—1641) 242
  - Sir John Suckling's Campaign (by Mennes) 242
  - Song, ''Tis now since I sat down before' 243
  - A Ballad upon a Wedding 243
  - Constancy 244
  - Song, 'I prithee send Me back my Heart' 244
  - Song, 'Why so Pale and Wan, Fond Lover?' 244
- Richard Lovelace (1618—1658) 244
  - Song, 'Why should You swear I am Forsworn?' 245
  - The Rose 245
  - Song, 'Amarantha, Sweet and Fair' 245
  - To Lucasta, on Going to the Wars 245
  - To Althea from Prison 245
- John Cleveland (1613—1658) 246
  - On Phillis walking before Sunrise 246
  - Elegy on Archbishop of Canterbury 246
- John Chalkhill (1599—1679) 246
  - The Witch's Cave 247
  - The Priestess of Diana 247
- William Cartwright (1611—1643), and Thomas Randolph (1605—1634) 247
  - To a Lady Veiled 248
  - A Valediction 248
  - To my Picture 248
  - To a Lady admiring Herself 248
- Richard Crashaw (*circa* 1613—1650) 249
  - Extract of Translation from Marino 249
  - Similes 250
  - Music's Duel 250
  - Temperance, or the Cheap Physician 251
  - Lines on a Prayer-book 251
  - From Hymn to the Name of Jesus 252
- Dr William Strode (*circa* 1598—1644) 252
  - Answer to the Lover's Melancholy 252
  - Kisses 252
- Robert Herrick (1591—1674) 253
  - To Blossoms—To Daffodils—Cherry Ripe 254
  - The Kiss—To the Virgins—Twelfth-Night 254
  - The Bellman—Julia—Upon Julia's Recovery 255
  - The Bag of the Bee 255
  - Upon a Child that Died 255
  - Epitaph 255
  - A Thanksgiving for his House 255
  - To Primroses filled with Morning Dew 256
  - To find God 256
  - To Corinna to Go a-Maying 256
- Sir William Davenant (1606—1668) 256
  - To the Queen 257
  - Song, 'The Lark now leaves His Watery Nest' 257
  - Description of Birtha 257

PAGE

- Abraham Cowley (1618—1667) 258
  - On the Death of Mr Crashaw 259
  - Heaven and Hell 260
  - To Pyrrha 260
  - Anacreontics—Drinking—The Epicure—The Grasshopper 260
  - From *The Resurrection* 261
  - The Chronicle 261
  - Lord Bacon 262
  - From Elegy on the Death of Mr W. Harvey 262
  - The Wish 262
  - Epitaph on the Living Author 262
- Henry Vaughan (1621—1695) 263
  - Early Rising and Prayer 263
  - The Rainbow 263
  - The Story of Endymion 263
  - Timber 263
- Thomas Stanley (1625—1678) 264
  - The Tomb—The Loss—The Deposition 264
  - Europa among the Flowers 265
- Sir John Denham (1615—1668) 265
  - The Thames and Windsor Forest 266
  - The Reformation—Monks and Puritans 266
  - On Poetical Translations 267
  - On Mr Abraham Cowley 267
  - Song to Morpheus 267
- William Chamberlayne (1619—1689) 268
  - A Prophetic Dream 268
  - Unhappy Love 268
- Edmund Waller (1605—1687) 269
  - On Love—On a Girdle 270
  - On the Marriage of the Dwarfs 270
  - Penegyric to my Lord Protector 270
  - The British Navy 271
  - At Penshurst—The Bud 271
  - Song, 'Go Lovely Rose' 272
  - Old Age and Death 272
- John Milton (1608—1674) 272
  - Sonnet on his Deceased Wife 273
  - Hymn on the Nativity 275
  - Song on May Morning 276
  - Sonnets: On his Blindness—When the Assault was intended to the City—On the Late Massacre in Piemont 277
  - Scene from *Comus* 277
  - The Spirit's Epilogue in *Comus* 277
  - L'Allegro 278
  - Il Penseroso 279
  - From *Lycidas* 280
  - Satan's Address to the Sun 280
  - Assembling of the Fallen Angels 281
  - The Garden of Eden 282
  - Morning Hymn in Paradise 282
  - Evening in Paradise 282
  - Expulsion from Paradise 283
  - Satan's Survey of Greece 284
- Andrew Marvell (1621—1678) 285
  - The Emigrants in the Bermudas 285
  - The Nymph complaining for the Death of her Fawn 285
  - The Death of Cromwell 286
  - A Whimsical Satire on Holland 286
- Samuel Butler (1612—1680) 287
  - Short Extracts from *Hudibras* 288
  - Accomplishments of Hudibras 288
  - Religion of Hudibras 289
  - Personal Appearance of Hudibras 289
  - Miscellaneous Thoughts 290
  - To his Mistress 291
- Charles Cotton (1630—1687) 291
  - The New Year 291
  - Invitation to Izaak Walton 291
  - A Welsh Guide 292
  - The Retirement 292
- Earl of Roscommon (1634—1685) 293
  - The Modest Muse 293
  - Caution against False Pride 293
  - An Author must feel what he writes 294
  - On the Day of Judgment 294
- Earl of Rochester (1647—1680) 294
  - Song, 'While on those lovely looks' 294

PAGE
Constancy: a Song ... 295
Songs ... 295
Specimens of Rochester's Letters ... 295
Sir Charles Sedley (1639—1701) ... 295
Song, 'Ah ! Chloris, that I now could sit' ... 296
Song, 'Love still has something of the Sea' ... 296
Song, 'Phillis, men say that all my vows' ... 296
Duchess of Newcastle (1624—1673) ... 297
Short Extracts from Poems ... 297
Katherine Phillips (1631—1664) ... 297
Against Pleasure: an Ode ... 297
John Dryden (1631—1700) ... 297
Reason and Religion ... 298
Character of Shaftesbury ... 300
Villiers, Duke of Buckingham ... 300
Shaftesbury's Address to Monmouth ... 301
The Hind and Panther ... 301
Ode to Memory of Mrs Ann Killigrew ... 301
Satire on Shadwell ... 302
From the Epistle to Congreve ... 302
On Milton ... 302
The Swallow—Dreams ... 302
Alexander's Feast ... 303
Theodore and Honoria ... 304
Enjoyment of the Present Hour ... 306
John Philips (1676—1708) ... 307
The Splendid Shilling ... 307
John Pomfret (1667—1703) ... 308
Extract from *The Choice* ... 309
Earl of Dorset (1638—1706) ... 309
Song, 'Dorinda's Sparkling Wit' ... 309
Song, 'To all you Ladies now at Land' ... 309
Duke of Buckinghamshire (1649—1721) ... 310
Extract from the *Essay on Poetry* ... 310

## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

A Hymn to my Redeemer, by Sandys ... 311
From Sandys's Version of the Nineteenth Psalm ... 311
The Old Man's Wish, by Dr Walter Pope ... 311
Colin's Complaint, by Rowe ... 311
The Blind Boy, by Colley Cibber ... 312

## SCOTTISH POETS.

The Marquis of Montrose (1612—1650) ... 312
Ballad, 'I'll never love thee more' ... 312
Lines after Sentence of Death ... 312
Robert Sempill (1595—1659) ... 312
Extract from *The Piper of Kilbarchan* ... 312
William Cleland (*circa* 1661—1689) ... 312
The Highland Host ... 313
From *Hallo my Fancy* ... 313
Old Ballad—'Waly, waly' ... 314

## DRAMATISTS.

Jasper Mayne (1604—1672) ... 314
A Puritanical Waiting-maid ... 314
Davenant and Dryden ... 314
Dryden's Poetical Eulogy on Shakspeare ... 315
Detached Passages from Dryden's Plays ... 316
Savage Freedom—Love and Beauty ... 316
Midnight Repose—Tears—Mankind ... 317
Picture of Life—Fear of Death ... 317
Scene between Mark Antony and Ventidius ... 317
Scene between Dorax and Sebastian ... 319
Thomas Otway (1651—1685) ... 321
Scene from *Venice Preserved* ... 322
Parting—Picture of a Witch—Morning ... 323
Killing a Boar ... 324
Nathaniel Lee (1655—1692) ... 324
Short Extracts.—Love—Self-murder, &c ... 324
John Crowne (*circa* 1640—1703) ... 324
Extract from *Thyestes* ... 324
Wishes for Obscurity—Passions—Love—Inconstancy of the Multitude—Warriors ... 325
Thomas Shadwell (1640—1692)—Sir George Etherege (*circa* 1636—1689)—W. Wycherley (1640—1715)—Aphra Behn (1642—1689) ... 325
PAGE
Extract from Wycherley's *Plain Dealer* ... 326
Song in Mrs Behn's *Abdelazer* ... 326

## PROSE LITERATURE.

Philosophical and Political Writers ... 327
John Selden (1584—1654) ... 327
Evil Speaking—Humility—King—Heresy ... 328
Learning and Wisdom—Oracles—Dreams—Sermons—Libels—Devils in the Head ... 328
Free Inquiry ... 329
John Milton (1608—1674) ... 329
Milton's Literary Musings ... 330
Education ... 331
Liberty of Unlicensed Printing ... 332
The Reformation—Truth—Roman Power in Britain ... 333
Thomas Hobbes (1588—1679) ... 334
Conceptions of the Deity ... 335
Pity and Indignation—Emulation and Envy ... 335
Laughter—Love of Knowledge ... 336
The Necessity of the Will—On Precision in Language ... 336
James Harrington (1611—1677) ... 337
Sir Robert Filmer (died 1688) ... 337
Algernon Sidney (*circa* 1621—1683) ... 337
Liberty and Government ... 338
Dr John Wilkins (1614—1672) ... 339
How a Man may Fly to the Moon ... 340
Dr Thomas Sprat (1636—1713) ... 340
View of the Divine Government ... 340
Cowley's Love of Retirement ... 340
Dr Thomas Burnett (1635—1715) ... 341
Description of the Flood ... 342
The Final Conflagration of the Globe ... 342
The Dry Bed of the Ocean ... 343
Robert Boyle (1627—1691) ... 343
The Study of Natural Philosophy favourable to Religion ... 344
Public and Private Life ... 345
Upon the Sight of Roses and Tulips ... 345
The Style of the Holy Scriptures ... 345
John Ray (1628—1705) ... 346
The Study of Nature Recommended ... 347
God's Exhortation to Activity ... 347
All Things not Made for Man ... 348
The Marquis of Halifax (1630—1695) ... 348
Importance of Laws ... 348
Political Agitation not always Hurtful ... 349
Party Nicknames—The Trimmer ... 349
Truth in Moderation ... 349
Dr Henry More (1614—1687) ... 350
The Soul and Body ... 350
Devout Contemplation of the Works of God ... 350
Nature of the Evidence of the Existence of God ... 350

## HISTORIANS.

Thomas May (*circa* 1594—1650) ... 351
Court and Times of Charles I ... 351
Lord Herbert of Cherbury (1581—1648) ... 351
Vision respecting his Work *De Veritate* ... 352
Sir Thomas More's Resignation of the Great Seal ... 352
Lord Clarendon (1608—1674) ... 352
Reception of the Liturgy in Edinburgh in 1637 ... 354
Character of Hampden ... 355
Character of Lord Falkland ... 355
Character of Charles I ... 356
Execution of Montrose ... 357
Escape of Charles II. after the Battle of Worcester ... 357
Character of Oliver Cromwell ... 360
Bulstrode Whitelocke (1605—1676) ... 361
Bishop Burnet (1643—1715) ... 361
Death and Character of Edward VI ... 362
Character of Archbishop Leighton ... 363
Character of Charles II ... 364
The Czar Peter in England ... 365
Character of William III ... 365
Count Grammont (1646—1720) ... 367
Arthur Wilson (1596—1652)—Sir Anthony Weldon (*temp.* James I.)—Sir Richard Baker (1568—1645) ... 367
Sir W. Dugdale (1605—1686)—Anthony a Wood (1632—1695)—Elias Ashmole (1617—1692) ... 367

# CONTENTS OF FIRST VOLUME.

PAGE
John Aubrey (1626—1700)—Thomas Rymer (*circa* 1638—1713) .....367

## THEOLOGIANS.

Bishop Andrews (1555—1626) .....368
Angels and Men—Do Good .....368
Archbishop Usher (1580—1656), John Hales (1584—1656) .....368
Private Judgment in Religion .....370
Reverence for Ancient Opinions .....370
Prevalence of an Opinion no Argument for its Truth .....370
William Chillingworth (1602—1644) .....371
Against the Employment of Force in Religion .....371
Reason must be appealed to in Religious Discussion .....371
Against Duelling .....372
Dr Ralph Cudworth (1617—1688) .....372
God, though Incomprehensible, not Inconceivable .....373
Difficulty of Convincing Interested Unbelievers .....373
Creation .....374
Dr Richard Cumberland (1630—1718) .....374
The Tabernacle and Temple of the Jews .....374
Robert Sanderson (1587—1663) .....375
John Gauden (1605—1662) .....375
Events of the Civil War .....376
Benjamin Whichcote (1610—1683) .....376
Thomas Fuller (1608—1661) .....376
The Good Schoolmaster .....377
Recreations—Books .....378
Education confined too much to Language .....378
Rules for Improving the Memory .....378
Terrors of a Guilty Conscience .....378
Marriage—Aphorisms .....379
The Good Yeoman .....379
Declension of Great Families .....379
Henry de Essex .....379
Jeremy Taylor (1613—1667) .....380
Apologue of Abraham at his Tent-door .....381
The Age of Reason and Discretion .....382
The Pomp of Death .....382
Marriage .....383
The Progress of Sin—Sinful Pleasure .....383
The Skylark—Useful Studies—Comforting the Afflicted .....384
Real and Apparent Happiness—Adversity .....384
Miseries of Man's Life—A Calm Religious Life .....385
On Death .....385
The Day of Judgment .....386
Archbishop Leighton (1611—1684) .....387
Arise, Shine .....387
Idle Curiosity and Useless Contention .....387
The Difficult Passages of Scripture .....388
Detached Sentences .....388
Dr Isaac Barrow (1630—1677) .....389
The Excellency of the Christian Religion .....390
What is Wit? .....391
Wise Selection of Pleasures .....392
Grief Controlled by Wisdom .....392
Honour to God—The Goodness of God .....392
Concord and Discord—Industry .....393
Dr Robert South (1633—1716) .....394
The Will for the Deed .....394
Ill-natured and Good-natured Men .....395
The Pleasures of Amusement and Industry compared .....396
Religion not Hostile to Pleasure .....396
Ingratitude an Incurable Vice .....397
Man before the Fall .....397
Dr William Sherlock (1641—1707) .....397
Life not too Short .....397
Advantages of our Ignorance of the Time of Death .....398
Dr John Pearson (1613—1686) .....399
The Resurrection .....399
Archbishop Tillotson (1630—1694) .....399
Advantages of Truth and Sincerity .....400
Virtue and Vice declared by the General Vote of Mankind .....400
Evidence of a Creator in the Structure of the World .....401
Sin and Holiness .....401
Resolution necessary in Forsaking Vice .....401
The Moral Feelings Instinctive .....402
Spiritual Pride .....402
PAGE
Bishop Stillingfleet (1635—1699) .....402
True Wisdom .....402
Bishop Ken (1673—1711) .....403
Archbishop Tenison (1636—1715), Dr Aldrich (1647—1710) .....403
George Fox (1624—1690) .....404
Fox's Ill-treatment at Ulverstone .....404
Interview with Oliver Cromwell .....404
Cromwell's Last Appearance in Public .....405
William Penn (1644—1718) .....406
Against the Pride of Noble Birth .....406
Penn's Advice to his Children .....407
Robert Barclay (1648—1690) .....408
Against Titles of Honour .....409
Richard Baxter (1651—1691) .....409
Baxter's Judgment of his Writings .....410
Fruits of Experience of Human Character .....410
Desire of Approbation .....410
Change in the Estimate of Men's Knowledge .....411
On the Credit due to History .....411
Character of Sir Matthew Hale .....411
Observance of the Sabbath in Baxter's Youth .....412
Theological Controversies .....412
John Bunyan (1628—1688) .....412
Extracts from Bunyan's Autobiography .....413
The Golden City .....415
Dr John Owen (1616—1683) .....416
John Howe (1630—1705) .....417
Fanaticism of Cromwell's Court .....417
Edmund Calamy (1600—1666), John Flavel (1627—1691), Matthew Henry (1662—1714) .....417
Ye cannot serve God and Mammon .....418
Samuel Rutherford (1600—1661), Thomas Halyburton (1674—1712), Thomas Boston (1676—1732) .....418

## METAPHYSICAL AND SCIENTIFIC WRITERS.

John Locke (1632—1704) .....418
Christmas Ceremonies at Cleves .....419
Causes of Weakness in Men's Understandings .....421
Practice and Habit .....421
Prejudice .....422
Injudicious Haste in Study .....422
Pleasure and Pain .....423
History—Disputation—Liberty .....424
Opposition to New Doctrines .....424
Duty of Preserving Health .....424
Sir Isaac Newton (1642—1727) .....424
The Prophetic Language .....425
Letters of Newton and Locke .....426
Religious Belief of Newton .....427

## CRITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS WRITERS.

James Howell (1594—1666) .....427
Letter from Venice .....428
Letter from Rome .....429
Description of the Wine Countries .....429
Tales of Travellers .....430
Sir Thomas Herbert (*circa* 1610—1682) .....431
Sir Thomas Browne (1605—1682) .....431
Oblivion .....432
Light the Shadow of God—Study of God's Works .....434
Ghosts—Of Myself—Charity .....434
On Music, *note* .....479
Sir Matthew Hale (1609—1676) .....435
On Conversation .....435
John Earle (1601—1665) .....436
The Clown .....436
Peter Heylin (1600—1662) .....436
The French .....436
French Love of Dancing .....437
Owen Feltham (*circa* 1610—1678) .....437
Moderation in Grief .....437
Limitation of Human Knowledge .....437
Against Readiness to take Offence .....438
Against Detraction—Of Neglect .....438
No Man can be Good to All .....438
Meditation .....438

PAGE
- Abraham Cowley (1618—1667).....439
  - Of Myself.....439
  - The Spring-tides of Public Affairs.....440
  - The Antiquity of Agriculture.....440
  - Of Obscurity.....440
  - The Danger of Procrastination.....441
  - Vision of Oliver Cromwell.....441
- Izaak Walton (1593—1683).....442
  - The Singing Birds.....443
  - The Angler's Wish.....444
  - Thankfulness for Worldly Blessings.....446
- Thomas Ellwood (1639—1713).....446
  - Ellwood's Intercourse with Milton.....446
- John Dryden (1631—1670).....447
  - A Sea-fight heard at a Distance.....447
  - Shakspeare—Beaumont and Fletcher—Ben Jonson.....448
  - Improved Style of Dramatic Dialogue.....448
  - Translations of the Ancient Poets.....449
  - Spenser and Milton.....450
  - On Lampoons—History and Biography.....451
- Sir William Temple (1628—1699).....453
  - The English Climate.....454
  - Against Excessive Grief.....455
  - Right of Private Judgment in Religion.....456
  - Schemes of Projectors.....458
- Sir George Mackenzie (1636—1691).....458
  - Praise of a Country Life.....459
  - Against Envy—Fame—True Path to Esteem.....459
- John Evelyn (1620—1706).....460
  - The Last Sunday of Charles II.....460
  - The Great Fire in London, 1666 A.D.....460
  - A Fortunate Courtier not Envied.....462
  - Frost Fair on the Thames, 1684 A.D.....462
  - Evelyn's Account of his Daughter Mary.....462
  - Fashions in Dress.....463
- Samuel Pepys (1632—1703).....463
  - Mrs Pepys in a New Dress.....464
  - Charles II. and the Queen in the Park.....464
  - Mr Pepys sets up a Carriage.....464
  - Mr Pepys tries to admire *Hudibras*.....465
  - Mr Pepys at the Theatre.....465
  - Mr Pepys at Church.....466
  - Domestic Scene between Mr and Mrs Pepys.....466
  - Mr Pepys makes a Great Speech.....466
- Sir Roger L'Estrange (1616—1704).....467
  - Liberty of the Imprisoned Royalists.....467
  - Æsop's Invention to bring back his Mistress.....467
  - The Popish Plot.....467
- Samuel Butler (1612—1680).....468
  - A Small Poet—A Vintner.....468
  - A Prater—An Antiquary.....469
- Walter Charleton (1619—1707).....469
  - The Ready and Nimble Wit—The Slow but Sure Wit.....469
- Lucy Hutchinson (1620—1659).....470
  - Colonel Hutchinson on Condemnation of Charles I.....470
- Lady Fanshawe (1625—1679).....470
  - Lady Fanshawe sees a Ghost.....470
  - A Domestic Scene.....471
- Lady Rachel Russell (1636—1723).....471
  - To Dr Fitzwilliam on her Sorrow.....472
  - To the Earl of Galway on Friendship.....472
  - To Lord Cavendish—Bereavement.....472
- Sir Thomas Urquhart (*circa* 1613—1660).....472
- Newspapers.....473

## *FIFTH PERIOD.*

### 1689—1727: REIGNS OF WILLIAM III., QUEEN ANNE, AND GEORGE I.

### POETS.

- W. Walsh (1663—1708), Charles Montagu (1661—1715).....475
- Joseph Addison (1672—1719).....475
  - The French People in 1699.....477
  - From the *Letter from Italy*.....478
  - Ode, 'How are thy Servants blest, O Lord!'.....478
  - Ode, 'The Spacious Firmament on High'.....479
  - The Battle of Blenheim.....479
  - Extract from the Tragedy of *Cato*.....480
- Matthew Prior (1664—1721).....481
  - Extract from *Verses to Chloe*.....481
  - For my Own Monument.....482
  - Epitaph Extempore.....482
  - An Epitaph.....482
  - To a Child of Quality.....483
  - Abra's Love for Solomon.....483
  - Written in Mezeray's *History of France*.....484
  - The Thief and the Cordelier.....484
  - Ode to a Lady refusing to continue a dispute.....484
  - Theory of the Mind, from *Alma*.....485
- Rev. James Bramston (1694—1744).....485
  - Extracts from *Art of Politics* and *Man of Taste*.....485
- Jonathan Swift (1667—1745).....485
  - Extract from Imitation of Horace.....487
  - Ode to Spring, by Vanessa, *note*.....487
  - A Description of the Morning.....488
  - A Description of a City Shower.....488
  - Baucis and Philemon.....489
  - From *Verses on the Death of Dr Swift*.....490
  - The Grand Question Debated.....492
- Alexander Pope (1668—1744).....494
  - Hope—The Poor Indian—Happiness.....496
  - The Messiah.....498
  - The Toilet, from *The Rape of the Lock*.....498
  - Description of Belinda and the Sylphs.....499
  - From *Eloisa to Abelard*.....499
  - Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady.....500
  - Happiness depends not on Riches.....501
  - From the *Prologue to the Satires*.....502
  - The Man of Ross.....503
  - Death of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.....503
  - The Dying Christian to his Soul.....503
  - Extract from Translation of the *Iliad*.....504
- Elijah Fenton (1683—1730)—W. Broome (1689—1745).....504
- Minor Poets Satirised in the 'Dunciad'—Theobald, Dennis, Gildon, Welsted, Cooke, A. Hill, &c.....504
- Richard Savage (1697—1743).....505
  - Extract from *The Bastard*.....506
  - Extract from *The Wanderer*.....506
- Sir Samuel Garth (1670—1719).....507
  - Extract from *The Dispensary*.....507
  - On Death.....507
- Sir Richard Blackmore (*circa* 1650—1729).....508
  - The Scheme of Creation.....508
- Thomas Parnell (1679—1718).....508
  - A Night-piece—The Churchyard.....509
  - The Hermit.....509
- John Gay (1688—1732).....511
  - The Country Ballad Singer.....512
  - Walking the Streets of London.....513
  - Song, 'Sweet Woman is like the fair Flower'.....513
  - The Court of Death.....513
  - The Hare with many Friends.....514
  - Song, 'Black-eyed Susan'.....514
  - A Ballad, ''Twas when the Seas were Roaring'.....515
- Thomas Tickell (1686—1740).....515
  - On the Death of Mr Addison.....515
  - Colin and Lucy: a Ballad.....516
  - An Imitation of the Prophecy of Nereus.....516
- Ambrose Philips (1671—1749).....517
  - Fragment from Sappho.....517
  - To Miss Charlotte Pulteney.....518
  - Epistle to the Earl of Dorset.....518
  - From the First Pastoral—Lobbin.....518
- George Granville, Lord Lansdowne (*circa* 1665—1735).....519
- Anne, Countess of Winchelsea (*circa* 1660—1720).....519
  - A Nocturnal Reverie.....519
  - Life's Progress.....519

### SCOTTISH POETS.

- Francis Sempill—Lady Wardlaw.....520
  - Extract from *Hardyknute*.....520
- Allan Ramsay (1686—1758).....520
  - Ode from Horace.....523

# CONTENTS OF FIRST VOLUME.

PAGE

  - Song, 'Bush aboon Traquair'..........524
  - Lochaber no More..........524
  - Rustic Courtship..........524
  - Dialogue on Marriage..........524

### DRAMATISTS.

- Thomas Southerne (1659—1746)..........526
  - Extract from *Oroonoko*..........526
  - Return of Biron..........526
- Nicholas Rowe (*circa* 1673—1718)..........528
  - Penitence and Death of Jane Shore..........528
  - Calista's Passion for Lothario..........529
- William Lillo (1693—1739)..........529
  - Fatal Curiosity..........530
- William Congreve (1670—1730)..........531
  - Description of a Cathedral..........532
  - Gay Young Men upon Town..........532
  - A Swaggering Bully and Boaster..........532
  - Scandal and Literature in High Life..........533
  - From *Love for Love*..........534
- Sir John Vanbrugh (*circa* 1666—1726)..........535
  - The Life of a Woman of Fashion..........536
  - Fable..........536
- George Farquhar (1678—1707)..........537
  - Humorous Scene at an Inn..........537
  - Extract from the *Recruiting Officer*..........538
- Colley Cibber (1671—1757)—Steele, Philips, Aaron Hill, Mrs Centlivre (1667—1723)..........540

## PROSE LITERATURE.

### ESSAYISTS.

- Sir R. Steele (1672—1729)..........540
  - Love, Grief, and Death..........542
  - Agreeable Companions and Flatterers..........542
  - Quack Advertisements..........543
  - Story-telling..........543
  - Story of Unnion and Valentine..........544
- Extracts from Addison's Essays..........544
  - The Political Upholsterer..........544
  - The Vision of Mirza..........545
  - Sir Roger de Coverley's Visit to Westminster Abbey..........547
  - Genealogy of Humour..........548
  - Ned Softly..........548
  - The Works of Creation..........549
- Eustace Budgell (1685—1737)..........550
  - The Art of Growing Rich..........550
- John Hughes (1677—1720)..........551

### THEOLOGIANS AND METAPHYSICIANS.

- Richard Bentley (1662—1742)..........551
  - Authority of Reason in Religious Matters..........552
- Dr Francis Atterbury (1662—1732)..........552
  - Farewell Letter to Pope..........552
  - Usefulness of Church Music..........553
- Dr Samuel Clarke (1675—1729)..........554
  - Difference between Right and Wrong..........555
- Dr William Lowth (1661—1732)..........556
- Dr Benjamin Hoadly (1676—1761)..........556
  - The Kingdom of Christ not of this World..........556
- Charles Leslie (1650—1722)..........557
- Bishop Patrick (1626—1707), and Dr Waterland (1683—1740)..........557
- William Whiston (1667—1752)..........558
  - Discovery of the Newtonian Philosophy..........558
- Dr William Nicolson (1655—1727)—Dr Matthew Tindal (1657—1733)..........558
- John Toland (1669—1722)—Dr Humphrey Prideaux (1648—1724)..........559
- Earl of Shaftesbury (1671—1713)..........559
  - Scale of Beauty and Love..........560
  - God in the Universe..........561
- Bishop Berkeley (1685—1753)..........561
  - Verses on Arts and Learning in America..........562
  - Industry..........563
  - Prejudices and Opinions..........563
  - From Maxims concerning Patriotism..........564
- The Rev. John Norris (1657—1711)..........564
  - Short Extracts from Poems..........564
  - On Perfect Happiness..........565

### MISCELLANEOUS WRITERS.

- Daniel Defoe (1661—1731)..........565
  - What if the Pretender should Come?..........567
  - The Great Plague in London..........568
  - The Troubles of a Young Thief..........569
  - Address to a Youth of Rambling Disposition..........570
- Bernard de Mandeville (1670—1733)..........570
  - Division of Labour..........571
  - Flattery of the Great..........571
  - Pomp and Superfluity..........571
- Mrs Manley (died in 1724)..........572
- Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun (1653—1716)..........572
  - State of Scotland in 1698..........572
- Murdoch Martin (died after 1713)..........573
  - The Second Sight..........573
  - Dress in the Western Islands..........573
- Jonathan Swift (1667—1745)..........573
  - Ludicrous Image of Fanaticism..........576
  - Satire upon Dress and Fashion..........576
  - Characteristics of Modern Critics..........575
  - On Books and Learning..........576
  - A Meditation upon a Broomstick..........577
  - Inconveniences likely to Result from the Abolition of Christianity..........577
  - Diversions of the Court of Lilliput..........577
  - Satire on Pretended Philosophers..........578
  - Thoughts on Various Subjects..........579
  - Overstrained Politeness..........580
- Alexander Pope (1688—1744)..........581
  - On Sickness and Death..........581
  - Pope in Oxford..........582
  - Death of two Lovers by Lightning..........582
  - Description of an Ancient Country-Seat..........583
  - Pope to Bishop Atterbury in the Tower..........584
  - A Recipe to make an Epic Poem..........584
- Dr John Arbuthnot (1667—1735)..........585
  - Epitaph on Chartres..........586
  - Characters of John Bull, Nic Frog, and Hocus..........586
  - Character of John Bull's Mother..........586
  - Character of John Bull's Sister..........587
  - The Celerity and Duration of Lies..........587
  - Usefulness of Mathematical Learning..........587
- Lord Bolingbroke (1678—1751)..........588
  - The Decline of Life..........588
  - The Order of Providence..........589
  - National Partiality and Prejudice..........589
  - Unreasonableness of Complaints of the Shortness of Human Life..........589
  - Pleasures of a Patriot..........590
  - Wise Distinguished from Cunning Ministers..........590
- Lady Mary W. Montagu (1690—1762)..........591
  - On Matrimonial Happiness..........592
  - Eastern Manners and Language..........592
  - Inoculation for the Small-pox..........593
  - France in 1718..........593
  - On Female Education..........593
- William Wotton (1666—1726)..........594
  - Decline of Pedantry in England..........595
- Tom D'Urfey (1630—1723), and Tom Brown (1663—1704)..........595
  - Letter from Scarron in the next World to Louis XIV..........595
  - An Indian's Account of a Gaming-house..........596
  - Laconics or Maxims..........596

# *SIXTH PERIOD.*

## 1720—1780: THE REIGNS OF GEORGE II. AND GEORGE III.

### POETS.

- Matthew Green (1696—1737)..........598
  - Cures for Melancholy..........598
  - Contentment—A Wish..........598

PAGE
- Isaac Hawkins Browne (1706—1760) .... 599
  - Imitations of Cibber, Philips, and Thomson .... 599
  - Imitation of Pope .... 600
- Sir C. Hanbury Williams (1709—1759) .... 600
  - Lines on Pulteney, and General Churchill .... 600
- John Dyer (*circa* 1698—1758) .... 600
  - Grongar Hill .... 601
- Edward Young (1684—1765) .... 602
  - Short Extracts from *Night Thoughts* .... 603
  - On Life, Death, and Immortality .... 604
  - Thoughts on Time .... 605
  - The Man whose Thoughts are not of this World .... 605
  - Procrastination .... 606
  - Extracts from *The Love of Fame* .... 606
  - Envious Grub Street Authors and Critics .... 606
- William Somervile (1677—1742) .... 607
  - Extract from *The Chace* .... 607
- James Thomson (1700—1748) .... 607
  - Showers in Spring .... 609
  - Birds Pairing in Spring .... 610
  - A Summer Morning and Evening .... 610
  - Autumn Evening Scene .... 611
  - A Winter Landscape .... 611
  - Hymn on the Seasons .... 612
  - Caravan of Mecca .... 613
  - Pestilence at Carthagena .... 613
  - Extract from *The Castle of Indolence* .... 613
  - Rule Britannia .... 615
- Robert Blair (1699—1746) .... 615
  - Extracts from *The Grave* .... 616
- Dr Isaac Watts (1674—1748) .... 616
  - The Rose—The Hebrew Bard .... 617
  - A Summer Evening .... 617
- Edward Moore (1712—1757) .... 617
  - The Happy Marriage .... 618
- William Oldys (1696—1761) .... 618
  - Song, 'Busy, Curious, Thirsty Fly' .... 618
- Robert Dodsley (1703—1764) .... 618
  - Song, 'The Parting Kiss' .... 618
- William Collins (1721—1759) .... 618
  - Hassan, or the Camel-driver .... 619
  - Ode written in 1746 .... 620
  - Ode to Evening .... 620
  - The Passions, an Ode for Music .... 621
  - Dirge in *Cymbeline* .... 621
  - Ode on the Death of Mr Thomson .... 622
- William Shenstone (1714—1763) .... 622
  - The Schoolmistress .... 623
  - From *A Pastoral Ballad* .... 624
  - Song, 'Jemmy Dawson' .... 625
  - Written at an Inn at Henley .... 626
- David Mallet (*circa* 1700—1765) .... 626
  - William and Margaret .... 628
  - The Birks of Invermay .... 628
- Mark Akenside (1721—1770) .... 628
  - The Dales and Woodlands of Tyne .... 629
  - Aspirations after the Infinite .... 630
  - Patriotism—Taste .... 631
  - Inscription for Monument to Shakspeare .... 632
  - Inscription for Statue to Chaucer .... 632
- Lord Lyttelton (1709—1773) .... 632
  - From the *Monody* .... 632
  - From *Advice to a Lady* .... 632
  - Prologue to Thomson's *Coriolanus* .... 633
  - Stanza containing Portrait of Thomson .... 613
- John Byrom (1691—1763) .... 633
  - A Pastoral—Colin and Phœbe .... 633
  - Careless Content .... 634
  - Jacobite Toast .... 635
- Thomas Gray (1716—1771) .... 635
  - Stanzas from the *Progress of Poesy* .... 636
  - On Travelling .... 637
  - Netley Abbey—Grasmere .... 637
  - The Grande Chartreuse .... 638
  - Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College .... 638
  - The Bard, a Pindaric Ode .... 639
  - Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard .... 640
  - The Alliance of Education and Government .... 641

PAGE
- Tobias George Smollett (1721—1771) .... 642
  - Ode to Independence .... 644
  - Ode to Leven Water .... 645
  - The Tears of Scotland .... 645
- Author of 'Albania' (date of Poem, 1737) .... 645
  - Apostrophe to Albania or Scotland .... 646
  - The Invisible Hunting .... 646
- John Wilson (1720—1789) .... 646
  - Extract from *The Clyde* .... 646
- The Rev. Richard Gifford (1725—1807) .... 646
  - Rural Morning Scene .... 646
  - Address to Health .... 646
- Dr Wilkie (1721—1772) .... 647
  - Description of Jealousy .... 647
- John Armstrong (1709—1779) .... 647
  - Extracts from the *Art of Preserving Health* .... 648
  - Wrecks and Mutations of Time .... 648
  - Pestilence of the Fifteenth Century .... 648
- Sir William Blackstone (1723—1780) .... 649
  - The Lawyer's Farewell to his Muse .... 649
- Dr James Grainger (1721—1766) .... 650
  - Ode to Solitude .... 650
- James Merrick (1720—1769) .... 651
  - The Chameleon .... 651
- James Macpherson (1738—1796) .... 651
  - Ossian's Address to the Sun .... 653
  - Desolation of Balclutha .... 653
  - The Songs of Selma .... 653
  - The Cave, written in the Highlands .... 654
  - Fragment of an Address to Venus .... 654
- Thomas Chatterton (1752—1770) .... 655
  - A Hymn .... 655
  - Extracts from *Ælla* .... 656
  - The Prophecy, a Political Satire .... 657
  - Bristow Tragedy .... 657
  - The Minstrel's Song in *Ælla* .... 659
  - Freedom, a Chorus .... 660
- William Falconer (1732—1769) .... 660
  - Evening at Sea .... 661
  - Appearance of the Ship on the Shores of Greece .... 661
  - Cape Colonna—The Storm and Wreck .... 661
- Robert Lloyd (1733—1764) .... 663
  - Miseries of a Poet's Life .... 663
  - Wretchedness of a School Usher .... 663
- Charles Churchill (1731—1764) .... 664
  - Remorse—A Scots Pastoral .... 665
  - Sketches of Smollett and Hogarth .... 665
- Samuel Johnson (1709—1784) .... 666
  - Letter to Lord Chesterfield .... 667
  - From *The Vanity of Human Wishes* .... 668
  - Prologue spoken by Garrick in 1747 .... 670
  - On the Death of Dr Robert Levett .... 670
- Mrs Thrale (1739—1821) .... 670
  - The Three Warnings .... 671
- Oliver Goldsmith (1728—1774) .... 671
  - The Traveller .... 674
  - Description of Auburn—The Village Preacher, &c .... 677
  - Edwin and Angelina .... 678
  - Extracts from *Retaliation* .... 679
- Bishop Percy (1729—1811) .... 680
  - O Nancy, wilt Thou go with Me .... 680
  - The Friar of Orders Gray .... 681
- Richard Glover (1712—1785) .... 681
  - Address of Leonidas .... 682
  - The Armies at Salamis .... 682
  - Admiral Hosier's Ghost .... 683
- William Mason (1725—1797) .... 684
  - Apostrophe to England .... 684
  - Mount Snowdon.—From *Caractacus* .... 684
  - Epitaph on Mrs Mason .... 685
- Francis Fawkes (1721—1777) .... 685
  - The Brown Jug .... 685
- John Cunningham (1729—1773) .... 685
  - Song, 'May-eve, or Kate of Aberdeen' .... 685
  - Content, a Pastoral .... 685
- John Langhorne (1735—1779) .... 686
  - The Poor Vagrant Tribe .... 686
  - Appeal to Country Justices .... 686

# CONTENTS OF FIRST VOLUME.

PAGE
The Dead ... 687
Farewell Hymn to the Valley of Irwan ... 687
John Scott (1730—1783) ... 687
Ode on Hearing the Drum ... 687
Michael Bruce (1746—1767) ... 687
Elegy written in Spring ... 688
John Logan (1748—1788) ... 689
To the Cuckoo ... 689
Complaint of Nature ... 690
William Whitehead (1715—1785) ... 690
Variety ... 691
Samuel Bishop (1731—1795) ... 692
To Mrs Bishop on the Anniversary of her Wedding-day ... 692
Christopher Smart (1722—1770) ... 692
Song to David ... 692
Thomas Warton (1728—1790), and Joseph Warton (1722—1800) ... 693
Written in Dugdale's *Monasticon* ... 694
On Revisiting the River Loddon ... 694
From the *Ode to Fancy* ... 695
Thomas Blacklock (1721—1791) ... 695
Terrors of a Guilty Conscience ... 696
Ode on Melissa's Birthday ... 696
James Beattie (1735—1803) ... 696
Imparting to a Boy the First Idea of a Supreme Being ... 697
Opening of the *Minstrel* ... 697
Description of Edwin ... 698
Morning Landscape ... 699
Life and Immortality ... 699
Retirement ... 699
The Hermit ... 700
William Julius Mickle (1734—1788) ... 700
Cumnor Hall ... 701
The Mariner's Wife, or 'There 's nae Luck about the House' 702
The Spirit of the Cape ... 702
Christopher Anstey (1724—1805) ... 703
The Public Breakfast ... 703
Richard Jago (1715—1781) ... 704
Absence ... 704
Christopher Pitt (1699—1748)—Gilbert West (1700?—1756)—Mrs Carter (1717—1806) ... 704

## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

*Ad Amicos*, by Richard West ... 705
Elegy, by Hammond ... 705
Song, 'Away! let Nought to Love Displeasing' ... 706
The Mystery of Life, by John Gambold ... 706
The Beggar, by Rev. T. Moss ... 707
Song from *The Shamrock*, 1772 ... 707
Lines by Sir John Henry Moore ... 707

## SCOTTISH POETS.

William Hamilton (1704—1754) ... 707
The Braes of Yarrow ... 708
John Skinner (1721—1807) ... 709
Tullochgorum ... 709
Robert Crawford (*circa* 1695—1733) ... 710
The Bush aboon Traquair ... 710
Tweedside ... 710
Lady Grisell Baillie (1665—1746) ... 710
Sufferings of Lady Grisell and her Father ... 710
Werena my Heart licht I wad Dee ... 711
Sir Gilbert Elliot (1722—1777) ... 711
Amynta ... 712
Alexander Ross (1698—1784) ... 712
Woo'd, and Married, and a' ... 712
John Lowe (1750—1798) ... 712
Mary's Dream ... 712
Lady Ann Barnard (1750—1825) ... 713
Auld Robin Gray ... 723
Miss Jane Elliot (1727—1805), and Mrs Cockburn (died in 1794) ... 713
The Flowers of the Forest, by Miss Elliot ... 713
The Flowers of the Forest, by Mrs Cockburn ... 714
Robert Fergusson (1751—1774) ... 714
Braid Claith ... 715
Cauler Water ... 715
A Sunday in Edinburgh ... 716

## DRAMATISTS.

Tragedies by Johnson, Thomson, Mallet, Glover, Brooke, Mason, Home ... 717
Discovery of her Son by Lady Randolph ... 718
Short Extracts from Thomson, Mason, and Glover ... 719
George Colman (1733—1794)—Arthur Murphy (1727—1805)—Hugh Kelly (1739—1777) ... 719
Richard Cumberland (1732—1811)—Oliver Goldsmith (1728—1774) ... 720
A Deception.—From *She Stoops to Conquer* ... 720
Arrival at the Supposed Inn ... 721
Henry Carey (died in 1743) ... 722
Sally in Our Alley ... 723
David Garrick (1716—1779)—Henry Fielding (1707—1754)—Charles Macklin (1690—1797)—James Townley (1715—1778) ... 723
Samuel Foote (*circa* 1720—1777) ... 723
Tuft-hunting.—From *The Lame Lover* ... 724
C. Coffey (died 1745)—Isaac Bickerstaff (1735—1787) ... 725

## ESSAYISTS.

Samuel Johnson (1709—1784) ... 725
On Useful Knowledge and Kindness ... 725
On Revenge ... 726
Retirement from the World ... 726
John Hawkesworth (1715—1773) ... 726
Conclusion of the *Adventurer* ... 727
Edward Moore (1712—1757) ... 727
George Colman (1733—1794)—Bonnel Thornton (1724—1768) ... 727
The Country Church, by Cowper ... 727
Oliver Goldsmith (1728—1774) ... 727
Beau Tibbs ... 727
Beau Tibbs continued ... 728
On the Increased Love of Life with Age ... 729
A General Election (about 1760) ... 730

## NOVELISTS.

Samuel Richardson (1689—1761) ... 731
Pamela and her Mother in Church ... 732
Robert Paltock (living in 1751) ... 733
Peter Wilkins and his Flying Bride ... 734
Henry Fielding (1707—1754) ... 736
On leaving England for Lisbon ... 737
Partridge at the Theatre ... 738
Philosophy and Christianity ... 740
Tobias George Smollett (1721—1771) ... 740
The Death of Commodore Trunnion ... 742
Epitaph on Commodore Trunnion ... 742
Feast in the Manner of the Ancients ... 743
Laurence Sterne (1713—1768) ... 745
The Story of Le Fevre ... 747
The Starling—Captivity ... 749
A French Peasant's Supper ... 750
Charles Johnstone (died in 1800) ... 750
Horace Walpole (1717—1797) ... 750
Clara Reeve (1725—1803) ... 750
Oliver Goldsmith (1728—1774) ... 751
Henry Brooke (1706—1783) ... 751
Henry Mackenzie (1745—1831) ... 751
Negro Servitude ... 752
Harley Sets out on his Journey ... 752
The Death of Harley ... 753

## HISTORIANS.

Thomas Carte (1686—1754) ... 754
Nathaniel Hooke (*circa* 1690—1763) ... 754
Dr Conyers Middleton (1683—1750) ... 754
Character of Cicero ... 755
Lord Hervey (1696—1743) ... 755
Personal Traits of George II. and Queen Caroline ... 755
David Hume (1711—1776) ... 756
The Middle Ages—Progress of Freedom ... 757

PAGE
State of Parties at the Reformation....758
Character of Queen Elizabeth....758
Dr William Robertson (1721—1793)....759
Character of Mary, Queen of Scots....760
Martin Luther....761
Discovery of America....761
Chivalry....763
Francis I. and the Emperor Charles V....763
Smollett (1721—1771)—Tytler (1711—1792)—Lyttelton (1709—1773), &c....764
Lord Hailes (1726—1792)—Robert Watson (1730—1780)—Dr W. Russell (1741—1793)....765
Edward Gibbon (1737—1794)....765
Opinion of the Ancient Philosophers on the Immortality of the Soul....768
The City of Bagdad....768
Conquest of Jerusalem by the Crusaders....769
Appearance and Character of Mohammed....770
Death and Character of Timour or Tamerlane....770

## THEOLOGIANS AND METAPHYSICIANS.

Bishop Butler (1692—1752)....771
Bishop Warburton (1698—1779)....772
The Grecian Mythology....773
Dr Robert Lowth (1710—1787)—Dr C. Middleton (1683—1750)—W. Law (1686—1761)—Isaac Watts (1674—1748), &c....773
Dr Jortin (1698—1770)—Dr R. Hurd (1720—1808)—Dr George Horne (1730—1792)....774
George Whitefield (1714—1770)—John Wesley (1703—1791)—Charles Wesley (1708—1788)....775
James Hervey (1714—1758)—Ebenezer Erskine (1680—1754)—Alexander Webster (1707—1784)....775
Song by Dr Webster, *note*....776
Dr John Erskine (1721—1803)—Dr Hugh Blair (1718—1800)....776
On the Cultivation of Taste....776
Difference between Taste and Genius....777
Dr Philip Doddridge (1702—1751)....777
Happy Devotional Feelings....779
Vindication of Religious Opinions....779
Dr N. Lardner (1684—1768)—Dr James Foster (1697—1753)—John Leland (1691—1766)....780
Dr Francis Hutcheson (1694—1747)....780
David Hume (1711—1776)....780
On Delicacy of Taste....781
On Simplicity and Refinement....781
Estimate of the Effects of Luxury....781
Jonathan Edwards (1703—1758)....782
David Hartley (1705—1757)....783
Adam Smith (1723—1790)....783
The Results of Guilty Ambition....784
Dr Richard Price (1723—1791)....784
Dr George Campbell (1719—1796)....784
Christianity need not fear Discussion....785
Dr Thomas Reid (1710—1796)....785
Lord Kames (1696—1782)....785
Dr Beattie (1735—1803)....786
On the Love of Nature....786
On Scottish Music....787
Abraham Tucker (1705—1774) and Dr Priestley (1733—1804)....788
Eulogy on Priestley by Robert Hall....788

## MISCELLANEOUS WRITERS.

PAGE
Earl of Chesterfield (1694—1773)....789
On Good Breeding....789
Detached Thoughts....789
On the Picture of Richard Nash....789
Sir William Blackstone (1723—1780)....790
On Monarchy....790
Dr Samuel Johnson (1709—1784)....790
Preface to the Dictionary....791
Reflections on Landing at Iona....791
Parallel between Pope and Dryden....792
Junius and Sir Philip Francis (1740—1818)....792
On the Duke of Bedford....794
State of England in 1812....795
Characters of Fox and Pitt....795
From Junius's Letter to the King....796
John Horne Tooke (1736—1812)....797
Beckford's Address to the King....797
John Lewis De-Lolme (1740—1806)....798
The Earl of Chatham (1708—1778)....798
Speech on being Taunted on his Youth....798
Speech against the Employment of Indians....799
Last Public Appearance of Chatham....799
Character of Chatham by Grattan....800
Edmund Burke (1729—1797)....800
Homely Similes, *Note*....801
On Conciliation with America....802
Destruction of the Carnatic....803
Marie Antoinette....804
The British Monarchy....804
Difference between Mr Burke and the Duke of Bedford....805
Burke's Account of his Son....806
Sir Joshua Reynolds (1723—1792)....806
Thomas Pennant (1726—1798)....806
Thomas Amory (1692—1789)....806
Portrait of Marinda Bruce....807
Charlotte Lennox (1720—1804)—Catherine Macaulay (1733—1791)....807
Mrs Montagu (1720—1800)—Mrs Chapone (1727—1801)....807
Dr Richard Farmer (1735—1797)....808
George Steevens (1736—1800)—Jacob Bryant (1715—1804)....808
Benjamin Franklin (1706—1790)....808
The Cost of Wars, and Eulogium on Washington....808
New Device for American Coin....809
Argument for Contentment....809
William Melmoth (1710—1799)—Dr John Brown (1715—1766)....809
Description of the Vale of Keswick....809
Horace Walpole (1717—1797)....810
Strawberry Hill....810
The Scottish Rebellion....811
London Earthquakes and Gossip....812
Dr Adam Smith (1723—1790)....813
Advantages of the Division of Labour....813
Dr Adam Ferguson (1724—1816)....814
On the Changes in Society....814
Lord Monboddo (1714—1799)....814
William Harris—James Harris....815
W. Stukeley (1687—1765)—Edward King (1735—1807)—Thomas Birch (1705—1766)....815
Encyclopædias and Magazines....816

## LIST OF PLATES.

Plate I.—Portraits of John Gower—John Wycliffe—Geoffrey Chaucer—Miles Coverdale—William Tyndale....*Frontispiece.*
Plate II.—Portraits of Howard, Earl of Surrey—Bishop Latimer—James I. of Scotland—Sir Thomas More—William Caxton....30
Plate III.—Portraits of Ben Jonson—Geo. Buchanan—William Shakspeare—Lord Bacon—Edmund Spenser....73
Plate IV.—Portraits of Samuel Butler—John Bunyan—John Milton—Jeremy Taylor—John Dryden....229
Plate V.—Portraits of Matthew Prior—Alexander Pope—Joseph Addison—Allan Ramsay—Jonathan Swift....475
Plate VI.—Portraits of Oliver Goldsmith—James Thomson—Dr Samuel Johnson—Tobias Smollett—David Hume....597

CYCLOPÆDIA
OF
English Literature
FIRST PERIOD
FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO 1400
A GOOD BOOK IS A GOOD FRIEND
A WISE AUTHOR IS A PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

THE English language is essentially a branch of the Teutonic or Indo-Germanic language spoken by the inhabitants of Central Europe before the dawn of history. The earliest inhabitants of the British Islands were a Celtic race, one of the most important of the Aryan family of nations, and the Celtic language is still spoken, divided into two sections. One of these is the Gaelic of Ireland, the Scottish Highlands, and the Isle of Man. The other is the Cymric of Wales and of the French province of Brittany, the ancient Armorica. A Celtic dialect lingered in Cornwall until past the middle of the last century. It has been calculated that, if the English language were divided into a hundred parts, sixty would be Saxon. Mr Sharon Turner, the historian of the Anglo-Saxons, and Archbishop Trench concur in this estimate, and it is said to be verified by the vocabulary of our English Bible and by the dramas of Shakspeare. But on the other hand, a high linguistic authority, F. Max-Müller, states that the Norman elements in English have a decided preponderance; and he cites M. Thommerel, who had counted every word in our dictionaries, and established the fact that the number of Teutonic or Saxon words in English amounts to 13,230, whereas there are 29,853 traceable to a Latin source. This disparity arises from the philologist looking at the words apart from the stem or grammar of the language. The great influx of Neo-Latin and other vocables in the course of the nation's progress is undoubted, but, as F. Max-Müller admits, 'languages, though mixed in their dictionary, can never be mixed in their grammar,' and in a scientific classification the English must be ranked as Saxon. The great bulk of our laws and social institutions, the grammatical structure of our language, our most familiar and habitual expressions in common life, are derived from our rude northern invaders; and now, after fourteen centuries, their language, enriched from various and distant sources, has become the speech of fifty millions of people, to be found in all quarters of the globe. May we not assume that the national character, like the national language, has been moulded and enriched by this combination of races? The Celtic imagination and impulsive ardour, the Saxon solidity, the old Norse maritime spirit and love of adventure, the later Norman chivalry and keen sense of enjoyment; these have been the elements, slowly combined under northern skies, and interfused by a pure ennobling religion, that have gone forth in literature and in life, the moral pioneers and teachers of the world.

The Celts were not without a native literature. The Welsh had their Triads and their romantic fables of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. The real Arthur of history appears to have been the ruler of the ancient Britons in the beginning of the sixth century, and was slain by Modred in 542. He makes no great figure in history, where he has only a twilight sort of existence. His true realm is romance, and there he sits enthroned in poetic splendour surrounded by his circle of invincible knights. He could not subdue the Anglo-Saxons, but the Welsh bards invested him with all kinds of supernatural perfections. He forms, with his court, the subject of a whole library of heroic lays and legends. Centuries after his death, Arthur reappeared in the tales of the Norman and French minstrels as the ideal of a perfect knight and the mirror of chivalry. The great chiefs of English song—Spenser, Milton, Dryden, and Gray—'prolonged the legendary tales,' as related by Sir Walter Scott, himself an enthusiastic devotee; and in our own day they have been revived by a poet not unworthy of being named along with that illustrious band. It was in the twelfth century, and up to the time of Elizabeth, that Welsh literature was in its 'most high and palmy state;' and the massacre of the bards attributed to Edward I., and commemorated in undying verse by Gray, seems to be wholly without foundation.

The Gael as well as the Cymry had regular bards, who chanted the praises of their monarchs and chiefs, and recounted the deeds of their ancestors. Ireland was early distinguished as a seat of learning, and from its colleges or monasteries learning and Christianity were diffused over the kingdom, even to the remote Hebrides. The Irish annals are among our most ancient records. Pelagius, Celestius, and St Patrick are said to have been natives of the British Islands. The tradition is doubtful, but, if Scotland in the fifth century gave St Patrick to Ireland she received in the sixth a more memorable return in Columba, the saint of Iona.

We know from Barbour and Gawin Douglas that in Scotland, at a very early period, the names of Fingal and Gaul, the son of Morni, were popular among the people. A body of traditional poetry was long prevalent in the Highlands, some of which Macpherson collected and expanded into regular poems—nay, epics; and many Celtic fragments have since been published in Ireland, describing the Fenian wars and the lamentations of blind Ossian. They are curious as antiquarian relics and national memorials, but as to poetical merit, they cannot for a moment be put in comparison with the Macpherson manufacture. It is the coat of frieze beside the royal tartan.

The earliest Anglo-Saxon historians, Gildas, Nennius, and Columbanus, wrote in Latin in the sixth century. The most celebrated of these literary ecclesiastics, and the greatest scholar of his age, was BEDE, known in history as the 'Venerable Bede.' He was born about the year 672, entered the monastery of St Peter at Wearmouth, county of Durham, at the age of seven, removed in his nineteenth year to the neighbouring monastery of Jarrow, where he took orders, and was ordained priest, and where he passed the remainder of his studious life till his death, May 26, 735. The works of Bede are numerous, including homilies, lives of saints, hymns, treatises on grammar and chronology, commentaries on the Bible and Apocrypha, a collection of epigrams, &c. In the spirit of Chaucer's 'Clerk of Oxenforde,' the good monk said: 'It was always sweet to me to learn, to teach, and to write.' His greatest work is the *Historia Ecclesiastica Gentis Anglorum*, an ecclesiastical history of England, which is also our chief authority for the civil history of the country down to nearly the middle of the eighth century. —Among the other Latin writers may be named EGBERT, archbishop of York (678–766), ST BONIFACE (Wilfred, who lived about 680–755), and ALCUIN (about 735–804). For three or four centuries afterwards, Latin treatises, historical and theological, issued occasionally from the monkish retreats.

## ANGLO-SAXON WRITERS.

From its first establishment in Britain, the Anglo-Saxon language experienced scarcely any change till after the irruption of the Danes. The accomplished Romans left few words behind them that were adopted by their successors. Some of the tales and legends of the Scandinavian *Scalds* were popular and served as models; and the Anglo-Saxon *gleemen* who sung, danced, and recited, were the precursors of the more lettered and refined minstrels of a later age. The oldest poem of an epic form in Europe is believed to be an Anglo-Saxon production, the *Lay of Beowulf*, which describes an expedition made by Beowulf to deliver a Danish king from a demon or monster called Grendel. Beowulf vanquished the 'she-wolf of the abyss; she sank upon the floor, the sword was bloody, the man rejoiced in his deed; the beam shone, light stood within, even as from heaven mildly shines the lamp of the firmament.' A few words will give an idea of the language:

| | |
|---|---|
| Thâ com of môre, | Then came from the moor, |
| Under mist-hleodhun, | Under mist-hills, |
| Grendel gongan; | Grendel to go; |
| Goddes yrrre bär. | God's ire he bare. |

There are above six thousand of these short lines! Besides *Beowulf* there are two other Anglo-Saxon remains, the *Traveller's Song* and the *Battle of Finnesburg*; also a fragment named *Judith*, founded on the Apocrypha:

### *Judith slays Holofernes.*

The maid of the Creator with the twisted locks took then a sharp sword, hard with scouring, and from the sheath drew it with her right limb. She took the heathen man fast by his hair; she drew him by his limbs towards her disgracefully, and the mischief-ful odious man at her pleasure laid, so as the wretch she might the easiest well command. She with the twisted locks struck the hateful enemy, meditating hate with the red sword, till she had half cut off his neck, so that he lay in a swoon, drunk and mortally wounded. He was not then dead, not entirely lifeless; she struck then earnest, the woman illustrious in strength, another time the heathen hound, till that his head rolled forth upon the floor! The foul one lay without a coffer; backward his spirit turned under the abyss, and there was plunged below, with sulphur fastened, for ever afterwards wounded by worms. Bound in torments, hard-imprisoned, in hell he burns. After his course he need not hope, with darkness overwhelmed, that he may escape from that mansion of worms; but there he shall remain ever and ever without end, henceforth in that cavern-home, void of the joys of hope.

### CÆDMON, THE MONK OF WHITBY.

The next poet is CÆDMON, a monk of Whitby, who died about 680. Cædmon was a genius of the class headed by Burns, a poet of nature's making, sprung from the bosom of the common people, and little indebted to education. It appears that he at one time acted in the capacity of a cow-herd. The circumstances under which his talents were first developed, are narrated by Bede with a strong cast of the marvellous, under which it is possible, however, to trace a basis of natural truth. 'We are told that he was so much less instructed than most of his equals, that he had not even learned any poetry; so that he was frequently obliged to retire, in order to hide his shame, when the harp was moved towards him in the hall, where at supper it was customary for each person to sing in turn. On one of these occasions, it happened to be Cædmon's turn to keep guard at the stable during the night, and, overcome with vexation, he quitted the table and retired to his post of duty, where, laying himself down, he fell into a sound slumber. In the midst of his sleep, a stranger appeared to him, and, saluting him by his name, said: "Cædmon, sing me something." Cædmon answered: "I know nothing to sing; for my incapacity in this respect was the cause of my leaving the hall to come hither." "Nay," said the stranger, "but thou hast something to sing." "What must I sing?" said Cædmon. "Sing the Creation," was the reply; and thereupon Cædmon began to sing verses "which he had never heard before," and which are said to have been as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Nu we sceolan herian | Now we shall praise |
| heofon-ríces weard, | the guardian of heaven, |
| metodes mihte, | the might of the creator, |
| and his mod-ge-thonc, | and his counsel, |
| wera wuldor fæder ! | the glory-father of men ! |
| swa he wundra ge-hwæs, | how he of all wonders, |
| ece dryhten, | the eternal lord, |
| oord onstealde. | formed the beginning. |
| He ærest ge-scéop | He first created |
| ylda bearnum | for the children of men |
| heofon to hrófe, | heaven as a roof, |
| halig scyppend ! | the holy creator ! |
| Tha middan-geard | then the world |
| mon-cynnes weard, | the guardian of mankind, |
| ece dryhten, | the eternal lord, |
| æfter teode, | produced afterwards, |
| firum foldan, | the earth for men, |
| frea ælmihtig ! | the almighty master ! |

Cædmon then awoke, and he was not only able to repeat the lines which he had made in his sleep, but he continued them in a strain of admirable versification. In the morning, he hastened to the town-reeve, or bailiff, of Whitby, who carried him before the Abbess Hilda; and there, in the presence of some of the learned men of the place, he told his story, and they were all of opinion that he had received the gift of song from Heaven. They then expounded to him in his mother-tongue a portion of Scripture, which he was required to repeat in verse. Cædmon went home, with his task, and the next morning he produced a poem which excelled in beauty all that they were accustomed to hear.' Cædmon composed many poems on the Bible histories, and on miscellaneous religious subjects, some of which have been preserved. His account of the Fall of Man resembles that in *Paradise Lost*, and one passage might almost be supposed to have suggested a corresponding one in Milton's sublime epic (Book II.), where Satan is described as reviving from the consternation of his overthrow. From Turner's *Anglo-Saxons* and Thorpe's edition of Cædmon we make two short extracts:

### *Satan's Hostility.*

The universal Ruler had of the angelic race, through his hand-power—the holy Lord!—a fortress established. To them he well trusted that they his service would follow, would do his will. For this he gave them understanding, and with his hands made them. The holy Lord had stationed them so happily. One he had so strongly made, so mighty in his mind's thought, he let him rule so much—the highest in Heaven's kingdom; he had made him so splendid, so beautiful was his fruit in Heaven, which to him came from the Lord of Hosts, that he was like the brilliant stars. Praise ought he to have made to his Lord; he should have valued dear his joys in Heaven; he should have thanked his Lord for the bounty which in that brightness he shared, when he was permitted so long to govern. But he departed from it to a worse thing. He began to upheave strife against the Governor of the highest heavens that sits on the holy seat. Dear was he to our Lord; from whom it could not be hid that his angel began to be over-proud. He raised himself against his master; he sought inflaming speeches, he began vainglorious words; he would not serve God, he said he was his equal in light and shining, as white and as bright in hue. Nor could he find it in his mind to render obedience to his God, to his King. He thought in himself that he could have subjects of more might and skill than the Holy God. Spake many words this angel of pride. He thought through his own craft that he could make a more strong-like seat higher in the heavens.

### *Satan's Speech.*

'What shall I for his favour serve, bend to him in such vassalage? I may be a God as he. Stand by me strong associates, who will not fail me in the strife. Heroes stern of mood, they have chosen me for chief, renowned warriors!' . . . Boiled within him his thought about his heart; hot was without him his dire punishment. Then spake he words: 'This narrow place is most unlike that other that we formerly knew, high in Heaven's kingdom, which my master bestowed on me, though we it, for the All-powerful, may not possess. We must cede our realm, yet hath he not done rightly, that he hath struck us down to the fiery abyss of the hot hell, bereft us of Heaven's kingdom, hath decreed to people it with mankind. That is to me of sorrows the greatest, that Adam, who was wrought of earth, shall possess my strong seat; that it shall be to him in delight, and we endure this torment—misery in this hell. Oh! had I the power of my hands, and might one season be without, be one winter's space, then with this host I—— But around me lie iron bonds, presseth this cord of chain; I am powerless, me have so hard the clasps of hell so firmly grasped. Here is a vast fire above and underneath; never did I see a loathlier landscape; the flame abateth not, hot over hell. Me hath the clasping of these rings, this hard polished band, impeded in my course, debarred me from my way. . . . About me lie huge gratings of hard iron, forged with heat with which me God has fastened by the neck. Thus perceive I that he knoweth my mind.'

The Anglo-Saxon poetry is not in rhyming verse, but is alliterative. There are three alliterative words in the couplet, two in the first line, and one in the second:

*L*ike was he [Satan] to the *l*ight stars;
The *l*aud [praise] of the Ruler ought he to have
wrought,
*D*ear should he hold his *d*elights in heaven.

## ALFRED THE GREAT.

That wise and energetic sovereign King ALFRED was the earliest of our royal authors. He was born at Wantage, in Berkshire, in 849, succeeded to the crown at the age of 23, was driven from his throne by the Danes, who overran the kingdom of the West Saxons; but after experiencing various reverses, completely routed the invaders in 879, and, having firmly established his sway, set himself to reform and instruct his people. He established many beneficial institutions and just laws, he translated the historical works of Orosius and Bede, Boethius on the Consolations of Philosophy, and selections from the Soliloquies of St Augustine; and he wrote in the Anglo-Saxon language an account of the Laws of the

West Saxons, and various chronicles, meditations, &c. Another invasion of the Northmen in 893 threatened to destroy all the patriotic and enlightened labours of Alfred, but he succeeded in defeating the barbarians, and restoring his country to peace and prosperity. He died October 28, 901. The character of this monarch, comprising so much gentleness, along with dignity and manly vigour, and displaying pure tastes calculated to be beneficial to others as well as himself, would have graced the most civilised age nearly as much as it graced one of the rudest. A short specimen of the language of Alfred may be given from his translation of the Pastorals of St Gregory. Referring to the decay of learning among the people, especially the religious orders, the king says:

Swa clæne heo wæs othfeallen on Anglecynne, thæt feawa wæron behæonan Humbre the hira thenunge euthon understandan on Englise, oththe furthon an ærend-ge-writ of Ledene on Englise areccan; and ic wene thæt naht monige be-geondan Humbre næron. Swa feawa heora wæron, thæt ic furthon anne ænlepne ne mæg ge-thencan besuthan Thamise tha tha ic to rice feng. Gode ælmightigum ay thane, thæt we nu ænigne an steal habbath larcown.

So clean it was ruined amongst the English people, that there were very few on this side the Humber who could understand their service in English, or declare forth an epistle out of Latin into English; and I think that there were not many beyond the Humber. So few such there were, that I cannot think of a single one to the south of the Thames when I began to reign. To God Almighty be thanks, that we now have any teacher in stall.

In Alfred's poetical translation of the poetry in Boethius, there is, as Turner remarks, an effort at description in passages like the following:

Then Wisdom again unlocked her word-treasure. She sang true, and thus herself said: 'When the sun clearest shines, serenest in heaven, speedily will be darkened all over the earth the other stars. For this, their brightness cannot be set aught against the sun's light. When mild blows the south and west wind under heaven, then quickly increase the blossoms of the fields, that they may rejoice. But the dark storm, when he cometh strong from north and east, he taketh away speedily the blossoms of the rose; and also the wide sea, the northern tempest drives with vehemence, that it be strong excited, and lashes the shores. All that is on earth, even the fast-built works in the world will not remain for ever.'

Two short comparisons by Alfred:

So oft the mild sea with south wind, as gray glass clear, becomes grimly troubled, then the great waves mingle, the sea-whales rear themselves; rough is then that which before was glad to look at.

So oft a spring bursts from the hoary cliffs, cold and clear, and diffusely flows on, it runneth along the earth; a great mountain-stone falleth, and in the midst of it lies trundled from the mountain; it then into two streams is divided; the pure lake becomes troubled and turbid, and the brook is changed from its right course.*

### ARCHBISHOP ALFRIC—CANUTE—THE SAXON CHRONICLE.

After Alfred, the next important name is that of **Alfric**, archbishop of Canterbury, who died in 1006. This learned prelate was a voluminous writer, and, like Alfred, entertained a strong wish to enlighten the people; he wrote much in his native tongue, particularly a collection of homilies, a translation of the first seven books of the Bible, and some religious treatises. He was also the author of a grammar of the Latin tongue, which has given him the sub-name of 'the Grammarian.'

The Danish sovereign, **Cnut** or **Canute** (1017–1036), is said to have composed a song on hearing the music of Ely Cathedral, as he was in a boat on the river Nen. One verse of this song has been preserved by the monk of Ely (*Historia Eliensis*) who wrote about the year 1166, and it continued, after the lapse of a century and a half, to be very popular with the people. The language is still so intelligible, that we may suspect the monk to have slightly modernised it in accordance with the English of the middle of the twelfth century:

Merie sungen the muneches binnen Ely
Tha Cnut Ching rew there by:
Roweth, cnihtes, noer the lant,
And here we thes muneches saeng.

Merry [sweetly] sung the monks within Ely
That [when] Cnut King rowed thereby:
Row, knights, near the land,
And hear we these monks' song.

The **Saxon Chronicle** relates events from the earliest time to the year 891, compiled, as is believed, by Plegmund, archbishop of Canterbury, for the use of King Alfred. A continuation to the first year of Henry II., or the year 1154, was afterwards added. The united work forms but a dry record of facts or marvellous occurrences, but it is one of the authorities for the conquest of Britain, agreeing as it does with the previous narratives of Gildas and Bede. Much of our early history, previous to the introduction of Christianity in the year 597, is now considered mythical. Hengist and Horsa, the reputed popular leaders of the invasion in 450, are ranked by Macaulay with Romulus and Remus, and whole files of English and Scottish kings have been swept from history into the region of fable.

### ODE ON THE BATTLE OF BRUNANBURH.

In 918 was fought the important battle of Brunanburh, which gave Athelstan the fame of being the founder of the English monarchy. A native bard celebrated the great victory in an ode of about 150 lines, beginning thus:

| | |
|---|---|
| Æthelstan cyning, | Æthelstan king, |
| Eorla drihten, | Lord of earls, |
| Beorna beahgypa! | Bracelet-giver of barons! |
| And his brother eac, | And his brother eke, |
| Eadmund Ætheling. | Edmund Ætheling (or Prince). |

A lasting glory won by slaughter in battle with the edges of swords at Brunanburh! The wall of shields they cleaved, they hewed the noble banners. . . . Pursuing, they destroyed the Scottish people and the ship-fleet. They fell dead! The field resounded, the warriors sweat! After that the sun rose in the morning hour—the greatest star! glad above the earth God's candle bright, the eternal Lord's! till the noble creature hastened to her setting! . . . Five lay in that battle-place, young kings, by swords quieted. So also seven, the Earls of Anlaf, and innumerable of the army of the fleet, and the Scots. So the brothers both together, the king and the ætheling their country sought, the West-Saxon land. The screamers of war they left behind, the raven to enjoy, the dismal kite and the black raven with horned beak, and the hoarse toad; the eagle afterwards to feast on the white flesh, the greedy battle-hawk, and the gray beast, the wolf in the wood.[*]

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* Alfred's Boethius, by Rawlinson.

## ANGLO-NORMAN OR SEMI-SAXON WRITERS.

The original Anglo-Saxon terminated with the middle of the eleventh century, or the conquest of England by the Normans in 1066. A great change was effected in the national speech. Norman-French became the language of education, of the law-courts, the clergy, and the upper classes generally, while Saxon shared in the degradation that the mass of the people experienced under their conquerors. But though depressed, the old speech could not be extinguished. It maintained its ground as the substance of the popular language, and being gradually blended with the Norman, formed the basis of our English tongue. The Saxon was changed from an inflectional into a non-inflectional and analytical language,[†] and the state of transition is considered to have occupied about two centuries, from the middle of the twelfth to the middle of the fourteenth century.

The first literary efforts after the Conquest were in the form of translations or imitations of the Norman poets. Rhyme and metre were introduced. The language named from its origin Roman (the *lingua Romana*, whence we derive our term *Romance*) was separated into two great divisions—that of the south, which is popularly represented by the Provençal, and that of the north, which formed the French and Anglo-Norman. The Provençal used to be distinguished by the name of the Langue d'Oc, and the northern French by that of the Langue d'Oil, both being derived from the words for *yes*, which were *oc* in the one and *oil* (afterwards *oui*) in the other. The poets of the south were denominated *trobadores* or *troubadours*, and those in the north *trouvères*. The troubadours included princes and nobles, who sung as well as composed their amatory lyrics and light satires. Richard I. (Cœur de Lion), it will be recollected, was one of the number; and during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries there were several hundreds of these troubadour versifiers in the Provençal language. The trouvères wrote graver strains, romances, legends, chronicles, and national ballads. A trouvère, Taillefer, at the battle of Hastings, rode in front of the invading army, chanting the songs which told of Charlemagne and Roland, and was the first of the Normans to rush on the enemy. As to the origin of the popular fables and chivalrous romances, Campbell has finely said: 'The elements of romantic fiction have been traced up to various sources; but neither the Scaldic, nor Saracenic, nor Armorican theory of its origin can sufficiently account for all its materials. Many of them are classical, and others derived from the Scriptures. The migrations of science are difficult enough to be traced; but fiction travels on still lighter wings, and scatters the seeds of her wild-flowers imperceptibly over the world, till they surprise us by springing up with similarity in regions the most remotely divided.'[*]

### WACE, LAYAMON, AND THE ORMULUM.

The earliest Anglo-Norman translator is said to be Maister **Wace**, a native of Jersey, who, about 1160, rendered into verse the history by Geoffrey of Monmouth, in which the affairs of Britain were traced through a series of imaginary kings, beginning with Brutus of Troy, and ending with Cadwalader, who was said to have lived in the year 689 of the Christian era. Wace also composed a history of the Normans, under the title of the *Roman de Rou*, that is, the Romance of Rollo, first Duke of Normandy; and from admiration of his works, Henry II. bestowed upon Wace a canonry in the cathedral of Bayeux. Among the other Anglo-Norman French works were: *The Roman de la Rose*, imitated by Chaucer; the *Romance of Troy*, and *Chronicle of the Duke of Normandy*, by **Benoit de St Maur** (1180); a *Chronicle of the Anglo-Saxon Kings*, by **Geoffrey Gaimar** (1148), &c. Wace's poem, *Le Brut d'Angleterre*, consists of no less than 15,300 lines! The original work, Geoffrey of Monmouth's history, is remarkable on account of its effect on subsequent literature. The Britons settled in Wales, Cornwall, and Bretagne, were distinguished for the store of fanciful and fabulous legends they possessed. For centuries previous, Europe had been supplied with tale and fable from the teeming fountain of Bretagne. Walter Calenius, archdean of Oxford, collected some of these tales, professedly historical, relating to England, and communicated them to Geoffrey, by whom they were put into the form of a regular historical work, and introduced for the first time to the learned world. As little else than a bundle of incredible stories, partly founded on fact, this production is of small value; but it supplied a ground for Wace's poem, and proved an unfailing resource for the writers of romantic narrative during the next two centuries. Even in a later age its influence was not exhausted; Spenser and Shakspeare adopted the story of Lear, and Sackville that of Ferrex and Porrex, while Drayton reproduced much of it in his *Polyolbion*, and allusions to it are seen in the poetry of Milton and Gray. Pope, too, contemplated an epic on the story of Brutus.

As contributions to real history, though often doubtful or exaggerated, may be mentioned the works in Latin of **Ingulph**, abbot of Croyland (*circa* 1030–1109), who wrote a history of his abbey, and a Life of St Guthlac; **William of Malmesbury** (*circa* 1095–1143), author of a valuable work, *De Regibus Anglorum*, a general history of England from the period of the Saxon invasion to the 26th Henry I. in 1126, and a continuation to 1143, with a history of the church, and other works (this monk of Malmesbury is the most able and original of the early historians); HENRY OF HUNTINGDON (died after 1154) wrote a history of England to the period of Stephen; GIRALDUS CAMBRENSIS, or GERALD DE BARRI (*circa* 1146–1222), preached the crusade to the Welsh in 1188, and wrote *Itinerarium Cambriæ* and *Topographia Hibernia;* ROGER DE HOVEDEN (died after 1202) wrote *Annales Rerum Anglicarum*, 732 to 1202; MATTHEW OF PARIS (died about 1259) wrote *Historia Angliæ ad ultimum annum Henrici III.;* and MATTHEW OF WESTMINSTER, a Benedictine monk who flourished in the fourteenth century, author of *Flores Historiarum ab exordio Mundi usque ad* 1307.

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[*] Turner's *Anglo-Saxons*, vol. ii. 289.

[†] Hallam thus describes the process: 'The Anglo-Saxon was converted into English: 1. By contracting or otherwise modifying the pronunciation and orthography of words; 2. By omitting many inflections, especially of the noun, and consequently making more use of articles and auxiliaries; 3. By the introduction of French derivatives; and, 4. By using less inversion and ellipsis, especially in poetry. Of these, the second alone, I think, can be considered as sufficient to describe a new form of language; and this was brought about so gradually, that we are not relieved of much of our difficulty, whether some compositions shall pass for the latest offspring of the mother, or for the earliest fruits of the daughter's fertility.'—*Literature of Europe*, Part I. 47.

[*] *Essay on English Poetry.*

Wace's legendary poem was expanded into 32,250 lines by a monk, LAYAMON, who describes himself as a priest of Ernley, near Redstone, on the Severn. His additions to the work of Wace were made partly from Bede, but chiefly from Welsh and other traditional sources, with passages by Layamon himself. The date of the poem, when completed, is about the year 1205. Sir Frederick Madden, who published an edition of it (1847), says, that in many passages of the poem the spirit and style of the Anglo-Saxon writers have been preserved. It embodied the current language of the time, and has very few Norman words. The versification combines the alliteration characteristic of Anglo-Saxon poetry with the rhyming couplets of the French. The structure of the verse, however, is by no means regular. Two manuscripts of the poem exist, one twenty or thirty year later than the other, and there is a considerable difference in the text. We subjoin a specimen, with Sir Frederick Madden's translation of the earlier text:

| Early Text. | Later Text. |
|---|---|
| An preost wes on leoden, | A prest was in londe, |
| Layamon wes ihoten : | Laweman was [i] hote : |
| he wes Leouenadhes sone ; | he was Leucais sone ; |
| lidhe him beo drihten : | lef him beo drihte : |
| he wonede at Ernleye, | he wonede at Ernleie, |
| at ædhelen are chirechen, | wid than gode cniththe, |
| uppen Seuarne stathe | uppen Seuarne : |
| sel thar him thuhte : | merie ther him thohte : |
| on fest Radestone, | fastebi Radestone |
| ther he bock radde. | ther he bokes radde. |
| Hit com him on mode, | Hit com him on mode, |
| and on his mern thonke, | and on his thonke, |
| thet he wolde of Engle | that he wolde of Engelond |
| tha ædhelæn tellen, | the rihtnesse tell, |
| wat heo ihoten weoren, | wat the men hi-hot weren, |
| and wonene heo comen, | and wanene hi comen, |
| tha Englene londe | the Englene lond |
| ærest ahten | ærest afden |
| æfter than flode | after than flode |
| the from drihtene com, | that fram god com, |
| the al her a-quelde | that al ere acwelde |
| quic that he funde. | cwic that hit funde. |

*There* was a priest on earth (*or* in *the* land), *who* was named Layamon; he was son of Leovenath, may *the* Lord be gracious to him!—he dwelt at Ernley, at a noble church upon Severn's bank—good *it* there seemed to him—near Radestone, where he books read. It came to him in mind, and in his chief thought, that he would tell the noble deeds of the English, what they were named, and whence they came, who first possessed *the* English land, after the flood that came from *the* Lord, that destroyed here all that it found alive.

About the same time was produced a metrical work, the ORMULUM, so called after the name of its author, Orm or Ormin. This poem—or rather series of poems, for it consists of homilies and lessons from the New Testament—is also of great length, extending to nearly 10,000 lines, or couplets of fifteen syllables. It has one mark of progress in the language—the alliterative system is abandoned, though this did not become general, and Ormin's English has a more modern air than that of Layamon. He dedicates his work to his brother:

Nu, brotherr Wallterr, brotherr min
Affterr the flæshes kinde;
Annd brotherr min i Crisstenddom
Thurrh fullubht and thurrh trowwthe;
Annd brotherr min i Godess hus.

Now, brother Walter, brother mine
After the flesh's kind [or nature];
And brother mine in Christendom
Through baptism and through truth;
And brother mine in God's house.

A treatise termed *The Ancren Riwle*, or Female Anchorite's Rule, is referred to the same period—not later than 1205. It is in eight parts, written by an ecclesiastic, on the duties of a monastic life. The work was edited by the Rev. James Morton in 1853, and is attributed by him to a Bishop POOR, who died in 1237. One peculiarity of the work is the great number of Norman-French words it contains. The writer tells the anchorite: 'Ye ne schulen eten vleschs ne seim, buten ine muchele secnesse; other hwoso is ever feble eteth potage blitheliche; and wunieth ou to lutel drunch.' (Ye shall not eat flesh nor lard, except in much sickness; but the feeble may eat pottage blithely, and accustom themselves to a little drink.)

An English version of *Genesis and Exodus*, extending to above 4000 lines, is about the same date; and an original poem, *The Owl and the Nightingale* (1250–1260) is ascribed to NICHOLAS DE GUILDFORD. It opens thus:

| | |
|---|---|
| Ich was in one sumere dale, | I was in one summer dale, |
| In one suthe dithele hale; | In a very secret hollow; |
| I herd ich holde grete tale | I heard each hold great tale |
| An hule and one nihtingale | An owl and one nightingale |
| That plait was stiff, and starc, and strong, | That plain was stiff, and stark, and strong, |
| Sum wile soft and lude among. | Somewhile soft and loud among. |

Of about the same antiquity is the following descriptive little song:

| | |
|---|---|
| Sumer is i-cumen in, | Summer is coming in, |
| Lhude sing cuccu; | Loud sing, cuckoo! |
| Groweth sed and bloweth mede, | Groweth seed and bloweth mead, |
| And springth the wde nu. | And springeth the wood now. |
| Sing cuccu, cuccu. | Sing cuckoo, cuckoo. |
| Awe bleteth after lomb, | Ewe bleateth after lamb, |
| Lhouth after calve cu; | Loweth after calf cow, |
| Bullock sterteth, bucke verteth, | Bullock starteth, buck verteth,[*] |
| Murie sing, cuccu. | Merry sing, cuckoo! |
| Wel singes thu cuccu, | Well sing thou, cuckoo, |
| Ne swik thou nauer nu. | Nor cease to sing now. |
| Sing cuccu, cuccu. | Sing cuckoo, cuckoo. |

[*] *Verteth*, goes to harbour among the fern.—WARTON.

Among the old 'romances of pris' (price or praise) referred to by Chaucer, is supposed to be the *Squire of Low Degree.* The daughter of the King of Hungary had fallen into a state of melancholy from the supposed loss of the squire, her lover, and the king comforts his daughter by promising her many presents and luxuries:

To-morrow ye shall in hunting fare;[1]
And yede,[2] my doughter, in a chair;
It shall be covered with velvet red,
And cloths of fine gold all about your head,
With damask white and azure blue,
Well diapered[3] with lilies new.
Your pommels shall be ended with gold,
Your chains enamelled many a fold,
Your mantle of rich degree,
Purple pall and ermine free.
Jennets of Spain, that ben so wight,
Trapped to the ground with velvet bright.
Ye shall have harp, sautry, and song,
And other mirths you among.
Ye shall have Rumney and Malespine,
Both Hippocras and Vernage wine;
Montrese and wine of Greek,
Both Algrade and despice[4] eke,
Antioch and Bastard,
Pyment[5] also and garnard;
Wine of Greek and Muscadel,
Both claré, pyment, and Rochelle,
The reed your stomach to defy,
And pots of Osy set you by.
You shall have venison y-bake,
The best wild fowl that may be take;
A leish of harehound with you to streek,[6]
And hart, and hind, and other like.
Ye shall be set at such a tryst,
That hart and hind shall come to you first,
Your disease to drive you fro,
To hear the bugles there y-blow.
Homeward thus shall ye ride,
On-hawking by the river's side,
With gosshawk and with gentle falcón,
With bugle-horn and merlión.
When you come home your menzie[7] among,
Ye shall have revel, dances, and song;
Little children, great and small,
Shall sing as does the nightingale.
Then shall ye go to your even song,
With tenors and trebles among.
Threescore of copes of damask bright,
Full of pearls they shall be pight.[8] . . .
Your censers shall be of gold,
Indent with azure many a fold.
Your quire nor organ song shall want,
With contre-note and descant.
The other half on organs playing,
With young children full fain singing.
Then shall ye go to your suppér,
And sit in tents in green arbér,
With cloth of arras pight to the ground,
With sapphires set of diamond. . . .
A hundred knights, truly told,
Shall play with bowls in alleys cold,
Your disease to drive away;
To see the fishes in pools play,
To a drawbridge then shall ye,
Th' one half of stone, th' other of tree;
A barge shall meet you full right,
With twenty-four oars full bright,
With trumpets and with clarion,
The fresh water to row up and down. . . .
Forty torches burning bright,
At your bridges to bring you light.
Into your chamber they shall you bring,
With much mirth and more liking.
Your blankets shall be of fustian,
Your sheets shall be of cloth of Rennes.

## EARLY ENGLISH WRITERS.

The century and a half from 1250 to 1400 has been designated the Early or Old English period of our language. A division into dialects also became more marked. There were the Northern (including the Lowlands of Scotland), the Midland, and the Southern; or as they have been historically termed, the Northumbrian, Mercian, and West Saxon dialects.

### THOMAS OF ERCILDOUN.

The military spirit then abroad, and the chivalrous enthusiasm of the Normans, were displayed in the literature of the day no less than in tournaments or in war and crusades. The mixed English language became a vehicle for romantic metrical tales, derived from the French. The name of one minstrel, **THOMAS THE RHYMER**, or **THOMAS OF ERCILDOUN**, is great in traditional story. He was a person of some consideration, owner of an estate, which he transmitted to his son, and he died shortly before 1299. Thomas, besides being a seer or prophet, is supposed to have been the author of our first metrical romance. An English rhyming chronicler, Robert de Brunne, refers to *Sir Tristrem*, a 'sedgeing tale,' or story for recitation, by Thomas of Ercildoun, which was esteemed above all other tales, if recited as written by the author. Few of the minstrels, however, gave it as it was made, in quaint or difficult English, but corrupted and lowered it in the course of recitation. It was a matter of regret that this genuine version of *Sir Tristrem* had been lost, and great satisfaction was expressed when Mr (afterwards Sir) Walter Scott, in 1804, published what he conceived to be a faithful copy of it, though modified in language in passing orally through different generations. This copy is contained in an old collection in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, called, from the name of its donor, the Auchinleck Manuscript, being presented by Lord Auchinleck, father of James Boswell, the biographer of Johnson. The story of Sir Tristrem was familiar to poetical antiquaries. It was one of the ancient British legends taken up by the Norman minstrels. The style of the poem is elliptical and concise. It is divided into three 'fyttes' or cantos, and the following stanza will shew the style and orthography of the Auchinleck Manuscript:

Glad a man was he
  The turnament dede crie,
That maidens might him se
  And over the walles to lye;
Thai asked who was fre
  To win the maistrie;
Thai seyd that best was he
  The child of Ermonie
    In Tour:
  Forthi chosen was he
  To maiden Blaunche Flour.

Sir Walter's theory as to the originality and

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[1] Go a-hunting. [2] Go. [3] Figured.
[4] Spiced wine. [5] A drink of wine, honey, and spices.
[6] Course. [7] Household. [8] Set.

Scottish origin of the poem has not been generally accepted. It is believed to be the production of some minstrel who had heard Thomas of Ercildoun recite his romance. Mr Garnet, a high authority on early English dialects, concludes that the present *Sir Tristrem* is a modernised copy of an old Northumbrian romance which was probably written between 1260 and 1300, and derived from a Norman or Anglo-Norman source, but the author may have availed himself of the previous labours of Ercildoun on the same theme.

An elaborate work of about 20,000 lines, *The Romance of King Alexander*, appears to have been written previous to 1300. It has been ascribed, but erroneously, to ADAM DAVIE, marshal of Stratford-le-Bow, near London. Davie, however, was a voluminous versifier, and wrote *Visions*, *The Battle of Jerusalem*, &c. Two romances, *Havelok the Dane*, and *William and the Werwolf*, have been edited (1828 and 1832) by an able antiquary, Sir Frederick Madden. The story of Havelok relates the adventures of an orphan child, son of a Danish king; the author is unknown.

### *Extract from Havelok.*

Hwan he was hosled[1] and shriuen,
His quiste maked and for him gyuen,
His knictes dede he alle site,
For throw them he wolde wite
How micte yem hise children yunge
Till that he couthen speken wit tunge;
Speken, and gangen, on horse riden,
Knictes and sweynes bi here siden.
He spoken there offe, and chosen sone
A riche man was, that, under mone,
Was the trewest that he wende—
Godard, the kinges oune frende;
And seyden, he moucthe hem best loke
Yif that he hem undertoke,
Till hise sone mouthe bere
Helm on heued, and leden ut here
(In his hand a spere stark),
And king ben maked of Denmark.

When he was housled and shriven,
His bequests made and for him given,
His knights he made all sit,
For from them he would wit
Who should keep his children young
Till they knew how to speak with tongue;
To speak, and walk, and on horse ride,
Knights and servants by their side.
They spoke thereof, and chosen soon
Was a rich man, that, under moon,
Was the truest that they kenned—
Godard, the king's own friend;
And saying he might best o'erlook
If their charge he undertook,
Till his son might [himself] bear
Helm on head, and lead out there
(In his hand a spear stark),
And king be made of Denmark.

The *Geste of King Horn*, the romantic history of *Guy of Warwick* (supposed to have been written about 1292 by a Cornish friar, WALTER OF EXETER), *Sir Bevis of Southampton*, *Richard Cœur de Lion*, *The King of Tars*, *La Morte Arthur*, *Sir Eglamour*, and a host of other metrical romances, belong to this period, and most of them were subsequently modernised when the art of printing was introduced. Chaucer, in his *Rhime of Sire Thopas*, has parodied the style of these compositions, and made 'mine host' in the *Canterbury Tales* abuse all such 'drafty rhyming' as destitute of mirth or doctrine.

The principal metrical chroniclers were two ecclesiastics—ROBERT OF GLOUCESTER and ROBERT DE BRUNNE. The former was a monk of Gloucester, who lived in the reigns of Henry III. and Edward I. His chief work is a rhymed chronicle of England from the legendary age of Brutus to the close of Henry III.'s reign, partly taken from the fabulous history of Geoffrey of Monmouth, and written in the long line (or couplet) of fourteen syllables. This monk also wrote poems on the *Martyrdom of Thomas à Becket*, and the *Life of St Brandan*, and other saints. His language is strongly Anglo-Saxon—ninety-six per cent., according to Mr Marsh—but he speaks of the prevalence of the French tongue.

### *England and the Normans about* 1300.

Thus come, lo! Engelond into Normannes honde;
And the Normans ne couthe speke tho bote her owe
 speche,
And speke French as dude atom, and here chyldren
 dude al so teche;
So that heymen of thys lond, that of her blod come,
Holdeth alle thulke speche that hii of hem nome;
Vor bote a man couthe French me tolth of hym wel lute;
Ac lowe men holdeth to Englyss and to her kunde
 speche yute.
Ich wene ther ne be man in world contreyes none
That ne holdeth to her kunde speche bot Engelond one.
Ac wel me wot vor to conne both wel yt ys;
Vor the more that a man con, the more worth he ys.

Thus came, lo! England into Normans' hand;
And the Normans could speak then but their own
 speech,
And spake French as [they] did at home, and their
 children did all so teach;
So that high men of this land, that of their blood come,
Hold all the same speech that they of them took;
For but [except] a man know French men tell of him
 well little;
But low men hold to English and to their natural speech
 yet.
I wene there not be man in world countries none
That not holdeth to their natural speech but England
 alone.
But well I wot for to know both well it is;
For the more that a man knows, the more worth he is.

Mr Ellis, in his *Specimens of the Early English Poets*, praises Robert of Gloucester's description of the first crusade, but the narrative is generally flat and prosaic. The following is a portion partly modernised:

### *The Muster for the First Crusade.*

A good pope was thilk time at Rome, that hecht[1] Urban,
That preached of the creyserie, and creysed mony man.
Therefore he send preachers thorough all Christendom,
And himself a-this-side the mounts[2] and to France come;
And preached so fast, and with so great wisdom,
That about in each lond the cross fast me nome.[3]
In the year of grace a thousand and sixteen,
This great creyserie began, that long was i-seen.
Of so much folk nyme[4] the cross, ne to the holy lond go,
Me ne see no time before, ne suth nathemo.[5]

---

[1] When he had the sacrament administered to him, and been shriven or confessed.

[1] Was called. [2] Passed the mountains—namely, the Alps.
[3] Was quickly taken up. [4] Take. [5] Since never more.

For self women ne beleved,[1] that they ne wend thither fast,
Ne young folk [that] feeble were, the while the voyage y-last.
So that Robert Curthose thitherward his heart cast,
And, among other good knights, ne thought not be the last.
He wends here to Englond for the creyserie,
And laid William his brother to wed[2] Normandy,
And borrowed of him thereon an hundred thousand mark,
To wend with to the holy lond, and that was some-deal stark. . . .
The Earl Robert of Flanders mid[3] him wend also,
And Eustace Earl of Boulogne, and mony good knight thereto.
There wend the Duke Geoffrey, and the Earl Baldwin there,
And the other Baldwin also, that noble men were,
And kings syth all three of the holy lond.
The Earl Stephen de Blois wend eke, that great power had on hond,
And Robert's sister Curthose espoused had to wive.
There wend yet other knights, the best that were alive ;
As the Earl of St Giles, the good Raymond,
And Niel the king's brother of France, and the Earl Beaumond,
And Tancred his nephew, and the bishop also
Of Podys, and Sir Hugh the great earl thereto ;
And folk also without tale,[4] of all this west end
Of Englond and of France, thitherward gan wend,
Of Normandy, of Denmark, of Norway, of Britain,
Of Wales and of Ireland, of Gascony and of Spain,
Of Provence and of Saxony, and of Alemain,
Of Scotlond and of Greece, of Rome and Aquitain.

The good knight Robert Curthose was the bastard son of the Conqueror, and the monk thus describes him :

Thick man he was enow, but he nas well long,
Quarry[5] he was and well i-made for to be strong.
Therefore his father in a time i-see his sturdy deed,[6]
The while he was young, and byhuld,[7] and these words said :
'By the uprising of God, Robelin, me shall i-see,
Curthose my young son stalward knight shall be.'
For he was some deal short, he cleped him Curthose,
And he ne might never eft afterward thilk name lose.
Other lack had he nought, but he was not well long ;
He was quaint of counsel and of speech, and of body strong.
Never yet man ne might, in Christendom, ne in Paynim,
In battle him bring adown of his horse none time.

ROBERT DE BRUNNE, or more properly ROBERT MANNING, a native of Brunne or Bourn, in Lincolnshire, in the year 1303, translated, under the name of *Handlyng Synne*, a French work by William de Waddington entitled *Le Manuel des Pechiez*. He afterwards (between 1327 and 1338) translated a French chronicle of England, which had been written by Piers or Peter de Langtoft, a contemporary of his own, and an Augustine canon of Bridlington, in Yorkshire. This chronicle comes down to the death of Edward I. in 1307. The earlier part is translated from Wace's *Brut*. Manning has been characterised as an industrious, and, for the time, an elegant writer, possessing, in particular, a great command of rhymes. The verse adopted in his chronicle is shorter than that of the Gloucester monk, making an approach to the octosyllabic stanza of modern times. The language is also nearer modern English :

Lordynges, that be now here,
If ye wille listene & lere
All the story of Inglande,
Als Robert Mannyng wryten it fand,
& on Inglysch has it schewed,
Not for the lerid bot for the lewed,[1]
For tho that in this land wonn,
That the Latyn no Frankys conn,[2]
For to haf solace & gamen
In felawschip when thai sitt samen.[3]

Manning, or De Brunne, speaks of *disours* (Fr. *diseurs*, reciters) and *seggers*, or sayers, in his day, who recited metrical compositions, and took unwarrantable liberties with the text of the poets. He did not write for them ; he

Made nought for no disours,
Ne for no seggers, no harpours,
But for the love of simple men
That strange English cannot ken.

The following is slightly modernised :

### *Interview of Vortigern with Rowen, the beautiful Daughter of Hengist.*

Hengist that day did his might,
That all were glad, king and knight.
And as they were best in glading,
And well cup-shotten,[4] knight and king,
Of chamber Rowenen so gent,
Before the king in hall she went.
A cup with wine she had in hand,
And her attire was well farand.[5]
Before the king on knee set,
And in her language she him gret.[6]
'Laverd[7] king, wassail !' said she.
The king asked, What should be.
On that language the king ne couth.[8]
A knight her language lerid in youth,
Bregh hight that knight, born Breton,
That lerid the language of Saxon.
This Bregh was the latimer,[9]
What she said told Vortiger.
'Sir,' Bregh said, 'Rowen you greets,
And king calls and lord you leets.[10]
This is their custom and their gest,
When they are at the ale or feast,
Ilk man that loves where him think,
Shall say, *Wassail!* and to him drink.
He that bids shall say, Wassail !
The tother shall say again, *Drinkhail!*
That says Wassail drinks of the cup,
Kissing his fellow he gives it up.
Drinkhail he says, and drinks thereof,
Kissing him in bourd and skof.'
The king said, as the knight gan ken,
'Drinkhail,' smiling on Rowenen.
Rowen drank as her list,
And gave the king, syne him kissed.
There was the first wassail in dede,
And that first of fame gaed.
Of that wassail men told great tale,
And wassail when they were at ale,
And drinkhail to them that drank,
Thus was wassail ta'en to thank.
Fell sithes[11] that maiden ying
Wassailed and kissed the king.
Of body she was right avenant,[12]
Of fair colour with sweet semblant.

---

[1] Even women did not remain.
[2] *To wed*, in pledge, in pawn.
[3] With.
[4] Beyond reckoning.
[5] Square.
[6] Seeing his sturdy deeds.
[7] Beheld.

[1] Not for the learned, but for the laymen and unlearned.
[2] Know.
[3] When they sit the same—sit together.
[4] Well advanced in convivialities.
[5] Of good appearance. This phrase is still used in Scotland.
[6] Greeted.
[7] Lord.
[8] Had no knowledge.
[9] Interpreter.
[10] Esteems.
[11] Many times.
[12] Graceful, beautiful.

Her attire full well it seemed,
Mervelik the king she queemed.[1]
Of our measure was he glad,
For of that maiden he wax all mad.
Drunkenness the fiend wrought,
Of that Paen[2] was all his thought.
A mischance that time him led,
He asked that Paen for to wed.
Hengist would not draw o lite,
Bot granted him all so tite.[3]
And Hors his brother consented soon.
Her friends said, it were to done.
They asked the king to give her Kent,
In dowery to take of rent.
Upon that maiden his heart was cast;
That they asked the king made fast.
I ween the king took her that day,
And wedded her on Paen's lay.[4]

*Praise of Good Women.—From the 'Handling of Sins.'*

Nothing is to man so dear
As woman's love in good mannér.
A good woman is man's bliss,
Where her love right and steadfast is.
There is no solace under heaven,
Of all that a man may neven,[5]
That should a man so much glew,[6]
As a good woman that loveth true;
Ne dearer is none in God's hurd,[7]
Than a chaste woman with lovely wurd.

The death of Edward I.—'the greatest of the Plantagenets'—July 7, 1307, called forth an elegy, preserved among the Harleian MSS. The following are two of the stanzas (spelling simplified):

All that beeth of heart true
  A stound[8] hearkeneth to my song,
Of duel that Death has dight us new,
  That maketh me sick and sorrow among,
Of a knight that was so strong,
  Of whom God hath done his will,
Methinketh that Death has done us wrong
  That he [the king] so soon shall liggé[9] still.

Jerusalem, thou hast i-lore[10]
  The flower of all chivalry,
Now King Edward liveth na more
  Alas! that he yet should die!
He would ha' reared up full high
  Our banners that baeth[11] brought to ground;
Well long we may clepe[12] and cry,
  Ere we such a king han y-found!

## LAWRENCE MINOT—RICHARD ROLLE—WILLIAM LANGLAND.

LAWRENCE MINOT, about 1350, composed a series of ten poems on the victories of Edward III.—beginning with the battle of Halidon Hill (1333), and ending with the siege of Guines Castle (1352). His works were in a great measure unknown until the beginning of the present century, when they were published by Ritson, who praised them for the ease, variety, and harmony of the versification. Professor Craik considered Minot to be the earliest writer of English subsequent to the Conquest, who deserved the name of a poet. His dialect is Northumbrian:

God that schope[1] both se and sand
Save Edward, King of Ingland,
Both body, saul, and life,
And grante him joy withowten strife!
For mani men to him er wroth,
In Fraunce and in Flandres both;
For he defendes fast his right,
And tharto Jhesu grante him might!

A few more stanzas from the same poem (spelling simplified) will shew the animated style of Minot's narrative:

*How Edward the King came in Brabant.*

Edward, oure comely king,
In Brabànd has his woning[2]
  With many comely knight;
And in that land, truely to tell,
Ordains he still for to dwell
  To time[3] he think to fight.

Now God, that is of mightés mast,[4]
Grant him grace of the Holy Ghast
  His heritage to win;
And Mary Moder, of mercy free,
Save our king and his menzé[5]
  Fro sorrow, shame, and sin.

Thus in Brabànd has he been,
Where he before was seldom seen
  For to prove their japes;[6]
Now no langer will he spare,
Bot unto France fast will he fare
  To comfort him with grapes.

Furth he fared into France;
God save him fro mischance,
  And all his company!
The noble Duke of Brabànd
With him went into that land,
  Ready to live or die.

Then the rich flower de lice[7]
Wan there full little prize;
  Fast he fled for feared:
The right heir of that countree
Is comen,[8] with all his knightes free,
  To shake him by the beard.

Sir Philip the Valays[9]
With his men in tho days
  To battle had he thought:[10]
He bade his men them purvey
Withouten langer delay;
  But he ne held it nought.

He brought folk full great won,[11]
Aye seven agains one,
  That full well weaponed were,
Bot soon when he heard ascry[12]
That King Edward was near thereby,
  Then durst he nought come near.

In that morning fell a mist,
And when our Englishmen it wist,
  It changed all their cheer;
Our king unto God made his boon,[13]
And God sent him good comfort soon;
  The weather wex full clear.

---

[1] Pleased. [2] Pagan.
[3] Would not draw off a little, but granted all quickly. '*Tite*, soon, is connected with *tide*, time.'—*Morris*.
[4] According to pagan law.
[5] Name. [6] Delight (Ang.-Sax. *gleo*, *gliw*, *glee*, music).
[7] *Hurd*, *herde*, *erde*, earth.
[8] A little while, a moment. [9] Lie. [10] Lost.
[11] Are. [12] Call.

[1] Disposed, ordered (Ang.-Sax. *scapan*, to shape, to form).
[2] Abode, dwelling. [3] Till the time. [4] Most of might.
[5] Company, host. [6] Jeers, devices. [7] Fleur de lis.
[8] To come. [9] Philip VI. de Valois, king of France.
[10] Resolved. [11] Number. [12] Alarm, outcry (Swedish *anskri*).
[13] Petition, request (Ang.-Sax. *ben*, prayer).

RICHARD ROLLE, a hermit of the order of St Augustine, and doctor of divinity, lived a solitary life near the priory of Hampole, four miles from Doncaster. He died in 1349. Rolle wrote metrical paraphrases of certain parts of Scripture, and an original poem of a moral and religious nature, entitled *The Pricke of Conscience*, an elaborate work in seven books and nearly ten thousand lines. It was published for the Philological Society, edited by Mr Morris, in 1863. This poem is also in the Northumbrian dialect, many words of which are still in use in Scotland—as *thole*, to bear; *greeting*, weeping; *tine*, lose; *auld*, old; *fae*, foe; *frae*, from; &c.

*What is in Heaven.—From the 'Pricke of Conscience.'*

Ther is lyf withoute ony deth,
And ther is youthe without ony elde;
And ther is alle manner welthe to welde:
And ther is rest without ony travaille;
And ther is pees without ony strife,
And ther is alle manner lykinge of lyf:
And ther is bright somer ever to se,
And ther is nevere wynter in that countrie:
And ther is more worshipe and honour,
Then evere hade kynge other emperour.
And ther is grete melodie of aungeles songe,
And ther is preysing hem amonge.
And ther is alle manner frendshipe that may be,
And ther is evere perfect love and charite;
And ther is wisdom without folye,
And ther is honeste without vileneye.
Al these a man may joyes of hevene call:
Ac yutte the most soveryn joye of alle
Is the sighte of Goddes bright face,
In wham resteth alle mannere grace.

WILLIAM LANGLAND, author of *The Vision concerning Piers the Plowman*, was the most vigorous, truly English, and popular of all the poets preceding Chaucer. He was born about 1332, supposed to be a native of Cleobury Mortimer, in Shropshire, and the son of a franklin or freeman. He wore the clerical tonsure, probably as having taken minor orders, and earned a precarious living by singing the *placebo*, *dirige*, and seven psalms for the good of men's souls. He says he was married, and this may perhaps explain why he never rose in the church. He has many allusions to his extreme poverty. Lastly, he describes himself as being in Bristol in the year 1399, when he wrote his last poem. This is the last trace of him, and he was then about sixty-seven years of age, so that he may not have long survived the accession of Henry IV. (September 1399). In personal appearance he was so tall that he obtained the nickname of Long Will, as he tells us in the line:

I have lyved in londe, quod I, my name is Long
Wille.[*]

Langland's poem is one of the most important works that appeared in England previous to the invention of printing. It is the popular representative of the doctrines which were silently bringing about the Reformation, and it is a peculiarly national poem, not only as being a much purer specimen of the English language than Chaucer, but as exhibiting the revival of the same system of alliteration which characterised the Anglo-Saxon poetry. It is, in fact, both in this peculiarity and in its political character, characteristic of a great literary and political revolution, in which the language as well as the independence of the Anglo-Saxons had at last gained the ascendency over those of the Normans. Piers is represented as falling asleep on the Malvern Hills, and seeing in his sleep a series of visions; in describing these, he exposes the corruptions of society, and particularly the dissolute lives of the religious orders, with much bitterness. The first part of the work was written about 1362; it was enlarged in 1370, and still further enlarged after 1378. Its great popularity induced some unknown writer to give a supplement in the same alliterative verse, entitled *Pierce the Ploughman's Crede*, being a satire on the friars. Langland in his poem versifies the curious fable of the rats conspiring to bell the cat, which figures in Scottish history of the time of James III. The alliterative style of the work will be seen from the opening lines:

In a *s*omer *s*eson whan *s*oft was the *s*onne,
I *sh*ope me in *sh*roudes as I a *sh*epe were,[1]
In *h*abite as an *h*eremite, un*h*oly of workes,
*W*ent *w*yde in this *w*orld, *w*ondres to here.
Ac[2] on a *M*ay *m*ornynge, on *M*aluerne hulles,
Me by*f*el a *f*erly[3] of *f*airy, me thouhte;
I *w*as *w*ery for*w*andered, and *w*ent me to reste
Vnder a *b*rode *b*ank *b*y a *b*ornes[4] side;
And as I *l*ay, and *l*ened, and *l*oked in the wateres,
I *sl*ombred in a *sl*epyng, it *s*weyued so merye.[5]

Warton and Ellis quote the following as a remarkable prediction of the Reformation (spelling simplified):

Ac now is Religion a rider, a roamer about,
A leader of lovedays, and a lond-buyer,
A pricker on a palfrey from manor to manor.
An heap of hounds [behind him] as he a lord were:
And but if his knave kneel that shall his cope bring,
He loured on him, and asketh him who taught him
courtesy?
Little had lords to done to give lond from her heirs
To religious, that have no ruth though it rain on her
altars.
In many places there they be parsons by hemself at
ease;
Of the poor have they no pity: and that is her charity!
And they letten hem as lords, her lands lie so broad.
*Ac there shall come a King* and confess you, Religious,
And beat you, as the Bible telleth, for breaking of
your rule,
And amend monials [nuns], monks, and canons,
And put hem to her penance— . . .
And then shall the Abbot of Abingdon, and all his
issue for ever
*Have a knock of a King, and incurable the wound.*

Of the allegorical personification of Langland, we subjoin some short specimens:

*Envy and Avarice.*

Envy, with heavy heart, asketh after shrift,
And greatly his gustus[6] beginneth to shew,
As pale as a pellet in a palsy he seemed;
I-clothed in a caramauri,[7] I could him not descrive,
As a leek that had i-lain long in the sun,
So looked he with lean cheeks; loured he foul.

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[*] Introduction to *Piers the Plowman*, edited by Rev. W. W. Skeat (Oxford, 1869).

[1] *Shepe*, shepherd; it oftener means sheep.
[2] But.
[3] A wonder.
[4] A brook or burn.
[5] Sounded so merry or pleasant. We may add that the late editors of *Piers the Ploughman* divide the lines in the middle, where a pause is naturally made.
[6] *Gustus*, gestes, deeds.
[7] A worm-eaten garment.

His body was bolled,[1] for wrath he bit his lips,
Wroth-like he wrung his fist; he thought him to wreak
With works or with words when he seeth his time....
And then came Covetise; can I him nought descrive,
So hungrily and hollow Sir Hervy[2] him looked;
He was beetle-browed and babber-lipt also,
With two bleared een as a blind hag,
And as a leathern purse lolled his cheeks,
Well syder[3] than his chin, they shrivelled for eld.
And as a bondman of his bacon his beard was bedravelled.[4]
With an hood on his head, a lousy hat above,
And in a tawny tabard of twelve winter age,
Al to-torn and baudy, and full of lice creeping;
But if that a louse could have loupen the better,
She should nought have walked on the welt, it was so threadbare.

### *Mercy and Truth.*

Out of the west, as it were, a wench, as methought,
Came walking in the way, to helle-ward she looked;
Mercy hight that maid, a mild thing withal,
A full benign burd,[5] and buxom of speech.
Her sister, as it seemed, came softly walking
Even out of the east, and westward she looked,
A full comely creature, Truth she hight,
For the virtue that her followed afeard was she never.
When these maidens metten, Mercy and Truth,
Either axed of other of this great wonder,
Of the din and of the darkness.

These are vivid pictures, and there are many such in Langland—strong repulsive delineations of vice, misery, and corruption. He was an earnest moral teacher, not an imaginative poet. He had none of the chivalrous sentiment or gay fancy of his great contemporary Chaucer.

Langland thus closes his vision of Piers the Plowman, Passus vii. (language modernised):

Now hath the Pope power pardon to grant the people,
Withouten any penance, to passen into heaven?
This is our belief, as lettered men us teacheth
(*Quodcumque ligaueris super terram, erit ligatum et in celis*, &c.[6]),
And so I leave it verily (Lord forbid else!)
That pardon and penance and prayers don save
Souls that have sinned seven sins deadly.
But to trust to these triennales,[7] truly me thinketh
Is nought so sicker[8] for the soul, certes, as Do-well.
Forthwith I rede you, renkes,[9] that rich ben on this earth,
Upon trust of your treasure triennales to have,
Be ye never the balder to break the ten behests,
And namely the masters, mayors, and judges
That have the wealth of this world, and for wise men ben holden,
To purchase you pardon and the Pope's bulls.
At the dreadful doom when dead shallen rise,
And comen all before Christ accounts to yield,
How thou leddest thy life here and his laws kept'st,
And how thou didest day by day, the doom will rehearse;
A poke full of pardons there, ne provinciales letters,
Though they be found in the fraternity of all the four orders,[10]
And have indulgences double-fold; but if Do-well you help
I set your patents and your pardons at one pie's heel![1]
Forthwith I counsel all Christians to cry God mercy,
And Mary his mother be our mene[2] between,
That God give us grace here ere we go hence,
Such works to work while we ben here,
That after our death-day, Do-well rehearse
At the day of doom, we did as he hight.[3]

### GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

Although our mixed language had now risen into importance, and a period of literary activity had commenced, it required a genius like that of Chaucer—who was familiar with continental as well as classic literature, and with various modes of life at home and abroad, besides enjoying the special favour of the court—to give consistency and permanence to the language and poetry of England. Henceforward, his native style, which Spenser terms 'the pure well of English undefiled,' formed a standard of composition.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER could not boast of any high lineage—his father and grandfather were London vintners.* The date of his birth is uncertain. He died in 1400, and there is an old tradition that he was then seventy-two years of age; consequently, born in 1328. The poet's own testimony, however, seems at variance with this statement. In the famous controversy in 1386 between Richard, Lord Scrope, and Sir Robert Grosvenor, concerning their coat of arms, Chaucer was examined as a witness, and in the deposition he is stated to be 'of the age of forty years and upward, and to have borne arms twenty-seven years.' This would place his birth about 1345, instead of 1328. The earliest notice of the poet occurs in some fragments of the Household Book of the Lady Elizabeth, wife of Prince Lionel, son of Edward III., of the date of 1357. From these it appears that payments were made for articles of dress and 'necessaries' to Chaucer—a suit of clothes and shoes, 7s., with a donation of 3s. 6d. He was then probably a page to the Lady Elizabeth. In 1359 he accompanied the royal army to France, doubtless in the retinue of Prince Lionel. If we take the 'forty years and upwards' to signify forty-three or forty-four, he was then sixteen or seventeen—an age not two early for a youth in the royal household to enter military service. There is no evidence as to the education of the poet, though he is said to have studied both at Cambridge and Oxford. Having joined Edward III.'s army which invaded France in 1359, he was taken prisoner, but was soon set free, the king giving, in March 1360, £16 towards his ransom. A blank of six years occurs, but when the name of Chaucer reappears in the public records, he is found attached to the court and engaged in diplomatic service. About 1366, he married Philippa, one of the ladies of the chamber to the queen, daughter of Sir Payne Roet, and sister of Katherine Swynford, the mistress, and ultimately the wife of John of Gaunt. In 1367 the king granted Chaucer an annuity of 20 marks by the title of *valettus noster*, our yeoman, so that he then stood in the intermediate rank between squire and groom. In 1369 he was on a second invasion of France. In 1372 he was appointed envoy, with two others, to Genoa, and he was then styled *scutifer*, or squire. It is supposed that on this occasion he made a tour of the northern states of Italy, and visited Petrarch, who was at Arqua, near Padua, in 1373. The poet's mission to Italy was to confer with the Duke and merchants of Genoa, for the purpose of choosing some port in England where the Genoese might form a commercial establishment; and he had discharged his duty satisfactorily, for next year, on the celebration of St George's day, 23d April, at Windsor, Chaucer received a grant of a pitcher of wine daily (commuted in 1378 for a yearly payment of 20 marks), and in June was appointed comptroller of the customs and subsidy of wool, skins, &c. in the port of London. The duties of his office he had to perform personally, writing the rolls with his own hand; and in his *House of Fame* he refers to this period, stating that when his labour was all done, and his 'reckonings' all made, he used to go home to his house, and sit at his books till he appeared *dased* or lost in study. The same year (1374) Chaucer received a pension of £10 from the Duke of Lancaster, and the city authorities of London granted him for life a lease of the dwelling-house above the gate of Aldgate. Next year he was appointed guardian of a certain Edmond Staplegate of Kent, and received for wardship and marriage fee a sum of £104. In 1377 we find him joint-envoy on a secret mission to Flanders, and afterwards sent to France to treat of peace with Charles V., and to negotiate a secret treaty for the marriage of Richard, Prince of Wales, with Mary, daughter of the king of France. Richard succeeded to the throne by the death of Edward III., June 21, 1377, and Chaucer was reappointed one of the king's esquires. In May 1378 he was sent with Sir Edward Berkeley to Lombardy on a mission 'touching the king's expedition of war.' The prosperous poet was now allowed to discharge his duties as comptroller of customs by deputy, and he thus had greater leisure to devote himself to the composition of his *Canterbury Tales*. Shortly after his return from Italy, Chaucer appears in a questionable light. By a deed, dated 1st of May 1379, enrolled on the Close Roll of 3 Richard II., Cecilia Chaumpaigne, daughter of the then late William Chaumpaigne and Agnes his wife, released to Geoffrey Chaucer all her rights of action against him for his abduction of her, 'de raptu meo.' The poet may have carried off the young lady, as Mr Furnival suggests, to marry her to one of his friends, or the charge may have been dismissed as unfounded. In 1386 Chaucer sat in parliament as one of the knights of the shire for Kent. But the Duke of Gloucester succeeding to the government in place of the Duke of Lancaster, then abroad, and with whom he was at enmity, the poet, as friend and protégé of the latter, may have shared in the ill-will of the duke. It is certain that, on the 4th of December 1386, Chaucer was superseded in his office of comptroller of customs, and is found raising money on his two pensions of twenty marks each. His wife died in 1387 (after June of this year there is no mention of the pension of ten marks given yearly to Philippa Chaucer), but King Richard having dismissed his council, and restored the Lancastrian party to power, the old poet regained, for a brief space, a share of the royal favour. In July 1389 he was appointed clerk of the king's works at Westminster, the Tower of London, and Windsor.* His salary was two shillings a day, with power to appoint a deputy. He held these appointments for little more than a year, and is believed to have been afterwards in straitened circumstances. He still, however, enjoyed his pension of £10, with his allowance of forty shillings yearly for robes as one of the king's esquires. In 1394 he obtained from the king a grant of £20 a year for life, on which, being apparently in want, he received advances from the exchequer. In his *Complaint to his Purse*, Chaucer refers to this period:

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[1] Swollen.

[2] Mr Skeat points out that Skelton has the same name for a covetous man: 'And *Harry* Hafler, that well could pick a meal.'

[3] Hanging lower.

[4] As the mouth of a bondman or rural labourer is with the bacon he eats, so was his beard bedaubed or smeared.

[5] Maiden.

[6] Matthew xvi. 19.

[7] Masses said for three years.

[8] Sure.

[9] Men; Anglo-Saxon *rinc*, a warrior (SKEAT).

[10] The four orders of Friars.

[1] ***Pie's heel,*** magpie's heel, a curious expression. But the Cambridge manuscript has *pese hule*, that is, a pea's hull, a pea-shell, husk of a pea.—SKEAT. The Cambridge manuscript is surely the correct reading.

[2] *Mene*, medium, Mediator.

[3] *Hight*, commanded.

* This point has been settled by the researches of Mr F. J. Furnival, editor-in-chief of the *Chaucer Society*. Richard Chaucer, vintner of London, in April 1349, bequeathed his tenement and tavern to the Church of St Mary, Aldermary. His son, John Chaucer, 'citizen and vintner,' Thames Street, in July 1349 executed a deed relating to some lands. The poet, by deed, in 1380 released all right in his father's house in Thames Street to Henry Herbury, vintner. This pedigree confirms Fuller's joke, that some wits had made Chaucer's arms (*argent* and *gules*) the dashing of white and red wine, as 'nicking his father's profession' (FULLER's *Church History*, Book iv.).

> To you, my purse, and to none other wight,
> Complain I, for ye be my lady dear,
> I am so sorry now that ye be light;
> For certes, but if ye make me heavy cheer,
> Me were as lief be laid upon my bier,
> For which unto your mercy thus I cry,
> Be heavy again, or else might I die!

In May 1398 Chaucer got letters of protection to secure him from arrest 'on any plea except it were connected with land,' for a term of two years. In October King Richard granted him a tun of wine yearly for life. The son of his friend John of Gaunt, the triumphant Henry Bolingbroke, now supplanted Richard on the throne; and, October 3, 1399, we find Henry IV. granting Chaucer 40 marks yearly in addition to his former £20 from Richard II. On 24th December the poet covenanted for the lease of a tenement in the garden of St Mary's Chapel, Westminster (the site of Henry VII.'s chapel), for the long term of 53 years, but he lived only till the following autumn, dying October 25, 1400. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, the first of the illustrious file of poets whose ashes rest in that great national sanctuary.

Chaucer is said to have left two sons—Lewis, who died early, and Thomas, who rose to great wealth and position, was Speaker of the House of Commons, and father of an only daughter, Alice Chaucer, who married John De la Pole, Earl of Lincoln, declared by Richard III. heir-apparent to the throne. There are doubts, however, in spite of the attestations of heralds, whether this rich and great Sir Thomas Chaucer was really the son of the author of the *Canterbury Tales*.

The personal appearance of the poet is partly described by himself in the *Prologue to Sir Thopas*. He was stout, but 'small and fair of face:'

> Thou lookest as thou wouldst find an hare,
> For ever upon the ground I see thee stare. . . .
> He seemeth elvish by his countenance,
> For unto no wight doth he dalliance.

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* As clerk of the royal works, riding about with money to pay wages, &c., Chaucer was exposed to danger. On September 3, 1390, he was robbed at the 'Foul Oak' of £20, his horse, and movables. The king forgave him the £20, and the robber, who had appealed by wager of battle against his accomplice, was hanged.

His character may be seen in his works. He was the counterpart of Shakspeare in cheerfulness and benignity of disposition—no enemy to mirth and joviality, yet delighting in his books, and studious in the midst of an active life. He was opposed to all superstition and priestly abuse, but playful in his satire, with a keen sense of the ludicrous, and the richest vein of comic narrative and delineation of character. He retained through life a strong love of the country, and of its inspiring and invigorating influences. No poet has dwelt more fondly on the charms of a spring or summer morning:

> The busy lark, the messenger of day,
> Saluteth in her song the morrow gray,
> And fiery Phœbus riseth up so bright
> That all the orient laugheth of the sight!
> And with his streams dryeth in the greves
> The silver drops, hanging on the leaves.
> And Arcite that is in the Court Royal,
> With Theseus his squire principal,
> Is risen, and looketh on the merry day,
> And for to don his observance to May.
> *The Knight's Tale.*

May-day, the great English rural festival and Robin Hood anniversary, seems always to have been a carnival in the poet's heart. It enticed him from his studies—'farewell, my book!'—and he is profuse in descriptions of the 'new green' of spring, the 'soft sweet grass,' and 'flowers white and red.' In his youth he paid homage to the luxuriant beauty of the rose, but at a later period joined the French poets in adopting the mythology of the daisy.

> The daisy, or else *the eye of day*,
> The Empress and flower of flowers all.

Perhaps alluding metaphorically, as Nicolas suggests, to some fair lady named Marguerite, as the word means either a daisy, a pearl, or a woman.

Chaucer's minor poems are numerous. A recent critic—Professor Bernard Ten Brink—divides them into three periods, though no such classification can be considered certain. (1) The *A.B.C.*, the *Romance of the Rose*, and *Book of the Duchess*, all written before the poet set out on his Italian missions in 1372. (2) The *House of Fame*, the *Life of St Cecil* (Second Nun's Tale), the *Parliament of Birds*, *Troilus and Cressida*, and *The Knight's Tale*—this period ending in 1384. (3) The *Legend of Good Women*, the *Canterbury Tales*, and other lesser poems. Some of the most admired minor poems are rejected by Ten Brink, Mr Bradshaw, and Mr Furnival. The *Court of Love*, the *Flower and the Leaf*, *Chaucer's Dream*, and the *Romance of the Rose*, are considered spurious, as contravening the laws of rhyme observed by the poet in his genuine works. 'For instance, if in Chaucer's undoubted works you find that mal-a-dy-e, or cur-tei-si-e, is four syllables, and rhymes only with other nouns in *y-e* or *i-e*, proved by derivation to be a two-syllable termination, and with infinitives in *y-e*, then if you find in the *Romaunt*,

> Sich joie anon thereof hadde I
> That I forgat my maladie,

you get a rhyme that is not Chaucer's.'[*] We cannot think this test infallible. The poet may not have been always consistent in his rhymes, or copyists may have made alterations; and we know of no other poet of that day who was capable (none has claimed or been mentioned) of writing the rejected poems. Poetical readers will not readily surrender Chaucer's right to the *Romaunt of the Rose*, the *Court of Love*, or the *Flower and the Leaf*—all fresh with the dew of youth and brilliant fancy.

The versification of Chaucer is various. He probably began with the octo-syllabic measure common with the French poets, as he translated the *Roman de la Rose*, or rather adapted it, from the work of William de Loris and John de Meun: of the 22,000 verses Chaucer translated 7700. The *House of Fame*, an allegorical version, is in the same measure, and contains some bold imagery and the romantic machinery of Gothic fable. A more important work, *Troilus and Cressida*, is in seven-line stanzas. This poem, taken from the *Filostrato* of Boccaccio, has, from its pathos and beauty, always been popular. Sir Philip Sidney admired it. Warton and every subsequent critic have quoted, with just admiration, the passage in which Cressida makes an avowal of her love:

> And as the new abashed nightingale,
> That stinteth first, when she beginneth sing,
> When that she heareth any herdis tale,
> Or in the hedges any wight stirring;
> And, after, siker [sure] doth her voice outring:
> Right so Cresside, when her dread stent,
> Opened her heart, and told him her intent.

The *Canterbury Tales* are chiefly in the heroic couplet, containing five accents, and generally ten syllables, but in this respect Chaucer adopted the poetic license of lengthening or shortening the lines. The opening of the poem, with the accents marked, is as follows:

> Whan that Aprillé, with his schowrés swoote,[1]
> The drought of Marche hath percéd to the roote,
> And bathed every veyne in swich licóur,[2]
> Of which vertue engendred is the flour;
> Whan Zephirus eek, with his sweté breeth
> Enspired hath in every holte[3] and heeth
> The tender croppés,[4] and the yongé sonne
> Hath in the Ram his halfé cours i-ronne,[5]
> And smalé fowlés maken melodie,
> That slepen al the night with open yhe,
> So priketh hem[6] natúre in here corages;
> Thanne longen folk to gon on pilgrimages,
> And palmers for to seeken straunge strondes
> To ferné halwés[7] kouthe[8] in sondry londes;
> And specially, from every schirés ende
> Of Engelond, to Canturbury they wende,
> The holy blisful martir[9] for to seeke,
> That hem hath holpen whan that they were seeke.

The *Canterbury Tales* form the best and most durable monument of Chaucer's genius. Boccaccio, in his *Decameron*, supposes ten persons to have retired from Florence during the plague of 1348, and there, in a sequestered villa, amused themselves by relating tales after dinner. Ten days formed the period of their sojourn ; and we have thus a hundred stories, lively, humorous, or tender, and full of characteristic painting in choice Italian. Chaucer seems to have copied this design, as well as part of the Florentine's freedom and licentiousness of detail; but he greatly improved upon the plan. There is something repulsive and unnatural in a party of ladies and gentlemen meeting to tell tales, many of them of a loose kind, while the plague is desolating the country around them. The tales of Chaucer have a more pleasing origin. A company of pilgrims, consisting of twenty-nine 'sundry folk,' meet together in fellowship at the Tabard Inn, Southwark, all being bent on a pilgrimage to the shrine of Thomas à Becket at Canterbury. These pilgrimages were scenes of much enjoyment, and even mirth; for, satisfied with thwarting the Evil One by the object of their mission, the devotees did not consider it necessary to preserve any religious strictness or restraint by the way. The poet himself is one of the party at the Tabard. They all sup together in the large room of the hostelry; and after great cheer, the landlord proposes that they shall travel together to Canterbury; and, to shorten their way, that each shall tell two tales, both in going and returning, and whoever told the best, should have a supper at the expense of the rest. The company assent, and mine host, 'Harry Bailly'—who was both 'bold of his speech, and wise and well taught'—is appointed to be judge and reporter of the stories. The characters composing this social party are inimitably drawn and discriminated. First we have the chivalrous Knight:

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[*] Chaucer's Works, Aldine Edition, edited by Morris, vol. i. 267.

[1] Sweet, sometimes written *sote* and *swete*.

[2] Such liquor or moisture.

[3] *Holt*, a wooded hill.

[4] *Croppés*, twigs, boughs, the tops of branches.

[5] *I-ronne*, sometimes *yronne*, for the *i* and *y* were used indiscriminately to denote the past participle. Thus Spenser has *yclad*, *ydrad*, &c.

[6] *Hem* and *her* were in Chaucer's time, and previously, the same as *them* and *their*.

[7] *Ferné halwés*, distant saints or shrines (*ferné*, from *fer* or *far*; *halwés*, as in All-Hallows, &c.).

[8] *Kouthe*, or *couthe*, known, renowned: we still have *uncouth*.

[9] The famous martyr, Thomas à Becket, slain in Canterbury Cathedral in 1170.

A Knight there was, and that a worthy man,
That from the tyme that he first bigan
To ryden out, he lovede chyvalrye,
Trouthe and honour, fredom and curtesie.
Ful worthi was he in his lordes werre,
And thereto hadde he riden, noman ferre,[1]
As wel in Cristendom as in hethenesse.
And evere honoured for his worthinesse.
At Alisandre[2] he was whan it was wonne,
Ful ofte tyme he hadde the bord bygonne
Aboven alle naciouns in Pruce.
In Lettowe hadde he reysed and in Ruce,[3]
No cristen man so ofte of his degre.
In Gernade atte siege hadde he be
Of Algesir, and riden in Belmarie.
At Lieys was he, and at Satalie,[4]
Whan they were wonne; and in the Greete see
At many a noble arive hadde he be.
At mortal batailles hadde he ben fiftene,
And foughten for oure feith at Tramassene[5]
In lystes thries, and ay slayn his foo.
This ilke worthi knight hadde ben also
Sometyme with the lord of Palatye,
Ageyn another hethene in Turkye :
And everemore he hadde a sovereyn prys.[6]
And though that he was worthy, he was wys,
And of his port as meke as is a mayde.
He nevere yit no vilonye ne sayde
In al his lyf, unto no maner wight.
He was a verray perfight gentil knight.
But for to telle you of his array,
His hors was good, but here ne was nought gay.
Of fustyan he werede a gepoun[1]
Al bysmotered with his habergeoun.
For he was late ycome from his viage,
And wente for to doon his pilgrimage.

The Knight was accompanied by his son, a gay young Squire with curled locks :

With him ther was his sone, a yong Squyer,
A lovyer, and a lusty bacheler,
With lokkes crulle as they were layde in presse.
Of twenty yeer of age he was I gesse.
Of his stature he was of evene lengthe,
And wonderly delyver, and gret of strengthe.
And he hadde ben somtyme in chivachie,[2]
In Flaundres, in Artoys, and Picardie,
And born him wel, as in so litel space,
In hope to stonden in his lady grace.
Embrowdid was he, as it were a mede
Al ful of fresshe floures, white and reede.
Syngynge he was, or floytynge, al the day ;
He was as fressh as is the moneth of May.
Schort was his goune, with sleeves longe and wyde.
Wel cowde he sitte on hors, and faire ryde.
He cowde songes wel make and endite,
Juste[3] and eek daunce, and wel purtraye and write.
So hote he lovede, that by nightertale[4]
He sleep nomore than doth a nightyngale.
Curteys he was, lowly, and servysable,
And carf byforn his fadur at the table.

A yeoman was also in attendance, with his bow and sheaf of arrows : 'a nut-head had he, with a brown visage.' And then we have a Nun or Prioress, beautifully drawn in her arch simplicity and coy reserve:

Ther was also a Nonne, a Prioresse,
That of hire smylyng was ful symple and coy ;
Hire gretteste ooth ne was but by seynt Loy;[5]
And sche was cleped madame Englentyne.
Ful wel sche sang the servise divyne,
Entuned in hire nose ful semely ;
And Frensch sche spak ful faire and fetysly,
After the scole of Stratford atte Bowe,[6]
For Frensch of Parys was to hire unknowe.
At mete wel i-taught was sche withalle ;
Sche leet no morsel from hire lippes falle,
Ne wette hire fyngres in hire sauce deepe.
Wel cowde sche carie a morsel, and wel keepe,
That no drope ne fil uppon hire breste.
In curtesie was set ful moche hire leste.[7]
Hire overlippe wypede sche so clene,
That in hire cuppe was no ferthing[8] sene
Of greece, whan sche dronken hadde hire draughte.
Ful semely after hire mete sche raughte,[9]
And sikerly sche was of gret disport,
And ful plesant, and amyable of port,

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[1] No man further.

[2] Alexandria. 'Why Chaucer should have chosen to bring his knight from Alexandria and Lettowe rather than from Cressy and Poitiers, is a problem difficult to resolve, except by supposing that the slightest services against infidels were in those days more honourable than the most splendid victories over Christians.'—TYRWHITT.

[3] *Pruce, Lettowe, Ruce*—Prussia, Lithuania, Russia.

[4] *Gernade*, Granada; *Algesir*, Algesiras in Spain; *Belmarie*, one of the Moorish kingdoms in Africa; *Lieys*, in Armenia; *Satalie*, or Atalia, in Asia Minor. Both the latter were taken from the Turks by Pierre de Lusignan—Lieys about 1367, Atalia about 1352.

[5] A Moorish kingdom in Africa.

[6] High praise.

[1] *Gepoun*, a short cassock; *bysmotered*, soiled or smutted (from the Anglo-Saxon *besmittan*, to defile).

[2] Military expeditions, riding.

[3] Joust, tilt.

[4] Night-time; *tale*, reckoning.

[5] *Seynt Loy*, a corruption of St Eligius, or perhaps another form of St Louis.

[6] Stratford-le-Bow, in Middlesex. Chaucer is supposed, in this allusion to the French of the Prioress, to have sneered at the old Anglo-Norman French taught in England.

[7] *Hire leste*, her pleasure or delight.

[8] *Ferthing*, fourth part, and hence a small portion.

[9] *Raughte*, pret. of *reche*, reached—stretched out her hand at table.

And peynede hire to countrefete cheere
Of court, and ben estatlich of manere,
And to ben holden digne[1] of reverence.
But for to speken of hire conscience,
Sche was so charitable and so pitous,
Sche wolde weepe if that sche sawe a mous
Caught in a trappe, if it were deed or bledde.
Of smale houndes hadde sche, that sche fedde
With rosted fleissh, or mylk and wastel breed.[2]
But sore wept sche if oon of hem were deed,
Or if men smot it with a yerde smerte :
And al was conscience and tendre herte.

A Monk and a Friar are next described :

A Monk ther was, a fair for the maistrie,
An out-rydere, that lovede venerye ;[3]
A manly man, to ben an abbot able.
Full many a deynté hors hadde he in stable ;
And whan he rood, men mighte his bridel heere
Gynglen, in a whistlyng wynd, as cleere,
And eek as lowde as doth the chapel belle.
Ther as this lord was kepere of the selle,
The reule of seynt Maure or of seint Beneyt,
Bycause that it was old and somdel streyt,[4]
This ilke monk leet olde thinges pace,
And held after the newe world the space.
He gaf nat of that text a pulled hen,[5]
That seith, that hunters been noon holy men ;
Ne that a monk, whan he is reccheles
Is likned to a fissch that is waterles ;
This is to seyn, a monk out of his cloystre.
But thilke text held he not worth an oystre.
And I seide his opinioun was good.
What schulde he studie, and make himselven wood,[6]
Uppon a book in cloystre alway to powre,
Or swynke with his handes, and laboure,
As Austyn byt ?[7] How schal the world be served ?
Lat Austyn have his swynk to him reserved.
Therfore he was a pricasour[8] aright ;
Greyhoundes he hadde as swifte as fowel in flight ;
Of prikyng and of huntyng for the hare
Was al his lust, for no cost wolde he spare.
I saugh his sleves purfiled atte honde
With grys,[9] and that the fyneste of a londe.
And for to festne his hood under his chynne
He hadde of gold y-wrought a curious pynne :
A love-knotte in the grettere ende ther was.
His heed was balled, and schon as eny glas,
And eek his face as he hadde ben anoynt.
He was a lord ful fat and in good poynt ;
His eyen steepe, and rollyng in his heede,
That stemede as a forneys of a leede ;[10]
His bootes souple, his hors in gret estate.
Now certeinly he was a fair prelate.

The Friar was also a genial churchman :

A Frere ther was, a wantoun and a merye,
A lymytour,[11] a ful solempne man.
In alle the ordres foure[12] is noon that can
So moche of daliaunce and fair langage.
He hadde i-mad ful many a mariage
Of yonge wymmen, at his owne cost.
Unto his ordre he was a noble post.
Ful wel biloved and famulier was he
With frankeleyns over-al in his cuntre,
And eek with worthi wommen of the toun :
For he hadde power of confessioun,
As seyde himself, more than a curat,
For of his ordre he was licentiat.
Ful sweetely herde he confessioun,
And plesaunt was his absolucioun ;
He was an esy man to geve penance
Ther as he wiste han a good pitance ;
For unto a poure ordre for to give
Is signe that a man is wel i-schrive.[1]
For if he gaf, he dorste make avaunt,
He wiste that a man was repentaunt.
For many a man so hard is of his herte,
He may not wepe although him sore smerte.
Therefore in stede of wepyng and preyeres,
Men moot give silver to the poure freres.
His typet was ay farsed ful of knyfes
And pynnes, for to give faire wyfes.
And certaynli he hadde a mery noote ;
Wel couthe he synge and pleyen on a rote.
Of yeddynges[2] he bar utterly the prys.
His nekke whit was as the flour-de-lys.
Therto he strong was as a championn.
He knew the tavernes wel in every toun,
And everych hostiller and tappestere,
Bet than a lazer, or a beggestere,[3]
For unto such a worthi man as he
Acordede not, as by his faculte,
To han with sike lazars aqueyntaunce.
It is not honest, it may not avaunce,
For to delen with no such poraille,[4]
But al with riche and sellers of vitaille.
And overal, ther as profyt schulde arise,
Curteys he was, and lowely of servyse.
Ther nas no man nowher so vertuous.
He was the beste beggere in his hous,
For though a widewe hadde noght oo schoo,[5]
So plesaunt was his *In principio*,[6]
Yet wolde he have a ferthing or he wente.
His purchas was wel better than his rente.
And rage he couthe and pleyen as a whelpe,
In love-dayes[7] couthe he mochel helpe.
For ther he was not like a cloysterer,
With a thredbare cope as is a poure scoler,
But he was like a maister or a pope.
Of double worstede was his semy-cope,
That rounded as a belle out of the presse.
Somwhat he lipsede, for his wantounesse,
To make his Englissch swete upon his tunge ;
And in his harpyng, whan that he hadde sunge,
His eyghen twynkeld in his heed aright,
As don the sterres in the frosty night.
This worthi lymytour was cleped Huberd.

Then follows a merchant 'with a forked beard,' sitting high on his horse, and with a Flanders beaver hat on his head—a worthy man. In contrast to these favourites of fortune is a poor Clerk :

A Clerk ther was of Oxenford also,
That unto logik hadde longe i-go.
As lene was his hors as is a rake,
And he was not right fat, I undertake ;
But lokede holwe, and therto soberly.
Ful thredbare was his overeste courtepy,[8]
For he hadde geten him yit no benefice,
Ne was so worldly for to have office.

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[1] *Digne*, worthy.
[2] Bread made of the finest flour.
[3] Hunting.
[4] Somewhat strict.
[5] *Pulled hen* ; he cared not a moulting or worthless hen for the text.
[6] *Wood* or *wud*, mad or foolish.
[7] *Swynke*, work as St Austin bid.
[8] *Pricasour*, a hard rider.
[9] *Purfiled with grys*, worked at the edge with fur.
[10] Shone as a furnace under a caldron.
[11] A friar licensed to ask alms within a certain limit.—MORRIS.
[12] The four orders were the Franciscans or Gray Friars, the Augustin Friars, the Dominicans or Black Friars, and the Carmelites or White Friars.

[1] Well shriven or confessed.
[2] *Yeddynges*, songs, the gleeman's songs.
[3] Better than a leper or a beggar.
[4] *Poraille*, poor people.
[5] Nought but one shoe.
[6] *In principio erat Verbum*, the beginning of St John's Gospel, which the priest was enjoined to read.
[7] Love-days were days fixed for settling differences by umpire, without having recourse to law or violence.—MORRIS.
[8] Coarse upper coat.

For him was lever have at his beddes heede
Twenty bookes, clad in blak or reede,
Of Aristotle and his philosophie,
Then robes riche, or fithel,[1] or gay sawtrie.
But al be that he was a philosophre,
Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre;
But al that he mighte of his frendes hente,
On bookes and on lernyng he it spente,
And busily gan for the soules preye
Of hem that gaf him wherwith to scoleye,[2]
Of studie took he most cure and most heede.
Not oo word spak he more than was neede,
And that was seid in forme and reverence,
And schort and quyk, and ful of high sentence.
Sownynge in moral vertu was his speche,
And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche.

A Franklin, or freeholder was in the company, 'Epicurus' own son,' a great householder:

His breed, his ale, was alway after oon;[3]
A bettre envyned[4] man was nowher noon.
Withoute bake mete was nevere his hous,
Of fleissch and fissch, and that so plentyvous,
It snewede in his hous of mete and drynke,
Of alle deyntees that men cowdé thynke.
After the sondry sesouns of the yeer,
So chaungede he his mete and his soper.
Ful many a fat partrich hadde he in mewe,
And many a brem and many a luce[5] in stewe.
Woo was his cook,[6] but-if his sauce were
Poynaunt and scharp, and redy all his gere.
His table dormant in his halle alway
Stood redy covered al the longe day.

This character is a fine picture of the wealthy rural Englishman, and it shews how much of enjoyment and hospitality was even then associated with this station of life. The Wife of Bath is another lively national portrait; she is shrewd and witty, has abundant means, and is always first with her offering at church.

A good Wif was ther of byside Bathe,
But sche was somdel deef, and that was skathe.
Of cloth-makyng she hadde such an haunt,
Sche passede hem of Ypres and of Gaunt.[7]
In al the parisshe wyf ne was ther noon
That to the offryng byforn hire schulde goon,[8]
And if ther dide certeyn so wroth was sche,
That sche was out of alle charité.
Hire keverchefs ful fyne weren of grounde;
I durste swere they weygheden ten pounde
That on a Sonday were upon hire heed.
Hire hosen weren of fyn scarlett reed,
Ful streyte y-teyd, and schoos ful moyste and newe.
Bold was hire face, and fair, and reed of hewe.
Sche was a worthy womman al hire lyfe,
Husbondes at chirch dore sche hadde fyfe,
Withouten other companye in youthe;
But therof needeth nought to speke as nouthe.[9]
And thries hadde sche ben at Jerusalem;
Sche hadde passed many a straunge streem;
At Rome sche hadde ben, and at Boloyne,
In Galice at seynt Jame,[10] and at Coloyne.
Sche cowde moche of wandryng by the weye.
Gattothed [11] was sche, sothly for to seye.

Uppon an amblere esily sche sat,
Ywymplid wel, and on hire heed an hat
As brood as is a bocler or a targe;
A foot-mantel aboute hire hipes large,
And on hire feet a paire of spores scharpe.
In felawschipe wel cowde sche lawghe and carpe.
Of remedyes of love [1] sche knew perchaunce,
For of that art sche couthe the olde daunce.

A Sergeant of Law, 'discreet and of great reverence,' is portrayed:

No where so besy a man as he ther nas,[2]
And yit he seemed besier than he was.

Chaucer has many satires on the clergy, but he gives one redeeming sketch—that of a poor Parson:

A good man was ther of religioun,
And was a poure Parsoun of a toun;
But riche he was of holy thought and werk.
He was also a lerned man, a clerk
That Cristes gospel trewely wolde preche;
His parischens devoutly wolde he teche.
Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,
And in adversité ful pacient;
And such he was i-proved ofte sithes.[3]
Ful loth were him to curse for his tythes,
But rather wolde he geven out of dowte,
Unto his poure parisschens aboute,
Of his offrynge, and eek of his substaunce.
He cowde in litel thing han suffisaunce.
Wyd was his parisch, and houses fer asonder,
But he ne lafte not[4] for reyne ne thonder,
In siknesse nor in meschief to visite
The ferreste in his parissche, moche and lite,
Uppon his feet, and in his hond a staf.
This noble ensample to his scheep he gaf,
That first he wroughte, and after that he taughte,
Out of the gospel he tho wordes caughte,
And this figure he addede eek therto,
That if gold ruste, what schal yren do?
For if a prest be foul, on whom we truste,
No wonder is a lewed[5] man to ruste; . . .
He sette not his benefice to hyre,
And leet his scheep encombred in the myre,
And ran to Londone, unto seynte Poules,
To seeken him a chaunterie for soules,[6]
Or with a bretherhede to ben withholde;
But dwelte at hoom, and kepte wel his folde,
So that the wolf ne made it not myscarye.
He was a schepherde and no mercenarie;
And though he holy were, and vertuous,
He was to sinful man nought dispitous,
Ne of his speche daungerous ne digne,[7]
But in his teching discret and benigne.
To drawe folk to heven by fairnesse,
By good ensample, this was his busynesse:
But it were eny persone obstinat,
What so he were, of high or lowe estat,
Him wolde he snybbe scharply for the nones.[8]
A bettre preest I trowe ther nowher non is.
He waytede after no pompe and reverence,
Ne makede him a spiced conscience,
But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,
He taughte, and first he folwede it himselve.

We have a pardoner from Rome, with some sacred relics—as part of the Virgin Mary's veil, and part of the sail of St Peter's ship—and who is also 'brimful of pardons come from Rome all hot.' Among the humbler characters are, a 'stout carl' of a miller, a reve or bailiff, and a sompnour or church apparitor, who summoned offenders before the archdeacon's court, but whose fire-red face and licentious habits contrast curiously with the nature of his duties. A shipman, cook, haberdasher, &c. make up the goodly company—the whole forming such a genuine Hogarthian picture, that we may exclaim, in the eloquent language of Campbell: 'What an intimate scene of English life in the fourteenth century do we enjoy in these tales, beyond what history displays by glimpses through the stormy atmosphere of her scenes, or the antiquary can discover by the cold light of his researches!' Chaucer's contemporaries and their successors were justly proud of this national work. Many copies existed in manuscript (a six-text edition is now in progress);[*] and when the art of printing came to England, one of the primary duties of Caxton's press was to issue an impression of those inimitable creations.

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[1] Fiddle.
[2] To attend school.
[3] *Oon*, one.
[4] Stored with wine.
[5] The *luce* is the pike.
[6] Woe was his cook, sorrowful.
[7] The west of England was famous for cloth-making, and the good wife surpassed even the manufactures of Ypres and Ghent, the great continental marts.
[8] The offering in church on relic Sunday,'when the congregation went up to the altar to kiss the relics.—MORRIS.
[9] To speak now, at present.
[10] In Galicia, where the body of St James was interred.
[11] Gat-toothed, having teeth with gaps between, or goat-toothed, denoting lasciviousness.

[1] An allusion to Ovid's *De Remedio Amoris*.
[2] *Nas*, ne was, was not.
[3] Oftimes.
[4] Left or ceased not.
[5] *Lewed* was unlearned or ignorant.
[6] St Paul's had thirty-five chantries or endowments for priests to sing masses.
[7] Not high or haughty.
[8] Snub sharply for the occasion.

All the pilgrims in the *Canterbury Tales* do not relate stories. Chaucer had not, like Boccaccio, finished his design; for he intended, as we have said, to have given a second series on the return of the company from Canterbury, as well as an account of the transactions in the city when they reached the sacred shrine. The concluding supper at the Tabard, when the successful competitor was to be declared, would have afforded a rich display for the poet's peculiar humour. The parties who do not relate tales—as the poem has reached us—are the yeoman, the ploughman, and the five city mechanics. Like Shakspeare, Chaucer was content to borrow most of the outlines of his plots or stories. The Knight's Tale—the most chivalrous and romantic of the series—is founded on the Theseida of Boccaccio. The Clerk's Tale, so touching in its simplicity and pathos, has also an Italian origin. The Clerk says:

Lerned at Padowe of a worthy clerk, . . .
Frauncis Petrark, the laureat poete,
Highte this clerk, whose rethorique swete
Enlumined all Itaille of poetrie.

The tale thus learned is the pathetic story of Patient Griselde, which was written by Boccaccio, and only translated into Latin by Petrarch. It appears that Petrarch did not translate this tale from Boccaccio's *Decameron* until the end of September 1373, and Chaucer was in England on the 22d of November following, as is proved by his having that day received his pension in person. But whether or not the two poets ever met, the Italian journey of Chaucer, and the fame and works of Petrarch, must have fired the ambition of the accomplished Englishman, and greatly refined and elevated his literary taste. As a model or example of wifely obedience and implicit faith, this story of Griselde long kept up its celebrity, both in prose and verse. The husband of Griselde certainly carried his trial of his wife's submission to the last extremity—worse even than the trial of the Nut-Brown Maid—when he ordered her to quit his house to make room for a new wife! But even this Griselde could endure:

'And of your new wife God of his grace
So grant you weal and prosperité;
For I will gledly yielden her my place,
In which that I was blissful wont to be.
For sith it liketh you, my lord,' quod she,
'That whilom were all mine herte's rest,
That I shall gon, I will go whan you list.

'But thereas ye profre me such dowayre
As I first brought, it is well in my mind
It were my wretched clothes, no thing fair,
The which to me were hard now for to find.
O good God! how gentle and how kind
Ye seemed by your speech and your visage
The day that makèd was our marriage!'

Griselde, the 'flower of wifely patience,' goes to her father's house. But at length the marquis, her husband, sends for her, declares that he has been merely playing an assumed part, that he will have no other wife, nor ever had, and she is introduced to her two children whom she believed dead:

When she this heard, aswoone down she falleth
For piteous joy; and after her swooning
She both her young children to her calleth,
And in her armés piteously weeping,
Embraceth them, and tenderly kissing
Full like a mother, with her salte tears
She bathed both her visage and her hairs.

O such a piteous thing it was to see
Her swooning and her humble voice to hear!
'Grand mercy, lord! God thank it you,' quoth she,
'That ye have saved me my children dear:
Now reck I never to be dead right here
Since I stand in your love and in your grace,
No force of death, nor when my spirit pace.

'O tender, dear, young children mine!
Your woful mother weened steadfastly,
That cruel houndes or some foul vermin
Had eaten you; but God of his mercy,
And your benign father tenderly
Hath done you keep;' and in that same stound
All suddenly she swappéd down to ground.

And in her swoon so sadly holdeth she
Her children two, when she gan them embrace,
That with great sleight and great difficulty
The children from her arm they gan arrace.[1]
O many a tear or many a piteous face
Down ran of them that stooden her beside;
Unnethe[2] abouten her might they abide.

The happy ending of the story, and the husband's declaration:

I have done this deed
For no malice, ne for no cruelty,
But for t' assay thee in thy womanhood—

will not reconcile the reader to his marital experiment; but such tales appear to have been more suited to the ideas of 'the spinsters and knitters in the sun' in the 'old age.' The Squire's Tale, 'the story of Cambuscan bold,' by which Milton characterises Chaucer, has not been traced to any other source. For two of his stories—the Man of Law's Tale, and the Wife of Bath's Tale, Chaucer was indebted to the *Confessio Amantis* of his contemporary Gower. Boccaccio was laid under contribution for other outlines, but the influence of

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[*] Much has been done to elucidate the works of the Father of English Poetry by Mr R. Morris, the Rev. Mr Skeat, Mr Ellis, Mr Furnival, and the *Chaucer Society*. They may be said to have given quite a revival to the old poet.

[1] Tear away by force.

[2] Scarcely.

French literature was perhaps more predominant with the poet than that of Italy. The Prioress's Tale, the scene of which is laid in Asia, is supposed to be taken from some legend of the miracles of the Virgin, 'one of the oldest of the many stories, which have been propagated at different times, to excite or justify several merciless persecutions of the Jews upon the charge of murdering Christian children.' The Nun's Priest's Tale (containing the fable of the cock and the fox) and the Merchant's Tale (modernised by Pope) have some minute painting of natural objects and scenery in Chaucer's clear and simple style. The tales of the Miller and Reve are coarse, but richly humorous.

The following extracts are slightly modernised:

### *The Poor Country Widow.—From the Nun's Priest's Tale.*

A poor widow, somedeal stoop'n in age,
Was whilom dwelling in a narwé cottage
Beside a grove standing in a dale.
This widow, which I tell you of my tale,
Since thilke day that she was last a wife,
In patience led a full simple life,
For little was her cattle and her rent;
By husbandry of such as God her sent,
She found herself and eke her daughters two.
Three large sowés had she, and no mo,
Three kine, and eke a sheep that hight Mall:
Full sooty was her bower and eke her hall,
In which she ate full many a slender meal;
Of poignant sauce her needed never a deal;
No dainty morsel passed through her throat;
Her diet was accordant to her coat:
Repletion ne made her never sick;
Attemper diet was all her physic,
And exercise, and heartés suffisance:
The goute let[1] her nothing for to dance,
Ne apoplexy shente[2] not her head;
No wine ne drank she neither white nor red;
Her board was served most with white and black,
Milk and brown bread, in which she found no lack,
Seinde[3] bacon, and sometime an egg or tway,
For she was as it were a manner dey.[4]
A yard she had, enclosed all about
With sticks, and a dry ditch without,
In which she had a cock hight Chanticleer,
In all the land, of crowing n'as his peer.
His voice was merrier than the merry organ,
On massé-days that in the churché gon;
Well sickerer[5] was his crowing in his lodge,
Than is a clock, or an abbey horologe.
By nature knew he each ascension
Of equinoctial in that town:
For when degrees fifteen were ascended,
Then crew he that it might not be amended.
His comb was redder than the fine coral,
And 'battled as it were a castle wall;
His bill was black, and as the jet it shone;
Like azure were his legs and his ton;[6]
His nails whiter than the lily flower,
And like the burnished gold was his colour.

### *The King of Inde.—From the Knight's Tale.*

The great Emetrius, the king of Inde,
Upon a steed bay, trapped in steel
Covered with cloth of gold, diapered well,
Came riding like the god of arms, Mars.
His coat-armour was of cloth of Tars,
Couched with pearls white, and round, and great;
His saddle was of brent gold new i-beat;
A mantelet upon his shoulders hanging
Bret-ful of rubies red, as fire sparkling.
His crisp hair like rings was i-run
And that was yellow and glittered in the sun.
His nose was high, his eyen bright citron,
His lippes round, his colour was sanguine.
A few freckles in his face i-sprent.
Betwixt yellow and somedel black i-ment.
And as a lion he his looking cast.
Of five and twenty year his age I cast.
His beard was well beginnen for to spring;
His voice was as a trump thundering.
Upon his heed he weared of laurel green
A garland fresh and lusty for to sene,
Upon his hand he bare for his delight,
An eagle tame, as any lily white.
An hundred lords had he with him there,
All armed safe, their heads in their gear,
Full richly in all manner things
For trusteth well that dukes, earls, kings
Were gathered in this noble company,
For love, and for increase of chivalry.
About this king there ran on every part
Full many a tame lion and leopart.

### *Emily.—From the Knight's Tale.*

Thus passeth year by year, and day by day,
Till it fell once on a morrow of May,
That Emily, that fairer was to seen
Than is the lily upon her stalk green,
And fresher than the May with floures new—
For with the rose colour strove her hue,
I n'ot which was the fairer of them two—
Ere it was day, as it was her wont to do,
She was arisen, and all ready dight—
For May will have no sluggardie a-night.
The season pricketh every gentle heart,
And maketh him out of his sleepé start,
And saith: 'Arise, and do thine observance!'
This maketh Emily have remembrance
To do honour to May, and for to rise,
Yclothed was she fresh for to devise.
Her yellow hair was braided in a tress,
Behind her back, a yardé long, I guess;
And in her garden, as the sun uprist,
She walked up and down, and as her list,
She gathereth floures, party white and red,
To make a sotil[1] garland for her head;
And as an angel heavenly she sung!

### *The Death of Arcite.—From the same.*

Swelleth the breast of Arcite, and the sore
Encreaseth at his hearté more and more. . . .
All is to-bursten thilke region;
Nature hath now no domination:
And certainly where nature will not werche,[2]
Farewell physic; go bear the man to church.
This is all and some, that Arcite muste die;
For which he sendeth after Emily,
And Palamon, that was his cousin dear;
Then said he thus, as ye shall after hear:
'Nought may the woful spirit in mine heart
Declare one point of all my sorrows' smart
To you, my lady, that I love most.
But I bequeath the service of my ghost
To you aboven every creature,
Since that my life ne may no longer dure.
'Alas the woe! alas the paines strong,
That I for you have suffered, and so long!

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[1] Hindered. [2] Hurt. [3] Singed or broiled.

[4] Mr Tyrwhitt supposed the word 'dey' to refer to the management of a dairy. Mr Morris states that, in the statute 37 Edward III. (1363), the *deye* is mentioned among others of a certain rank, not having goods or chattels of forty shillings value.

[5] Surer. [6] Toes.

[1] Subtle, artfully contrived. [2] Work.

Alas the death ! alas mine Emily !
Alas departing of our company !
Alas mine hearte's queen ! alas my wife !
Mine hearte's lady, ender of my life !
What is this world ?—what asken men to have ?
Now with his love, now in his colde grave—
Alone—withouten any company.
Farewell my sweet—farewell mine Emily !
And softe take me in your armes tway
For love of God, and hearkeneth what I say.
'I have here with my cousin Palamon
Had strife and rancour many a day agone,
For love of you, and for my jealousy;
And Jupiter so wis[1] my soule gie,[2]
To speaken of a servant properly,
With alle circumstances truely ;
That is to say, truth, honour, and knighthead,
Wisdom, humbless, estate, and high kindred,
Freedom, and all that 'longeth to that art,
So Jupiter have of my soule part,
As in this world right now ne know I none
So worthy to be loved as Palamon,
That serveth you, and will do all his life ;
And if that ever ye shall be a wife,
Forget not Palamon, the gentle man.'
And with that word his speeche fail began ;
For from his feet up to his breast was come
The cold of death that had him overnome ;[3]
And yet, moreover, in his armes two,
The vital strength is lost and all ago ;[4]
Only the intellect, withouten more,
That dwelled in his hearte sick and sore,
'Gan faillen when the hearte felte death ;
Dusked his eyen two, and failed his breath :
But on his lady yet cast he his eye ;
His laste word was : 'Mercy, Emily !'

### *Departure of Custance.—From the Man of Law's Tale.*

Custance is banished from her husband, Alla, king of Northumberland, in consequence of the treachery of the king's mother. Her behaviour in embarking at sea, in a rudderless ship, is thus described :

Weepen both young and old in all that place
When that the king this cursed letter sent :
And Custance with a deadly pale face
The fourthe day toward the ship she went ;
But natheless[5] she tak'th in good intent
The will of Christ, and kneeling on the strond,
She saide : 'Lord, aye welcome be thy sond.[6]
'He that me kepte from the false blame,
While I was in the land amonges you,
He can me keep from harm and eke from shame
In the salt sea, although I see not how :
As strong as ever he was, he is yet now :
In him trust I, and in his mother dear,
That is to me my sail and eke my steer.'[7]
Her little child lay weeping in her arm ;
And kneeling piteously, to him she said :
'Peace, little son ; I will do thee no harm :'
With that her kerchief off her head she braid,[8]
And over his little eyen she it laid,
And in her arm she lulleth it full fast,
And into th' heaven her eyen up she cast.
'Mother,' quod she, 'and maiden bright, Mary !
Soth is, that through womannes eggement,[9]
Mankind was lorn,[10] and damned aye to die,
For which thy child was on a cross yrent :[11]
Thy blissful eyen saw all his torment ;
Then is there no comparison between
Thy woe and any woe man may sustain.
'Thou saw'st thy child yslain before thine eyen,
And yet now liveth my little child, parfay :[1]
Now, lady bright ! to whom all woful crien,
Thou glory of womanhood, thou faire May !
Thou haven of refute,[2] bright star of day !
Rue[3] on my child, that of thy gentleness
Ruest on every rueful in distress.
'O little child, alas ! what is thy guilt,
That never wroughtest sin as yet, pardie ?
Why will thine harde father have thee spilt ?[4]
O mercy, deare Constable !' quod she,
'As let my little child dwell here with thee ;
And if thou dar'st not saven him from blame,
So kiss him ones in his father's name.'
Therewith she looketh backward to the land,
And saide : 'Farewell, husband rutheless !'
And up she rose, and walketh down the strand
Toward the ship ; her followeth all the press :
And ever she prayeth her child to hold his peace,
And tak'th her leave, and with a holy' intent
She blesseth her, and into the ship she went.
Victailled was the ship, it is no drede,[5]
Abundantly for her a full long space ;
And other necessaries that should need
She had enow, heried[6] be Goddess grace :
For wind and weather, Almighty God purchase,[7]
And bring her home, I can no better say,
But in the sea she driveth forth her way.

### *Love.—From the Franklin's Tale.*

For one thing, sirs, safely dare I say,
That friends ever each other must obey
If they will longe holden company :
Love will not be constrained by mastery.
When mastery cometh, the god of Love anon
Beateth his wings and, farewell ! he is gone.*
Love is a thing as any spirit free.
Women of kind desiren liberty,
And not to be constrained as a thrall ;
And so do men if soothly I say shall.
Look who that is most patient in love
He is at his advantage all above ;
Patience is a high virtue certain,
For it vanquisheth, as these clerks say'n,
Things that rigour never should attain ;
For every word men should not chide or plain.
Learneth to suffren or else, so might I gon
Ye shall it learn whether ye will or non.

### *The Fairies driven out by the Friars.*

From the Wife of Bath's Tale.

In oldè dayès of the King Arthur
Of which that Britons speaken great honour,
All was this land fulfilled of Faery ;
The elf-queen with her jolly company
Danced full oft in many a green mead :
This was the old opinion as I read ;
I speak of many hundred years ago,
But now can no man see none elves mo ;
For now the great charity and prayers
Of limiters and other holy friars,
That searchen every land and every stream,
As thick as motès in the sun-beam,
Blessing halls, chambers, kitchens and bowers,
Cities and boroughs, castles high, and towers,
Thorps, barns, sheepens, and dairies,
That maketh that there be no faéries :
For there as wont was to walken an elf,
There walketh now the limiter himself,

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[1] Surely.
[2] Guide.
[3] Overtaken.
[4] Agone.
[5] Nevertheless.
[6] Message.
[7] Guide, helm.
[8] Took.
[9] Incitement.
[10] Undone.
[11] Torn.

[1] By my faith.
[2] Refuge.
[3] Have pity.
[4] Destroyed.
[5] Doubt.
[6] Praised.
[7] Procure, provide.

* Pope imitated this in his *Eloisa to Abelard* :

Love free as air, at sight of human ties
Spreads his light wings and in a moment flies.

In undermeales and in morrowings,[1]
And saith his matins and his holy things
As he goeth in his limitation.
Women may now go safely up and down;
In every bush or under every tree,
There is none other incubus but he.

### *Good Counsel of Chaucer.*[2]

Flee from the press and dwell with soothfastness,
Suffice thee thy good though it be small,
For hoard hath hate, and climbing tickleness;
Press hath envy, and weal is blent o'er all.
Savour no more than thee behoven shall;
Do well thyself that other folk canst read,
And truth thee shall deliver, 'tis no dread.

Pain thee not each crooked to redress
In trust of her that turneth as a ball,
Great rest standeth in little business,
Beware also to spurn an nalle.
Strive not as doth a crock with a wall,
Daunt thyself that dauntest others deed,
And truth thee shall deliver, 'tis no dread.

That thee is sent receive in buxomness,
The wrestling of this world asketh a fall;
Here is no home, here is but wilderness,
Forth, pilgrim, forth! best out of thy stall.
Look up on high, and thank God of all;
Waive thy lust, and let thy ghost thee lead,
And truth shall thee deliver, 'tis no dread.

Two of the *Canterbury Tales* are in prose—the 'Tale of Melibeus' and the 'Persone's (Parson's) Tale.' A long allegorical and meditative work, the *Testament of Love*, an imitation of Boethius' *De Consolatione Philosophie*, has been ascribed to Chaucer, but its genuineness is doubted, if not disproved. The poet, however, wrote in prose a translation of Boethius, and a work *On the Astrolabe*, addressed to his son Lewis.

### *On Gathering and Using Riches.—From the 'Tale of Melibeus.'*

When Prudence had heard her husband avaunt himself of his riches and of his money, dispreising the power of his adversaries, she spake and said in this wise: Certes, dear sir, I grant you that ye ben rich and mighty, and that riches ben good to 'em that han well ygetten 'em, and that well can usen 'em; for, right as the body of a man may not liven withouten soul, no more may it liven withouten temporal goods, and by riches may a man get him great friends; and therefore saith Pamphilus: If a neatherd's daughter be rich, she may chese of a thousand men which she wol take to her husband; for of a thousand men one wol not forsaken her ne refusen her. And this Pamphilus saith also: If thou be right happy, that is to sayn, if thou be right rich, thou shalt find a great number of fellows and friends; and if thy fortune change, that thou wax poor, farewell friendship and fellowship, for thou shalt be all alone withouten any company, but if[3] it be the company of poor folk. And yet saith this Pamphilus, moreover, that they that ben bond and thrall of linage shuln be made worthy and noble by riches. And right so as by riches there comen many goods, right so by poverty come there many harms and evils; and therefore clepeth Cassiodore, poverty the mother of ruin, that is to sayn, the mother of overthrowing or falling down; and therefore saith Piers Alphonse: One of the greatest adversities of the world is when a free man by kind, or of birth, is constrained by poverty to eaten the alms of his enemy. And the same saith Innocent in one of his books; he saith that sorrowful and mishappy is the condition of a poor beggar, for if he ax not his meat he dieth of hunger, and if he ax he dieth for shame; and algates necessity constraineth him to ax; and therefore saith Solomon: That better it is to die than for to have such poverty; and, as the same Solomon saith: Better it is to die of bitter death, than for to liven in such wise. By these reasons that I have said unto you, and by many other reasons that I could say, I grant you that riches ben good to 'em that well geten 'em, and to him that well usen tho' riches; and therefore wol I shew you how ye shulen behave you in gathering of your riches, and in what manner ye shulen usen 'em. First, ye shuln geten 'em withouten great desire, by good leisure, sokingly, and not over hastily, for a man that is too desiring to get riches abandoneth him first to theft and to all other evils; and therefore saith Solomon: He that hasteth him too busily to wax rich, he shall be non innocent: he saith also, that the riches that hastily cometh to a man soon and lightly goeth and passeth from a man, but that riches that cometh little and little waxeth alway and multiplieth. And, sir, ye shuln get riches by your wit and by your travail, unto your profit, and that withouten wrong or harm doing to any other person; for the law saith: There maketh no man himself rich, if he do harm to another wight; that is to say, that Nature defendeth and forbiddeth by right, that no man make himself rich unto the harm of another person. And Tullius saith: That no sorrow, ne no dread of death, ne nothing that may fall unto a man, is so muckle agains nature as a man to increase his own profit to harm of another man. And though the great men and the mighty men getten riches more lightly than thou, yet shalt thou not ben idle ne slow to do thy profit, for thou shalt in all wise flee idleness; for Solomon saith: That idleness teacheth a man to do many evils; and the same Solomon saith: That he that travaileth and busieth himself to tillen his lond, shall eat bread, but he that is idle, and casteth him to no business ne occupation, shall fall into poverty, and die for hunger. And he that is idle and slow can never find convenable time for to do his profit; for there is a versifier saith, that the idle man excuseth him in winter because of the great cold, and in summer then by encheson of the heat. For these causes, saith Caton, waketh and inclineth you not over muckle to sleep, for over muckle rest nourisheth and causeth many vices; and therefore saith St Jerome: Doeth some good deeds, that the devil, which is our enemy, ne find you not unoccupied, for the devil he taketh not lightly unto his werking such as he findeth occupied in good werks.

Then thus in getting riches ye musten flee idleness; and afterward ye shuln usen the riches which ye han geten by your wit and by your travail, in such manner, than men hold you not too scarce, ne too sparing, ne fool-large, that is to say, over large a spender; for right as men blamen an avaricious man because of his scarcity and chinchery, in the same wise he is to blame that spendeth over largely; and therefore saith Caton: Use (saith he) the riches that thou hast ygeten in such manner, that men have no matter ne cause to call thee nother wretch ne chinch, for it is a great shame to a man to have a poor heart and a rich purse; he saith also: The goods that thou hast ygeten, use 'em by measure, that is to sayn, spend measureably, for they that folily wasten and despenden the goods that they han, when they han no more proper of 'eir own, that they shapen 'em to take the goods of another man. I say, then, that ye shuln flee avarice, using your riches in such manner, that men sayen not that your riches ben yburied, but that ye have 'em in your might and in your wielding;

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[1] After the meal of dinner and in the mornings. The allusion to the zeal of the friars is evidently ironical.

[2] In one of the Cottonian MSS. (among those destroyed by fire), this poem was described as made by Chaucer 'upon his death-bed in his great anguish.' Tyrwhitt says, the verses are found without that statement in two other manuscripts. The copies differ considerably.

[3] Except.

for a wise man reproveth the avaricious man, and saith thus in two verse: Whereto and why burieth a man his goods by his great avarice, and knoweth well that needs must he die, for death is the end of every man as in this present life? And for what cause or encheson joineth he him, or knitteth he him so fast unto his goods, that all his wits mowen not disseveren him or departen him fro his goods, and knoweth well, or ought to know, that when he is dead he shall nothing bear with him out of this world? and therefore saith St Augustine, that the avaricious man is likened unto hell, that the more it swalloweth the more desire it hath to swallow and devour. And as well as ye wold eschew to be called an avaricious man or an chinch, as well should ye keep you and govern you in such wise, that men call you not fool-large; therefore, saith Tullius: The goods of thine house ne should not ben hid ne kept so close, but that they might ben opened by pity and debonnairety, that is to sayen, to give 'em part that han great need; ne they goods shoulden not ben so open to be every man's goods.

Afterward, in getting of your riches, and in using of 'em, ye shuln alway have three things in your heart, that is to say, our Lord God, conscience, and good name. First ye shuln have God in your heart, and for no riches ye shuln do nothing which may in any manner displease God that is your creator and maker; for, after the word of Solomon, it is better to have a little good, with love of God, than to have muckle good and lese the love of his Lord God; and the prophet saith, that better it is to ben a good man and have little good and treasure, than to be holden a shrew and have great riches. And yet I say furthermore, that ye shulden always do your business to get your riches, so that ye get 'em with a good conscience. And the apostle saith, that there n'is thing in this world, of which we shulden have so great joy, as when our conscience beareth us good witness; and the wise man saith: The substance of a man is full good when sin is not in a man's conscience. Afterward, in getting of your riches and in using of 'em, ye must have great business and great diligence that your good name be alway kept and conserved; for Solomon saith, that better it is and more it availeth a man to have a good name than for to have great riches; and therefore he saith in another place: Do great diligence (saith he) in keeping of thy friends and of thy good name, for it shall longer abide with thee than any treasure, be it never so precious; and certainly he should not be called a gentleman that, after God and good conscience all things left, ne doth his diligence and business to keepen his good name; and Cassiodore saith, that it is a sign of a gentle heart, when a man loveth and desireth to have a good name.

## JOHN GOWER.

JOHN GOWER is supposed to have been born about the year 1325. He was consequently a few years older than Chaucer, whom he survived eight years. Gower was a member of a knightly family, an esquire of Kent, and possessed of estates in several counties. In 1368 the daughter and co-heiress of Sir Robert Gower of Multon, in Suffolk, conveyed to the poet the manor of Kentwell. In 1399 Gower had, as he himself states, become old and blind. He made his will in August 1408, and must have died shortly afterwards, as his widow administered to his effects in October of that year. From his will it appears that the poet possessed the manors of Southwell in Nottinghamshire, and Multon in Suffolk. He also left his widow a sum of £100, and made various bequests to churches and hospitals. He was interred in the church of St Mary Overies—now St Saviour's—in Southwark, where he had founded a chantry. His monument, containing a full-length figure of the poet, is still preserved, and was repaired in 1832 by the Duke of Sutherland, head of the ancient family of Gower, settled in Yorkshire so early as the twelfth century.[*] The principal works of Gower were the *Speculum Meditantis*, the *Vox Clamantis*, and the *Confessio Amantis*, 1393. The first of these was in French, but is now lost; the second is in Latin, and the third in English. This English poem was printed by Caxton in 1483, and was again printed in 1532 and 1554. It was chiefly taken from a metrical version in the *Pantheon*, or *Universal Chronicle of Godfrey of Viterbo*, as admitted by Gower. In this work is the story of Appolinus, the Prince of Tyre, from which Shakspeare took part of the story of his *Pericles*, if we assume that Shakspeare was the original or sole author of that drama. The *Confessio Amantis* is a dialogue between a lover and his confessor—a grave discussion of the morals and metaphysics of love. Dr Pauli, the able editor of the poem (1857), describes it as 'a mixture of classical notions, principally borrowed from Ovid, and of the purely medieval idea, that, as a good Catholic, the unfortunate lover must state his distress to a father confessor.' In the poem, Venus is enjoined to 'greet well' Chaucer,

As my disciple and my poete;

and the greater poet inscribed his *Troilus and Cressida* to his friend as 'moral Gower,' a designation which has ever since been applied to him. The general style of the *Confessio Amantis* is grave and sententious, and its enormous length (above thirty thousand lines) renders it tedious; but it is occasionally relieved by stories and episodes drawn from medieval history and romance, and from the collection of novels known as the *Gesta Romanorum*. He says:

Full oft time it falleth so
My ear with a good pittance
Is fed, with reading of romance
Of Isodyne and Amadas,
That whilom were in my case;
And eke of other many a score,
That loved long ere I was bore:
For when I of their loves read,
Mine ear with the tale I feed;
And with the lust of their histoire
Sometime I draw into memoire,
How sorrow may not ever last,
And so hope cometh in at last.

### *Story of the Caskets.—From 'Confessio Amantis,' Book V.*

In a cronique this I rede:
Aboute a king, as moste nede
Ther was of knyghtes and squiers
Great route, and eke of officers:
Some of long time him had hadden served,
And thoughten that they have deserved
Avancément, and gon withoute:
And some also ben of the route,

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[*] It was supposed that there was some relationship between the poet and this noble family, and stress was laid upon the possession of a MS. of the *Confessio Amantis*, which was believed to have been presented to an ancestor of the Yorkshire Gowers by the poet. The genealogists, however, find no branch to which this alleged alliance can be traced, and the MS. turns out to be the very copy of the work which the author presented to Henry IV. while Duke of Lancaster—a rare and precious volume.

That comen but awhile agon
And they avanced were anon.
These old men, upon this thing,
So as they durst, agein the king,
Among hemself[1] compleignen ofte:
But there is nothing said so softe,
That it ne comith out at laste:
The king it wiste, and als so faste,
As he which was of high prudénce:
He shope therfore an evidence
Of hem[2] that pleignen in the cas,
To knowe in whose defalte it was;
And all within his owne entent,
That non ma wisté what it ment.
Anon he let two cofres make
Of one semblance, and of one make,
So lich,[3] that no lif thilke throwe,
That one may fro that other knowe:
They were into his chamber brought,
But no man wot why they be wrought,
And natheles the king hath bede
That they be set in privy stede,
As he that was of wisdom slih;
Whan he therto his time sih,[4]
All prively, that none it wiste,
His owné hondes that one chiste
Of fin gold, and of fin perie,[5]
The which out of his tresorie
Was take, anon he fild full;
That other cofre of straw and mull[6]
With stones meynd[7] he fild also:
Thus be they full bothé two.
  So that erliche[8] upon a day
He had within, where he lay,
Ther should be tofore his bed
A bord up set and fairé spred:
And than he let the cofres fette[9]
Upon the bord, and did hem sette.
He knewe the names well of tho,[10]
The whiche agein him grutched so,
Both of his chambre and of his halle,
Anon and sent for hem alle;
And seidé to hem in this wise:
  There shall no man his hap despise:
I wot well ye have longe served,
And God wot what ye have deserved;
But if it is along on me
Of that ye unavanced be,
Or elles if it belong on yow,
The sothé shall be proved now:
To stoppé with your evil word,
Lo! here two cofres on the bord;
Chese[11] which you list of bothé two;
And witeth well that one of tho
Is with tresor so full begon,
That if ye happé therupon
Ye shall be riché men for ever:
Now chese, and take which you is lever,
But be well ware ere that ye take,
For of that one I undertake
Ther is no maner good therein,
Wherof ye mighten profit winne.
Now goth[12] together of one assent,
And taketh your avisement;
For, but I you this day avance,
It stant upon your owné chance,
Al only in defalte of grace;
So shall be shewed in this place
Upon you all well afyn,[13]
That no defalté shal be myn.
  They knelen all, and with one vois
The king they thonken of this chois:
And after that they up arise,
And gon aside, and hem avise,
And at lasté they acorde
(Wherof her[1] talé to recorde
To what issue they be falle)
A knyght shall speké for hem alle:
He kneleth doun unto the king,
And seith that they upon this thing,
Or for to winne, or for to lese,[2]
Ben all avised for to chese.
  Tho[3] toke this knyght a yerd[4] on honde,
And goth there as the cofres stonde,
And with assent of everychone[5]
He leith his yerdé upon one,
And seith[6] the king how thilke same
They chese in reguerdon[7] by name,
And preith him that they might it have.
  The king, which wolde his honor save,
Whan he had heard the common vois,
Hath granted hem her owne chois,
And toke hem therupon the keie;
But for he woldé it were seie[8]
What good they have as they suppose,
He bad anon the cofre unclose,
Which was fulfild with straw and stones:
Thus be they served all at ones.
  This king than, in the samé stede,
Anon that other cofre undede,
Wher as they sihen gret richesse,
Wel moré than they couthen gesse.
  Lo! seith the king, now may ye se
That ther is no defalte in me;
Forthy[9] my self I wol aquite,
And bereth ye your owné wite[10]
Of that[11] fortune hath you refused.
  Thus was this wise king excused:
And they lefte off her evil speche,
And mercy of her king beseche.

## SCOTTISH POETS.

The language of the Lowland districts of Scotland was based, like that of England, on the Teutonic, and it had, like the contemporary English, a Norman admixture. The names of places, however, and the permanent features of the country—the mountains, lakes, and rivers—are mostly Celtic. Some were modified; Strathclyde became Clydesdale, and Strathnith and Strathannan became Nithsdale and Annandale. In some instances, the Celtic *kil*, a cell or chapel, was supplanted by the Saxon *kirk*, as Kirkpatrick for Kilpatrick; but *kil* is still the most common prefix—as Kilmarnock, signifying the chapel of Marnoch, a famous Scottish saint. The oldest Scotch writing extant is a charter by Duncan II. in 1095. A few years before this, a new era began with Malcolm Canmore. What is called the Scoto-Saxon period of Scottish history commences. New races appear; Northumbrian nobles and their vassals, Norman knights and Flemish artisans, enter Scotland; not rapidly at first, but by a continued steady migration. The Saxon policy of Malcolm Canmore was carried out by his sons; and after half a century or more of continued colonisation, we find the Norman nobles—the Bruces, Baliols, Stewarts, Cummings, Douglases, Murrays, and Dunbars—seated in Scotland, and the Saxon language, laws, and ecclesiastical government naturalised, as it were, in the North. As the English or Teutonic portion of the language did not fall out of court favour in Scotland as in England, it long continued in the north with little change. The oldest fragment of Scottish poetry has been preserved by Wyntoun, and is of a plaintive cast:

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[1] Themselves. [2] Them. [3] Like. [4] Saw.
[5] Jewels, or precious stones. [6] Rubbish. [7] Mingled.
[8] Early. [9] Fetched. [10] Those.
[11] Choose. [12] Go. [13] At last.

[1] Their. [2] Lose. [3] Then. [4] A rod.
[5] Every one. [6] Sayeth to the king. [7] As their reward.
[8] Seen. [9] Therefore. [10] Blame. [11] That is, that which.

Quhen Alysander oure kyng was dede
That Scotland led in luwe and le,[1]
Away wes sons[2] of ale and brede,
Of wyne and wax, of gamyn and gle;
Oure golde wes changyd into lede,
Cryst borne into virgynyte,
Succor Scotland and remede,
That stad[3] is in perplexyte.

After the battle of Bannockburn (June 24, 1314), the Scots, 'inflamed with pride and derision of the English,' as Fabian the chronicler states, made this rhyme, which was 'after many days sung in the dances and carols of the maidens and minstrels of Scotland:'

Maydens of Englande, sore may ye morne
For your lemans ye have loste at Bannockysborne,
With heave alow!
What, weneth the kynge of Englande
So soone to have Scotlande?
With rumbylow!

### JOHN BARBOUR.

Contemporary with Chaucer and Gower was the northern minstrel, JOHN BARBOUR. The date of his birth is unknown, but he is found exercising the duties of archdeacon of Aberdeen in 1357. That he was a man of talent and learning may be assumed from his having been chosen by the bishop of Aberdeen to act as his commissioner at Edinburgh when the ransom of David II. was debated; and also from the circumstance that he twice visited England with scholars, for the purpose of studying at Oxford (1357 and 1364); that in 1365 he obtained a passport to 'travel through England with six companions on horseback towards St Denis and other sacred places;' and that in 1368 he again received permission to travel through England with two servants. At home, Barbour enjoyed royal favour. In 1373, he was clerk of audit of the household of King Robert II. and one of the auditors of exchequer. In 1375, his epic poem, *The Bruce*, was in progress. In 1377, a sum of ten pounds was paid to Barbour by the king's command, as the first reward, it would seem, for the composition of the poem. This gift was followed, at the interval of a few months, by a grant to Barbour from the king of a perpetual annuity of twenty shillings. Barbour wrote another poem, now lost, called *The Brut*, relating the descent and history of the Stuarts from the fabulous King Brut, or Brutus. His reward for this second work seems to have been a pension for life of ten pounds a year. The pension was payable in two moieties—one at Whitsunday, the other at Martinmas. The last payment which Barbour received was at Martinmas 1394—so that he must have died between that date and Whitsunday 1395. The precise day of his death was probably the 13th of March, on which day Barbour's anniversary continued to be celebrated in the cathedral church of St Machar, at Aberdeen, until the Reformation—the expense of the service being defrayed from the perpetual annuity granted to the father of Scottish poetry by the first of the Stuart kings, in 1378, 'pro compilacione Libri de Gestis illustrissimi principis quondam Domini Regis Roberti de Brus.' Barbour's poem of *The Bruce* is valuable as a monument of our early language, and as a storehouse of historical incidents. But though he set himself to write a 'soothfast story,' the poet begins by departing widely from history. He confounds Bruce the grandfather with Bruce the grandson, and makes him reject the crown said to have been offered to him by Edward I.! Of course, he also conceals the fact, that the grandson had sworn fealty to Edward, and done homage to Baliol. He desired to present in Bruce a true hero and patriot trampling down oppression and vindicating the sacred rights of his country, and all that could militate against this design was excluded. Almost all the personal traits and adventures of Bruce—whatever gives individuality, life, and colour to his history—will be found in the pages of Barbour. The old poet's narrative of the wanderings, trials, sufferings, and fortitude of the monarch; the homely touches of tenderness and domestic feeling interspersed, as well as the knightly courtesy and royal intrepid bearing, which he paints in lively colours, have tended greatly to endear and perpetuate the name of the Scottish sovereign. The characters and exploits of Bruce's brave associates, Randolph and Douglas, are also finely drawn; and the poem contains many vividly descriptive passages, and abounds in dignified and pathetic sentiment. Humour it has none. The language is fully as intelligible as that of Chaucer. It does not appear that the Scottish poet had seen the works of his southern contemporary. One would have wished that the bards had met, each the representative of his country's literature, and each enjoying the favour and bounty of his sovereign. Barbour's poem, we may add, is in the octo-syllabic verse, and consists of about 14,000 lines. It has been well edited by Dr Jamieson (1820), and by Professor Cosmo Innes (1856).

#### *Apostrophe to Freedom.*

A! fredome is a nobill thing!
Fredome mayse man to haiff liking!
Fredome all solace to man giffis:
He levys at ese that frely levys!
A noble hart may haiff nane ese,
Na ellys nocht that may him plese,
Gyff fredome failythe: for fre liking
Is yearnyt our all othir thing
Na he, that ay hase levyt fre,
May nocht knaw weill the propyrte,[1]
The angyr, na the wrechyt dome,
That is cowplyt to foule thyrldome.[2]
Bot gyff he had assayit it,
Than all perquer[3] he suld it wyt;
And suld think fredome mar to pryse
Than all the gold in warld that is.

Barbour makes no mention of Wallace. So ardent a worshipper of freedom might have been expected to strike a note in honour of one who sacrificed life itself in pure devotion to that cause. But to recall Wallace would have jarred with his unqualified eulogy of Bruce, and was not necessary towards the unity of his design. His poem begins with the story of the Bruce, and ends with the burial of his heart at Melrose.

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[1] Love and law. [2] Plenty.
[3] Standing. King Alexander died March 16, 1286.

[1] Quality or nature. [2] Thraldom.
[3] Exactly (Fr. *par cœur*, by heart).

In the subsequent extracts from Barbour and Wyntoun, the cumbrous spelling is reduced, without interference with the rhythm or obsolete words.

### *Bruce's Address to his Army at Bannockburn.*

On Sunday then, in the morning,
Weil soon after the son rising,
They heard their mass commonaly;
And mony them shrave[1] full devoutly,
That thocht to die in that melée,
Or then to make their country free!
To God for their right prayed they:
Their dined nane of them that day;
But, for the vigil of Sanct Jhane,
They fasted, water and bread ilk ane.
The king, when that the mass was done,
Went forth to see the potis[2] soon,
And at his liking saw them made,
On either side right weill braid.
It was pitied, as I have tauld,
If that their faes on horse would hald
Forth in that way, I trow they sal
Nocht weill escape for-outen a fall.
Throughout the host then gart[3] he cry
That all should arm them hastily,
And busk them on their best manner;
And when they assembled were,
He gart array them for the fight:
And syne gart cry oure all on height,
That wha soever he were that fand
His heart nocht sicker[4] for to stand
To win all or die with honour,
For to maintain that stalwart stour,
That he betime should hald his way;
And nane should dwell with them but they
That would stand with him to the end,
And tak the ure[5] that God would send.
Then all answered with a cry,
And with a voice said generally
That nane for doubt of deid[6] should fail
Quhill[7] discomfit were the great battaile.

### *Death of Sir Henry de Bohun.*

And when Gloster and Hereford were
With their battle approachand near,
Before them all there came ridand,
With helm on heid and spear in hand,
Sir Henry the Boune, the worthy,
That was a wicht knicht, and a hardy,
And to the Earl of Hereford cousin;
Armed in arms gude and fine;
Came on a steed a bowshot near,
Before all other that there were:
And knew the king, for that he saw
Him sae range his men on raw,
And by the crown that was set
Also upon his bassinet.
And toward him he went in hy.[8]
And the king sae apertly[9]
Saw him come, forouth all his fears,
In hy till him the horse he steers.
And when Sir Henry saw the king
Come on, foroutin abasing,
Till him he rode in great hy.
He thought that he should weel lichtly
Win him, and have him at his will,
Sin' he him horsit saw sae ill.
Sprent they samen intill a lyng;[1]
Sir Henry missed the noble king;
And he that in his stirrups stude,
With the ax, that was hard and gude,
With sae great main, raucht him a dint,
That nouther hat nor helm micht stint
The heavy dush, that he him gave,
That near the head till the harns clave.
The hand-ax shaft frushit in tway;
And he down to the yird gan gae
All flatlings, for him failit micht.
This was the first straik of the ficht. . . .
When that the king repairit was,
That gart his men all leave the chase,
The lordis of his company
Blamed him, as they durst, greatumly,
That he him put in aventure,
To meet sae stith a knicht, and stour,[2]
In sic point as he then was seen.
For they said weel, it micht have been
Cause of their tynsal[3] everilk ane.
The king answer has made them nane,
But mainit[4] his hand-ax shaft sae
Was with the straik broken in tway.

### *The Battle.*

The Scottismen commonally
Kneelit all doun, to God to pray.
And a short prayer there made they
To God, to help them in that ficht.
And when the English king had sicht
Of them kneeland, he said, in hy:
'Yon folk kneel to ask mercy.'
Sir Ingram[5] said: 'Ye say sooth now—
They ask mercy, but not of you;
For their trespass to God they cry:
I tell you a thing sickerly,
That yon men will all win or die;
For doubt of deid[6] they sall not flee.'
'Now be it sae then!' said the king.
And then, but langer delaying,
They gart trump till the assembly.
On either side men micht then see
Mony a wicht man and worthy,
Ready to do chivalry.
  Thus were they bound on either side;
And Englishmen, with mickle pride,
That were intill their avaward,[7]
To the battle that Sir Edward[8]
Governt and led, held straight their way.
The horse with spurs hastened they,
And prickit upon them sturdily;
And they met them richt hardily.
Sae that, at their assembly there,
Sic a frushing of spears were,
That far away men micht it hear,
That at that meeting forouten were.
Were steeds stickit mony ane;
And mony gude man borne doun and slain; . . .
They dang on other with wappins sair,
Some of the horse, that stickit were,
Rushit and reelit richt rudely. . . .
  The gude earl[9] thither took the way,
With his battle, in gude array,
And assemblit sae hardily,
That men micht hear had they been by,
A great frush of the spears that brast.
There micht men see a hard battle,
And some defend and some assail; . . .
Sae that it seemit weel that they

---

[1] Made confession.
[2] The holes which had been dug in the field.
[3] Caused, ordered.
[4] Secure.
[5] Chance (Fr. *eur*, hazard).
[6] None for fear of death.
[7] Till.
[8] Haste.
[9] Openly.

[1] Sprang forward in a line.
[2] Steady a knight, and battle.
[3] Loss.
[4] Moaned, lamented.
[5] Sir Ingram d'Umphraville.
[6] Fear of death.
[7] The van of the English army.
[8] Edward Bruce.
[9] The Earl of 'Murreff' or Murray.

Were tint, amang sae great menyie,[1]
As they were plungit in the sea.
And when the Englishmen has seen
The earl and all his men, bedeen,
Faucht sae stoutly, but effraying,
Richt as they had nae abasing;
Them pressit they with all their micht.
And they, with spears and swerds bricht,
And axes, that richt sharply share
I'mids the visage, met them there.
There men micht see a stalwart stour,
And mony men of great valour,
With spears, maces, and knives,
And other wappins, wisslit[2] their lives:
Sae that mony fell doun all deid.
The grass waxed with the blude all red. . . .
There micht men hear mony a dint,
And wappins upon armours stint.
And see tumble knichts and steeds,
And mony rich and royal weeds
Defoullit foully under feet.
Some held on loft; some tint the seat.
A lang time thus fechting they were;
That men nae noise micht hear there;
Men heard noucht but granes and dints,
That flew fire, as men flays on flints.
They foucht ilk ane sae eagerly,
That they made nae noise nor cry,
But dang on other at their micht,
With wappins that were burnist bricht. . . .
All four their battles with that were
Fechting in a front halily.
Almighty God! how douchtily
Sir Edward the Bruce and his men
Amang their faes conteinit them than!
Fechting in sae gude covine,[3]
Sae hardy, worthy, and sae fine,
That their vaward frushit was. . . .
Almighty God! wha then micht see
That Stewart Walter, and his rout,
And the gude Douglas, that was sae stout,
Fechting into that stalwart stour;
He sould say that till all honour
They were worthy that in that fight
Sae fast pressed their foes' might.
There micht men see mony a steed
Flying astray, that lord had nane. . . .
There micht men hear ensenzies cry:
And Scottismen cry hardily:
'On them! On them! On them! They fail!'
With that sae hard they gan assail,
And slew all that they micht o'erta'.
And the Scots archers alsua[4]
Shot amang them sae deliverly,
Engrieving them sae greatumly,
That what for them, that with them faucht,
That sae great routis to them raucht,
And pressit them full eagerly;
And what for arrowis, that felly
Mony great wounds gan them ma',
And slew fast off their horse alsua. . . .

The appearance of a mock host, composed of the servants of the Scottish camp, completes the panic of the English army; the king flees, and Sir Giles d'Argentine, rather than 'live shamefully and flee,' bids the king farewell, and rushing again into the fight, is slain. The narrative adds:

They were, to say sooth, sae aghast,
And fled sae fast, richt effrayitly,
That of them a full great party
Fled to the water of Forth, and there
The maist part of them drownit were.
And Bannockburn, betwixt the braes,
Of men, of horse, sae steekit[5] was,
That, upon drownit horse and men,
Men micht pass dry out-ower it then.

---

[1] Lost among so great a company.
[2] Exchanged.
[3] Company.
[4] Also.
[5] Shut up.

## ANDREW WYNTOUN.

About the year 1420, **Andrew Wyntoun**, or, as he describes himself, Androwe of Wyntoune, a canon of St Andrews, and prior of St Serf's Monastery in Lochleven, completed, in eight-syllabled metre, an *Orygynale Cronykil of Scotland*, including much universal history, and extending down to his own time: it may be considered as a Scottish member of the class of rhymed chronicles, and belongs in style to the authors in this section, though produced in part at a later period than Barbour's history. The prior undertook his chronicle at the suggestion of Sir John Wemyss. He divides it into nine books, 'in honowre of the ordrys nyne.' It contains a considerable number of fabulous legends, such as we may suppose to have been told beside the evening-fire of a monastery of those days, and which convey a curious idea of the credulity of the age. The chronicle has little poetical merit, and is greatly inferior to Barbour's *Bruce*, but is interesting for the view it affords of the language, attainments, and manners of the author's time and country. A fine edition of the work, edited by David Macpherson, was published in 1795. The time of Wyntoun's death has not been stated, but he is supposed to have died shortly after completing his chronicle.

### *Macbeth and the Weird Sisters.*

A nycht he thowcht in hys dremyng,
That syttand he wes besyd the kyng
At a sete in hwntyng; swa
Intil his leisch had grewhundys twa:
He thowcht, quhile he wes swa syttand,
He sawe thre wemen by gangand;
And thai wemen than thowcht he
Thre werd systrys mast lyk to be.
The first he hard say, gangand by,
'Lo, yhondyr the Thane of Crumbawchty!'[1]
The tothir woman sayd agane,
'Of Morave yhondyre I se the thane!'
The thryd than sayd, 'I se the king!'
All this he herd in his dremyng. . . .
Sone eftyre that, in his yhowthad,[2]
Of thyr thanydoms he thane wes made;
Syne neyst he thowcht to be king,
Fra Dunkanyis dayis had tane endyng.
The fantasy thus of his dreme
Movyd hym mast to sla his eme;[3]
As he dyd all furth in-dede,
As before yhe herd one rede,
And Dame Grwok,[4] his emys wyf,
Tuk, and led wyth hyr hys lyf,
And held hyr bathe hys wyf and queyne,
As befor than scho had beyne
Till hys eme qwene, lyvand
Quhen he was kyng with crowne rygnend
For lytil in honowre than had he
The greys[5] of affynyte.
All thus quhen his eme was dede,
He succeedyt in his stede;
And sevyntene wyntyr full rygnand
As kyng he wes than in-til Scotland.
All hys tyme wes gret plenté
Abowndand, bath on land and se.
He was in justice rycht lawchful,
And till hys legis all awful.
Quhen Leo the tend was Pape of Rome,[6]
As pylgryne to the court he come;

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[1] Cromarty.
[2] Youthhood.
[3] Uncle (Ang.-Sax. *eam*).
[4] Gruoch.
[5] Degrees (Fr. *gré*).
[6] A chronological error of nearly five hundred years, for Macbeth visited Rome during the pontificate of Leo the Ninth.—*Irving*.

And in his almus he sew[1] sylver
Till all pure folk that had myster :[2]
And all tyme oysyd[3] he to wyrk
Profitably for haly kyrke.

### *St Serf and Satan.*[4]

While St Serf, intil a stead,
Lay after matins in his bed,
The devil came, in foul intent
For til found him with argument,
And said : 'St Serf, by thy werk
I ken thou art a cunning clerk.'
St Serf said : 'Gif I sae be,
Foul wretch, what is that for thee?'
The devil said : 'This questión
I ask in our collatión—
Say where was God, wit ye oucht,
Before that heaven and erd was wroucht?'
St Serf said : 'In himself steadless
His Godhead hampered never was.'
The devil then askit : 'What cause he had
To make the creatures that he made?'
To that St Serf answered there :
'Of creatures made he was makér.
A maker micht he never be,
But gif creatures made had he.'
The devil askit him : 'Why God of noucht
His werkis all full gude had wroucht?'
St Serf answered : 'That Goddis will
Was never to make his werkis ill,
And as envious he had been seen,
Gif nought but he full gude had been.'
St Serf the devil askit than :
'Where God made Adam, the first man?'
'In Ebron Adam formit was,'
St Serf said. And till him Sathanas :
'Where was he, eft that, for his vice,
He was put out of Paradise?'
St Serf said : 'Where he was made.'
The devil askit : 'How lang he bade
In Paradise, after his sin?'
'Seven hours,' Serf said, 'bade he therein.'
'When was Eve made?' said Sathanas.
'In Paradise,' Serf said, 'she was.' . . .
The devil askit : 'Why that ye
Men are quite delivered free,
Through Christ's passion precious boucht,
And we devils sae are noucht?'
St Serf said : 'For that ye
Fell through your awn iniquity;
And through ourselves we never fell,
But through your fellon false counséll.' . . .
Then saw the devil that he could noucht,
With all the wiles that he wrought,
Overcome St Serf. He said than
He kenned him for a wise man.
Forthy there he gave him quit,
For he wan at him na profit.

While Wyntoun was inditing his legendary chronicle in the priory at Lochleven, a secular priest, JOHN FORDUN, canon of Aberdeen cathedral, was gathering and recording the annals of Scotland in Latin. Fordun brought his history, *Scotichronicon*, down to the death of David I. in 1153, but had collected materials extending to the year 1385, about which time he is supposed to have died. His history was then taken up and continued to the death of James I. (1437) by WALTER BOWER or BOWMAKER, abbot of the monastery of St Colm, in the Firth of Forth.

## PROSE LITERATURE.

### SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE.

The translations of King Alfred, the Saxon Chronicle, Saxon laws, charters, and ecclesiastical histories, more or less tinctured with the Norman-French, are our earliest prose compositions. The first English book was SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE'S *Travels*, written in 1356. Mandeville was born at St Albans in the year 1300, and received the liberal education requisite for the profession of medicine. During the thirty-four years previous to 1356, he travelled in Eastern countries (where he appears to have been received with great kindness); and on his return to England, wrote an account of all he had seen, mixed with innumerable fables, derived from preceding historians and romancers, as well as from hearsay. His book was originally written in Latin, then translated into French, and finally into English, 'that every man of my nacioun may undirstonde it.' The following extract, in the original spelling, is from the edition of 1839, edited by J. O. Halliwell:

#### *The Beginning of Mohammed.*

And yee schull understonde, that Machamote was born in Arabye, that was first a pore knave, that kepte cameles, that wenten with marchantes for marchandise; and so befelle that he wente with the marchantes in to Egipt: and thei weren thanne cristene, in tho partyes. And at the deserts of Arabye he wente into a chapelle, where a eremyte duelte. And whan he entered into the chapelle, that was but a lytille and a low thing, and had but a lytyl dore and a low, than the entree began to wexe so gret, and so large, and so high, as though it hadde ben of a gret mynstre or the gate of a paleys. And this was the first myracle, the Sarazins seyn, that Machomete dide in his youthe. Aftre began he for to wexe wyse and ryche, and he was a gret astronomer.

In the following the spelling is simplified :

#### *A Mohammedan's Lecture on Christian Vices.*

And therefore I shall tell you what the Soudan told me upon a day, in his chamber. He let voiden out of his chamber all manner of men, lords and other; for he would speak with me in counsel. And there he asked me how the Christian men governed 'em in our country. And I said [to] him: 'Right well, thonked be God.' And he said [to] me: 'Truly nay; for ye Christian men ne reckon right not how untruly to serve God. Ye should given ensample to the lewed people for to do well, and ye given 'em ensample to don evil. For the commons, upon festival days, when they shoulden go to church to serve God, then gon they to taverns, and ben there in gluttony all the day and all night, and eaten and drinken, as beasts that have no reason, and wit not when they have enow. And therewithal they ben so proud, that they knowen not how to ben clothed; now long, now short, now strait, now large, now sworded, now daggered, and in all manner guises. They shoulden ben simple, meek, and true, and full of alms-deed, as Jesu was, in whom they trow; but they ben all the contrary, and ever inclined to the evil, and to don evil. And they ben so covetous, that for a little silver they sellen 'eir daughters, 'eir sisters, and 'eir own wives, to putten 'em to lechery. And one withdraweth the wife of another; and none of 'em holdeth faith to another, but they defoulen 'eir law, that Jesu Christ betook 'em keep for 'eir salvation. And thus for 'eir sins, han [have] they lost all this lond that we holden. For 'eir sins here, hath God taken 'em in our honds, not only by strength of ourself, but for 'eir sins. For we knowen well in very sooth, that when ye serve God, God will help you; and when he is with you, no man may be against you. And that know we well by our prophecies, that Christian men shall winnen this lond again out of our honds, when they serven God more devoutly. But as long as they ben of foul and unclean living (as they ben now), we have no dread of 'em in no kind; for here God will not helpen 'em in no wise.'

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[1] Scattered, distributed.
[2] From the Danish *mister*, to want.
[3] Used.
[4] St Serf lived in the sixth century, and was the founder of the monastery of which the author was prior. The spelling of the above extract is modernised.

And then I asked him how he knew the state of Christian men. And he answered me, that he knew all the state of the commons also by his messengers; that he sent to all londs, in manner as they were merchants of precious stones, of cloths of gold, and of other things, for to knowen the manner of every country amongs Christian men. And then he let clepe in all the lords that he made voiden first out of his chamber; and there he shewed me four that were great lords in the country, that tolden me of my country, and of many other Christian countries, as well as if they had been of the same country; and they spak French right well, and the Soudan also, whereof I had great marvel. Alas, that it is great slander to our faith and to our laws, when folk that ben withouten law shall reproven us, and undernemen us of our sins. And they that shoulden ben converted to Christ and to the law of Jesu, by our good example and by our acceptable life to God, ben through our wickedness and evil living, far fro us; and strangers fro the holy and very belief shall thus appellen us and holden us for wicked levirs and cursed. And truly they say sooth. For the Saracens ben good and faithful. For they keepen entirely the commandment of the holy book Alcoran, that God sent 'em by his messager, Mohammed; to the which as they sayen, St Gabriel, the angel, oftentime told the will of God.

## JOHN DE TREVISA.

In the year 1387, JOHN TREVISA, a native of Cornwall, but vicar of Berkeley, Gloucestershire, translated Higden's *Polychronicon*. He translated various other Latin works; and, it is said, finished a translation of the Bible (now lost), at the command of his patron, Lord Berkeley. The translation of Higden's *Polychronicon*, 'conteynıng the berynges and dedes of many tymes,' was printed by Caxton in 1482. In this work, Trevisa (or Higden) says the Scots 'draw somewhat' after the speech of the Picts. Men of the east of England, he says, accorded more in speech with those of the west than the men of the south did with the north. 'Al the longage of the Northumbres, specialych at Yorke, ys so scharp, slyttinge, frotynge, unschape, that we Southeron men may that longage unnethe understond.'

## JOHN WYCLIFFE.

JOHN DE WYCLIFFE, the distinguished ecclesiastical reformer and translator of the Bible, was a native of the parish of Wycliffe, near Richmond, in Yorkshire. He was born in 1324; studied at Oxford; and in 1361 obtained the living of Fylingham, in the diocese of Lincoln, and the mastership and wardenship of Baliol College. In 1365, he was transferred to the wardenship of Canterbury Hall—his predecessor, named Wodehall, being deposed; but the next archbishop, Langham, restored Wodehall, and Wycliffe appealing to the pope, the cause was decided against him. This personal matter may have sharpened his zeal against the papal supremacy and doctrines, which he had previously dissented from and begun to attack. His first writings were directed against the mendicant friars and the papal tribute; but having opened a course of theological lectures in Oxford—there being then no formal professor of divinity—he gave more steady and effectual expression to what were termed his heresies. The substance of his lectures he embodied in a Latin treatise, the *Trialogus*, which is directly opposed to the leading tenets of the Roman Catholic Church. Wycliffe, however, did not lose favour by this bold course. He was selected, in 1374, as one of a commission that met at Avignon with the papal envoys, to remonstrate against the power claimed by the pope over English benefices. Some concessions were made by the pope, and Wycliffe was rewarded by the crown with a prebend in Worcestershire, and the rectory of Lutterworth in Leicestershire—the latter being afterwards his chief residence. The heads of the church, however, soon got alarmed at the teaching and opinions of Wycliffe. He was several times cited for heresy, and though strenuously defended by the Duke of Lancaster, he was obliged to shut his theological class in the year 1381. Shortly previous to this, he had put forth decided views against the doctrine of transubstantiation. Thus cut off from public employment, Wycliffe retired to his rectory at Lutterworth, and there, besides writing a number of short treatises, he commenced the translation of the whole of the Scriptures. He was assisted by some disciples and learned friends in translating the Bible from the Latin Vulgate, and the completion of this great work is referred to the year 1383. Wycliffe died in 1384. The religious movement which he originated proceeded with accelerated force. Twenty years afterwards, the statute for burning heretics was passed; and in 1484, the bones of Wycliffe were dug up from the chancel of the church at Lutterworth, burned to ashes, and the ashes thrown into the river Swift. 'This brook,' says Fuller, the church historian, in a passage which brings quaintness to the borders of sublimity, 'hath conveyed his ashes into Avon, Avon into Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, they into the main ocean: and thus the ashes of Wycliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which is now dispersed all the world over.'

The writings of Wycliffe were voluminous and widely circulated, though unaided by the printing-press. His style is vigorous and searching, more homely than scholastic. He was what we would now call a thorough church-reformer. The best specimens of his English are to be found in his translation of the Bible, which materially aided in the development of the resources of the English language. A splendid edition of Wycliffe's Bible was printed at the Clarendon Press, Oxford, in 1850, edited by the Rev. J. Forshall and Sir Frederick Madden.

### *Gospel of St Mark, Chapter I.*[*]

1 The bigynnynge of the gospel of Jhesu Crist, the sone of God.

2 As it is writun in Ysaie, the prophete, Lo! I send myn angel bifore thi face, that schal make thi weye redy before thee.

3 The voyce of oon cryinge in desert, Make ye redy the weye of the Lord, make ye his pathis rihtful.

4 Jhon was in desert baptisynge, and prechinge the baptym of penaunce, into remiscioun of synnes.

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[*] The orthography is very irregular, the same word being often spelled two or three different ways in the same page.

5 And alle men of Jerusalem wenten out to him, and al the cuntree of Judee; and weren baptisid of him in the flood of Jordan, knowlechinge her synnes.

6 And John was clothid with heeris of camelis, and a girdil of skyn abowte his leendis; and he eet locusts, and hony of the wode, and prechide, seyinge:

7 A strengere than I schal come aftir me, of whom I knelinge am not worthi for to vndo, *or vnbynde*, the thwong of his schoon.

8 I have baptisid you in water; forsothe he shal baptise you in the Holy Goost.

9 And it is don in thoo dayes, Jhesus came fro Nazareth of Galilee, and was baptisid of Joon in Jordan.

10 And anoon he styinge vp of the water, sayth heuenes openyd, and the Holy Goost cummynge doun as a culuere, and dwellynge in hym.

11 And a voys is maad fro heuenes, thou art my sone loued, in thee I haue plesid.

12 And anon the Spirit puttide hym in to desert.

13 And he was in desert fourty dayes and fourty nightis, and was temptid of Sathanas, and was with beestis and angelis mynstriden to hym.

14 Forsothe aftir that Joon was taken, Jhesus came in to Galilee, prechinge the gospel of the kyngdam of God,

15 And seiynge, For tyme is fulfillid, and the kyngdam of God shal come niy; forthinke yee, *or do yee penaunce*, and bileue yee to the gospel.

16 And he passynge bisidis the see of Galilee, say Symont, and Andrew, his brother, sendynge nettis into the see; sothely thei weren fishers.

17 And Jhesus seide to hem, Come yee after me; I shal make you to be maad fishers of men.

18 And anoon the nettis forsaken, thei sueden hym.

19 And he gon forth thennes a litil, say James of Zebede, and Joon, his brother, and hem in the boot makynge nettis.

20 And anoon he clepide him; and Zebede, her fadir, left in the boot with hirid seruantis, their sueden hym.

21 And thei wenten forth in to Cafarnaum, and anoon in the sabotis he gon yn into the synagoge, taughte them.

22 And thei wondreden on his techynge; sothely he was techynge hem, as hauynge power, and not as scribis.

23 And in the synagoge of hem was a man in an vnclene spirit, and he cried,

24 Seyinge, What to vs and to thee, thou Jhesu of Nazareth? haste thou cummen bifore the tyme for to destroie vs? Y woot thot thou art the holy of God.

25 And Jhesus thretenyde to hym, seyinge, Wexe dowmb, and go out of the man.

26 And the vnclene goost debrekynge hym, and cryinge with grete vois, wente awey fro hym.

27 And alle men wondriden, so that thei soughten togidre among hem, seyinge, What is this thinge? what is this newe techyng? for in power he comaundith to vnclene spirits, and thei obeyen to hym.

28 And the tale, or *tything*, of hym wente forth anoon in to al the cuntree of Galilee.

### *The Magnificat.*

And Marye seyde: My soul magnifieth the Lord.

And my spiryt hath gladid in God myn helthe.

For he hath behulden the mekenesse of his handmayden: for lo for this alle generatiouns schulen seye that I am blessid.

For he that is mighti hath don to me grete thingis, and his name is holy.

And his mercy is fro kyndrede into kyndredis to men that dreden him.

He hath made myght in his arm, he scatteride proude men with the thoughte of his herte.

He sette doun myghty men fro seete, and enhaunside meke men. He hath fulfillid hungry men with goodis, and he has left riche men voide.

He heuynge mynde of his mercy took up Israel his child.

As he hath spokun to oure fadris, to Abraham, and to his seed into worlds.

Of Wycliffe's earlier controversial works, the following on the mendicant friars is characteristic, the orthography being modernised:

### *The Mendicant Friars.*

Friars been most perilous enemies to Holy Church and all our land, for they letten curates of their office, and spenden commonly and needless sixty thousand mark by year that they robben falsely of the poor people. For, if curates didden their office in good life and true preaching as they been holden upon pain of damning in hell, there were clerks enough of bishops, parsons and other priests; and, in ease, over money to the people. And yet two hundred year agone, there was no friar; and then was our land more plenteous of cattle and men, and they were then stronger of complexion to labour than now; and then were clerks enough. And now been many thousand of friars in England, and the old curates standen still unamended, and among all sin is mere increased, and the people charged by sixty thousand mark by year, and therefore it must needs fail; and so friars suffer curates to live in sin, so that they may rob the people and live in their lusts. For, if curates done well their office, friars weren superflue, and our land should be discharged of many thousand mark; and then the people should better pay their rents to lords, and dimes and offerings to curates, and much flattering and nourishing of sin should be destroyed, and good life and peace and charity shoulden reign among Christian men. And so when all the ground is sought, friars saien thus, indeed: 'Let old curates wax rotten in sin, and let them not do their office by God's law, and we will live in lusts so long, and waste vainly and needless sixty thousand mark by year of the poor commons of the land, and so at the last make dissension between them and their childer for dimes and offerings that we will get privily to us by hypocrisy, and make dissension between lords and their commons. For we will maintain lords to live in their lusts, extortions, and other sins, and the commons in covetise, lechery, and other deceits, with false swearing, and many guiles; and also the curates in their damnation for leaving of their ghostly office, and to be the procurators of the Fiend for to draw all men to hell.' Thus they done, indeed, however they feignen in hypocrisy of pleasing words.

# Second Period 1400-1558. Henry the Fourth to Queen Elizabeth

THE age of Chaucer was succeeded by a period destitute of original genius, and it was not until a century and a half afterwards that the Earl of Surrey revived the national interest in poetry. One cause of this literary stagnation was undoubtedly the disturbed state of the country, in consequence of the sanguinary Wars of the Roses, and the absorbing influence of religious controversy inspired by the doctrines of Wycliffe and the dawn of the Reformation. In the latter part of the fifteenth century, the introduction of the art of printing offered unprecedented and invaluable facilities for the progress of literature; yet in original or powerful composition, we have only three distinguished names—those of James I. of Scotland, Dunbar, and Sir Thomas More.

## OCCLEVE AND LYDGATE.

**THOMAS OCCLEVE** (*circa* 1370–1454) was a disciple of Chaucer, whom he styles his master and poetic father, and whose death he lamented in verse:

O master dear and father reverent,
My master Chaucer, flower of eloquence,
Mirror of fructuous intendement,
O universal father in science!
Alas, that thou thine excellent prudence
In thy bed mortal mightest not bequeathé!
What ailed Death, alas! why would he slay thee?

Occleve's principal work is a version, with additions, of a Latin treatise, *De Regimine Principium*, written by Ægidius, a native of Rome, about 1280. On Occleve's manuscript, preserved in the British Museum, is a drawing by him, a portrait of Chaucer, the only likeness of the old poet, from which all the subsequent engraved portraits have been taken. Occleve's poem is entitled *The Governail of Princes*, and it was printed entire in 1860, edited by Mr T. Wright for the Roxburghe Club. The poet, it appears, held the appointment of Clerk of the Privy Seal; and, as in the case of Chaucer and other poetical officials, his salary or pension seems to have been irregularly paid. He addresses the king (Henry V.) on the subject:

My yearly guerdon, mine annuity,
That was me granted for my long labour,
Is all behind; I may not payed be;
Which causeth me to live in languor.
O liberal prince, ensample of honour,
Unto your grace like it to promote
My poor estate, and to my woe beth boot.[1]

Contemporary with Occleve was **JOHN LYDGATE** (*circa* 1373–1460), a monk of Bury, born at Lydgate, near Newmarket. His poetical compositions range over a great variety of styles. 'His muse,' says Warton, 'was of universal access; and he was not only the poet of the monastery, but of the world in general. If a disguising was intended by the company of goldsmiths, a mask before his majesty at Eltham, a May-game for the sheriffs and aldermen of London, a mumming before the lord mayor, a procession of pageants from the creation for the festival of *Corpus Christi*, or a carol for the coronation, Lydgate was consulted, and gave the poetry.' The principal works of this versatile writer are entitled, *The Story of Thebes*, *The Falls of Princes*, and *The Destruction of Troy*. He had travelled in France and Italy, and studied the poetry of those countries.

In the words of Warton, 'there is great softness and facility' in the following passage (spelling modernised) of Lydgate's *Destruction of Troy*:

### *Description of a Silvan Retreat.*

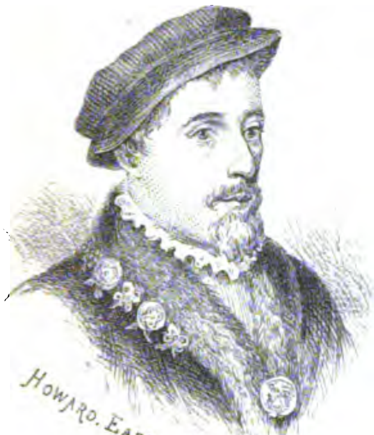
Till at the last, among the bowes glade,
Of adventure, I caught a pleasant shade;
Full smooth, and plain, and lusty for to seen,
And soft as velvet was the yonge green:
Where from my horse I did alight as fast,
And on the bow aloft his reine cast.
So faint and mate of weariness I was,
That I me laid adown upon the grass,
Upon a brinke, shortly for to tell,
Beside the river of a crystal well;
And the water, as I reherse can,
Like quicke silver in his streams y-ran,
Of which the gravel and the brighte stone,
As any gold, against the sun y-shone.

We add a few lines in the original orthography of the poet—a passage in the *Story of Thebes*, shewing that truth hath ever in the end victory over falsehood:

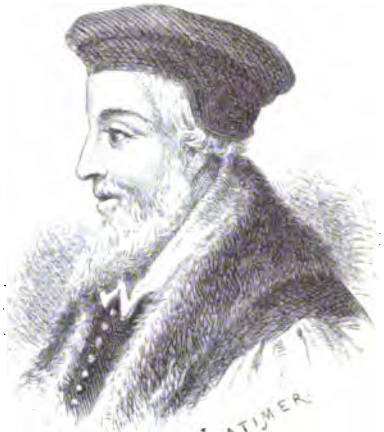
Ageyn trouth falshed hath no myght;
Fy on querilis nat grounded upon right!
With-oute which may be no victorye,
Therefor ech man ha this in memoyre,
That gret pouer, shortly to conclude,
Plenty of good, nor moch multitude,

---

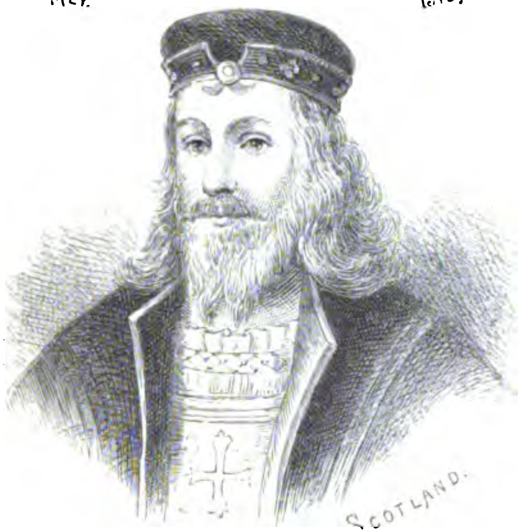
[1] Give remedy.



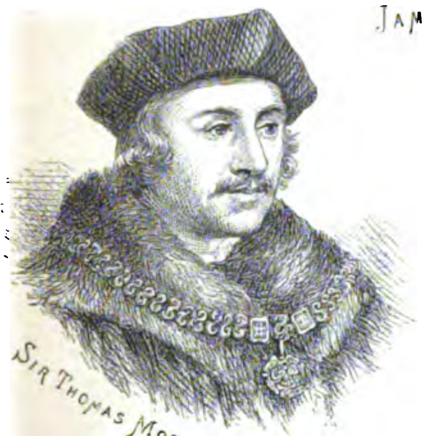
Howard, Earl of Surrey.



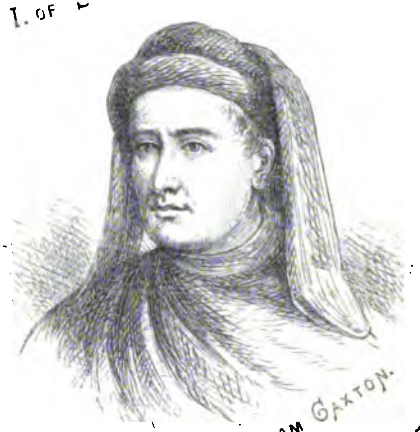
Bishop Latimer.



James I. of Scotland.



Sir Thomas More



William Caxton.

J.P.T. del

C. Roberts sc

II.

Scleight or engyne, fors or felonye,
Arn to feble to holden chanpartye[1]
Ageyns trouth, who that list take hede;
For at the end falshede may not spede
Tendure long; ye shul fynde it thus.

A fugitive poem of Lydgate, called *The London Lyckpenny*, is curious for the particulars it gives respecting the city of London in the early part of the fifteenth century. The poet has come to town in search of legal redress for some wrong, and visits, in succession, the King's Bench, the Court of Common Pleas, the Court of Chancery, and Westminster Hall.

### *The London Lyckpenny.*

Within this hall, neither rich nor yet poor
Would do for me ought, although I should die:
Which seeing, I gat me out of the door,
Where Flemings began on me for to cry:
'Master, what will you copen[2] or buy?
Fine felt hats? or spectacles to read?
Lay down your silver, and here you may speed.'

Then to Westminster gate I presently went,
When the sun was at high prime:
Cooks to me they took good intent,[3]
And proffered me bread, with ale and wine,
Ribs of beef, both fat and full fine;
A fair cloth they gan for to spread,
But, wanting money, I might not then speed.

Then unto London I did me hie,
Of all the land it beareth the prize;
'Hot peascods!' one began to cry;
'Strawberry ripe, and cherries in the rise!'[4]
One bade me come near and buy some spice;
Pepper and saffron they gan me beed;[5]
But, for lack of money, I might not speed.

Then to the Cheap I gan me drawn,
Where much people I saw for to stand;
One offered me velvet, silk, and lawn;
Another he taketh me by the hand,
'Here is Paris thread, the finest in the land!'
I never was used to such things, indeed;
And, wanting money, I might not speed.

Then went I forth by London Stone,[6]
Throughout all Canwick Street:
Drapers much cloth me offered anon;
Then comes me one cried 'Hot sheep's feet;'
One cried mackerel, rushes green, another gan greet;[7]
One bade me buy a hood to cover my head;
But, for want of money, I might not be sped.

Then I hied me unto East-Cheap,
One cries ribs of beef, and many a pie;
Pewter pots they clattered on a heap;
There was harp, pipe, and minstrelsy;
Yea by cock! nay by cock! some began cry;
Some sung of Jenkin and Julian for their meed;
But, for lack of money, I might not speed.

Then into Cornhill anon I yode,
Where was much stolen gear among;
I saw where hung mine owne hood,
That I had lost among the throng;
To buy my own hood I thought it wrong:
I knew it well, as I did my creed;
But, for lack of money, I could not speed.

The taverner took me by the sleeve,
'Sir,' sith he, 'will you our wine assay?'
I answered: 'That can not much me grieve,
A penny can do no more than it may;'
I drank a pint, and for it did pay;
Yet, sore a-hungered from thence I yede,
And, wanting money, I could not speed; &c.

## ALEXANDER BARCLAY AND STEPHEN HAWES.

The *Ship of Fools* and the *Pastime of Pleasure* are the only poetical works of any importance in the reign of Henry VII. ALEXANDER BARCLAY (who was in orders, and survived till 1552) wrote several allegorical pieces and some eclogues—the latter supposed to be the first compositions of the kind attempted in the English language. But his greatest work is his *Ship of Fools*, printed in 1509. It is a translation from the German of Brandt, with additions from various quarters, including satirical portraits and sketches by Barclay of his own countrymen. His ship is freighted with fools of all kinds, but their folly is somewhat dull and tedious. Barclay, however, was an improver of the English language.

### *The Book-collector, or Bibliomaniac.*

From Barclay's *Ship of Fools.*

That in this ship the chief place I govern,
By this wide sea with fools wandering,
The cause is plain and easy to discern—
Still am I busy book assembling;
For to have plenty it is a pleasant thing
In my conceit, and to have them aye in hand,
But what they mean, do I not understand.

But yet I have them in great reverence
And honour, saving them from filth and ordure,
By often brushing and much diligence;
Full goodly bound in pleasant coverture
Of damask, satin, or else of velvet pure;
I keep them sure, fearing lest they should be lost,
For in them is the cunning wherein I me boast.

STEPHEN HAWES was an allegorical poet of much more power. His *Pastime of Pleasure, or the Historie of Grande Amour and La Bel Pucel*, was written in 1506, dedicated to King Henry—in whose court the poet held the office of groom of the privy-chamber—and printed in 1517 by Wynkyn de Worde. Two more editions were called for during the same century, in 1554 and 1555, and from this time it was known only to black-letter readers until, in 1846, it was reprinted by Mr Wright for the Percy Society; but even the convenience of easy access and modern type has not made Hawes much better known. His poem is long, and little interest is felt in his personified virtues. The *Pastime of Pleasure*, however, is a work of no ordinary poetical talent. It is full of thought, of ingenious analogy, and occasionally of striking allegory. A few stanzas, stripped of the disused spelling, will shew the state of the language after Lydgate, of whom Hawes was a great admirer.

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[1] Too feeble to hold equal power in the field. Chanpartye, Fr. *champ parti.*

[2] *Koopen* (Flem.) is to buy.

[3] Took notice; paid attention.

[4] On the twig.

[5] Offer.

[6] A fragment of London Stone is still preserved in Cannon Street, formerly called Canwick or Candlewick Street. It is built into the street-wall of the church of St Swithin.

[7] Cry.

### *The Temple of Mars.*

Beside this tower of old foundation,
There was a temple strongly edified,
To the high honour and reputation
Of the mighty Mars it was so fortified;
And for to know what it signified
I entered in, and saw of gold so pure
Of worthy Mars, the marvellous picture.

There was depainted all about the wall
The great destruction of the siege of Troy,
And the noble acts to reign memorial
Of the worthy Hector that was all their joy,
His dolorous death was hard to occoye;
And so when Hector was cast all down,
The hardy Troilus was most high of renown.

And as I cast my sight so aside,
Beholding Mars how wonderfully he stood
On a wheel top, with a lady of pride,
Haunced about, I thought nothing but good
But that she had two faces in one hood;
Yet I knelt down, and made my orison
To doughty Mars with great devotion.

Saying: 'O Mars! O god of the war!
The gentle load-star of an hardy heart,
Distil adown thy grace from so far,
To cause all fear from me to start,
That in the field I may right well subvert
The hideous monsters, and win the victory
Of the sturdy giants with famous chivalry.

'O prince of honour and of worthy fame!
O noble knights of old antiquity!
O redoubted courage, the causer of their name,
Whose worthy acts Fame caused to be
In books written, as ye well may see—
So give me grace right well to recure
The power of fame that shall so long endure.'

## JOHN SKELTON.

Barclay, in his *Ship of Fools*, alludes to JOHN SKELTON, who was decked as poet-laureate at Oxford:

> If they have smelled the arts trivial,
> They count them poets high and heroical.

Skelton is certainly more of a trivial than a heroical poet. He was a satirist of great volubility, fearlessness, and scurrility. In attacking Cardinal Wolsey, for example, he alludes to his 'greasy genealogy.' The clergy were the special objects of his abuse, as with most of the old satirists. So early as 1483, Skelton appeared as a satirist; he was laureated in Oxford in 1489; and to escape from the vengeance of Wolsey, he took shelter in the sanctuary of Westminster Abbey, where he resided till his death in 1529. Skelton is a sort of rhyming Rabelais—as indelicate and gross, which with both was to some extent necessary as a cover to their satire. The copiousness of Skelton's language, and his command of rhyme in short rattling verses, prove the advance of the language. The works of Skelton were edited by the Rev. A. Dyce, and printed in 1843. The most poetical of his productions is entitled *Philip Sparrow*, an elegy on the death of a pet bird. A few lines from his *Colin Clout* will shew the torrent-like flow of his doggerel rhymes:

### *A Satire on the Clergy.*

Thus I, Colin Clout,
As I go about,
And wandering as I walk,
I hear the people talk:
Men say for silver and gold
Mitres are bought and sold.
There shall no clergy oppose
A mitre nor a croze,
But a full purse—
A straw for God's curse!
What are they the worse?
For a simoniac
Is but a hermoniac,
And no more ye may make
Of simony, men say,
But a child's play;
Over this the foresaid lay
Report how the pope may
A holy anchorite call
Out of the stony wall,
And him a bishop make,
If he on him dare take
To keep so hard a rule
To ride upon a mule,
With gold all be-trapped,
In purple and pall be-lapped,
Some hatted and some capped,
Richly be-wrapped
(God wot to their great pains)
In rochets of fine reins,
White as morrow's milk
Their taberts of fine silk,
Their stirrups of mixed gold begared,
There may no cost be spared.
Their moils gold doth eat,
Their neighbours die for meat—
What care they though Gill sweat,
Or Jack of the Noke?
The poor people they yoke
With summons and citations
And excommunications,
About churches and market:
The bishop on his carpet
Full soft doth sit—
This is a fearful fit
To hear the people jangle
How warily they wrangle!

### *Cardinal Wolsey.*

Our barons are so bold,
Into a mouse-hole they would
Run away and creep,
Like as many sheep,
Dare not look out a door,
For dread of the mastiff cur,
For dread of the butcher's dog
Would worry them like a hog. . .
For all their noble blood,
He plucks them by the hood,
And shakes them by the ear,
And brings them in such fear,
He baiteth them like a bear. . .
And beneath him they're so stout
That no man of them dare rout,
Duke, earl, baron, nor lord,
But to his sentence must accord;
Whether he be knight or squire,
All must follow his desire.

Skelton's serious poetry is greatly inferior to his ludicrous and satirical; but the following effusion of gallantry is not unworthy the pen of a laureate:

*To Mrs Margaret Hussey.*

Merry Margaret,
As midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon,
Or hawk of the tower;
With solace and gladness,
Much mirth and no madness,
All good and no badness;
So joyously,
So maidenly,
So womanly,
Her demeaning,
In everything,
Far, far passing
That I can indite,
Or suffice to write,
Of Merry Margaret,
As midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon,
Or hawk of the tower;
As patient and as still,
And as full of good will,
As fair Isiphil,
Coliander,
Sweet Pomander,
Good Cassander;
Steadfast of thought,
Well made, well wrought,
Far may be sought,
Ere you can find
So courteous, so kind,
As Merry Margaret,
This midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon,
Or hawk of the tower.

## EARL OF SURREY.

Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, was the grandson of the Duke of Norfolk who, for his services in the battle of Flodden, regained the title of Duke, lost by his father at Bosworth, where 'Dickon, his master, was bought and sold.' Great obscurity hangs over the personal history of the accomplished Surrey, and the few known facts have been blended with a mass of fable. He was born about the year 1517; in 1526 was made cup-bearer to the king; in 1532 accompanied Henry on his famous visit to Boulogne; and the same year was contracted in marriage to Lady Francis Vere, daughter of the Earl of Oxford. On account of the youth of Surrey, the marriage, however, did not take place till 1535. In March 1536 his son Thomas was born. In 1542 he accompanied his father, commander of the English forces, to Scotland, and assisted in the campaign which devastated the Scottish Borders. Surrey was present at the burning of Kelso. In the subsequent war with France, Surrey was again distinguished; but the army he commanded was overpowered by numbers near St Etienne in January 1545-6, and shortly afterwards he was virtually recalled. The enmity of Lord Hertford is supposed to have aggravated the royal displeasure towards Surrey. In December 1546 he was committed to the Tower; he was tried on 13th January 1545-6, and executed on the 21st. Henry VIII. died a week afterwards, on the 28th. The charge against Surrey was that he had assumed the royal arms—the arms of Edward the Confessor. When he did so Henry was on his deathbed, and the assumption was part of a scheme to claim the regency for the Howards instead of the Seymours. The poems of this chivalrous and unfortunate nobleman were not printed until ten years after his death. They were published in a volume entitled *Tottel's Miscellany*, 1557, the first collection of English poetry by different writers, and which ran through six editions in seven years. The love-strains of Surrey, addressed to some unknown Geraldine, were adopted by Nash, the well-known dramatic poet and miscellaneous writer, as the basis of a series of romantic fictions, in which the noble poet was represented as travelling in Italy, proclaiming the beauty of his Geraldine, and defending her matchless charms in tilt and tournament. At the court of the emperor, Surrey was said to have met with the famous magician, Cornelius Agrippa, who shewed him, in a necromantic mirror, his Geraldine languishing on a couch reading one of his sonnets! The whole of this knightly legend was a fabrication by Nash, but it long held possession of the popular mind. All that is known of the poet's Geraldine is contained in this sonnet:

From Tuscane came my lady's worthy race;
Fair Florence was sometime their ancient seat;
The western isle whose pleasant shore doth face
Wild Camber's cliffs, did give her lively heat:
Fostered she was with milk of Irish breast;
Her sire, an earl; her dame of princes' blood:
From tender years, in Britain doth she rest
With king's child, where she tasteth costly food.
Hunsdon did first present her to my eyen:
Bright is her hue, and Geraldine she hight:
Hampton me taught to wish her first for mine;
And Windsor, alas! doth chase me from her sight.
Her beauty of kind, her virtue from above—
Happy is he that can obtain her love!

The description is here so minute and specific, that, if actually real, the lady must have been known to many of the readers of Surrey's manuscript verses. Horace Walpole endeavoured to prove that the Geraldine of the poet was Lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald; but Lady Elizabeth was only twelve or thirteen years old when Surrey is supposed to have fallen in love with her. Mr Hallam has said that Surrey did much for his own country and his native language, but that his taste is more striking than his genius. His poetry is certainly remarkable for correctness of style and purity of expression. He was among the first, if not the very first, to introduce blank verse into our poetry, and to reject the pedantry which overflows in the pages of his predecessors.

*Prisoner in Windsor, he recounteth his Pleasure there passed.*

So cruel prison how could betide, alas!
  As proud Windsor? where I, in lust and joy,
With a king's son, my childish years did pass,
  In greater feast than Priam's son of Troy:

Where each sweet place returns a taste full sour!
  The large green courts where we were wont to hove,[1]
With eyes cast up into the Maiden Tower,
  And easy sighs such as folk draw in love.

The stately seats, the ladies bright of hue;
  The dances short, long tales of great delight,
With words and looks that tigers could but rue,
  Where each of us did plead the other's right.

---

[1] Hover, loiter.

The palm-play, where, despoiled for the game,
With dazed eyes oft we by gleams of love,
Have missed the ball and got sight of our dame,
To bait her eyes, which kept the leads above.

The gravel ground, with sleeves tied on the helm
Of foaming horse,[1] with swords and friendly hearts;
With cheer, as though one should another whelm,
Where we have fought, and chased oft with darts;

With silver drops the mead yet spread for ruth,
In active games of nimbleness and strength,
Where we did strain, trained with swarms of youth,
Our tender limbs that yet shot up in length:

The secret groves which oft we made resound,
Of pleasant plaint, and of our ladies' praise,
Recording oft what grace each one had found,
What hope of speed, what dread of long delays:

The wild forest, the clothed holts with green,
With reins availed[2] and swift ybreathed horse;
With cry of hounds, and merry blasts between,
Where we did chase the fearful hart of force.

The wide vales, eke, that harboured us each night,
Wherewith, alas, reviveth in my breast,
The sweet accord such sleeps as yet delight,
The pleasant dreams, the quiet bed of rest:

The secret thoughts imparted with such trust,
The wanton talk, the divers change of play,
The friendship sworn, each promise kept so just;
Wherewith we passed the winter nights away.

And with this thought, the blood forsakes the face,
The tears berain my cheeks of deadly hue,
The which, as soon as sobbing sighs, alas,
Upsupped have, thus I my plaint renew:

O place of bliss! renewer of my woes,
Give me accounts, where is my noble fere;[3]
Whom in thy walls, thou dost each night inclose;
To other leef,[4] but unto me most dear:

Echo, alas! that doth my sorrow rue,
Returns thereto a hollow sound of plaint.
Thus I alone, where all my freedom grew,
In prison pine with bondage and restraint,

And with remembrance of the greater grief
To banish the less, I find my chief relief.

### *How no Age is content with his Own Estate, and how the Age of Children is the happiest, if they had skill to understand it.*

Laid in my quiet bed,
In study as I were,
I saw within my troubled head
A heap of thoughts appear.

And every thought did shew
So lively in mine eyes,
That now I sighed, and then I smiled,
As cause of thoughts did rise.

I saw the little boy,
In thought how oft that he
Did wish of God, to scape the rod,
A tall young man to be.

The young man eke that feels
His bones with pains opprest,
How he would be a rich old man,
To live and lie at rest:

The rich old man that sees
His end draw on so sore,
How he would be a boy again,
To live so much the more!

Whereat full oft I smiled,
To see how all these three,
From boy to man, from man to boy,
Would chop and change degree:

And musing thus, I think,
The case is very strange,
That man from wealth, to live in woe,
Doth ever seek to change.

Thus thoughtful as I lay,
I saw my withered skin,
How it doth shew my dented thews,
The flesh was worn so thin;

And eke my toothless chaps,
The gates of my right way,
That opes and shuts as I do speak,
Do thus unto me say:

'The white and hoarish hairs,
The messengers of age,
That shew, like lines of true belief,
That this life doth assuage;

'Bids thee lay hand, and feel
Them hanging on my chin.
The which do write two ages past,
The third now coming in.

'Hang up, therefore, the bit
Of thy young wanton time;
And thou that therein beaten art,
The happiest life define.'

Whereat I sighed, and said:
'Farewell, my wonted joy,
Truss up thy pack, and trudge from me,
To every little boy;

'And tell them thus from me,
Their time most happy is,
If to their time they reason had,
To know the truth of this.'

### *The Means to Attain a Happy Life.*

Martial, the things that do attain
The happy life, be these, I find,
The riches left, not got with pain;
The fruitful ground, the quiet mind,

The equal friend; no grudge, no strife;
No charge of rule, nor governance;
Without disease, the healthful life;
The household of continuance:

The mean diet, no delicate fare;
True wisdom joined with simpleness;
The night discharged of all care;
Where wine the wit may not oppress.

The faithful wife, without debate;
Such sleeps as may beguile the night;
Contented with thine own estate,
Ne wish for Death, ne fear his might.

**We add a few lines of Surrey's blank verse, from his translation of the Second Book of the *Æneid:***

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[1] A lover tied the sleeve of his mistress on the head of his horse.
[2] Reins dropped. [3] Companion. [4] Agreeable.

It was the time when, granted from the gods,
The first sleep creeps most sweet in weary folk,
Lo, in my dream before mine eyes, methought
With rueful cheer I saw where Hector stood
(Out of whose eyes there gushed streams of tears),
Drawn at a car as he of late had been,
Distained with bloody dust, whose feet were bowl'n[1]
With the strait cords wherewith they haled him.
Ay me, what one? That Hector how unlike
Which erst returned clad with Achilles' spoils,
Or when he threw into the Greekish ships
The Trojan flame!—So was his beard defiled,
His crisped locks all clustered with his blood,
With all such wounds as many he received
About the walls of that his native town.

## SIR THOMAS WYATT.

In *Tottel's Miscellany* were also first printed the poems of Sir Thomas Wyatt (1503–1542), a distinguished courtier and man of wit, who was fortunate enough to escape the capricious tyranny of Henry VIII. and who may be said to have died in the king's service. While travelling on a mission to France, and riding fast in the heat of summer, he was attacked with a fever that proved mortal. Wyatt entertained a secret passion for Anne Boleyn, whom he has commemorated in his verse. His satires are more spirited than Surrey's, and one of his lighter pieces, his *Ode to a Lute*, is a fine amatory effusion. He was, however, inferior to his noble friend in general poetical power.

### *The Lover's Lute cannot be blamed, though it sing of his Lady's Unkindness.*

Blame not my Lute! for he must sound
Of this or that as liketh me;
For lack of wit the Lute is bound
To give such tunes as pleaseth me;
Though my songs be somewhat strange,
And speak such words as touch my change,
Blame not my Lute!

My Lute, alas! doth not offend,
Though that perforce he must agree
To sound such tunes as I intend
To sing to them that heareth me;
Then though my songs be somewhat plain,
And toucheth some that use to feign,
Blame not my Lute!

My Lute and strings may not deny,
But as I strike they must obey;
Break not them so wrongfully,
But wreak thyself some other way;
And though the songs which I indite
Do quit thy change with rightful spite,
Blame not my Lute!

Spite asketh spite, and changing change,
And falsed faith must needs be known;
The faults so great, the case so strange;
Of right it must abroad be blown:
Then since that by thine own desert
My songs do tell how true thou art,
Blame not my Lute!

Blame but thyself that hast misdone,
And well deserved to have blame;
Change thou thy way, so evil begone,
And then my Lute shall sound that same;
But if till then my fingers play,
By thy desert their wonted way,
Blame not my Lute!

Farewell! unknown; for though thou break
My strings in spite with great disdain,
Yet have I found out, for thy sake,
Strings for to string my Lute again:
And if perchance this silly rhyme
Do make thee blush at any time,
Blame not my Lute!

### *The Re-cured Lover exulteth in his Freedom, and voweth to remain Free until Death.*

I am as I am, and so will I be;
But how that I am none knoweth truly.
Be it ill, be it well, be I bond, be I free,
I am as I am, and so will I be.

I lead my life indifferently;
I mean nothing but honesty;
And though folks judge full diversely,
I am as I am, and so will I die.

I do not rejoice, nor yet complain,
Both mirth and sadness I do refrain,
And use the means since folks will feign;
Yet I am as I am, be it pleasant or pain.

Divers do judge as they do trow,
Some of pleasure and some of woe,
Yet for all that nothing they know;
But I am as I am, wheresoever I go.

But since judgers do thus decay,
Let every man his judgment say;
I will it take in sport and play,
For I am as I am, whosoever say nay.

Who judgeth well, well God them send;
Who judgeth evil, God them amend;
To judge the best therefore intend.
For I am as I am, and so will I end.

Yet some there be that take delight,
To judge folk's thought for envy and spite;
But whether they judge me wrong or right,
I am as I am, and so do I write.

Praying you all that this do read,
To trust it as you do your creed;
And not to think I change my weed,
For I am as I am, however I speed.

But how that is I leave to you;
Judge as ye list, false or true,
Ye know no more than afore ye knew,
Yet I am as I am, whatever ensue.

And from this mind I will not flee,
But to you all that misjudge me,
I do protest, as ye may see,
That I am as I am, and so will be.

### *That Pleasure is mixed with every Pain.*

Venomous thorns that are so sharp and keen
Bear flowers, we see, full fresh and fair of hue,
Poison is also put in medicine,
And unto man his health doth oft renew.
The fire that all things eke consumeth clean,
May hurt and heal: then if that this be true,
I trust some time my harm may be my health,
Since every woe is joined with some wealth.

---

[1] The participle of the Saxon verb to *bolge*, which gives the derivation of *bulge*.—*Tyrwhitt's Chaucer*.

### *The Courtier's Life.*

In court to serve decked with fresh array,
Of sugared meats feeling the sweet repast,
The life in banquets and sundry kinds of play;
Amid the press the worldly looks to waste;
Hath with it joined oft-times such bitter taste,
That whoso joys such kind of life to hold,
In prison joys, fettered with chains of gold.

### *Of the Mean and Sure Estate.*

Stand whoso lists upon the slippery wheel
Of high estate, and let me here rejoice,
And use my life in quietness each deal,
Unknown in court that hath the wanton joys.
In hidden place my time shall slowly pass,
And when my years be passed without annoy,
Let me die old after the common trace,
For grips of death do he too hardly pass
That known is to all, but to himself, alas!
He dieth unknown, dazed with dreadful face.

## LORD VAUX—NICHOLAS GRIMOALD—RICHARD EDWARDS—WILLIAM HUNNIS—SIR F. BRYAN—VISCOUNT ROCHFORT.

**Thomas, Lord Vaux**, was born about 1510, and died in the reign of Queen Mary. He was captain of the isle of Jersey under Henry VIII. Poems by Vaux are in *Tottel's Miscellany*, and no less than thirteen short pieces of his composition are in a second miscellany (prompted, no doubt, by the unexampled success of Tottel's collection), entitled *The Paradise of Dainty Devices*, 1576.—**Nicholas Grimoald** (*circa* 1520–1563), a rhetorical lecturer in Oxford University, has two translations from the Latin of Philip Gaultier and Beza in *Tottel's Miscellany*, both of which are in blank verse. He wrote also several small poems.*—**Richard Edwards** (*circa* 1523–1566) was the most valuable contributor to the *Dainty Devices*. He was master of the singing-boys of the royal chapel, and is known as a writer of court interludes and masks. His verses, entitled *Amantium Iræ*, are among the best of the miscellaneous poems of that age.—**William Hunnis**, who died in 1568, was also attached to Edward VI.'s chapel, and afterwards master of the boys of Queen Elizabeth's chapel. He translated the Psalms, and wrote some religious treatises and scriptural interludes. Mr Hallam considers that Hunnis should be placed as high as Vaux or Edwards, were his productions all equal to one little piece (a song which we subjoin); 'but too often,' adds the critic, 'he falls into trivial morality and a ridiculous excess of alliteration.' These defects characterise most of the minor poets of this period.—Drayton, in one of his poetical epistles, mentions **Sir Francis Bryan**, nephew to Lord Berners, the translator of Froissart, as a contributor to *Tottel's Miscellany;* and **George Boleyn, Viscount Rochfort** (brother of Anne Boleyn), has been named as another contributor. The contemporary impression of their talents was great, and both were almost adored at court, though Boleyn was sacrificed by Henry VIII. on a revolting and groundless charge. We may mention, as illustrating the popularity of the first English *Miscellany* (that of Tottel), that it appears to have caught the attention of Shakspeare, who has transplanted some lines from it into his *Hamlet*, and that it soothed the confinement of Mary Queen of Scots, who is said to have written two lines from one of the poems with a diamond on a window in Fotheringay Castle. The lines are:

And from the top of all my trust
Mishap hath thrown me in the dust.

### *On a Contented Mind.—By Lord Vaux.*

From *The Paradise of Dainty Devices*, 1576.

When all is done and said,
  In the end thus shall you find,
He most of all doth bathe in bliss
  That hath a quiet mind:
And, clear from worldly cares,
  To deem can be content
The sweetest time in all his life
  In thinking to be spent.

The body subject is
  To fickle Fortune's power,
And to a million of mishaps
  Is casual every hour:
And Death in time doth change
  It to a clod of clay;
When as the mind, which is divine,
  Runs never to decay.

Companion none is like
  Unto the mind alone;
For many have been harmed by speech;
  Through thinking, few or none.
Fear oftentimes restraineth words,
  But makes not thought to cease;
And he speaks best that hath the skill
  When for to hold his peace.

Our wealth leaves us at death;
  Our kinsmen at the grave;
But virtues of the mind unto
  The heavens with us we have.
Wherefore, for virtue's sake,
  I can be well content,
The sweetest time of all my life
  To deem in thinking spent.

### *Amantium Iræ Amoris Redintegratio Est.—By Richard Edwards.*

From the same.

In going to my naked bed, as one that would have slept,
I heard a wife sing to her child, that long before had wept.
She sighed sore, and sang full sweet, to bring the babe to rest,
That would not cease, but cried still, in sucking at her breast.
She was full weary of her watch, and grieved with her child;
She rocked it, and rated it, until on her it smiled;
Then did she say: 'Now have I found the proverb true to prove,
The falling out of faithful friends renewing is of love.'

---

* In a sonnet by Sir Egerton Brydges on the death of Sir Walter Scott, is a fine line often quoted:

The glory dies not, and the grief is past.

The same sentiment had been thus expressed by Grimoald:

In working well if travel you sustain,
Into the wind shall lightly pass the pain,
But of the deed the glory shall remain.

Then took I paper, pen, and ink, this proverb for to write,
In register for to remain of such a worthy wight.
As she proceeded thus in song unto her little brat,
Much matter uttered she of weight in place whereas she sat;
And proved plain, there was no beast, nor creature bearing life,
Could well be known to live in love without discórd and strife:
Then kissed she her little babe, and sware by God above,
'The falling out of faithful friends renewing is of love.'

. . . . . .

'I marvel much, pardie,' quoth she, 'for to behold the rout,
To see man, woman, boy, and beast, to toss the world about;
Some kneel, some crouch, some beck, some check, and some can smoothly smile,
And some embrace others in arms, and there think many a wile.
Some stand aloof at cap and knee, some humble, and some stout,
Yet are they never friends indeed until they once fall out.'
Thus ended she her song, and said, before she did remove:
'The falling out of faithful friends renewing is of love.'

### *Song.—By William Hunnis.*

From the same.

When first mine eyes did view and mark
Thy beauty fair for to behold,
And when mine ears 'gan first to hark
The pleasant words that thou me told,
I would as then I had been free
From ears to hear and eyes to see.

And when in mind I did consent
To follow thus my fancy's will,
And when my heart did first relent
To taste such bait myself to spill,
I would my heart had been as thine,
Or else thy heart as soft as mine.

O flatterer false! thou traitor born—
What mischief more might thou devise
Than thy dear friend to have in scorn,
And him to wound in sundry wise,
Which still a friend pretends to be,
But art not so by proof, I see—
Fie, fie upon such treachery!

### *A Praise of his Lady.—Said to be by George Boleyn, beheaded in* 1536. *Also claimed for John Heywood.*

From *Tottel's Miscellany.*

Give place, you ladies, and be gone;
Boast not yourselves at all,
For here at hand approacheth one
Whose face will stain you all.

The virtue of her lively looks
Excels the precious stone;
I wish to have none other books
To read or look upon.

In each of her two crystal eyes
Smileth a naked boy;
It would you all in heart suffice
To see that lamp of joy.

I think Nature hath lost the mould
Where she her shape did take;
Or else I doubt if Nature could
So fair a creature make.

She may be well compared
Unto the Phœnix kind,
Whose like was never seen or heard,
That any man can find.

In life she is Diana chaste;
In truth Penelope;
In word and eke in deed steadfast;
What will you more we say?

If all the world were sought so far,
Who could find such a wight?
Her beauty twinkleth like a star
Within the frosty night.

Her roseal colour comes and goes
With such a comely grace,
More ruddier too than doth the rose,
Within her lively face.

At Bacchus' feast none shall her meet,
Ne at no wanton play,
Nor gazing in an open street,
Nor gadding as astray.

The modest mirth that she doth use,
Is mixed with shamefastness;
All vice she wholly doth refuse,
And hateth idleness.

O Lord, it is a world to see
How virtue can repair,
And deck her in such modesty,
Whom nature made so fair!

Truly she doth as far excel
Our women now-a-days,
As doth the gilly-flower a weed,
And more a thousand ways.

How might I do to get a graff
Of this unspotted tree?
For all the rest are plain but chaff
Which seem good corn to be.

This gift alone I shall her give:
When Death doth what he can,
Her honest fame shall ever live
Within the mouth of man.

## THOMAS TUSSER.

THOMAS TUSSER, author of the first didactic poem in the language, was born about 1515, of an ancient family, had a good education, and commenced life at court, under the patronage of Lord Paget. Afterwards he practised farming successively at Ratwood in Sussex, Ipswich, Fairsted in Essex, Norwich, and other places; but not succeeding in that walk, he betook himself to other occupations, amongst which were those of a chorister and, it is said, a fiddler. As might be expected of one so inconstant, he did not prosper in the world, but died poor in London, in 1580.

Tusser's poem, entitled a *Hondreth Good Points of Husbandrie*, which was first published in 1557, is a series of practical directions for farming, expressed in simple and inelegant, but not always dull verse. It was afterwards expanded by other writers, and published under the title of *Five Hundreth Points of Good Husbandrie:* the last of a considerable number of editions appeared in 1710.

### *Directions for Cultivating a Hop-garden.*

Whom fancy persuadeth, among other crops,
To have for his spending sufficient of hops,
Must willingly follow, of choices to choose,
Such lessons approved, as skilful do use.

Ground gravelly, sandy, and mixed with clay,
Is naughty for hops, any manner of way.
Or if it be mingled with rubbish and stone,
For dryness and barrenness let it alone.

Choose soil for the hop of the rottenest mould,
Well dunged and wrought, as a garden-plot should;
Not far from the water, but not overflown,
This lesson, well noted, is meet to be known.

The sun in the south, or else southly and west,
Is joy to the hop, as a welcomed guest;
But wind in the north, or else northerly east,
To the hop is as ill as a fay in a feast.

Meet plot for a hop-yard once found as is told,
Make thereof account, as of jewel of gold;
Now dig it, and leave it, the sun for to burn,
And afterwards fence it, to serve for that turn.

The hop for his profit I thus do exalt,
It strengtheneth drink, and it favoureth malt;
And being well brewed, long kept it will last,
And drawing abide—if ye draw not too fast.

### *Housewifely Physic.*

Good huswife provides, ere a sickness do come,
Of sundry good things in her house to have some.
Good *Aqua composita*, and vinegar tart,
Rose-water, and treacle, to comfort thine heart.
Cold herbs in her garden, for agues that burn,
That over-strong heat to good temper may turn.
White endive, and succory, with spinach enow;
All such with good pot-herbs, should follow the plough.
Get water of fumitory, liver to cool,
And others the like, or else lie like a fool.
Conserves of barbary, quinces, and such,
With syrups, that easeth the sickly so much.
Ask *Medicus'* counsel, ere medicine ye take,
And honour that man for necessity's sake.
Though thousands hate physic, because of the cost,
Yet thousands it helpeth, that else should be lost,
Good broth, and good keeping, do much now and then:
Good diet, with wisdom, best comforteth man.
In health, to be stirring shall profit thee best;
In sickness, hate trouble; seek quiet and rest.
Remember thy soul; let no fancy prevail
Make ready to God-ward; let faith never quail:
The sooner thyself thou submittest to God,
The sooner he ceaseth to scourge with his rod.

### *Moral Reflections on the Wind.*

Though winds do rage, as winds were wood,[1]
And cause spring-tides to raise great flood;
And lofty ships leave anchor in mud,
Bereaving many of life and of blood;
Yet, true it is, as cow chews cud,
And trees, at spring, doth yield forth bud,
Except wind stands as never it stood,
It is an ill wind turns none to good.

---

[1] Mad.

## SCOTTISH POETS.

The difference between the English and Scottish languages had now become decided. In Barbour and Wyntoun, the variation is very slight; but before another century had elapsed, the northern dialect was a separate and independent speech. This distinction had probably existed long before in the spoken language of the people; but it was only developed in poetry in the writings of Henryson, Dunbar, and Lyndsay. The Anglo-Saxon element predominated in the north, and it was proved to be not unfitted for the higher purposes of poetry. Dunbar is a vigorous imaginative poet, greater than any that had appeared since the days of Chaucer, and only wanting a little more chivalrous feeling and a finer tone of humanity to rival the father of English verse.

### JAMES I. OF SCOTLAND.

This chivalrous Scottish prince was born in 1394. In order to save him from the unscrupulous hands of his uncle, the Duke of Albany, James was privately despatched to the court of Charles VI. of France, but the vessel in which he embarked was seized off the coast of Norfolk, and the young prince, then in his eleventh year, was forcibly detained by Henry IV. of England. This act of gross injustice completed the calamities of the infirm and imbecile King Robert III. of Scotland, who sank under the blow, and it led to the captivity of James for more than eighteen years. Henry, however, furnished the captive prince with liberal means of instruction. In all the learning and polite accomplishments of the English court he became a proficient, excelling not only in knightly and athletic exercises, but in the science of music and in acquaintance with the classic and romantic poets. Chaucer and Gower he studied closely. Original composition followed; and there are few finer strains than those with which James soothed his hours of solitary restraint within Windsor Tower. His description of the small garden which lay before his chamber window—once the moat of the Tower—and the first glimpse he there obtained of his future queen, the Lady Joan Beaufort, form a beautiful and touching episode in our literary annals. James obtained his release, married the Lady Joan in February 1424, and in May of the same year was crowned king of Scotland—the most accomplished prince of his age, to rule over a turbulent and distracted country. He set himself vigorously to reduce the power of the profligate nobles, and to insure the faithful administration of justice, resolving, as he said, that the key should keep the castle, and the bush secure the cow. The sentiment was worthy a prince; but James pursued his measures, in some instances, too far, and clouded the aspect of justice with ineffaceable stains of cruelty and vengeance. A conspiracy was formed against him (the chief actor in which was his uncle, Walter Stuart, Earl of Athole), and he was assassinated at Perth, on the 20th of February 1437.

The principal poem of James I. is entitled *The King's Quhair*, meaning the King's Quire, or Book. Only one MS. of the poem (which extends to nearly 1400 lines) is extant, preserved in the Bodleian

Library, Oxford, and was printed in 1783, edited by William Tytler, Lord Woodhouselee. The subject is the royal poet's love for Lady Joan Beaufort, described in the allegorical style of the age, in the manner of Chaucer, and with much fine description, sentiment, and poetical fancy. It places James high in the rank of romantic poets. Two humorous Scottish poems are also ascribed to him—*Christis Kirk on the Grene*, and *Peblis to the Play*, both descriptive of rustic sports and pastimes, and the former ridiculing the Scottish want of skill in archery. They are excellent though coarse, humorous poems. The claim of James to the authorship of either has, however, been disputed, though it seems supported—at least in the case of *Christis Kirk on the Grene*—by good testimony. The style has certainly a more modern cast than would be looked for, but no claimant more probable than James I. has yet been named; and Sir Walter Scott—as well as Tytler and others—unhesitatingly ascribes *Christis Kirk on the Grene* to the royal poet. In the following quotation, and subsequent extracts, the spelling is modernised:

### *James I. a Prisoner in Windsor, first sees Lady Joan Beaufort, who afterwards was his Queen.*

Bewailing in my chamber, thus alone,
Despaired of all joy and remedy,
For-tired of my thought, and woe-begone,
And to the window gan I walk in hy[1]
To see the world and folk that went forbye,[2]
As, for the time, though I of mirthis food
Might have no more, to look it did me good.

Now was there made, fast by the Towris wall,
A garden fair; and in the corners set
Ane arbour green, with wandis long and small
Railed about, and so with trees set
Was all the place, and hawthorn hedges knet,
That lyf was none walking there forbye,
That might within scarce any wight espy,

So thick the boughis and the leavis green
Beshaded all the alleys that there were,
And mids of every arbour might be seen
The sharpe greene sweete juniper,
Growing so fair with branches here and there,
That as it seemed to a lyf without,
The boughis spread the arbour all about.

And on the smalle greene twistis[3] sat,
The little sweete nightingale, and sung
So loud and clear, the hymnis consecrat
Of lovis use, now soft, now loud among,
That all the gardens and the wallis rung
Right of their song.

. . . Cast I down mine eyes again,
Where as I saw, walking under the Tower,
Full secretly, new comen here to plain,
The fairest or the freshest young flower
That ever I saw, methought, before that hour,
For which sudden abate, anon astart,[4]
The blood of all my body to my heart.

And though I stood abasit tho a lite,[5]
No wonder was; for why? my wittis all
Were so o'ercome with pleasance and delight,
Only through letting of my eyen fall,
That suddenly my heart became her thrall,
For ever of free will—for of menace
There was no token in her sweete face.

And in my head I drew right hastily,
And eftesoons I leant it out again,
And saw her walk that very womanly,
With no wight mo', but only women twain.
Then gan I study in myself, and sayn:[1]
'Ah, sweet! are ye a worldly creature,
Or heavenly thing in likeness of nature?

'Or are ye god Cupidis own princess,
And comin are to loose me out of band?
Or *are ye very Nature the goddess,*
*That have depainted with your heavenly hand,*
*This garden full of flowers as they stand?*
What shall I think, alas! what reverence
Shall I mister[2] unto your excellence?

'If ye a goddess be, and that ye like
To do me pain, I may it not astart:[3]
If ye be warldly wight, that doth me sike,[4]
Why list[5] God make you so, my dearest heart,
To do a seely[6] prisoner this smart,
That loves you all, and wot of nought but woe?
And therefore mercy, sweet! sin' it is so.'

Of her array the form if I shall write,
Towards her golden hair and rich attire,
In fretwise couchit[7] with pearlis white
And great balas[8] leaming[9] as the fire,
With mony ane emeraut and fair sapphire;
And on her head a chaplet fresh of hue,
Of plumis parted red, and white, and blue.

Full of quaking spangis bright as gold,
Forged of shape like to the amorets,
So new, so fresh, so pleasant to behold,
The plumis eke like to the flower jonets,[10]
And other of shape, like to the flower jonets;
And above all this, there was, well I wot,
*Beauty enough to make a world to dote.*

About her neck, white as the fire amail,[11]
A goodly chain of small orfevory,[12]
Whereby there hung a ruby, without fail,
Like to ane heart shapen verily,
That as a spark of low,[13] so wantonly
Seemed burning upon her white throat,
Now if there was good party,[14] God it wot.

And for to walk that fresh May's morrow,
Ane hook she had upon her tissue white,
That goodlier had not been seen to-forow,[15]
As I suppose; and girt she was alite,[16]
Thus halflings loose for haste, to such delight
It was to see her youth in goodlihede,
That for rudeness to speak thereof I dread.

In her was youth, beauty, with humble aport,
Bounty, richess, and womanly feature,
God better wot than my pen can report:
Wisdom, largess, estate, and cunning[17] sure,
In every point so guided her measure,
In word, in deed, in shape, in countenance,
That Nature might no more her child avance! . . .

And when she walked had a little thraw
Under the sweete greene boughis bent,
Her fair fresh face, as white as any snaw,
She turned has, and furth her wayis went;
But tho began mine aches and torment,
To see her part and follow I na might;
Methought the day was turned into night.

---

[1] Haste. [2] Past. [3] Twigs.
[4] Went and came. [5] Confounded for a little while.

[1] Say. [2] Minister. [3] Fly. [4] Makes me sigh.
[5] Pleased. [6] Wretched. [7] Inlaid like fret-work.
[8] A kind of precious stone. [9] Glittering.
[10] A kind of lily. It is conjectured that the royal poet may here allude covertly to the name of his mistress, which, in the diminutive, was Janet or Jonet.—*Thomson's Edition of King's Quhair* (Ayr, 1824).
[11] Enamel. [12] Gold-work. [13] Flame. [14] Match.
[15] Before. [16] Slightly. [17] Knowledge.

Of the lighter poems of King James, we subjoin a specimen. The following are the opening stanzas of *Christ's Kirk of the Green:*

Was never in Scotland heard nor seen
  Sic dancing nor deray,[1]
Nouther at Falkland on the Green,
  Nor Peebliss at the Play,[2]
As was of wooers, as I ween,
  At Christ's Kirk on ane day:
There came our Kittys, washen clean,
  In their new kirtles of gray,
        Full gay,
At Christ's Kirk of the Green that day.

To dance thir damsellis them dight,
  Thir lasses light of laits,[3]
Their gloves were of the raffel right,[4]
  Their shoon were of the Straits,[5]
Their kirtles were of Lincoln light,
  Weel prest with many plaits.
They were so nice when men them nicht,[6]
  They squealit like ony gaits[7]
        Sa loud
At Christ's Kirk of the Green that day.

Of all thir maidens mild as mead,
  Was nane so jimp as *Gillie,*
As ony rose her rood[8] was red,
  Her lyre[9] was like the lily.
Fu' yellow, yellow was her head,
  But she of love was silly;
Though all her kin had sworn her dead,
  She would have but sweet *Willie*
        Alane
At Christ's Kirk of the Green that day.

## BLIND HARRY.

The *Adventures of Sir William Wallace,* written about 1460, by a wandering poet usually called **BLIND HARRY**, enjoyed great popularity up to our own time. Of the author, nothing is known but that he was blind from his infancy; that he wrote this poem, and made a living by reciting it, or parts of it, before company. It is said by himself to be founded on a narrative of the life of Wallace, written in Latin by Arnold Blair, chaplain to the Scottish hero, and which, if it ever existed, is now lost. The chief materials, however, have evidently been the traditionary stories told respecting Wallace in the minstrel's own time, which was a century and a half subsequent to that of the hero. In this respect, *The Wallace* resembles *The Bruce;* but the longer time which had elapsed, the unlettered character of the author, and the comparative humility of the class from whom he would chiefly derive his facts, made it inevitable that the work should be much less of a historical document than that of the learned archdeacon of Aberdeen. It is, in reality, such an account of Wallace as might be expected of Montrose or Dundee from some unlettered but ingenious poet of the present day, who should consult only Highland tradition for his authority. Harry's Wallace is a merciless champion, for ever hewing down the English with his strong arm and terrible sword, and delighting in the sufferings of his enemies. In the following passage, we have this relentless spirit blazing forth:

*Storming of Dunnottar Castle.*

Wallace on fire gart set all hastily,
Brunt up the kirk, and all that was therein.
Attour the rock the lave[1] ran with great din.
Some hang on crags right dolefully to dee,
Some lap, some fell, some flottered on the sea.
Na Southeron in life was leaved in that hauld,
And them within they brunt in powder cauld.
When this was done feill[2] fell on kneeis down,
At the bishop asked absolution.
Then Wallace leuch, said: 'I forgive you all;
Are ye war men repentis for sae small?
They rued nocht us into the town of Ayr;
Our true barons when that they hangit there.'

Some of the incidents in Harry's narrative are so palpably absurd (such as the siege of York, the visit of the queen of England to Wallace's camp with her offer of £3000 in gold, and the combats of Wallace with the French champions and the lion), that they could never have been intended to be received as matters of real history. That Wallace was in France, however, has been confirmed by the discovery of authentic evidence. All the editors conclude that as Harry could not himself, from his blindness, have written out the work, it may have suffered greatly from amanuenses or transcribers; but they have not attended to dates. The only manuscript of the work which exists is dated 1488, and was written by that careful but obscure scribe, John Ramsay, who also transcribed Barbour's *Bruce.* The blind minstrel was in existence four years after the date of Ramsay's manuscript, as we know from the treasurer's books of the reign of James IV.; and Ramsay had most likely the benefit of the author's revision—perhaps took it down from his recitation. Few copies would be made of a poem extending to 11,858 lines, and this fact shews how enthusiastic and gifted must have been the blind bard who could compose and retain in his memory a poem of such length, and so various in its incidents and descriptions. The poem is in ten-syllable lines, the epic verse of a later age, and it is not deficient in poetical effect or elevated sentiment. A vulgar paraphrase of it into modern Scotch, by William Hamilton of Gilbertfield, has long been a favourite volume amongst the Scottish peasantry: it was the study of this book which had so great an effect in kindling the patriotic ardour and genius of Burns.

As a specimen of the original orthography, we subjoin a few of the opening lines of the poem:

Our antecessouris, that we suld of reide,
And hald in mynde thar nobille worthi deide,
We lat ourslide, throw werray sleuthfulnes;
And castis ws euir till vthir besynes.
Till honour ennymys is our haile entent,
It has beyne seyne in thir tymys bywent;
Our ald ennymys, cummyn of Saxonys blud,
That neuyr yeit to Scotland wald do gud,
Bot euir on fors, and contrar haile thair will
Quhow gret kyndnes thar has beyne kyth thaim till.

---

[1] Merriment, disorder (from the French *derayer*).

[2] At Falkland and Peebles, archery and other games took place.

[3] Light of manners.

[4] Supposed to be from *ra* or *rae*, a roe-deer, and *fell*, a skin.

[5] Shoes of morocco leather from the Straits.

[6] Came nigh them.

[7] Goats.

[8] Those parts of the face which in youth and health have a ruddy colour.—*Jamieson.*

[9] Flesh, skin (Ang.-Sax. *lira*).

[1] The rest, the remainder.

[2] Many (Ang.-Sax. *feala*).

### *Adventure of Wallace while Fishing in Irvine Water.*

Wallace, near the commencement of his career, is living in hiding with his uncle, Sir Ranald Wallace of Riccarton, near Kilmarnock. To amuse himself, he goes to fish in the river Irvine, when the following adventure takes place:

So on a time he desired to play.
In Aperil the three-and-twenty day,
Till Irvine water fish to tak he went;
Sic fantasy fell into his intent.
To lead his net a child furth with him yede;[1]
But he, or[2] noon, was in a felon dread.
His swerd he left, so did he never again;
It did him gude, suppose he suffered pain.
Of that labour as than he was not slie:
Happy he was, took fish abundantly.
Or of the day ten hours o'er couth pass.
Ridand there came, near by where Wallace was,
The Lord Percy, was captain then of Ayr;
Frae then' he turned, and couth to Glasgow fare.[3]
Part of the court had Wallace' labour seen,
Till him rade five, clad into ganand green,
And said soon: 'Scot, Martin's fish we wald have!'
Wallace meekly again answer him gave.
'It were reason, methink, ye should have part,
Waith[4] should be dealt, in all place, with free heart.'
He bade his child, 'Give them of our waithing.'
The Southron said: 'As now of thy dealing
We will not tak; thou wald give us o'er small.'
He lighted down and frae the child took all.
Wallace said then: 'Gentlemen gif ye be,
Leave us some part, we pray for charity.
Ane aged knight serves our lady to-day:
Gude friend, leave part, and tak not all away.'
'Thou shall have leave to fish, and tak thee mae,
All this forsooth shall in our flitting gae.
We serve a lord; this fish shall till him gang.'
Wallace answered, said: 'Thou art in the wrang.'
'Wham thous thou, Scot? in faith thou 'serves a blaw.'
Till him he ran, and out a swerd can draw.
William was wae he had nae wappins there
But the poutstaff, the whilk in hand he bare.
Wallace with it fast on the cheek him took,
With sae gude will, while of his feet he shook.
The swerd flew frae him a fur-breid on the land.
Wallace was glad, and hint it soon in hand;
And with the swerd awkward he him gave
Under the hat, his creig[5] in sunder drave.
By that the lave[6] lighted about Wallace,
He had no help, only but God's grace.
On either side full fast on him they dang,
Great peril was gif they had lasted lang.
Upon the head in great ire he strak ane;
The shearand swerd glade to the collar bane.
Ane other on the arm he hit so hardily,
While hand and swerd baith in the field can lie.
The tother twa fled to their horse again;
He stickit him was last upon the plain.
Three slew he there, twa fled with all their might
After their lord; but he was out of sight,
Takand the muir, or he and they couth twine.
Till him they rade anon, or they wald blin,[7]
And cryit: 'Lord, abide; your men are martyred down
Right cruelly, here in this false region.
Five of our court here at the water bade,[8]
Fish for to bring, though it nae profit made.
We are scaped, but in field slain are three.'
The lord speirit:[9] 'How mony might they be?'
'We saw but ane that has discomfist us all.'
Then leugh[10] he loud, and said: 'Foul mot you fall!
Sin' ane you all has put to confusion.
Wha meins it maist the devil of hell him drown!
This day for me, in faith, he bees not sought.'
When Wallace thus this worthy wark had wrought,
Their horse he took, and gear that left was there,
Gave ower that craft, he yede to fish nae mair.
Went till his eme, and tald him of this deed,
And he for woe well near worthit to weid,[1]
And said: 'Son, thir tidings sits me sore,
And, be it known, thou may tak scaith therefore.'
'Uncle,' he said, 'I will no langer bide,
Thir southland horse let see gif I can ride.'
Then but a child, him service for to mak,
His eme's sons he wald not with him tak.
This gude knight said: 'Dear cousin, pray I thee,
When thou wants gude, come fetch eneuch frae me.'
Silver and gold he gart on him give,
Wallace inclines, and gudely took his leave.

### *The Ghost of Fawdoun.*

One of Wallace's followers, Fawdoun, was of broken reputation, and held in suspicion; and while the Scots were pursued by a formidable party of English, led by a blood-hound, Wallace slew Fawdoun, and retreated to Gask Hall with a small party of thirteen men.

In the Gask Hall their lodging have they ta'en;
Fire gat they soon, but meat then had they nane.
Twa sheep they took beside them aff a fauld,
Ordained to sup into that seemly hauld,
Graithed[2] in haste some food for them to dicht,
So heard they blaw rude hornis upon heicht.
Twa sent he forth to look what it micht be;
They bade richt lang, and no tidings heard he,
But bousteous noise so brimly blew and fast
So other twa into the wood furth passed.
Nane came again, but bouteously gan blaw;
Into great ire he sent them furth on raw.[3]
When he alane Wallace was leaved there,
The awful blast abounded meikle mair.
Then trowed he weel they had his lodging seen;
His sword he drew, of noble metal keen;
Syne furth he went whereat he heard the horn;
Without the door Fawdoun was him beforn,
As till his sight, his awn head in his hand;
A cross he made, when he saw him so stand.
At Wallace in the head he swaket there;[4]
And he in haste soon hint[5] [it] by the hair,
Syne out again at him he could it cast;
Intill his heart he was greatly aghast.
Right weel he trowed that was no sprite of man!
It was some devil, at sic malice began.
He wist no weel there langer for to bide,
Up through the hall thus wight Wallace gan glide
Till a close stair; the boardis rave in twyne,[6]
Fifteen feet large he lap out of that in;[7]
Up the water suddenly he could fare,
Again he blent[8] what 'pearance he saw there;
Him thocht he saw Fawdoun that ugly squire;[9]
That hail Hall he had sent in a fire;
A great rafter he had intill his hand.
Wallace as then no longer would he stand,
Of his gude men full great marvel had he,
How they were through his feil[10] fantasy!
Traists richt weel all this was sooth indeed,
Suppose that it no point be of the creed,
Power they had with Lucifer that fell
The time when he parted frae heaven to hell.
By sic mischief gif his men might be lost,
Drownit or slain amang the English host;

---

[1] Went.
[2] Ere.
[3] He was on his way from Ayr to Glasgow.
[4] Spoil taken in sport.
[5] Neck.
[6] Rest.
[7] Ere they would stop.
[8] Tarried.
[9] Inquired.
[10] Laughed.

[1] Nearly went mad.
[2] Equipped, made ready.
[3] In row or rank.
[4] Cast forcibly there.
[5] *Hint*, *hynt*, or *hent*, laid hold of.
[6] In twain, asunder.
[7] *In*, or *innys*, a dwelling (Ang.-Sax.). Barbour has *in* signifying the tents of an army on the field.
[8] Glanced.
[9] In the original, 'hugly sir.'
[10] Very; denoting degree.

Or what it was in likeness of Fawdoun,
Whilk brocht his men to sudden confusion;
Or if the man ended in evil intent,
Some wicked spreit again for him present,
I can not speak of sic divinity;
To clerks I will let all sic matters be.

### HOLLAND—HENRYSON.

Among the minor yet popular poets about the middle of the fifteenth century, was HOLLAND, author of *The Buke of the Howlat* (owl), an allegorical poem, containing an exhibition of the feathered tribes under a great variety of civil and ecclesiastical characters, to which is added a digression on the arms and exploits of the Douglases. Nothing is known of the author—not even his Christian name; but Mr David Laing, editor of the *Howlat*, supposes the poet to have been Sir Richard Holland, a priest, one of the followers of the exiled family of Douglas. The poem appears to have been written about 1453 at Ternoway (now Darnaway), on the banks of the Findhorn, the seat of the Earls of Moray; and it was composed to please the Countess of Moray, *dowit*, or wedded, to a Douglas. The story is taken from the fable of the jackdaw with borrowed feathers. It is but a very mediocre alliterative production.

There are other alliterative Scottish poems of the beginning and middle of the fifteenth century—as the *Tale of Rauf Coilzear*, alluded to by Dunbar and Gavin Douglas; the *Awntyrs of Arthure*, *Orfeo and Heurodis*, &c. A selection of these early pieces, twenty-five in number, all from sources anterior to the close of the sixteenth century, was published by Mr Laing in 1822, with the title of *Select Remains of Ancient Popular Poetry of Scotland*.

But far surpassing these early and obscure worshippers of the native Muse, was Master ROBERT HENRYSON, a moral poet, in character not unlike the English poet Daniel—gentle, meditative, and observant. Of Henryson there are no personal memorials, except that he was chief schoolmaster at Dunfermline—perhaps, as Lord Hailes suggests, preceptor in the Benedictine convent there—and that he was admitted a member of the university of Glasgow in 1462, being described as the 'Venerable Master Robert Henrysone, licentiate in arts, and bachelor in decrees.' Mr Laing, who has edited the works of Henryson (Edinburgh, 1865), places the time of his decease towards the close of the century, when he was probably about seventy years of age. The principal works of Henryson are: *Moral Fables of Æsop*, thirteen in number, with two prologues; *Robene and Makyne*, a pastoral; *Orpheus and Eurydice*, and *The Testament of Cresseide*, being a sequel to Chaucer's *Troilus and Cressida*. The last of these poems is the most important, but the pastoral of *Robene and Makyne* is believed to be the earliest production of the kind in our national poetry. It is a simple love dialogue between a shepherd and shepherdess. The old stock properties of the pastoral—the pipe and crook, the hanging grapes, spreading beech, and celestial purity of the golden age—find no place in the northern pastoral. Henryson's Robin sits on a good green hill keeping his flock, and is most ungallantly insensible to the advances of Makyne:

Robin sat on gude green hill,
  Keepand a flock of fe :[1]
Merry Makyne said him till:
  'Robin, thou rue on mé;
I have thee lovit loud and still
  Thir years two or three;
My dule in dern but gif thou dill,[2]
  Doubtless but dreid I de.'

Robin answered: 'By the Rood,
  Na thing of love I knaw,
But keepis my sheep under yon wude,
  Lo! where they rake on raw :[3]
What has marred thee in thy mood,
  'Makyne to me thou shaw?
Or what is love, or to be lo'ed,
  Fain wad I lear that law.'

Makyne explained and pleaded, but her advocacy was out of tune:

Robin on his wayis went,
  As licht as leaf of tree;
Makyne mourned in her intent,
  And trowed him never to see.
Robin brayed attour the bent,
  Then Makyne cryed on hie:
'Now thou may sing, for I am shent,
  What aileth love with me?'

The tables, however, are soon turned. Robin grew sick as Makyne grew well, and then she had the malicious satisfaction of rejecting him. This is the old story with the old moral, which, though pastoral poetry has long been dead, will never become obsolete. We subjoin part of the fable of the Town and Country Mouse, called by the poet *The Uplandis Mous and the Burges Mous:*

*Extract from the Town and Country Mouse.*

With treaty fair at last sho gart her rise;
To board they went, and down together sat,
But scantly had they drunken anes or twice,
When in cam Gib Huntér, our jolly cat,
And bade God speed. The burgess up then gat,
And till her hole she fled like fire frae flint;
Bawdrons the other by the back has hent.

Frae foot to foot he cast her to and frae,
While up, while down, as cant as ony kid;
While wald he let her run beneath the strae,
While wald he wink and play with her buik-hid;
Thus to the silly mouse great harm he did:
While at the last, through fair fortune and hap,
Betwixt the dresser and the wall she crap.

Syne up in haste behind the panneling,
Sae hie sho clam, that Gibby might not get her,
And by the cluiks craftily can hing,
Till he was gane, her cheer was all the better:
Syne down sho lap, when there was nane to let[4] her;
Then on the burgess mous loud couth sho cry:
'Fareweel, sister, here I thy feast defy.

'Thy mangery is minget[5] all with care;
Thy guise is gude, thy gane-full sour as gall;
The fashion of thy feris[6] is but fair,
So shall thou find hereafterward may fall.
I thank yon curtain, and yon parpane wall,
Of my defence now frae yon cruel beast;
Almighty God, keep me fra sic a feast!

---

[1] Sheep.

[2] My grief in secret unless thou share. Chaucer has *derne love* (Ang.-Sax. *dyrn*, secret).

[3] Range in a row.

[4] To hinder her; hence the phrase 'without let or hinderance.'

[5] Mingled.

[6] Companionship, or friendship.

'Were I into the place that I cam frae,
For weel nor wae I should ne'er come again.'
With that sho took her leave, and forth can gae,
Whiles through the corn, whiles through the plain.
When she was furth and free she was right fain,
And merrily sho linkit o'er the muir;
I cannot tell how afterward sho fure.

But I have heard syne she passit to her den,
As warm as woo, suppose it was not grit,
Full beinly stuffit was baith but and ben,
With peas, and nuts, and beans, and rye, and wheat;
Whene'er she liked she had enough of meat,
In quiet and ease, withouten [ony] dread,
But till her sister's feast nae mair she gaed.

MORAL.

Blessed be simple life, withouten dread;
Blessed be sober feast in quieté;
Wha has enough of no more has he need,
Though it be little into quantity,
Grit abundance and blind prosperity,
Oft timis makes ane evil conclusion;
The sweetest life, therefore, in this country
Is of sickerness with small possession.

### *A Summer Morning.*

In the midst of June, that jolly sweet season,
When that fair Phœbus with his beamis bright
Had dryed up the dew from dale and down,
And all the land made with his lemis[1] light.
In a morning, between mid-day and night,
I rose, and put all sloth and sleep aside,
Until a wood I went alone, but[2] guide.

Sweet was the smell of flowers white and red,
The noise of birdis right delicious;
The boughis broad bloomid above my head,
The ground growing with grasses gracious:
Of all pleasaunce that place was plenteous.
With sweet odours and birdis harmony
That morning mild, my mirth was more for they.

The roses red arrayed in rorne and ryss,[3]
The primrose and the purpure viola;
To hear it was a point of Paradise,
Such mirth the mavis and the merle couth ma,[4]
The blossoms blithe broke up on bank and brae,
The smell of herbis, and of fowls the cry,
Contending who should have the victory.

## WILLIAM DUNBAR.

WILLIAM DUNBAR, 'a poet,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'unrivalled by any that Scotland has ever produced,' flourished at the court of James IV. at the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth century. Having received his education at the university of St Andrews, where, in 1479, he took the degree of Master of Arts, Dunbar became a friar of the Franciscan order (Gray Friars), in which capacity he travelled for some years, not only in Scotland, but also in England and France, preaching, as was the custom of the order, and living by the alms of the pious—a mode of life which he himself acknowledges to have involved a constant exercise of falsehood, deceit, and flattery. In time, he had the grace, or was enabled by circumstances, to renounce this sordid profession. It is supposed, from various allusions in his writings, that, from about the year 1491 to 1500, he was occasionally employed by the king (James IV.) in some subordinate but not unimportant capacity, in connection with various foreign embassies, and that he thus visited Germany, Italy, Spain, and France, besides England and Ireland. He could not, in such a life, fail to acquire much of that knowledge of mankind which forms so important a part of the education of the poet. In 1500, he received from the king a pension of ten pounds, afterwards increased to twenty, and finally to eighty. He is supposed to have been employed by James in some of the negotiations preparatory to his marriage with the Princess Margaret (daughter of Henry VII.), which took place in 1503. For some years ensuing, he seems to have lived at court, regaling his royal master with his poetical compositions, and probably also with his conversation, the charms of which, judging from his writings, must have been very great. He represents himself as a court poet, and occasionally dancing in the queen's chamber, having a *penchant* for one of the court ladies:

Then cam in Dunbar, the maker,
On all the floor there was nane frecker,
  And there he danced a dirry-duntoun,
  He hopped like a piller wantoun;
For love of Musgrave men fules me:
  He trippit while he tore his pantoun,[1]
A merrier dance micht na man see.

Then cam in Mistress Musgrave;
She might have learned all the lave;
  When I saw her sae trimly dance,
  Her gude conwoy and countenance,
Then for her sake I wished to be
  The greatest earl or duke in France—
A merrier dance micht na man see.

It is sad to relate of one who possessed so buoyant and mirthful a spirit, that his life was not, so far as we can judge, a happy one. He appears to have repined greatly at the servile court-life which he was condemned to lead, and to have longed anxiously for some independent source of income. Among his poems are many containing nothing but expressions of solicitude on this subject. He survived the year 1517, and is supposed to have died about 1520, at the age of sixty; but whether he ultimately succeeded in obtaining preferment, is not known. His writings, with scarcely any exception, remained in the obscurity of manuscript till the beginning of the last century; but his fame had been gradually rising, and it was at length, in 1834, considered sufficient to justify a complete edition of his works, by Mr David Laing.

The poems of Dunbar may be said to be of three classes—the allegorical, the moral, and the comic; besides which there is a vast number of productions composed on occasions affecting himself, and which may therefore be called personal effusions. His allegorical poem, *The Thistle and the Rose* (a triumphant nuptial-song for the union of James and the Princess Margaret), was finished, as he himself states, on the 9th of May 1503. Langhorne, the English poet, finely says:

In nervous strains Dunbar's bold music flows,
And Time yet spares the Thistle and the Rose.

But another of Dunbar's allegorical poems, *The Golden Terge*, was more popular in his own day, and is cited by Sir David Lyndsay as proving that its author had 'language at large.' It is more richly descriptive and rhetorical, but has not more true poetry. The satirical and humorous poems of Dunbar are extremely gross. Perhaps the most remarkable of all his poems is *The Dance.* It describes a procession of the seven deadly sins in the infernal regions; and for strength and vividness of painting, would stand a comparison with any poem in the language. The most solemn and impressive of the more exclusively moral poems of Dunbar, is one in which he represents a thrush and nightingale taking opposite sides in a debate on earthly and spiritual affections, the thrush ending every speech or stanza with a recommendation of 'a lusty life in Love's service,' and the nightingale with the more melodious declaration: 'All love is lost but upon God alone.' There is, however, something more touching in the less laboured verses in which he moralises on the brevity of existence, the shortness and uncertainty of all ordinary enjoyments, and the wickedness and woes of mankind.

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[1] Radiance. [2] Without. [3] Bush and twig. [4] Could make.

[1] His slipper.

This wavering warld's wretchedness,
The failing and fruitless business,
The misspent time, the service vain,
For to consider is ane pain.

The sliding joy, the gladness short,
The feigned love, the false comfórt,
The sweir abade,[1] the slightful train,[2]
For to consider is ane pain.

The sugared mouths, with minds therefra,
The figured speech, with faces tway;
The pleasing tongues, with hearts unplain,
For to consider is ane pain.

Or, in another poem:

Evermair unto this warld's joy,
As nearest heir, succeeds annoy;
Therefore when joy may not remain,
His very heir, succeedés Pain.

He is, at the same time, by no means disposed habitually to take gloomy or desponding views of life. He has one poem, of which each stanza ends with 'For to be blyth methink it best.' In another, he advises, since life is so uncertain, that the good things of this world should be rationally enjoyed while it is yet possible. 'Thine awn gude spend,' says he, 'while thou has space.' There is yet another, in which these Horatian maxims are still more pointedly enforced; and from this we shall select a few stanzas.

Be merry, man, and tak not sair in mind
The wavering of this wretched world of sorrow;
To God be humble, to thy friend be kind,
And with thy neighbours gladly lend and borrow;
His chance to-night, it may be thine to-morrow;
Be blythe in hearte for my aventure,
For oft with wise men it has been said aforow
Without Gladness availes no Treasure.

Make thee gude cheer of it that God thee sends,
For warld's wrak but welfare[3] nought avails;
Nae gude is thine save only that thou spends,
Remanant all thou bruikes but with bails;[4]
Seek to solace when sadness thee assails;
*In dolour lang thy life may not endure,*
Wherefore of comfort set up all thy sails;
Without Gladness availes no Treasure.

Follow on pity, flee trouble and debate,
With famous folkis hald thy company;
Be charitable and hum'le in thine estate,
For warldly honour lastes but a cry.
For trouble in earth tak no melancholy;
Be rich in patience, if thou in gudes be poor;
Who lives merrily he lives mightily;
Without Gladness availes no Treasure.

The philosophy of these lines is excellent.

Dunbar was as great in the comic as in the solemn strain, but not so pure. His *Twa Married Women and the Widow* is a conversational piece, in which three gay ladies discuss, in no very delicate terms, the merits of their husbands, and the means by which wives may best advance their own interests. There is one piece of peculiar humour, descriptive of an imaginary tournament between a tailor and a shoemaker, in the same region where he places the dance of the seven deadly sins. It is in a style of the broadest farce, and full of very offensive language, yet as droll as anything in Scarron or Rabelais. One of the marvels brought by the king's ships was a black lady, and a great tournament was got up in honour of the sable beauty. Dunbar humorously says:

When she is clad in rich apparel,
She blinks as bright as ane tar-barrel;
When she was born the sun tholed eclipse;
The Night wad sure fight in *her* quarrel—
The lady wi' the meikle lips.

Another novelty at court was a French quack-doctor, Master John Damian, who appears to have got considerable sums of money from the king for experiments made in the vain hope of extracting gold out of other metals. Damian must have been a simpleton as well as knave, for he made a public attempt to fly with wings which he had constructed. The wings being fastened upon him, he flew off the castle wall of Stirling, but shortly fell to the ground and broke his thigh-bone. He accounted for his failure by the circumstance of there having been some feathers in the wings, 'which yearned and coveted the midden and not the skies!' The king, with culpable recklessness, presented this quack to the vacant abbacy of Tungland in Galloway. Dunbar happily satirised the quack, representing him as flying in the air, though he never got upon wing, and as assailed by all the indignant birds:

And ever the cushats at him tuggit,
The rooks him rent, the ravens him druggit,
The hooded-craws his hair forth rugged,
The heaven he might not bruik.

Pinkerton ascribes to Dunbar a comic tale apparently of about the same date as the poet's acknowledged works, entitled *The Freirs of Berwick.* The 'argument' of this piece is the 'merry adventure' of two White Friars of Berwick detecting Friar John, superior of the Gray Friars of the same place, in an intrigue with a farmer's wife. The tale is told with great humour and spirit, and the *dénouement*, the detection and punishment of Friar John, is brought about by a series of highly amusing incidents. There is no authority for assigning this piece to Dunbar, but it is worthy of him or of Chaucer.

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[1] Delay.
[2] Snare.
[3] World's trash without health.
[4] Injuries.

### *The Merle and Nightingale.*

In May, as that Aurora did upspring,
With crystal een chasing the cluddes sable,
I heard a Merle with merry notis sing
A sang of love, with voice right comfortable,
Again' the orient beamis, amiable,
Upon a blissful branch of laurel green;
This was her sentence, sweet and delectable,
A lusty life in Lovis service been.

Under this branch ran down a river bright,
Of balmy liquor, crystalline of hue,
Again' the heavenly azure skyis light,
Where did upon the tother side pursue
A Nightingale, with sugared notis new,
Whose angel feathers as the peacock shone;
This was her song, and of a sentence true—
All love is lost but upon God alone.

With notis glad, and glorious harmony,
This joyful Merle, so salust she the day,
While rung the woodis of her melody,
Saying, Awake, ye lovers of this May;
Lo, fresh Flora has flourished every spray,
As nature has her taught, the noble queen
The field been clothit in a new array;
A lusty life in Lovis service been.

Ne'er sweeter noise was heard with living man,
Na made this merry gentle Nightingale;
Her sound went with the river as it ran,
Out through the fresh and flourished lusty vale;
O Merle! quoth she, O fool! stint of thy tale,
For in thy song good sentence is there none,
For both is tint, the time and the travail
Of every love but upon God alone.

Cease, quoth the Merle, thy preaching, Nightingale:
Shall folk their youth spend into holiness?
Of young sanctis grows auld feindis, but fable;
Fye, hypocrite, in yeiris tenderness,
Again' the law of kind thou goes express,
That crookit age makes one with youth serene,
Whom nature of conditions made diverse:
A lusty life in Lovis service been.

The Nightingale said: Fool, remember thee,
That both in youth and eild,[1] and every hour,
The love of God most dear to man suld be;
That him, of nought, wrought like his ain figour,
And died himself, fro' dead him to succour;
O, whether was kythit[2] there true love or none?
He is most true and steadfast paramour,
And love is lost but upon him alone.

The Merle said: Why put God so great beauty
In ladies, with sic womanly having,
But gif he would that they suld lovit be?
To love eke nature gave them inclining,
And He of nature that worker was and king,
Would nothing frustir put, nor let be seen,
Into his creature of his own making;
A lusty life in Lovis service been.

The Nightingale said: Not to that behoof
Put God sic beauty in a lady's face,
That she suld have the thank therefor or luve,
But He, the worker, that put in her sic grace;
Of beauty, bounty, riches, time, or space,
And every gudeness that been to come or gone,
The thank redounds to Him in every place:
All love is lost but upon God alone.

O Nightingale! it were a story nice,
That love suld not depend on charity;
And gif that virtue contrar be to vice,
Then love maun be a virtue, as thinks me;
For, aye, to love envy maun contrar' be:
God bade eke love thy neighbour fro the spleen;[1]
And who than ladies sweeter neighbours be?
A lusty life in Lovis service been.

The Nightingale said: Bird, why does thou rave?
Man may take in his lady sic delight,
Him to forget that her sic virtue gave,
And for his heaven receive her colour white:
Her golden tressit hairis redomite,[2]
Like to Apollo's beamis tho' they shone,
Suld not him blind fro' love that is perfite;
All love is lost but upon God alone.

The Merle said: Love is cause of honour aye,
Love makis cowards manhood to purchase,
Love makis knichtis hardy at essay,
Love makis wretches full of largeness,
Love makis sweir[3] folks full of business,
Love makis sluggards fresh and well be seen,
Love changes vice in virtuous nobleness;
A lusty life in Lovis service been.

The Nightingale said: True is the contrary;
Sic frustir love it blindis men so far,
Into their minds it makis them to vary;
In false vain-glory they so drunken are,
Their wit is went, of woe they are not 'ware,
While that all worship away be fro' them gone,
Fame, goods, and strength; wherefore well say I dare
All love is lost but upon God alone.

Then said the Merle: Mine error I confess:
This frustir love is all but vanity:
Blind ignorance me gave sic hardiness,
To argue so again' the verity;
Wherefore I counsel every man that he
With love not in the feindis net be tone,[4]
But love the love that did for his love die:
All love is lost but upon God alone.

Then sang they both with voices loud and clear;
The Merle sang: Man, love God that has thee wrought.
The Nightingale sang: Man, love the Lord most dear,
That thee and all this world made of nought.
The Merle said: Love him that thy love has sought
Fro' heaven to earth, and here took flesh and bone.
The Nightingale sang: And with his dead thee bought:
All love is lost but upon Him alone.

Then flew thir birdis o'er the boughis sheen,
Singing of love amang the leavis small;
Whose eidant plead yet made my thoughtis grein,[5]
Both sleeping, waking, in rest and in travail:
Me to recomfort most it does avail,
Again for love, when love I can find none,
To think how sung this Merle and Nightingale;
All love is lost but upon God alone.

### *The Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins.*

I.

Of Februar the fiftene nicht,
Full lang before the dayis licht,
I lay intill a trance;
And then I saw baith Heaven and Hell:
Me thocht, amang the fiendis fell,
Mahoun gart cry ane Dance

---

[1] Age.
[2] Shewn.

[1] Equivalent to the modern phrase, *from the heart*.
[2] Bound, encircled.
[3] Slothful or reluctant.
[4] Ta'en; taken.
[5] Whose diligent pleading made my thoughts *grane* or long for love.

Of shrews that were never shriven,[1]
Agains the feast of Fastern's even,[2]
To mak their observance.
He bad gallants gae graith a gyis,
And cast up gamountis[3] in the skies,
As varlets do in France.

II.

Helie harlots on hawtane wise,[4]
Come in with mony sundry guise,
But yet leuch never Mahoun,
While priests come in with bare shaven necks;
Then all the fiends leuch, and made gecks,
Black-Belly and Bawsy-Brown.[5]

III.

Let see, quoth he, now wha begins:
With that the foul Seven Deadly Sins
Begoud to leap at anis.
And first of all in Dance was Pride,
With hair wyld back, and bonnet on side,
Like to make vaistie wanis;[6]
And round about him, as a wheel,
Hang all in rumples to the heel
His kethat for the nanis:[7]
Mony proud trumpour[8] with him trippit;
Through scalding fire, aye as they skippit
They girned with hideous granis.[9]

IV.

Then Ire came in with sturt and strife;
His hand was aye upon his knife,
He brandished like a beir:[10]
Boasters, braggars, and bargainers,[11]
After him passit in to pairs,
All bodin in feir of weir;[12]
In jacks, and scryppis, and bonnets of steel,
Their legs were chainit to the heel,[13]
Frawart was their affeir:[14]
Some upon other with brands beft,[15]
Some jaggit others to the heft,
With knives that sharp could shear.

V.

Next in the Dance followit Envy,
Filled full of feud and felony,
Hid malice and despite:
For privy hatred that traitor tremlit;
Him followit mony freik dissemlit,[16]
With fenyeit wordis quhyte:[17]
And flatterers in to men's faces;
And backbiters in secret places,
To lie that had delight;
And rownaris of false lesings,[18]
Alace! that courts of noble kings
Of them can never be quit.

---

[1] Mahoun, or the devil, proclaimed a dance of sinners that had not received absolution.
[2] The evening before Lent, which was usually a festival at the Scottish court. [3] Gambols.
[4] Holy harlots (hypocrites), in a haughty manner. The term harlot was applied indiscriminately to both sexes.
[5] Names of spirits, like Robin Goodfellow in England, and Brownie in Scotland.
[6] Pride, with hair artfully put back, and bonnet on side: 'vaistie wanis' is now unintelligible; some interpret the phrase as meaning 'wasteful wants,' but this seems improbable, considering the locality or scene of the poem.
[7] His cassock for the nonce or occasion.
[8] A cheat or impostor (Fr. *trompeur*). [9] Groans.
[10] Bear. [11] Boasters, braggarts, and bullies.
[12] Arrayed in the accoutrements of war.
[13] In coats of armour, and covered with iron network to the heel.
[14] Wild was their aspect. [15] Brands beaten.
[16] Many strong dissemblers.
[17] With feigned words fair or white.
[18] Spreaders of false reports.

VI.

Next him in Dance came Covetyce,
Root of all evil, and ground of vice,
That never could be content:
Catives, wretches, and ockeraris,[1]
Hudpikes,[2] hoarders, gatheraris,
All with that warlock went:
Out of their throats they shot on other
Het, molten gold, me thocht, a futher[3]
As fire-flaucht maist fervent;
Aye as they toomit them of shot,
Fiends filled them new up to the throat
With gold of all kind prent.[4]

VII.

Syne Sweirness, at the second bidding,
Came like a sow out of a midding,
Full sleepy was his grunyie:[5]
Mony swear bumbard belly huddroun,[6]
Mony slut, daw, and sleepy duddroun,
Him servit aye with sonnyie;[7]
He drew them furth intill a chain,
And Belial with a bridle rein
Ever lashed them on the lunyie:[8]
In Daunce they were so slaw of feet,
They gave them in the fire a heat,
And made them quicker of cunyie.[9]

VIII.

Then Lechery, that laithly corpse,
Came berand like ane baggit horse,[10]
And Idleness did him lead;
There was with him ane ugly sort,
And mony stinking foul tramort,[11]
That had in sin been dead:
When they were enterit in the Dance,
They were full strange of countenance,
Like torches burning red.

IX.

Then the foul monster, Gluttony,
Of wame insatiable and greedy,
To Dance he did him dress:
Him followit mony foul drunkart,
With can and collop, cup and quart,
In surfit and excess;
Full mony a waistless wally-drag,
With wames unwieldable, did furth wag,
In creesh that did incress:
Drink! aye they cried, with mony a gaip,
The fiends gave them het lead to laip,
Their leveray was na less.[12]

X.

Nae minstrels played to them but doubt,[13]
For gleemen there were halden out,
Be day, and eke by nicht;
Except a minstrel that slew a man,
So to his heritage he wan,
And enterit by brieve of richt.[14]

Then cried Mahoun for a Hieland Padyane:[15]
Syne ran a fiend to fetch Makfadyane,
Far northwast in a neuck;
Be he the coronach[16] had done shout,
Ersche men so gatherit him about,
In hell great room they took:

---

[1] Usurers. [2] Misers. [3] A great quantity.
[4] Gold of every coinage. [5] His grunt. [6] Many a lazy glutton.
[7] Served with care (Fr. *soigner*, to care, to be diligent).
[8] Loins. [9] Quicker of apprehension.
[10] Neighing like an entire horse. [11] Corpse (*mort*, dead).
[12] Their reward, or their desire not diminished.
[13] No minstrels without doubt—a compliment to the poetical profession: there were no gleemen or minstrels in the infernal regions. [14] Letter of right. [15] Pageant.
[16] By the time he had done shouting the coronach or cry of help, the Highlanders speaking Erse or Gaelic gathered about him.

Thae tarmigants, with tag and tatter,
Full loud in Ersche begoud to clatter,
And roup like raven and rook.[1]
The Devil sae deaved[2] was with their yell,
That in the deepest pot of hell
He smorit[3] them with smoke!

### *Tidings fra the Session.*

A conversation between two rustics, designed to satirise the proceedings in the supreme civil law-court of Scotland.

Ane muirland man, of upland mak,
At hame thus to his neighbour spak:
What tidings, gossip, peace or weir?
The tother rounit[4] in his ear:
I tell you under this confession,
But lately lichtit off my meare,
I come of Edinburgh fra the Session.

What tidings heard you there, I pray you?
The tother answerit: I sall say you:
Keep well this secret, gentle brother;
Is na man there that trusts another:
Ane common doer of transgression,
Of innocent folk preveens a futher:[5]
Sic tidings heard I at the Session.

Some with his fallow rouns him to please,
That wald for envy bite aff his nese;[6]
His fa' some by the oxter[7] leads;
Some patters with his mouth on beads,
That has his mind all on oppression;
Some becks full law and shaws bare heads,
Wad look full heigh were not the Session.

Some, bydand the law, lays land in wed;[8]
Some, super-expended, goes to bed;
Some speeds, for he in court has means;
Some of partiality compleens,
How feid[9] and favour flemis[10] discretion;
Some speaks full fair, and falsely feigns:
Sic tidings heard I at the Session.

Some castis summons, and some excepts;
Some stand beside and skailed law kepps;
Some is continued; some wins; some tynes;
Some maks him merry at the wines;
Some is put out of his possession;
Some herried, and on credence dines:
Sic tidings heard I at the Session.

Some swearis and forsakis God;
Some in ane lamb-skin is ane tod;[11]
Some in his tongue his kindness turses;[12]
Some cuts throats, and some pykes purses;
Some goes to gallows with procession;
Some sains the seat, and some them curses:
Sic tidings heard I at the Session.

## GAVIN DOUGLAS.

GAVIN DOUGLAS, bishop of Dunkeld, was one of the most distinguished and accomplished men of that era. He was born about the year 1474, younger son of Archibald, fifth Earl of Angus, and was educated for the church. He lived, however, in stormy times, and was mixed up with the turbulent scenes of the Douglas faction. When that faction was driven from power, he fled to England, to the court of Henry VIII. He was proscribed as a traitor, and the revenues of his bishopric of Dunkeld sequestrated, but he did not live long to feel his loss: he was stricken with the plague, and died in London in 1522. Douglas wrote two original poetical works, one entitled *The Palace of Honour*, an apologue for the conduct of a king, addressed to James IV. The poet represents himself as seeing in a vision a large company travelling towards the Palace of Honour. He joins them, and relates the particulars of the pilgrimage. His second work, *King Hart*, presents a metaphorical view of human life. The human heart is personified as a king in his castle, with the five senses around him; he is attacked by Dame Pleasaunce, who has conquered many a king, from Solomon downwards, but at length Age and Experience come to the rescue, and King Hart is set free. Douglas gave an entire translation of the *Æneid* in the Scottish language, being the first version of a Latin classic into any British tongue. Douglas's translation is in what is called the heroic couplet, ten syllables to the line, the measure which Byron considered to be the best adapted to our language, though his own greatest triumphs were not achieved in it. Thus, in the famous passage of the descent of Æneas to the infernal regions, we read in Douglas:

It is right facile and eith [easy] gait, I thee tell,
For to descend and pass on down to hell,
The black yetts of Pluto and that dirk way
Stand ever open and patent night and day;
But therefra to return again on height,
And here above recover this air's light,
That is difficile wark—there labour lies.

Though later in point of time than Henryson and Dunbar, Douglas is much less easily read. He was, like Spenser, fond of archaisms, and he resolved, he said, to write wholly in the Scottish language:

And yet, forsooth, I set my busy pain,
As that I couth to mak it braid and plain;
Keeping na Suthron, but our awn language,
And speak as I learned when I was ane page.

His language, however, is far from being pure Scotch, being, according to Mr Skeat, 'much affected by Anglicisms.' The original poems styled *Prologues*, which the translator affixes to each book, are esteemed among his happiest efforts. The following is in the original spelling:

### *Apostrophe to Honour.*

O hie honour, sweit heuinlie flour digest!
Gem verteous, maist precious, godliest,
For his honour thou art guerdon conding,[1]
Of worschip kend the glorious end and rest,
But whome in richt na worthie wicht may lest,
Thy greit puissance may maist auance all thing,
And houerall to meikall auail sone bring
I the require sen thow but peir[2] art best,
That eftir this in thy hie blis we ring.

### *From a Description of Morning in May, from the Prologue to the Twelfth Book of the Æneid.*

As fresh Aurore, to mighty Tithon spouse,
Ished of[3] her saffron bed and ivor house,
In cram'sy clad and grained violate,
With sanguine cape, and selvage purpurate,
Unshet[4] the windows of her large hall,
Spread all with roses, and full of balm royal,

---

[1] Croaked like ravens and rooks.
[2] Deafened.
[3] Smothered.
[4] Whispered.
[5] Is advanced before a great number.
[6] Nose.
[7] Armpit.
[8] Pledge.
[9] Hostility.
[10] Banishes.
[11] Fox.
[12] Carries.

[1] Worthy reward.
[2] Without peer or equal.
[3] Issued from.
[4] Opened.

And eke the heavenly portis chrystalline
Upwarps braid, the warld till illumine;
The twinkling streamers of the orient
Shed purpour sprainge, with gold and azure ment....
Under the bowis bene in lovely vales,
Within fermance and parkis close of pales,
The busteous buckis rakis furth on raw,
Herdis of hertis through the thick wood-shaw.
The young fawns followand the dun daes,
Kids, skippand through, runnis after raes.
In lyssurs and on leyis, little lambs
Full tait and trig socht bletand to their dams.
On salt streams walk Dorida and Thetis,
By rinnand strandis, Nymphis and Naiadis,
Sic as we clepe wenches and damysels,
In gersy groves[1] wanderand by spring wells;
Of bloomed branches and flowers white and red,
Plettand their lusty chaplets for their head.
Some sang ring-sanges, dances, leids,[2] and rounds,
With voices shrill, while all the dale resounds.
Whereso they walk into their caroling,
For amorous lays does all the rockis ring.
Ane sang: 'The ship sails oure the salt faem,
Will bring the merchants and my leman hame.'[3]
Some other sings: 'I will be blythe and licht,
My heart is lent upon so goodly wicht.'[3]
And thoughtful lovers rounis[4] to and fro,
To leis[5] their pain, and plein their jolly woe.
After their guise, now singand, now in sorrow,
With heartis pensive the lang summer's morrow.
Some ballads list indite of his lady;
Some livis in hope; and some all utterly
Despairit is, and sae quite out of grace,
His purgatory he finds in every place. . . .
Dame Nature's menstrals, on that other part,
Their blissful bay intoning every art,
And all small fowlis singis on the spray,
Welcome the lord of licht, and lampe of day,
Welcome fosterer of tender herbis green,
Welcome quickener of flouriest flouirs sheen,
Welcome support of every root and vein,
Welcome comfort of all kind fruit and grain,
Welcome the birdis bield[6] upon the brier,
Welcome master and ruler of the year,
Welcome weelfare of husbands at the plows,
Welcome repairer of woods, trees, and bows,
Welcome depainter of the bloomit meads,
Welcome the life of every thing that spreads,
Welcome storer of all kind bestial,
Welcome be thy bricht beamis, gladdnan all!

## SIR DAVID LYNDSAY.

The celebrated Lyon King of Arms, SIR DAVID LYNDSAY of the Mount, was born, about the year 1490, at the paternal seat in the parish of Monimail, Fifeshire. He was educated at the university of St Andrews, was early employed at the court of James IV.; and in 1511-12 had a salary of forty pounds. He was in attendance on the king at the church of St Michael, Linlithgow, when a supposed apparition warned the monarch against passing to England on his fatal project of invasion—an incident graphically delineated in Scott's *Marmion*. Lyndsay became the usher and companion of the young prince, afterwards James V.

As ane chapman bears his pack,
I bore thy Grace upon my back;
And sometimes stridlings on my neck,
Dancing with mony bend and beck.
The first syllables that thou did mute
Was PA, DA, LYN.

About the year 1529, the king knighted Lyndsay, and appointed him Chief Herald, or Lyon King of Arms. Some years previously, the poet had married a lady, Janet Douglas, who held the office of sempstress to the king, with an annual fee or pension of ten pounds. He seems to have possessed talents for public business, as he was employed on commercial missions to Flanders and Denmark, and on various royal messages and embassies, besides representing the burgh of Cupar in parliament in 1544-46. In his latter days, he retired to his seat, the Mount, where he died some time previous to the 18th of April 1555, when his brother succeeded to the entailed estate. The antiquated dialect, prolix narrative, and frequent indelicacy of Lyndsay's writings, have thrown them into the shade; but they abound in racy pictures of the times, in humorous and burlesque description, and in keen and cutting satire. There are also passages evincing poetical fancy and elevation of feeling. He lashed the vices of the clergy even with greater boldness than Skelton, and from his public position and the openness of his satire and invective, he must materially have advanced the Reformed doctrines. He appears to have been sincerely and strongly attached to this cause, and was one of the influential Reformers who urged Knox to become a preacher. That he escaped the vengeance of the church in the early part of his career, must be attributed to the partiality entertained for him by the king, and to the broad humour and indelicacy mixed up with his satire, which could not fail to be relished by that voluptuous monarch. James also shewed some magnanimity in overlooking the satirical shafts of Lyndsay directed against his own 'pleasant vices' and defects. With the bulk of his countrymen, Sir David was singularly popular. His sarcastic lines and shrewd sayings passed into proverbs, and are not yet wholly banished from the firesides of the peasantry.

The works of Sir David Lyndsay were edited by Mr George Chalmers, and published in three volumes (London, 1806). A new edition, revised by Mr David Laing, and somewhat curtailed, appeared in two volumes (Edinburgh, 1871). The poet's first production, *The Dreme*, was written about the year 1528. This was followed by *The Complaynt to the King*, evidently written in 1529; and *The Testament and Complaynt of our Soverane Lordis Papyngo, Kyng James the Fyft*, 1530. (The *papyngo* or popinjay is the old English name of the parrot.) These three works consist chiefly of observations on the state and government of the kingdom during two of its dismal minorities. The other principal works of Lyndsay are: *An Answer to the King's Flyting*, 1536; *The Deploration of the Death of Queen Magdalene*, 1537; *Ane Supplication directit to the Kingis Grace, in contemptioun of Syde Taillis*, 1538; *Kitties Confessioun* (a satire on auricular confession), 1541; *The Tragedie of the Cardinall* (Beaton), 1546; *The Historie and Testament of Squyer William Meldrum*, about 1550; *Ane Dialog betuix Experience and ane Courteour, of the miserabyll estait of the World*, 1553; and *Ane Pleasant Satyre of the Thrie Estaitis*. This last work is a rude dramatic composition, a satire upon the whole of the three political orders—monarch, barons, and clergy—full of humour and grossness, and curiously illustrative of the taste of the times. Notwithstanding its pungency, and, what is apt to be now more surprising, notwithstanding the introduction of indecencies not fit to be described, the satire of the *Three Estates* was acted in presence of the court at Cupar, Linlithgow, and Edinburgh, the stage being in the open air. The performance at Linlithgow took place at the feast of Epiphany, January 6, 1539-40, in the presence of the king, queen, the ladies of the court, the bishops, and a great concourse of people of all ranks. It is probable that some of the coarser passages were written, as Chalmers supposes, for the amusement of the lower classes during the intervals, when the chief auditory had retired for refreshments. The *Historie of Squyer Meldrum* is perhaps the most pleasing of all Lyndsay's works. It is founded on the adventures of a well-known person in Fifeshire, William Meldrum, the laird of Cleish and Binns, who served in France during the war in 1513, and on his return to Scotland was noted for his spirit and gallantry. It is considered the last poem that in any degree partakes of the character of the old metrical romance. The Dialogue betwixt Experience and a Courtier is otherwise described as *The Monarchie*, and is an elaborate compendium of events in sacred and profane history, in the course of which the poet inveighs against the corruptions of the church of Rome.

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[1] Grassy groves.
[2] Lays.
[3] Songs then popular.
[4] Whisper.
[5] Relieve.
[6] Shelter.

Of the dexterity with which Lyndsay could point a satirical remark on an error of state-policy, we may judge from the following very brief passage of his early work, the *Complaynt*, which refers to the revolution in the Scottish government during the year 1524, when the king was twelve years of age, and the Douglases gained the ascendency. We give the lines in the original orthography, from the text of Chalmers :

Imprudentlie, lyk wytles fuilis,
Thay tuke that young prince frome the scuilis,
Quhare he, under obedience,
Was lernand vertew and science,
And haistelie platt in his hand
The governance of all Scotland ;
As quho wald, in ane stormye blast,
Quhen marinaris bene all agast
Throw danger of the seis raige,
Wad tak ane chylde of tender aige,
Quhilk never had bene on the sey,
And to his biddyng all obey,
Gevyng hym haill[1] the governall
Of schip, marchand and marinall,[2]
For dreid of rockis and foreland,
To put the ruther in his hand :
Without Goddis grace, is no refuge :
Geve thare be dainger, ye may juge.
I gyf thame to the devyll of hell,
Quhilk first devysit that counsell,
I wyll nocht say that it was treassoun,
Bot I dar sweir, it was no reassoun.
I pray God, lat me never se ryng,[3]
In to this realme, so young ane kyng.

### *Satire on the Syde Tails, or Long Dresses, of the Ladies. Directed to the King's Grace*, 1538.

Sir, though your Grace has put great order
Baith in the Hieland and the Border,
Yet mak I supplication
Till have some reformation
Of ane small fault, whilk is nocht treason,
Though it be contrary to reason,
Because the matter been so vile,
It may nocht have ane ornate style ;
Wherefore I pray your Excellence
To hear me with great patience :
Of stinking weeds maculate
No man nay mak ane rose-chaplet.
Sovereign, I mean of thir syde tails,
Whilk through the dust and dubs trails
Three quarters lang behind their heels,
Express again' all commonweals.
Though bishops, in their pontificals,
Have men for to bear up their tails,
For dignity of their office ;
Richt so ane queen or ane empress ;
Howbeit they use sic gravity,
Conformand to their majesty,
Though their robe-royals be upborne,
I think it is ane very scorn,
That every lady of the land
Should have her tail so syde trailand ;
Howbeit they been of high estate,
The queen they should nocht counterfeit.

Wherever they go it may be seen
How kirk and causay they soop[1] clean.
The images into the kirk
May think of their syde taillis irk ;[2]
For when the weather been maist fair,
The dust flies highest in the air,
And all their faces does begarie.
Gif they could speak, they wald them warie.[3] . .
But I have maist into despite
Poor claggocks[4] clad in raploch white,
Whilk has scant twa merks for their fees,
Will have twa ells beneath their knees.
Kittock that cleckit[5] was yestreen,
The morn, will counterfeit the queen :
And Moorland Meg, that milked the yowes,
Claggit with clay aboon the hows,[6]
In barn nor byre she will not bide,
Without her kirtle tail be syde.
In burghs, wanton burgess wives
Wha may have sydest tails strives,
Weel bordered with velvet fine,
But followand them it is ane pyne :
In summer, when the streets dries,
They raise the dust aboon the skies ;
Nane may gae near them at their ease,
Without they cover mouth and neese. . .
I think maist pane after ane rain,
To see them tuckit up again ;
Then when they step furth through the street,
Their fauldings flaps about their feet ;
They waste mair claith, within few years,
Nor wald cleid fifty score of freirs. . .
Of tails I will no more indite,
For dread some duddron[7] me despite :
Notwithstanding, I will conclude,
That of syde tails can come nae gude,
Sider nor may their ankles hide,
The remanent proceeds of pride,
And pride proceeds of the devil,
Thus alway they proceed of evil.

Ane other fault, sir, may be seen—
They hide their face all but the een ;
When gentlemen bid them gude-day,
Without reverence they slide away. . .
Without their faults be soon amended,
My flyting,[8] sir, shall never be ended ;
But wald your Grace my counsel tak,
Ane proclamation ye should mak,
Baith through the land and burrowstouns,[9]
To shaw their face and cut their gowns.

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[1] Whole, entire.
[2] Merchandise or freight, and mariners.
[3] Reign.

[1] Sweep.
[2] Be annoyed.
[3] Curse or cry out.
[4] Draggle-tails.
[5] Hatched.
[6] Houghs.
[7] Slut.
[8] Scolding, brawling.
[9] Burgh towns.

Women will say, this is nae bourds,[1]
To write sic vile and filthy words;
But wald they clenge[2] their filthy tails,
Whilk over the mires and middens trails,
Then should my writing clengit be,
None other mends they get of me.

Quoth Lyndsay, in contempt of the syde tails,
That duddrons and duntibours[3] through the dubs trails.

We subjoin a few passages from the *Satire of the Three Estates*, partly modernising the spelling.

### *Abuses of the Clergy.*

*Pauper*. Gude man, will ye give me of your charity,
And I shall declare you the black verity.
My father was ane auld man and ane hoar,
And was of age fourscore of years and more.
And Mald, my mother, was fourscore and fifteen,
And with my labour I did them baith sustein.
We had ane mare that carried salt and coal,
And every ilk[4] year, she brocht us hame ane foal.
We had three kye, that was baith fat and fair,
Nane tidier into the toun of Air.
My father was so weak of blude and bane,
That he died, wherefore my mother made great mane:
Then she died, within ane day or two;
And there began my poverty and woe.
Our gude gray mare was battened on the field,
And our land's laird took her for his hyreild.[5]
The vicar took the best cow by the head,
Incontinent, when my father was dead.
And when the vicar heard tell how that my mother
Was dead, frae hand, he took to him ane other:
Then Meg, my wife, did mourn baith even and morrow,
Till at the last she died for very sorrow:
And when the vicar heard tell my wife was dead,
The third cow he cleekit[6] by the head.
Their umest[7] claithes, that was of raploch gray,[8]
The vicar gart his clerk bear them away.
When all was gane, I might mak na debate,
But with my bairns passed for till beg my meat.
Now, have I tauld you the black verity,
How I am brocht into this misery.
*Diligence*. How did the parson? was he not thy friend?
*Pauper*. The devil stick him! he cursed me for my teind,[9]
And halds me yet under that same process
That gart me want the sacrament at Pasche.[10]
In gude faith, sir, though he would cut my throat,
I have na gear, except ane English groat,
Whilk I purpose to give ane man of law.
*Diligence*. Thou art the daftest[11] fuil that ever I saw;
Trow'st thou, man, by the law, to get remead
Of men of kirk? Na, nocht till thou be dead.
*Pauper*. Sir, by what law, tell me, wherefore or why
That ane vicar should take frae me three kye?
*Diligence*. They have na law except consuetude,
Whilk law, to them, is sufficient and gude.
*Pauper*. Ane consuetude against the common weal,
Should be na law, I think, by sweet Sanct Geil.[12]

### *Speech of the Pardoner.*

My patent pardons ye may see,
Come frae the Khan of Tartarie,
Weel sealed with oyster-shells;
Though ye have no contrition,
Ye shall have full remission,
With help of buiks and bells.

Here is ane relic, lang and braid,
Of Fin-mac-Coul the right chaft blade,[1]
With teeth and all togidder;
Of Colin's cow here is ane horn,
For eating of Makconnal's corn,
Was slain into Balquhidder.

Here is ane cord, baith great and lang,
Whilk hangit John the Armistrang:
Of gude hemp soft and sound;
Gude haly people, I stand for'd
Whaever beis hangit with this cord,
Needs never to be drowned!

The culum[2] of Sanct Bride's cow,
The gruntle[3] of Sanct Antone's sow,
Whilk bore his haly bell:
Whaever he be hears this bell clink
Give me ane ducat for till drink,
He shall never gang to hell—

Without he be of Belial born:
Masters, trow ye that this be scorn?
Come, win this pardon, come!
Wha loves their wives nocht with their heart,
I have power them for till part;
Methink you deaf and dumb.

Has nane of you curst wicked wives
That halds you intill sturt and strifes?
Come take my dispensation;
Of that cummer I shall make you quit,
Howbeit yourselves be in the wyte,
And make ane false narration.

Come win the pardon! Now let see,
For meal, for malt, or for money—
For cock, hen, goose, or grise,[4]
Of relics here I have ane hunder,
Why come ye nocht? This is ane wonder;
I trow ye be nocht wise.

### *The Law's Delay.*

Marry, I lent my gossip my mare, to fetch hame coals,
And he her drounit into the quarry holes;
And I ran to the Consistory, for to pleinzie,[5]
And there I happenit amang ane greedie meinzie.[6]
They gave me first ane thing they call *citendum;*
Within aucht days I gat but *libellandum;*
Within ane month I gat *ad opponendum;*
In half ane year I gat *inter-loquendum*,
And syne I gat—how call ye it?—*ad replicandum;*
But I could never ane word yet understand him:
And then they gart me cast out many placks,[7]
And gart me pay for four-and-twenty acts.
But or they came half gate to *concludendum*,
The fiend ane plack was left for to defend him.
Thus they postponed me twa year with their train,
Syne, *hodie ad octo*, bad me come again:
And then thir rooks they roupit[8] wonder fast
For sentence, silver, they cryit at the last.
Of *pronunciandum* they made me wonder fain,
*But I gat never my gude gray mare again.*

There were several other Scottish poets of this period, one of whom, WALTER KENNEDY, has obtained some notoriety from having carried on a *flyting* or altercation with Dunbar in rhyme. The productions on both sides are coarse and scurrilous, though there was probably as much mirth as malice at the bottom of the affair. Most of these pieces, with several anonymous poems of no small merit, were preserved in the Maitland and

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[1] Scoffs, jests. [2] Cleanse. [3] Harlots. [4] Each.
[5] A fine extorted by a superior on the death of his tenant.
[6] Catched hold of. [7] Uppermost. [8] Coarse woollen gray cloth.
[9] Tithe. [10] Easter. [11] Maddest. [12] St Giles.

[1] Jaw-bone. [2] The tail, the fundament. [3] The snout.
[4] The pig. [5] Complain. [6] Company, crew.
[7] Plack, a Scotch coin equal to the third of an English penny.
[8] Cried, shouted.

Bannatyne manuscripts of the sixteenth century. The first was begun in 1555 by Sir Richard Maitland, and consists of a collection of miscellaneous poetry, in two volumes, ending with the year 1585. These precious volumes were preserved in the Pepysian Library, in Magdalene College, Cambridge. The Bannatyne manuscript contains a similar collection made by George Bannatyne, a merchant of Edinburgh, in the year 1568, when the prevalence of the plague compelled men in business to forsake their usual employments and retire to the country. In a valedictory address at the end of this compilation (containing upwards of 800 pages), Bannatyne says:

> Heir endis this Buik writtin in tyme of pest,
> Quhen we fra labour was compel'd to rest.

A judicious selection from Bannatyne's manuscript was published by Lord Hailes in 1770, accompanied with valuable notes and a glossary.

## BALLAD POETRY.

The early ballads of England and Scotland have justly been admired for their rude picturesque energy and simple pathos. Some of them—as those relating to King Arthur, St George of England, Sir Gawaine, &c.—are of great antiquity, and refer to a period before the formal institution of chivalry. Others of later date, whether embodying historical events, traditional romance, or domestic tragedies, illustrate the times in which they were composed, though often altered and vulgarised in their progress downwards by recitation. Sir Philip Sidney said the old ballad of *Chevy Chase* stirred him up like the sound of a trumpet; and the classic Addison devoted two papers in the *Spectator* to a critique on a more modern version of the same artless but heroic metrical story. The ballads on the famous outlaw, Robin Hood, fill a volume. Another, *The Nut-brown Maid*, was imitated by Prior, who failed to excel the simple original. *Sir Lancelot du Lake*, the *Heir of Linne*, *King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid*, *Tak your Auld Cloak about ye*, and numerous others, have enjoyed great popularity. Sir Walter Scott drew his first and strongest poetical inspiration from the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, which he carefully collected and edited. Most of these must be assigned to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, but many are older, including what Coleridge termed 'the grand old ballad' of *Sir Patrick Spens*. James V. of Scotland is the reputed author of two excellent ballads, describing his own roving adventures. In Shakspeare and Beaumont and Fletcher are many fragments of ballads popular in their day, most of which have been collected and published in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*. To this valuable repository and to Scott's *Minstrelsy* we must refer the reader.

### *The Deaths of Douglas and Percy.*

The ballad of *Chevy Chase* is supposed to have been written in the time of Henry VI. or between 1422 and 1461. The oldest MS. is in the Bodleian Library, with the name attached of 'Richard Sheale,' a ballad-singer or reciter of the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth. In the following extract, we have simplified the spelling, which in the original is careless and uncouth.

At last the Douglas and the Percy met,
Like to captains of might and of main;
They swapt together till they both swat,
With swords that were of fine Milan.

These worthy freckys[1] for to fight
Thereto they were full fain,
Till the blood out of their basnets sprent[2]
As ever did hail or rain.

'Yield thee, Percy!' said the Douglas,
'And i' faith I shall thee bring
Where thou shalt have an earl's wages
Of Jamie our Scottish king.

'Thou shalt have thy ransom free,
I hight thee hear this thing;
For the manfullest man yet art thou
That ever I conquered in field-fighting.'

'Nay,' said the Lord Percy,
'I told it thee beforn,
That I would never yielded be
To no man of a woman born.'

With that there cam an arrow hastily
Forth of a mighty wane,[3]
It hath stricken the Earl Douglas
In at the breast-bane.

Thorough liver and lungs baith
The sharp arrow is gane,
That never after in all his life-days
He spake mo words but ane;
That was: 'Fight ye, my merry men, whiles ye may,
For my life-days be gane.'

The Percy leaned on his brand,
And saw the Douglas dee;
He took the dead man be the hand,
And said: 'Wo is me for thee!

'To have saved thy life, I would have parted with
My lands for years three,
For a better man of heart nor of hand
Was not in all the north countrie.'

Of all that saw, a Scottish knight,
Was called Sir Hugh the Montgomery,
He saw the Douglas to the death was dight,
He spended a spear, a trusty tree.

He rode upon a courser, through
A hundred archery,
He never stinted nor never blane[4]
Till he came to the good Lord Percy.

He set upon the Lord Percy
A dint that was full sore,
With a sure spear of a mighty tree
Clean thorough the body he Percy bore,

At the other side that a man might see
A large cloth-yard and mair:
Two better captains were not in Christiantie
Than that day slain were there.

As a specimen of the modernised ballad, supposed to be of the time of Elizabeth or James, we quote a few stanzas, describing the death of Douglas: the line we have printed in *italics* is a touch of genius not in the old ballad:

With that there came an arrow keen
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart,
A deep and deadly blow:

Who never spoke more words than these—
'Fight on, my merry men all;
For why, my life is at an end,
*Lord Percy sees my fall.'*

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[1] Men (Ang.-Sax. *freca*, a man).
[2] Out of their helmets spirted.
[3] Ane, one man.
[4] Ceased (Ang.-Sax. *blinnan*, *linnan*, to cease).

Then leaving strife, Earl Percy took
The dead man by the hand;
And said: 'Earl Douglas, for thy life,
Would I had lost my land!

'O Christ! my very heart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake;
For sure a more renowned knight
Mischance did never take.'

### *Sir Patrick Spens.*[*]

The king sits in Dunfermline town,
Drinking the blude-red wine;
'O where shall I get a skeely skipper,
To sail this ship of mine?'

O up and spake an eldern knight,
Sat at the king's right knee—
'Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor,
That ever sailed the sea.'

Our king has written a braid letter,
And sealed it with his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the strand.

'To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o'er the faem;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis thou maun bring her hame.'

The first word that Sir Patrick read,
Sae loud loud laughed he;
The neist[1] word that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blinded his e'e.

'O wha is this has done this deed,
And tauld the king o' me,
To send us out, at this time of the year,
To sail upon the sea?

'Be't wind or weet, be't hail or sleet,
Our ship maun sail the faem;
The king's daughter to Noroway,
'Tis we must fetch her hame.'

They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn,
Wi' a' the speed they may;
They ha'e landed in Noroway,
Upon a Wodensday.

They hadna been a week, a week,
In Noroway, but twae,
When that the lords o' Noroway
Began aloud to say—

'Ye Scottishmen spend a' our king's goud,
And a' our queenis fee.'
'Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud!
Fu' loud I hear ye lie;

'For I ha'e brought as much white monie
As gane my men and me,
And I ha'e brought a half-fou[2] of gude red goud,
Out o'er the sea wi' me.

'Make ready, make ready, my merry men a'!
Our gude ship sails the morn.'
'Now, ever alake, my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm!

'I saw the new moon, late yestreen,
Wi' the auld moon in her arm;
And, if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we'll come to harm.'

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
And gurly grew the sea.

The ankers brak, and the top-masts lap,
It was sic a deadly storm;
And the waves cam o'er the broken ship,
Till a' her sides were torn.

'O where will I get a gude sailor,
To take my helm in hand,
Till I get up to the tall top-mast,
To see if I can spy land?'

'O here am I, a sailor gude,
To take the helm in hand,
Till you go to the tall top-mast;
But I fear you'll ne'er spy land.'

He hadna gane a step, a step,
A step but barely ane,
When a boult flew out of our goodly ship,
And the salt sea it came in.

'Gae fetch a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And wap them into our ship's side,
And let nae the sea come in.'

They fetched a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And they wapped them round that gude ship's side,
But still the sea came in.

O laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
To weet their cork-heeled shoon!
But lang or a' the play was played,
They wat their hats aboon.

And mony was the feather-bed
That floated on the faem;
And mony was the gude lord's son
That never mair cam hame.

The ladyes wrang their fingers white,
The maidens tore their hair,
A' for the sake of their true loves—
For them they'll see nae mair.

O lang, lang may the ladyes sit,
Wi' their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand!

And lang, lang may the maidens sit,
With their goud kaims in their hair,
A' waiting for their ain dear loves!
For them they'll see nae mair.

Half owre, half owre to Aberdour,
'Tis fifty fathoms deep,
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

### *The Nut-brown Maid.*

The long and interesting ballad of the *Nut-brown Maid* was first printed in *Arnold's Chronicle* about 1502, then reprinted in *The Muses' Mercury*, 1707, and afterwards formed the groundwork of Prior's *Henry and Emma*. The object of the old author was to prove that the faith of woman is stronger than worldly men believe.

I say not nay, but that all day
It is both writ and said
That woman's faith is, as who sayeth,
All utterly decayed;

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[*] Supposed to refer to the incident thus related by Fordun: 'In the year 1281, Margaret, daughter of Alexander III. was married to the king of Norway; who leaving Scotland on the last day of July, was conveyed thither in noble style, in company with many knights and nobles. In returning home after the celebration of her nuptials, the Abbot of Balmerinoch, Bernard of Monte-Alto, and many other persons were drowned.'

[1] Next.

[2] Bushel.

But, nevertheless, right good witness
In this case might be laid,
That they love true and continue,
Record the Nut-brown Maid:
Which from her love, when her to prove
He came to make his moan,
Would not depart; for in her heart
She loved but him alone.

In order to try her affection, the lover said he was sentenced to die a shameful death, and had to withdraw as an outlaw to the greenwood.

**She.**—O Lord, what is this world's bliss,
That changeth as the moon!
My summer's day in lusty May
Is darked before the noon.
I hear you say, Farewell: Nay, nay,
We depart not so soon.
Why say ye so? whither will ye go?
Alas! what have ye done?
All my welfáre to sorrow and care
Should change if ye were gone;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

**He.**—I can believe, it shall you grieve,
And somewhat you distrain:
But afterward, your paines hard
Within a day or twain
Shall soon aslake; and ye shall take
Comfort to you again.
Why should ye ought, for to make thought?
Your labour were in vain.
And thus I do, and pray to you,
As heartily as I can;
For I must to the greenwood go,
Alone, a banished man.

**She.**—Now sith that ye have shewed to me
The secret of your mind,
I shall be plain to you again,
Like as ye shall me find.
Sith it is so that ye will go,
I will not live behind;
Shall never be said, the Nut-brown Maid
Was to her love unkind:
Make you readỳ, for so am I,
Although it were anon;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone. . . .

**He.**—Yet take good heed, for ever I dread
That ye could not sustain
The thorny ways, the deep valleys,
The snow, the frost, the rain;
The cold, the heat; for dry or wet,
We must lodge on the plain;
And, as above, none other roof
But a brake-bush or twain;
Which soon should grieve you, I believe;
And ye would gladly then
That I had to the greenwood gone
Alone, a banished man.

The Maid still maintains her constancy, on which the lover says he has 'purveyed' him of a maid whom he loves better than her, but even this does not shake her faith, and then the noble youth discloses himself to his faithful mistress.

**He.**—Mine own dear love, I see thee prove
That ye be kind and true;
Of maid and wife, in all my life,
The best that ever I knew.
Be merry and glad; no more be sad;
The case is changéd now;
For it were ruth, that, for your truth,
Ye should have cause to rue.
Be not dismayed; whatever I said
To you, when I began;
I will not to the greenwood go,
I am no banished man.

**She.**—These tidings be more glad to me
Than to be made a queen,
If I were sure they would endure:
But it is often seen,
When men will break promise, they speak
The wordes on the spleen.
Ye shape some wile me to beguile,
And steal from me, I ween:
Than were the case worse than it was,
And I more woe-begone;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

**He.**—Ye shall not need further to dread:
I will not disparáge
You (God defend!), sith ye descend
Of so great a lineáge.
Now understand; to Westmoreland,
Which is mine heritage,
I will you bring; and with a ring,
By way of marriáge
I will you take, and lady make,
As shortly as I can:
Thus have ye won an earl's son,
And not a banished man.

### *The Gaberlunzie-Man.*

By tradition, assigned to James V. (1512-42), and supposed to describe one of his own roving adventures. The *gaberlunzie* was a travelling beggar, pedler, or tinker. The English reader acquainted with the works of Burns will have no difficulty with the Scottish words in this humorous descriptive ballad.

The pawky auld carl came o'er the lea,
Wi' mony gude e'ens and days to me,
Saying: 'Gudewife, for your courtesie,
Will ye lodge a silly poor man?'
The night was cauld, the carl was wat,
And down ayont the ingle he sat;
My dochter's shouthers he 'gan to clap,
And cadgily ranted and sang.

'O wow!' quo' he, 'were I as free
As first whan I saw this countrie,
How blithe and merry wad I be!
And I wad never think lang.'
He grew canty, and she grew fain;
But little did her auld minny ken
What thir slee twa togidder were sayen,
When wooing they were sae thrang.

'And O!' quo' he, 'and ye were as black
As ever the crown o' your daddy's hat,
'Tis I wad lay thee by my back,
And awa wi' thee I'd gang.'
'And O!' quo' she, 'and I were as white
As e'er the snaw lay on the dike,
I'd cleid me braw and lady-like,
And awa wi' thee I'd gang.'

Between the twa was made a plot;
They raise a wee before the cock,
And wilyly they shot the lock,
And fast to the bent are they gane.
Upon the morn the auld wife raise,
And at her leisure put on her claise,
Syne to the servants' bed she gaes,
To speir for the silly poor man.

She gaed to the bed where the beggar lay;
The strae was cauld—he was away;
She clapt her hands, cried: 'Dulefu day!
For some o' our gear will be gane.'
Some ran to coffer, and some to kist,
But nought was stown that could be mist;
She danced her lane, cried: 'Praise be blest!
I have lodged a leal poor man.

'Since nathing's awa, as we can learn,
The kirn's to kirn, and milk to yearn;
Gae butt the house, lass, and waken my bairn,
And bid her come quickly ben.'
The servant gaed where the dochter lay;
The sheets were cauld—she was away,
And fast to her gudewife 'gan say:
'She's aff wi' the Gaberlunzie-man!'

'O fie gar ride, and fie gar rin,
And haste ye find these traitors again!
For she's be burnt, and he's be slain;
The wearifu' Gaberlunzie-man.'
Some rade upo' horse, some ran a-fit;
The wife was wud, and out o' her wit;
She could na gang, nor yet could she sit,
But aye did curse and did ban.

Meantime, far hind out owre the lea,
Fu' snug in a glen where nane could see,
Thir twa, wi' kindly sport and glee,
Cut frae a new cheese a whang.
The prieving was good, it pleased them baith;
To lo'e her for aye he gae her his aith;
Quo' she: 'To leave thee I will be laith,
My winsome Gaberlunzie-man.

'O ken'd my minny I were wi' you,
Ill-far'dly wad she crook her mou',
Sic a puir man she'd never trow,
After the Gaberlunzie-man.'
'My dear,' quod he, 'ye're yet owre young,
An' hae na learned the beggar's tongue,
To fallow me frae town to town,
And carry the Gaberlunzie on.

'Wi' kauk and keel I'll win your bread,
And spinnels and whorls for them wha need,
Whilk is a gentle trade indeed,
To carry the Gaberlunzie on.
I'll bow my leg and crook my knee,
An' draw a black clout owre my e'e,
A cripple or blind they will ca' me,
While we will sing and be merrie.'

## PROSE LITERATURE.

### SIR JOHN FORTESCUE.

The first prose writer of eminence after Mandeville and Wycliffe was SIR JOHN FORTESCUE, Chief-justice of the King's Bench under Henry VI. and a constant adherent of the fortunes of that monarch. He flourished between the years 1430 and 1480. Besides several Latin tracts, Chief-justice Fortescue wrote one in the English language, entitled *The Difference between an Absolute and Limited Monarchy as it more particularly regards the English Constitution*, in which he draws a striking, though perhaps exaggerated contrast between the condition of the French under an arbitrary monarch, and that of his own countrymen, who even then possessed considerable privileges as subjects. The French he describes as borne down by public burdens. 'They drink water, they eat apples, with bread, right brown, made of rye. They eat no flesh, but if it be seldom a little lard, or of the entrails or heads of beasts slain for the nobles and merchants of the land. They wear no woollen, but if it be a poor coat under their uttermost garment, made of great canvas, and passen not their knee; wherefore they be gartered and their thighs bare. Their wives and children gone barefoot.' And this, he exclaims, is the fruit of the French king's *jus regale!* Sir John is said to have died in 1485, aged 90,

#### *English Courage.*

*Original spelling.*—It is cowardise and lack of hartes and corage that kepith the Frenchmen from rysyng, and not povertye; which corage no Frenche man hath like to the English man. It hath ben often seen in Englond that iij or iv thefes, for povertie, hath sett upon vij or viij true men, and robbyd them al. But it hath not ben seen in Fraunce that vij or viij thefes have ben hardy to robbe iij or iv true men.

It is cowardice and lack of hearts and courage that keepeth the Frenchmen from rising, and not poverty; which courage no Frenchman hath like to the Englishman. It hath been often seen in England that three or four thieves, for poverty, hath set upon seven or eight true men, and robbed them all. But it hath not been seen in France that seven or eight thieves have been hardy to rob three or four true men. Wherefore it is right seld that Frenchmen be hanged for robbery, for that they have no hearts to do so terrible an act. There be therefore mo men hanged in England, in a year, for robbery and manslaughter, than there be hanged in France for such cause of crime in seven years. There is no man hanged in Scotland in seven years together for robbery, and yet they be oftentimes hanged for larceny, and stealing of goods in the absence of the owner thereof; but their hearts serve them not to take a man's goods while he is present and will defend it; which manner of taking is called robbery. But the Englishman be of another courage; for if he be poor, and see another man having riches which may be taken from him by might, he wol not spare to do so, but if [unless] that poor man be right true. Wherefore it is not poverty, but it is lack of heart and cowardice that keepeth the Frenchmen from rising.

#### *What Harm would come to England if the Commons thereof were Poor.*

Some men have said that it were good for the king that the commons of England were made poor, as be the commons of France. For then they would not rebel, as now they done oftentimes, which the commons of France do not, nor may do; for they have no weapon, nor armour, nor good to buy it withal. To these manner of men may be said, with the philosopher, *Ad parva respicientes, de facili enunciant;* that is to say, they that seen few things woll soon say their advice. Forsooth those folks consideren little the good of the realm, whereof the might most stondeth upon archers, which be no rich men. And if they were made poorer than they be, they should not have wherewith to buy them bows, arrows, jacks, or any other armour of defence, whereby they might be able to resist our enemies when they list to come upon us, which they may do on every side, considering that we be an island; and, as it is said before, we may not have soon succours of any other realm. Wherefore we should be a prey to all other enemies, but if we be mighty of ourself, which might stondeth most upon our poor archers; and therefore they needen not only to have such habiliments as now is spoken of, but also they needen to be much exercised in shooting, which may not be done without right great expenses, as every man expert therein knoweth right well. Wherefore the making poor of the commons, which is the making poor of our archers, should be the destruction of the greatest might of our realm. Item, if poor men may not lightly rise, as is the opinion of those men, which for that cause would have the commons poor; how then, if a mighty man made a rising, should he be repressed, when all the commons be so poor, that after such opinion they may not fight, and by that reason not help the king with fighting? And why maketh the king the commons to be every year mustered, sithen it was good they had no harness, nor were able to fight? Oh, how unwise is the opinion of these men; for it may not be maintained by any reason! Item, when any rising hath been made in this land, before these days by commons, the poorest men thereof hath been the greatest causers and doers therein. And thrifty men have been loth thereto, for dread of losing of their goods, yet oftentimes they have gone with them through menaces, or else the same poor men would have taken their goods; wherein it seemeth that poverty hath been the whole and chief cause of all such rising. The poor man hath been stirred thereto by occasion of his poverty for to get good; and the rich men have gone with them because they wold not be poor by losing of their goods. What then would fall, if all the commons were poor?

### BISHOP PECOCK.

REYNOLD PECOCK, successively bishop of St Asaph and Chichester, wrote a number of treatises chiefly controversial, and though opposing the Lollards, his free and liberal style of comment led to his being accused of heresy. In consequence of this, Pecock had to recant what he had written, and to burn fourteen of his own books! The main ground of offence was his arguing that in matters of faith the church was not infallible. The most remarkable of Pecock's English works is entitled *The Repressor*, 1449. He was about the last of the writers of that age who used the pronouns *hem* and *her* for *them* and *their*.

### SIR THOMAS MALORY.

A compilation of some of the most popular of the romances relating to King Arthur was printed by Caxton in 1485. In a preface to the work, Caxton states that SIR THOMAS MALORY took it out of certain books in French, and reduced it into English. Malory himself states that he finished his task in the ninth year of King Edward IV. (1469). The title of the work, as given by Caxton, is *The Byrth, Lyfe, and Actes of Kyng Arthur, of his noble Knyghtes of the Rounde Table*, &c. A reprint of the work, with introduction and notes by Southey, was published in 1817, and a popular edition, revised for modern use by Sir Edward Strachey, in 1868. The style of Malory's translation is free and spirited, shewing a greater command of English than any of his predecessors.

#### *The Death of Sir Lancelot.*

Then Sir Lancelot, ever after, eat but little meat, nor drank, but continually mourned until he was dead; and then he sickened more and more, and dried and dwindled away. For the bishop, nor none of his fellows, might not make him to eat, and little he drank, that he was soon waxed shorter by a cubit than he was, that the people could not know him. For evermore day and night he prayed [taking no rest], but needfully as nature required; sometimes he slumbered a broken sleep; and always he was lying grovelling upon King Arthur's and Queen Guenever's tomb; and there was no comfort that the bishop, nor Sir Bors, not none of all his fellows could make him; it availed nothing.

Oh! ye mighty and pompous lords, winning in the glorious transitory of this unstable life, as in reigning over great realms and mighty great countries, fortified with strong castles and towers, edified with many a rich city; yea also, ye fierce and mighty knights, so valiant in adventurous deeds of arms, behold! behold! see how this mighty conqueror, King Arthur, whom in his human life all the world doubted,[1] yea also the noble Queen Guenever, which sometime sat in her chair adorned with gold, pearls, and precious stones, now lie full low in obscure foss, or pit, covered with clods of earth and clay! Behold also this mighty champion, Sir Lancelot, peerless of all knighthood; see now how he lieth grovelling upon the cold mould; now being so feeble and faint, that sometime was so terrible: how, and in what manner, ought ye to be so desirous of worldly honour so dangerous? Therefore, me thinketh this present book is right necessary often to be read; for in all[1] ye find the most gracious, knightly, and virtuous war, of the most noble knights of the world, whereby they got praising continually; also me seemeth, by the oft reading thereof, ye shall greatly desire to accustom yourself in following of those gracious knightly deeds; that is to say, to dread God and to love righteousness, faithfully and courageously to serve your sovereign prince; and, the more that God hath given you the triumphal honour, the meeker ought ye to be, ever fearing the unstableness of this deceitful world. . . .

And so, within fifteen days, they came to Joyous Guard, and there they laid his corpse in the body of the quire, and sung and read many psalters and prayers over him and about him; and even his visage was laid open and naked, that all folk might behold him. For such was the custom in those days, that all men of worship should so lie with open visage till that they were buried. And right thus as they were at their service there came Sir Ector de Maris, that had sought seven years all England, Scotland, and Wales, seeking his brother Sir Lancelot. . . .

And then Sir Ector threw his shield, his sword, and his helm from him; and when he beheld Sir Lancelot's visage, he fell down in a swoon; and, when he awoke, it were hard for any tongue to tell the doleful complaints that he made for his brother. 'Ah, Sir Lancelot,' said he, 'thou wert head of all Christian knights.'—'And now, I daresay,' said Sir Bors, 'that Sir Lancelot, there thou liest, thou wert never matched of none earthly knight's hands. And thou wert the courtliest knight that ever bare shield; and thou wert the truest friend to thy lover that ever bestrode horse; and thou wert the truest lover, of a sinful man, that ever loved woman; and thou wert the kindest man that ever stroke with sword; and thou wert the goodliest person that ever came among press of knights; and thou wert the meekest man, and the gentlest, that ever eat in hall among ladies; and thou wert the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put spear in rest.'

### WILLIAM CAXTON.

WILLIAM CAXTON, the venerated father of English printing, was born in Kent about 1412. While acting as an agent for English merchants in Holland, he made himself master of the art of printing, then recently introduced on the continent; and, having translated a French book, styled *The Recuyell of the Histories of Troye*, he printed it at Ghent, in 1471, being the first book in the English language ever put to the press. In a note to this publication, Caxton says:

> Forasmuch as age creepeth on me daily, and feebleth all the bodie, and also because I have promised divers gentlemen, and to my friends, to address to them, as hastily as I might, this said book, therefore I have practised and learned, at my great charge and dispence, to ordain this said book in print, after the manner and form as ye may here see, and is not written with pen and ink, as other books ben, to the end that all men may have them at once, for all the books of this story, named *The Recule of the Historeys of Troyes*, thus emprinted, as ye here see, were begun in one day, and also finished in one day.

Afterwards he established a printing-office at Westminster, and in 1474 produced *The Game of*

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[1] Dreaded (held as *redoutable*).

[1] It?

*Chess*, which was the first book printed in Britain. Caxton translated or wrote about sixty different books, all of which went through his own press before his death in 1491. About forty-four of these are in the British Museum.

Caxton gave a prose translation of the *Æneid*, having met with a French version of the original. In his Proeme he speaks of the *Æneid*, as Pope observes, as of a book hardly known.

### *Caxton's Account of Virgil.*

Happened that to my hande came a lytyl book in Frenche, which late was translated out of Latyn by some noble clerk of Fraunce, whiche booke is named *Eneydos* (made in Latyn by that noble poete and grete clerk Vyrgyle), whiche booke I sawe over and redde therein: How after the generall destruccyon of the grete Troy, Eneas departed berynge his old fader Anchises upon his sholders, his lytyl son Yolas on his hande, his wyfe with moche other people followynge, and how he shipped and departed; wythe all the storye of his adventures that he had er he cam to the atchievement of his conquest of Ytaly, as all alonge shall be shewed in this present booke. In whiche booke I had grete playsyr, by cause of the fayr and honest termes and wordes in Frenche, whiche I never sawe to fore lyke, ne none so playsant ne so well ordred; whiche booke, as me semed shold be moch requysite to noble men to see, as wel for the eloquence as the hystoryes. How wel that many hondred yerys passed was the sayd booke of *Eneydos* wyth other workes made and lerned dayly in scolis, especially in Ytaly and other places, which historye the sayd Vyrgyle made in metre.

The following passage is extracted (the spelling modernised) from the conclusion of Caxton's translation of *The Golden Legend:*

### *Legend of St Francis.*

Francis, servant and friend of Almighty God, was born in the city of Assyse, and was made a merchant unto the twenty-fifth year of his age, and wasted his time by living vainly, whom our Lord corrected by the scourge of sickness, and suddenly changed him into another man; so that he began to shine by the spirit of prophecy. . . .

On a time as this holy man was in prayer, the devil called him thrice by his own name. And when the holy man had answered him, he said: 'None in this world is so great a sinner, but if he convert him, our Lord would pardon him; but who that sleeth himself with hard penance, shall never find mercy.' And anon, this holy man knew by revelation the fallacy and deceit of the fiend, how he would have withdrawn him fro to do well. And when the devil saw that he might not prevail against him, he tempted him by grievous temptation of the flesh. And when this holy servant of God felt that, he despoiled[1] his clothes, and beat himself right hard with an hard cord, saying: 'Thus, brother ass, it behoveth thee to remain and to be beaten.' And when the temptation departed not, he went out and plunged himself in the snow, all naked, and made seven great balls of snow, and purposed to have taken them into[2] his body, and said: 'This greatest is thy wife; and these four, two ben thy daughters, and two thy sons; and the other twain, that one thy chambrere, and that other thy varlet or yeman: haste and clothe them; for they all die for cold. And if thy business that thou hast about them, grieve ye sore, then serve our Lord perfectly.' And anon, the devil departed from him all confused; and St Francis returned again unto his cell glorifying God. . . .

He was ennobled in his life by many miracles; and the very death, which is to all men horrible and hateful, he admonished them to praise it. And also he warned and admonished death to come to him, and said: 'Death, my sister, welcome be you.' And when he came at the last hour, he slept in our Lord; of whom a friar saw the soul, in manner of a star, like to the moon in quantity, and the sun in clearness.

## ENGLISH CHRONICLERS—FABIAN AND HALL.

ROBERT FABIAN and EDWARD HALL may be regarded as the first writers in English history or chronicles. They aimed at no literary excellence, nor at any arrangement calculated to make their writings attractive. Their sole object was to narrate minutely, and as far as their opportunities allowed, faithfully, the events of the history of their country; and it must be admitted that to their diligence we are indebted for the preservation of many curious facts and illustrations of manners, which would have otherwise been lost.

Fabian, who was an alderman and sheriff of London, and died in 1512, wrote a general chronicle of English history, which he called *The Concordance of Stories*, and which has been several times printed—the last time in 1811, under the care of Sir Henry Ellis. It is particularly minute with regard to what would probably appear the most important of all things to the worthy alderman, the succession of officers of all kinds serving in the city of London; and amongst other events of the reign of Henry V. the author does not omit to note that a new weather-cock was placed on the top of St Paul's steeple. Fabian repeats all the fabulous stories of early English history which had first been circulated by Geoffrey of Monmouth.

Hall was a lawyer and a judge in the sheriff's court of London, and died at an advanced age in 1547. He compiled a copious chronicle of English history during the reigns of the Houses of Lancaster and York, and those of Henry VII. and Henry VIII. which was first printed by Grafton in 1548, under the title of *The Union of the Two Noble and Illustre Families of Lancastre and Yorke, with all the Actes done in both the Tymes of the Princes, both of the one Linage and the other*, &c. Hall is very minute in his notices of the fashions of the time: altogether, his work is of a superior character to that of Fabian, as might perhaps be expected from his better education and condition in life. Considered as the only compilations of English history at the command of the wits of Elizabeth's reign, and as furnishing the foundations of many scenes, and even whole plays, by the most illustrious of the dramatists, the Chronicles have a value in our eyes beyond that which would otherwise belong to them.

Fabian thus relates an event famous in history and poetry:

### *Jack Cade's Insurrection.*

*Original spelling.*—And in the moneth of Juny this yere, the comons of Kent assemblyd them in grete multytude, and chase to them a capitayne, and named hym Mortymer, and cosyn to the Duke of Yorke; but of moste he was named Jack Cade. This kepte the people wondrouslie togader, &c.

And in the month of June this year [1450], the commons of Kent assembled them in great multitude, and chose to them a Captain, and named him Mortimer, and cousin to the Duke of York; but of most he was named Jack Cade. This kept the people wondrously together, and made such ordinances among them that he brought a great number of people of them unto the Black Heath, where he devised a bill of petitions to the king and his council, and shewed therein what injuries and oppressions the poor commons suffered by such as were about the king, a few persons in number, and all under colour to come to his above. The king's council, seeing this bill, disallowed it, and counselled the king, which by the 7th day of June had gathered to him a strong host of people, to go again' his rebels, and to give unto them battle. Then the king, after the said rebels had holden their field upon Black Heath seven days, made toward them. Whereof hearing, the Captain drew back with his people to a village called Sevenoaks, and there embattled.

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[1] Took off.

[2] Unto.

Then it was agreed by the king's council that Sir Humphrey Stafford, knight, with William his brother, and other certain gentlemen, should follow the chase, and the king with his lords should return unto Greenwich, weening to them that the rebels were fled and gone. But, as before I have shewed, when Sir Humphrey with his company drew near unto Sevenoaks, he was warned of the Captain that there abode with his people. And when he had counselled with the other gentlemen, he, like a manful knight, set upon the rebels, and fought with them long; but in the end, the Captain slew him and his brother, with many other, and caused the rest to give back. All which season, the king's host lay still upon Black Heath, being among them sundry opinions; so that some and many favoured the Captain. But, finally, when word came of the overthrow of the Staffords, they said plainly and boldly that, except the Lord Saye and other before rehearsed were committed to ward, they would take the Captain's party. For the appeasing of which rumour the Lord Saye was put into the Tower; but that other as then were not at hand. Then the king, having knowledge of the scomfiture of his men, and also of the rumour of his hosting people, removed from Greenwich to London, and there with his host rested him a while.

And so soon as Jack Cade had thus overcome the Staffords, he anon apparelled him with the knight's apparel, and did on him his bryganders set with gilt nails, and his salet and gilt spurs; and after he had refreshed his people, he returned again to Black Heath, and there pight[1] again his field, as heretofore he had done, and lay there from the 29th day of June, being St Peter's day, till the first day of July. In which season came unto him the archbishop of Canterbury and the Duke of Buckingham, with whom they had long communication, and found him right discreet in his answers: howbeit they could not cause him to lay down his people, and to submit him unto the king's grace.

In this while, the king and the queen, hearing of the increasing of his rebels, and also the lords fearing their own servants, lest they would take the Captain's party, removed from London to Killingworth, leaving the city without aid, except only the Lord Scales, which was left to keep the Tower, and with him a manly and warly man named Matthew Gowth. Then the Captain of Kent thus hoving[2] at Black Heath, to the end to blind the more the people, and to bring him in fame that he kept good justice, beheaded there a petty captain of his, named Paris, for so much as he had offended again' such ordinance as he had stablished in his host. And hearing that the king and all his lords were thus departed, drew him near unto the city, so that upon the first day of July he entered the borough of Southwark, being then Wednesday, and lodged him there that night, for he might not be suffered to enter that city. . . .

And the same afternoon, about five of the clock, the Captain with his people entered by the bridge; and when he came upon the drawbridge, he hewed the ropes that drew the bridge in sunder with his sword, and so passed into the city, and made in sundry places thereof proclamations in the king's name, that no man, upon pain of death, should rob or take anything per force without paying therefor. By reason whereof he won many hearts of the commons of the city; but all was done to beguile the people, as after shall evidently appear. He rode through divers streets of the city, and as he came by London Stone, he strake it with his sword, and said: 'Now is Mortimer lord of this city.' And when he had thus shewed himself in divers places of the city, and shewed his mind to the mayor for the ordering of his people, he returned into Southwark, and there abode as he before had done; his people coming and going at lawful hours when they would. Then upon the morn, being the third day of July, and Friday, the said Captain entered again the city, and caused the Lord Saye to be fette[1] from the Tower, and led into the Guildhall, where he was arraigned before the mayor and other of the king's justices. Then the Lord Saye desired that he might be judged by his peers. Whereof hearing, the Captain sent a company of his unto the hall, the which per force took him from his officers, and so brought him unto the standard in Cheap, where, or[2] he were half shriven, they strake off his head; and that done, pight it upon a long pole, and so bare it about with them.

In this time and season had the Captain caused a gentleman to be taken, named William Crowmer, which before had been sheriff of Kent, and used, as they said, some extortions. For which cause, or for he had favoured the Lord Saye, by reason that he had married his daughter, he was hurried to Miles End, and there, in the Captain's presence, beheaded. And the same time was there also beheaded another man, called Baillie, the cause of whose death was this, as I have heard some men report. This Baillie was of the familiar and old acquaintance of Jack Cade, wherefore, so soon as he espied him coming to him-ward, he cast in his mind that he would discover his living and old manners, and shew off his vile kin and lineage. Wherefore, knowing that the said Baillie used to bear scrows,[3] and prophesy about him, shewing to his company that he was an enchanter and of ill disposition, and that they should well know by such books as he bare upon him, and bade them search, and if they found not as he said, that then they should put him to death, which all was done according to his commandment.

When they had thus beheaded these two men, they took the head of Crowmer, and pight it upon a pole, and so entered again the city with the heads of the Lord Saye and of Crowmer; and as they passed the streets, joined the poles together, and caused either dead mouth to kiss other diverse and many times.

Then toward night he returned into Southwark, and upon the morn re-entered the city, and dined that day at a place in St Margaret Patyn parish, called Gherstis House; and when he had dined, like an uncurteous guest, robbed him, as the day before he had Malpas. For which two robberies, albeit that the porail and needy people drew unto him, and were partners of that ill, the honest and thrifty commoners cast in their minds the sequel of this matter, and feared lest they should be dealt with in like manner, by means whereof he lost the people's favour and hearts. For it was to be thought, if he had not executed that robbery, he might have gone fair and brought his purpose to good effect, if he had intended well; but it is to deem and presuppose that the intent of him was not good, wherefore it might not come to any good conclusion.

Then, upon the fifth day of July, the Captain being in Southwark, caused a man to be beheaded, for cause of displeasure to him done, as the fame went; and so he kept him in Southwark all that day; howbeit he might have entered the city if he had wold.

And when night was coming, the mayor and citizens, with Matthew Gowth, like to their former appointment, kept the passage of the bridge, being Sunday, and defended the Kentish men, which made great force to re-enter the city. Then the Captain, seeing this bickering begun, yode to harness, and called his people about him, and set so fiercely upon the citizens that he drave them back from the stulpes in Southwark, or bridge foot, unto the drawbridge. Then the Kentishmen set fire upon the drawbridge. In defending whereof many a man was drowned and slain; among the which of men of name was John Sutton, alderman, Matthew Gowth, gentleman, and Roger Heysand, citizen. And thus continued this skirmish all night, till nine of the clock upon the morn. Thus continuing this cruel fight, to the destruction of much people on both sides; lastly, after the Kentishmen were put to the worse, a trew[1] was agreed for certain hours; during the which trew, the archbishop of Canterbury, then chancellor of England, sent a general pardon to the Captain for himself, and another for his people; by reason whereof he and his company departed the same night out of Southwark, and so returned every man to his own.

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[1] Pitched.

[2] Hovering.

[1] Fetched.

[2] Ere.

[3] Scrolls of paper.

But it was not long after that the Captain with his company was thus departed that proclamations were made in divers places of Kent, of Sussex, and Sowtherey, that who might take the foresaid Jack Cade, either alive or dead, should have a thousand mark for his travail. After which proclamation thus published, a gentleman of Kent, named Alexander Iden, awaited so his time that he took him in a garden in Sussex, where, in the taking of him, the said Jack was slain; and so being dead, was brought into Southwark the ——[2] day of the month of September, and then left in the King's Bench for that night. And upon the morrow the dead corpse was drawn through the high streets of the city unto Newgate, and there headed and quartered, whose head was then sent to London Bridge, and his four quarters were sent to four sundry towns of Kent.

And this done, the king sent his commissions into Kent, and rode after himself, and caused inquiry to be made of this riot in Canterbury; wherefore the same eight men were judged and put to death; and in other good towns of Kent and Sussex, divers other were put in execution for the same riot.

In the following extract from Hall's Chronicle, relative to the Protector (afterwards Richard III.), it will be seen how closely it was copied by Shakspeare:

### *Scene in the Council-room of the Protector Gloucester.*

The Lord Protector caused a council to be set at the Tower, on Friday the thirteen day of June, where there was much communing for the honourable solemnity of the coronation, of the which the time appointed approached so near that the pageants were a making day and night at Westminster, and victual killed, which afterward was cast away.

These lords thus sitting, communing of this matter, the Protector came in among them, about nine of the clock, saluting them courteously, excusing himself that he had been from them so long, saying merrily that he had been a sleeper that day. And after a little talking with him, he said to the bishop of Ely: 'My Lord, you have very good strawberries in your garden at Holborn; I require you let us have a mess of them.' 'Gladly, my Lord,' quoth he; 'I would I had some better thing as ready to your pleasure as that:' and with that, in all haste, he sent his servant for a dish of strawberries. The Protector set the lords fast in communing, and thereupon prayed them to spare him a little; and so he departed, and came again between ten and eleven of the clock in to the chamber, all changed, with a sour, angry countenance, knitting the brows, frowning and fretting, and gnawing on his lips; and so set him down in his place. All the lords were dismayed and sore marvelled of this manner and sudden change, and what thing should him ail. When he had sitten a while, thus he began: 'What were they worthy to have that compass and imagine the destruction of me, being so near of blood to the king, and protector of this his royal realm?' At which question all the lords sat sore astonished, musing much by whom the question should be meant, of which every man knew himself clear.

Then the Lord Hastings, as he that, for the familiarity that was between them, thought he might be boldest with him, answered, and said that they were worthy to be punished as heinous traitors, whatsoever they were; and all the other affirmed the same. 'That is,' quoth he, 'yonder sorceress, my brother's wife, and other with her;' meaning the queen. Many of the lords were sore abashed which favoured her; but the Lord Hastings was better content in his mind that it was moved by her than by any other that he loved better; albeit his heart grudged that he was not afore made of counsel of this matter, as well as he was of the taking of her kindred, and of their putting to death, which were by his assent before devised to be beheaded at Pomfret, this self-same day; in the which he was not ware that it was by other devised that he himself should the same day be beheaded at London. 'Then,' said the Protector, 'in what wise that sorceress and other of her counsel—as Shore's wife, with her affinity—have, by their sorcery and witchcraft, thus wasted my body!' and therewith plucked up his doublet sleeve to his elbow, on his left arm, where he shewed a very withered arm, and small, as it was never other. And thereupon every man's mind misgave them, well perceiving that this matter was but a quarrel; for well they wist that the queen was both too wise to go about any such folly, and also, if she would, yet would she of all folk make Shore's wife least of her counsel, whom of all women she most hated, as that concubine whom the king, her husband, most loved.

Also, there was no man there but knew that his arm was ever such sith the day of his birth. Nevertheless, the Lord Hastings, which from the death of King Edward kept Shore's wife, his heart somewhat grudged to have her whom he loved so highly accused, and that, as he knew well, untruly; therefore he answered, and said: 'Certainly, my Lord; if they have so done, they be worthy of heinous punishment.' 'What!' quoth the Protector, 'thou servest me, I ween, with *if* and with *and;* I tell thee they have done it, and that will I make good on thy body, traitor!' And therewith, as in a great anger, he clapped his fist on the board a great rap, at which token given, one cried treason without the chamber, and therewith a door clapped, and in came rushing men in harness, as many as the chamber could hold. And anon the Protector said to the Lord Hastings: 'I arrest thee, traitor!' 'What! me, my Lord?' quoth he. 'Yea, the traitor,' quoth the Protector. And one let fly at the Lord Stanley, which shrunk at the stroke, and fell under the table, or else his head had been cleft to the teeth; for as shortly as he shrunk, yet ran the blood about his ears. Then was the archbishop of York, and Doctor Morton, bishop of Ely, and the Lord Stanley taken, and divers others which were bestowed in divers chambers, save the Lord Hastings, whom the Protector commanded to speed and shrive him apace. 'For, by Saint Poule,' quoth he, 'I will not dine till I see thy head off.' It booted him not to ask why, but heavily he took a priest at a venture, and made a short shrift, for a longer would not be suffered, the Protector made so much haste to his dinner, which might not go to it till this murder were done, for saving of his ungracious oath. So was he brought forth into the green, beside the chapel within the Tower, and his head laid down on a log of timber that lay there for building of the chapel, and there tyrannously stricken off; and after, his body and head were interred at Windsor, by his master, King Edward the Fourth; whose souls Jesu pardon. Amen.

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[1] Truce.

[2] Said to have been on July 11, 1450.

## SIR THOMAS MORE.

Passing over Fortescue, the first prose writer who mingled just and striking thought with his language, and was entitled to the appellation of a man of genius, was unquestionably the celebrated chancellor of Henry VIII. SIR THOMAS MORE (1480–1535). Born the son of a judge of the King's Bench, and educated at Oxford, More entered life with all external advantages, and soon reached a distinguished situation in the law and in state employments. He was appointed lord chancellor in 1529, being the first layman who ever held the office. At all periods of his life, he was a zealous professor of the Catholic faith, insomuch that he was at one time with difficulty restrained from becoming a monk. When Henry wished to divorce Katharine, he was opposed by the conscientious More, who accordingly incurred his displeasure, and perished on the scaffold. The specific charge against More was, that he had traitorously attempted to deprive the king of his title of Supreme Head of the Church; but, even according to the indictment, the only evidence of this was that More, being examined on the 7th of May 1535, whether he accepted the king as head of the church, answered that he would not meddle with the matter; and that he had written a letter to Bishop Fisher, informing him how he had answered, and remarking that the law was like a sword with two edges, for if a man answered one way it would confound his soul, and if another it would confound his body. To support this charge, the solicitor-general, Rich, related a conversation he had with More in the Tower, in which a miserable quibbling attempt was made to entrap Sir Thomas, imputing to him expressions which he utterly denied, and which, if true, could not be held to amount to a violation of the statute. The trial was a mockery of the forms of legal justice. The cheerful, or rather mirthful disposition of the learned chancellor forsook him not at the last, and he jested even when about to lay his head upon the block. The character of More was most benignant, as the letter to his wife, who was ill-tempered, written after the burning of some of his property, expressively shews, at the same time that it is a good specimen of his English prose. The domestic circle at his house in Chelsea, where the profoundly learned statesman at once paid reverence to his parents and sported with his children, has been made the subject of an interesting picture by the great artist of that age, Holbein.

The literary productions of More are partly in Latin, and partly in English: he adopted the former language probably from taste, the latter for the purpose of reaching the commonalty.* Besides some epistles and other minor writings, he wrote, in Latin, a curious philosophical work under the title of *Utopia*, which, describing an imaginary model country and people, has added a word to the English language, every scheme of national improvement founded on extreme theoretical views being since then termed *Utopian*. The most of the English writings of More are pamphlets on the religious controversies of his day, and the only one which is now of value is *A History of Edward V. and of his Brother, and of Richard III.* which Mr Hallam considers as the first English prose work free of vulgarisms and pedantry.

The *Utopia* was first printed at Louvain in 1516; it was then revised by More, and sent, through Erasmus, to John Frobenius at Basle to print, and this second edition is dated November 1518. It was first translated into English by Ralph Robinson in 1551, and a second edition, revised, was issued by Robinson in 1556. Bishop Gilbert Burnet published a translation in 1684.

The design of *Utopia* was no doubt suggested by the *Atalantis* of Plato. The intention of Sir Thomas More is to set forth his idea of those social arrangements whereby the happiness and improvement of the people may be secured to the utmost extent of which human nature is susceptible; though, probably, he has pictured more than he really conceived it possible to effect. Experience proves that many of his suggestions are indeed Utopian. In his imaginary island, for instance, all are contented with the necessaries of life; all are employed in useful labour; no man desires, in clothing, any other quality besides durability; and since wants are few, and every individual engages in labour, there is no need for working more than six hours a day. Neither laziness nor avarice finds a place in this happy region; for why should the people be indolent when they have so little toil, or greedy when they know that there is abundance for each? All this, it is evident, is incompatible with qualities inherent in human nature: man requires the stimulus of self-interest to render him industrious and persevering; he loves not utility merely, but ornament; he possesses a spirit of emulation which makes him endeavour to outstrip his fellows, and a desire to accumulate property even for its own sake. With much that is Utopian, however, the work contains many sound suggestions. Thus, instead of severe punishment of theft, the author would improve the morals and condition of the people, so as to take away the temptation to crime; for, says he, 'if you suffer your people to be ill-educated, and their manners to be corrupted from their infancy, and then punish them for those crimes to which their first education disposed them, what else is to be concluded from this, but that you first make thieves, and then punish them?' In Utopia, we are told, war is never entered on but for some gross injury done to themselves, or, more especially, to their allies; and the glory of a general is in proportion, not to the number, but to the fewness of the enemies whom he slays in gaining a victory. Criminals are generally punished with slavery, even for the greatest misdeeds, since servitude is no less terrible than death itself; and, by making slaves of malefactors, not only does the public get the benefit of their labour, but the continual sight of their misery is more effectual than their death to deter other men from crime. It is one of the oldest laws of the Utopians, that no man ought to be punished for his religion—'it being a fundamental opinion among them, that a man cannot make himself believe anything he pleases; nor do they drive any to dissemble their thoughts by threatenings, so that men are not tempted to lie or disguise their opinions among them; which, being a sort of fraud, is abhorred by the Utopians.' Every man may endeavour to convert others to his views by the force of amicable and modest argument, without bitterness against those of other opinions; but whoever adds reproach and violence to persuasion, is to be condemned to banishment or slavery. Such tolerant views were extremely rare in the days of Sir Thomas More, and in later life were lamentably departed from by himself in practice; for, in persecuting the Protestants, he displayed a degree of intolerance and severity which were strangely at variance both with the opinions of his youth and the general mildness of his disposition.

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* The following is a specimen of Sir Thomas More's juvenile poetry:

He that hath lafte the hosier's crafte,
And fallth to makyng shone;
The smyth that shall to painting fall,
His thrift is well nigh done.
A black draper with whyte paper,
To goe to writing scole,
An old butler become a cutler
I wene shall prove a fole.
And an old trot, that can, God wot,
Nothing but kyss the cup,
With her physicke will kepe one sicke,
Till she hath soused hym up.
A man of law that never sawe
The wayes to buy and sell,
Wenyng to ryse by merchandyse,
I pray God spede him well!
A merchaunt eke, that will go seke
By all the meanes he may,
To fall in sute till he dispute
His money cleane away;
Pletyng the lawe for every stray
Shall prove a thrifty man,
With bate and strife, but by my life
I cannot tell you whan.
Whan an hatter will smatter
In philosophy,
Or a pedlar waxe a medlar
In theology, &c.

Warton is inclined to think that More wrote the following epigram, published anonymously in *Tottel's Miscellany*, 1557. The lines are worth quoting, as being the first pointed epigram in the language:

*Of a New-married Student that played Fast or Loose.*

A student at his book so placed
That wealth he might have won,
From book to wife did flit in haste,
From wealth to woe to run.
Now, who hath played a feater cast
Since juggling first begun?
In *knitting* of himself so *fast*,
Himself he hath *undone*.

### *Sheep-masters Decayers of Husbandry.*

From translation of *Utopia* by Ralph Robinson, 1556.

Your shepe that were wont to be so meke and tame, and so smal eaters, now, as I heare saye, be become so great deuowerers and so wylde, that they eate vp, and swallow downe, the very men themselves. They consume, destroye, and deuoure whole fieldes, howses, and cities. For looke in what partes of the realme doth growe the fynest, and therfore dearest woll, there noblemen and gentlemen: yea, and certeyn abbotes, holy men no doubt, not contenting them selfes with the yearely reuenues and profytes, that were wont to grow to theyr forefathers and predecessours of their landes, nor beynge content that liue in rest and pleasure, nothing profiting, yea much noyinge the weale publique: leave no ground for tillage, thei inclose al into pastures: thei throw doune houses: thei plucke doune tounes, and leaue nothing standynge, but only the churche to be made a shepehowse. And as thoughe you loste no small quantity of grounde by forestes, chases, laundes, and parkes, those good holy men turne all dwellinge places, and all glebeland, into desolation and wildernes. Therfore that one couetous and vnsatiable cormaraunte and very plage of his natyue contrey may compasse aboute and inclose many thousand akers of grounde together within one pale or hedge, the husbandmen be thrust owte of their oune, or els either by coneyne and fraude, or by violent oppression, they be put besydes it, or by wronges and injuries thei be so weried, that they be compelled to sell all: by one meanes therfore or by other, either by hooke or crooke, they must needes departe awaye, poor selye, wretched soules, men, women, husbands, wiues, fatherlesse children, widowes, wofull mothers, with their yonge babes, and their whole houshold smal in substance, and much in numbre, as husbandrye requireth manye handes. Awaye thei trudge, I say, out of their knowen and accustomed houses, fyndynge no place to reste in. All their housholde stuffe, whiche is verye litle woorthe, thoughe it myght well abide the sale; yet beeynge sodainely thruste oute, they be constrayned to sell it for a thing of nought. . . . They go aboute and worke not: whom no man wyl set a worke, though thei neuer so willyngly profre themselues therto. For one shephearde or heardman is ynoughe to eate vp that grounde with cattel, to the occupying wherof aboute husbandrye many handes were requisite. And this is also the cause why victualles be now in many places dearer. Yea, besides this, the price of wolle is so rysen, that poor folkes, which were wont to work it, and make cloth therof, be nowe hable to bye none at all.

### *The Utopian Idea of Pleasure.*

From Bishop Burnet's translation of the *Utopia*.

They think it is an evidence of true wisdom for a man to pursue his own advantages as far as the laws allow it. They account it piety to prefer the public good to one's private concerns. But they think it unjust for a man to seek for his own pleasure, by snatching another man's pleasures from him. And, on the contrary, they think it a sign of a gentle and good soul for a man to dispense with his own advantage for the good of others; and that, by so doing, a good man finds as much pleasure one way as he parts with another; for, as he may expect the like from others when he may come to need it, so, if that should fail him, yet the sense of a good action, and the reflections that one makes on the love and gratitude of those whom he has so obliged, give the mind more pleasure than the body could have found in that from which it had restrained itself. They are also persuaded that God will make up the loss of those small pleasures with a vast and endless joy, of which religion does easily convince a good soul. Thus, upon an inquiry into the whole matter, they reckon that all our actions, and even all our virtues, terminate in pleasure, as in our chief end and greatest happiness; and they call every motion or state, either of body or mind, in which nature teaches us to delight, a pleasure. And thus they cautiously limit pleasure only to those appetites to which nature leads us; for they reckon that nature leads us only to those delights to which reason as well as sense carries us, and by which we neither injure any other person, nor let go greater pleasures for it, and which do not draw troubles on us after them; but they look upon those delights which men, by a foolish though common mistake, call pleasure, as if they could change the nature of things, as well as the use of words, as things that not only do not advance our happiness, but do rather obstruct it very much, because they do so entirely possess the minds of those that once go into them with a false notion of pleasure, that there is no room left for truer and purer pleasures. . . .

But of all pleasures, they esteem those to be the most valuable that lie in the mind; and the chief of these are those that arise out of true virtue, and the witness of a good conscience. They account health the chief pleasure that belongs to the body; for they think that the pleasure of eating and drinking, and all the other delights of the body, are only so far desirable as they give or maintain health. But they are not pleasant in themselves, otherwise than as they resist those impressions that our natural infirmity is still making upon us; and, as a wise man desires rather to avoid diseases than to take physic, and to be freed from pain rather than to find ease by remedies, so it were a more desirable state not to need this sort of pleasure, than to be obliged to indulge it. And if any man imagines that there is a real happiness in this pleasure, he must then confess that he would be the happiest of all men, if he were to lead his life in a perpetual hunger, thirst, and itching, and by consequence in perpetual eating, drinking, and scratching himself, which, any one may easily see, would be not only a base but a miserable state of life. These are, indeed, the lowest of pleasures, and the least pure; for we can never relish them but when they are mixed with the contrary pains. The pain of hunger must give us the pleasure of eating; and here the pain outbalances the pleasure; and, as the pain is more vehement, so it lasts much longer; for, as it is upon us before the pleasure comes, so it does not cease, but with the pleasure that extinguishes it, and that goes off with it; so that they think none of those pleasures are to be valued, but as they are necessary. Yet they rejoice in them, and with due gratitude acknowledge the tenderness of the great Author of nature, who has planted in us appetites, by which those things that are necessary for our preservation are likewise made pleasant to us. For how miserable a thing would life be, if those daily diseases of hunger and thirst were to be carried off by such bitter drugs as we must use for those diseases that return seldomer upon us! And thus these pleasant, as well as proper gifts of nature, do maintain the strength and the sprightliness of our bodies.

### *Character of Richard III.*

Richarde, the thirde sonne of Richarde, Duke of York, was in witte and courage egall with his two brothers, in bodye and prowesse farre vnder them bothe; little of stature, ill fetured of limmes, croke backed, his left shoulder much higher than his right, hard fauoured of visage, and such as is in states called warlye, in other menne otherwise, he was malicious, wrathfull, enuious, and from afore his birth, euer frowarde. . . . None euill captaine was hee in the warre, as to whiche his disposicion was more metely then for peace. Sundrye victories hadde hee, and sommetime ouerthrowes, but neuer in defaulte as for his owne parsone, either of hardinesse or polytike order, free was hee called of dyspence, and sommewhat aboue hys power liberall, with large giftes hee get him vnstedfaste frendeshippe, for whiche hee was fain to pil and spoyle in other places, and get him stedfast hatred. Hee was close and secrete, a deepe dissimuler, lowlye of counteynaunce, arrogant of heart, outwardly coumpinable where he inwardely hated, not letting to kisse whome hee thoughte to kyll: dispitious and cruell, not for euill will alway, but after for ambicion, and either for the suretie or encrease of his estate. Frende and foo was muche what indifferent, where his aduantage grew; he spared no mans deathe, whose life withstoode his purpose. He slewe with his owne handes king Henry the sixt, being prisoner in the Tower, as menne constantly saye, and that without commaundement or knoweledge of the king, whiche woulde vndoubtedly yf he had entended that thinge, haue appointed that boocherly office to some other then his owne borne brother.

### *Letter to Lady More.*

Returning from the negotiations at Cambray, Sir Thomas More heard that his barns and some of those of his neighbours' had been burned down; he consequently wrote the following letter to his wife. Its gentleness to a sour-tempered woman, and the benevolent feelings expressed about the property of his neighbours, have been much admired. We have modernised the spelling.

Mistress Alice, in my most heartywise I recommend me to you. And whereas I am informed by my son Heron of the loss of our barns and our neighbours' also, with all the corn that was therein; albeit (saving God's pleasure) it is great pity of so much good corn lost, yet sith it hath liked him to send us such a chance, we must and are bounden, not only to be content, but also to be glad of his visitation. He sent us all that we have lost; and sith he hath by such a chance taken it away again, his pleasure be fulfilled! Let us never grudge thereat, but take it in good worth, and heartily thank him, as well for adversity as for prosperity. And peradventure we have more cause to thank him for our loss than for our winning, for his wisdom better seeth what is good for us than we do ourselves. Therefore, I pray you be of good cheer, and take all the household with you to church, and there thank God, both for that he has given us, and for that he has taken from us, and for that he hath left us; which, if it please him, he can increase when he will. And if it please him to leave us yet less, at his pleasure be it!

I pray you to make some good ensearch what my poor neighbours have lost, and bid them take no thought therefore; for, if I should not leave myself a spoon, there shall no poor neighbour of mine bear no loss by any chance happened in my house. I pray you be, with my children and your household, merry in God; and devise somewhat with your friends what way were best to take, for provision to be made for corn for our household, and for seed this year coming, if we think it good that we keep the ground still in our hands. And whether we think it good that we so shall do or not, yet I think it were not best suddenly thus to leave it all up, and to put away our folk off our farm, till we have somewhat advised us thereon. Howbeit, if we have more now than ye shall need, and which can get them other masters, ye may then discharge us of them. But I would not that any man were suddenly sent away, he wot not whither.

At my coming hither, I perceived none other but that I should tarry still with the king's grace. But now I shall, I think, because of this chance, get leave this next week to come home and see you, and then shall we further devise together upon all things, what order shall be best to take.

And thus as heartily fare you well, with all our children, as ye can wish. At Woodstock, the third day of September [1528], by the hand of your loving husband,

THOMAS MORE, *Knight.*

### *Act of Parliament in Favour of Husbandry.*

The following Act, 25th of Henry VIII. (1533), illustrates what was said regarding husbandry by Sir Thomas More, and is a specimen of the English of the period.

Whereas divers and sundry persons of the king's subjects of this realm, to whom God of his goodness hath disposed great plenty and abundance of movable substance, now of late, within few years, have daily studied, practised, and invented ways and means how they might accumulate and gather together into few hands, as well great multitude of farms as great plenty of cattle, and in especial, sheep, putting such lands as they can get to pasture, and not to tillage; whereby they have not only pulled down churches and towns, and enhanced the old rates of the rents of the possessions of this realm, or else brought it to such excessive fines that no poor man is able to meddle with it, but also have raised and enhanced the prices of all manner of corn, cattle, wool, pigs, geese, hens, chickens, eggs, and such other commodities, almost double above the price which hath been accustomed, by reason whereof a marvellous multitude of the poor people of this realm be not able to provide meat, drink, and clothes necessary for themselves, their wives, and children, but be so discouraged with misery and poverty, that they fall daily to theft, robbery, and other inconveniences, or pitifully die for hunger or cold; and it is thought by the king's humble and loving subjects that one of the greatest occasions that moveth those greedy and covetous people so to accumulate and keep in their hands such great portions and parts of the lands of this realm from the occupying of the poor husbandmen, and so to use it in pasture and not in tillage, is the great profit that cometh of sheep which be now come into a few persons' hands, in respect of the whole number of the king's subjects, it is hereby enacted, that no person shall have or keep on lands not their own inheritance more than two thousand sheep; that no person shall occupy more than two farms; and that the 19th of the 4th of Henry VII. and those other acts obliging the lords of the fees to do their duty, shall be re-enated and enforced.

### JOHN FISHER.

FISHER, BISHOP OF ROCHESTER (1459-1535), was chiefly distinguished by writings in Latin against the Lutheran doctrines. He was a steadfast adherent of the Church of Rome, and his name is tarnished with some severities, but we have the testimony of Erasmus that he possessed many of the best points of human character. He steadily refused translation to a more valuable bishopric, and he finally laid down his life, along with Sir Thomas More, in a conscientious adherence to the principle of the validity of the nuptials of Queen Katharine. While in the Tower the pope acknowledged his worth and consistency by the gift of a cardinal's hat, which drew from Henry the brutal remark: 'Well, let the pope send him a hat when he will; mother of God! he shall wear it on his shoulders then, for I will leave him never a head to set it on!' The English writings of Bishop Fisher consist of sermons, and a few small religious tracts, printed in one volume at Würzburg in 1595. One of the sermons was a funeral one, preached in 1509, in honour of the Countess of Richmond (mother of Henry VII.), whose chaplain he had been. In it he presents a remarkable portraiture of a pious lady of rank of that age, with a curious detail of the habits then thought essential to a religious gentlewoman. He praises her nobleness of person, manners, nature, and lineage, and adds some details of her daily life.

#### *Habits of a Pious Lady of Rank in the Reign of Henry VII.*

Her sober temperance in meats and drinks was known to all them that were conversant with her, wherein she lay in as great weight of herself as any person might, keeping alway her strait measure, and offending as little as any creature might: eschewing banquets, rere-suppers,[1] juiceries betwixt meals. As for fasting, for age and feebleness, albeit she were not bound, yet those days that by the church were appointed, she kept them diligently and seriously, and in especial the holy Lent throughout, that she restrained her appetite till one meal of fish on the day; besides her other peculiar fasts of devotion, as St Anthony, St Mary Magdalene, St Catharine, with other; and throweout all the year, the Friday and Saturday she full truly observed. As to hard clothes wearing, she had her shirts and girdles of hair, which, when she was in health, every week she failed not certain days to wear, sometime the one, sometime the other, that full often her skin, as I heard her say, was pierced therewith. . . . In prayer, every day at her uprising, which commonly was not long after five of the clock, she began certain devotions, and so after them, with one of her gentlewomen, the matins of our lady; then she came into her closet, where then with her chaplain she said also matins of the day; and after that daily heard four or five masses upon her knees; so continuing in her prayers and devotions unto the hour of dinner, which of the eating-day was ten of the clock, and upon the fasting-day eleven. After dinner full truly she would go her stations to three altars daily; daily her dirges and commendations she would say, and her even-songs before supper, both of the day and of our lady, beside many other prayers and psalters of David throughout the year; and at night before she went to bed, she failed not to resort unto her chapel, and there a large quarter of an hour to occupy her devotions. No marvel, though all this long time her kneeling was to her painful, and so painful that many times it caused in her back pain and disease. And yet nevertheless, daily when she was in health, she failed not to say the crown of our lady, which after the manner of Rome containeth sixty and three aves, and at every ave to make a kneeling. As for meditation, she had divers books in French, wherewith she would occupy herself when she was weary of prayer. Wherefore divers she did translate out of the French into English. Her marvellous weeping they can bear witness of, which here before have heard her confession, which be divers and many, and at many seasons in the year, lightly every third day. Can also record the same tho that were present at any time when she was houshilde,[1] which was full nigh a dozen times every year, what floods of tears there issued forth of her eyes!

### SIR THOMAS ELYOT—BISHOP LATIMER.

SIR THOMAS ELYOT, an eminent physician of the reign of Henry VIII. by whom he was employed in several embassies, was the author of a popular professional work, entitled *The Castle of Health*, in which many sound precepts are delivered with respect to diet and regimen. Of his other productions, one, *The Governor*, is devoted chiefly to the subject of education. He recommends, as Montaigne and Locke subsequently did, that children be taught to speak Latin from their infancy; and he deprecates 'cruel and yrous, or irascible schoolmasters, by whom the wits of children be dulled, whereof we need no better author to witness than daily experience.' Mr Hallam observes, in reference to this passage, that 'all testimonies concur as to this savage ill-treatment of boys in the schools of that period. The fierceness of the Tudor government, the religious intolerance, the polemical brutality, the rigorous justice, when justice it was, of our laws, seem to have engendered a hardness of character, which displayed itself in severity of discipline, when it did not even reach the point of arbitrary or malignant cruelty.' Sir Thomas Elyot died in 1546.

HUGH LATIMER (*circa* 1485-1555) distinguished himself as a zealous reformer, not less than Sir Thomas More did on the opposite side. He was a native of Thurcaston, county of Leicester, was educated at Cambridge, entered the Church, but becoming acquainted with Thomas Bilney, a celebrated defender of the doctrines of Luther, he boldly maintained in the pulpit the truth of the Protestant doctrines. His preaching at Cambridge gave great offence to the Catholic clergy, at whose instigation Cardinal Wolsey instituted a court of bishops and deacons to execute the laws against heretics. Before this court, Bilney and Latimer were summoned, when the recantation of the former, who was considered the principal man, caused both to be set at liberty. Bilney afterwards disclaimed his abjuration, and suffered martyrdom. This did not abate the boldness of Latimer, who continued to preach openly, and even wrote a letter to Henry VIII. remonstrating against the prohibition of the Bible in English. His letter, although it failed to produce the desired result, seems to have given no offence to Henry, who soon afterwards presented Latimer to a living in Wiltshire, and in 1535 appointed him bishop of Worcester. After the fall of Anne Boleyn, the passing in parliament of the six articles establishing the doctrines of popery, induced him to resign his bishopric (July 1539). During the latter part of Henry's reign, he suffered imprisonment; but being liberated after the accession of Edward VI. he became popular at court as a preacher, yet never could be prevailed on to resume his episcopal functions. In Mary's reign, when measures were taken for the restoration of popery, Latimer was summoned before the council, and, though allowed an opportunity of escape, readily obeyed the citation, exclaiming, as he passed through Smithfield: 'This place has long groaned for me.' After a close imprisonment of sixteen months at Oxford, Latimer was tried a second time. He was then old—above eighty—but he unhesitatingly refused to sign articles of subscription which were submitted to him, and suffered at the stake in 1555, exclaiming to his fellow-martyr, Bishop Ridley: 'Be of good comfort, Doctor Ridley, and play the man: we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out.' His sermons, a collection of which was published in 1570, are remarkable for a familiarity and drollery of style, which, though it would now be reckoned unsuitable for the pulpit, was highly popular in his own time, and produced a wonderful impression on his hearers. Cranmer and Latimer were instrumental in effecting a great improvement in the quality of clerical discourses, by substituting topics connected with moral duties for what was then the common subject-matter of sermons—namely, incredible and often ridiculous legendary tales of saints and martyrs, and accounts of miracles wrought for the confirmation of doctrines of the Catholic Church.

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[1] Second suppers. When supper took place at four or five o'clock, it was not uncommon, on festive occasions, to have a second served up at a later hour.

[1] Received the sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

### *Latimer's Account of his Parentage.*

From *Seven Sermons Preached before Edward VI.* 1549.

My father was a Yoman, and had no landes of his owne, onlye he had a farme of iii. or iiii. pound by yere at the vttermost, and here vpon he tilled so much as kepte halfe a dosen men. He had walke for a hundred shepe, and my mother mylked xxx. kyne. He was able and did find the king a harnesse, wyth hym selfe, and hys horsse, whyle he came to ye place that he should receyue the kynges wages. I can remembre, yat I buckled hys harnes, when he went vnto Blacke heeath felde. He kept me to schole, or elles I had not bene able to haue preached before the kinges maiestie nowe. He maryed my systers, with v. pounde or xx. nobles a pece, so that he broughte them vp in godlines, and feare of God.

He kept hospitalitie for his pore neighbours. And sum almess he gaue to the poore, and all thys did he of the sayd farme. Wher he that now hath it, paieth xvi. pound by yere or more, and is not able to do any thing for his prynce, for himselfe, nor for his children, or geue a cup of drincke to the pore. Thus al the enhansinge and rearing goth to your priuate commoditie and wealth. . . . In my tyme, my poore father was as diligent to teach me to shote, as to learnye anye other thynge, and so I thinke other menne dyd theyr children. He taughte me how to drawe, how to laye my bodye in my bowe, and not to drawe wyth strenth of armes as other nacions do, but with strength of the bodye. I had my bowes boughte me accordyng to my age and strength as I encreased in them, so my bowes were made bigger, and bigger, for men shal neuer shot well, excepte they be broughte vp in it. It is a goodly art, a holsome kynde of exercise, and much commended in phisike.

### *Germany made a Mingle-mangle of their Religion.*

Germany was visited xx. yeares wyth Goddes word, but they dyd not earnestlye embrace it, and in lyfe folowe it, but made a myngle mangle and a hotchpotch of it.

I can not tell what, partely poperye, partelye true religion mingeled together. They say in my contrye, when they cal theyr hogges to the swyne troughe, Come to thy myngle mangle, come pyr, come pyr, euen so they made mingle mangle of it.

They coulde clatter and prate of the Gospell, but when all commeth to al, they ioyned poperye so wyth it, that they marde all together, they scratched and scraped all the lyuynges of the churche, and vnder a couloure of relygion turned it to theyr owne proper gayne and lucre. God, seynge that they woulde not come vnto hys worde, now he visiteth them in the seconde tyme of hys visitacion with his wrathe. For the takynge awaye of Goddes word is a manyfest token of hys wrath. We haue now a fyrst visitacyon in Englande, let vs beware of the seconde. We haue the mynystracyon of hys worde, we are yet well, but the house is not cleane swepte yet.

In the following extracts we have modernised the spelling:

### *Bishop Latimer gives place to Robin Hood's Men.*

I came once myself to a place, riding on a journey homeward from London, and I sent word overnight into the town that I would preach there in the morning, because it was holyday, and methought it was holyday's work. The church stood in my way, and I took my horse, and my company, and went thither. I thought I should have found a great company in the church, and when I came there the church-door was fast locked.

I tarried there half an hour and more; at last the key was found, and one of the parish comes to me and says: 'Sir, this is a busy day with us, we cannot hear you, it is Robin Hood's day. The parish are gone abroad to gather for Robin Hood; I pray you let [hinder] them not.' I was fain then to give place to Robin Hood. I thought my rochet should have been regarded, though I were not, but it would not serve; it was fain to give place to Robin Hood's men! It is no laughing matter, my friends, it is weeping matter, a heavy matter, a heavy matter, under the pretence for gathering for Robin Hood, a traitor and a thief, to put out a preacher, to have his office less esteemed, to prefer Robin Hood before the ministration of God's word; and all this hath come of unpreaching prelates.

### *Cause and Effect—Story of Goodwin Sands and Tenderden Steeple.*

Here now I remember an argument of Master More's, which he bringeth in a book that he made against Bilney, and here, by the way, I will tell you a merry toy. Master More was once sent in commission into Kent, to help to try out, if it might be, what was the cause of Goodwin sands and the shelf that stopped up Sandwich haven. Thither cometh Master More, and calleth the country before him, such as were thought to be men of experience, and men that could of likelihood best certify him of that matter concerning the stopping of Sandwich haven. Among others came in before him an old man with a white head, and one that was thought to be little less than a hundred years old. When Master More saw this aged man, he thought it expedient to hear him say his mind in this matter; for, being so old a man, it was likely that he knew most of any man in that presence and company. So Master More called this old aged man unto him, and said: 'Father, tell me, if you can, what is the cause of this great rising of the sands and shelves here about this haven, the which stop it up, so that no ships can arrive here? Ye are the eldest man that I can espy in all this company, so that if any man can tell any cause of it, ye of likelihood can say most of it, or, at leastwise, more than any man here assembled.' 'Yea, forsooth, good master,' quoth this old man, 'for I am well-nigh a hundred years old, and no man here in this company anything near unto my age.' 'Well, then,' quoth Master More, 'how say you in this matter? What think ye to be the cause of these shelves and flats that stop up Sandwich haven?' 'Forsooth, sir,' quoth he, 'I am an old man; I think that Tenderden steeple is the cause of Goodwin sands; for I am an old man, sir,' quoth he, 'and I may remember the building of Tenderden steeple, and I may remember when there was no steeple at all there. And before that Tenderden steeple was in building, there was no manner of speaking of any flats or sands that stopped the haven, and therefore I think that Tenderden steeple is the cause of the destroying and decay of Sandwich haven.' And so to my purpose, preaching of God's word is the cause of rebellion, as Tenderden steeple was the cause that Sandwich haven is decayed.

### *The Devil the most Diligent Preacher.*

From *Sermon on the Ploughers*, Jan. 1548-9.

I would ask a strange question: Who is the most diligentest bishop and prelate in all England, that passeth all the rest in doing his office? I can tell, for I know him, who it is; I know him well. But now I think I see you listening and hearkening that I should name him. There is one that passeth all the other, and is the most diligent prelate and preacher in all England. And will you know who it is? I will tell you; it is the devil. He is the most diligent preacher of all other; he is never out of his diocess; he is never from his cure; ye shall never find him unoccupied; he is ever in his parish; he keepeth residence at all times; ye shall never find him out of the way; call for him when you will, he is ever at home; the diligentest preacher in all the realm; he is ever at his plough; no lording or loitering can hinder him; he is ever applying his business; ye shall never find him idle, I warrant you. And his office is to hinder religion, to maintain superstition, to set up idolatry, to teach all kind of popery. He is ready as he can be wished for to set forth his plough; to devise as many ways as can be to deface and obscure God's glory. Where the devil is resident, and hath his plough going, there away with books, and up with candles; away with Bibles, and up with beads; away with the light of the gospel, and up with the light of candles, yea, at noon-days. Where the devil is resident, that he may prevail, up with all superstition and idolatry; censing, painting of images, candles, palms, ashes, holy water, and new service of men's inventing; as though man could invent a better way to honour God with than God himself hath appointed. Down with Christ's cross, up with purgatory pick-purse, up with him, the popish purgatory, I mean. Away with clothing the naked, the poor, and impotent; up with decking of images, and gay garnishings of stocks and stones: up with man's traditions and his laws, down with God's traditions and His most Holy Word. Down with the old honour due to God, and up with the new god's honour. Let all things be done in Latin: there must be nothing but Latin, not so much as 'Remember, man, that thou art ashes, and into ashes thou shalt return:' which be the words that the minister speaketh unto the ignorant people, when he giveth them ashes upon Ash-Wednesday; but it must be spoken in Latin: God's Word may in no wise be translated into English.

O that our prelates would be as diligent to sow the corn of good doctrine, as Satan is to sow cockle and darnel! But here some man will say to me: What, sir, are ye so privy of the devil's counsel that ye know all this to be true? Truly I know him too well, and have obeyed him a little too much in condescending to some follies; and I know him as other men do, yea, that he is ever occupied, and ever busy in following his plough. I know by St Peter, which saith of him: 'He goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour.' There never was such a preacher in England as he is. Who is able to tell his diligent preaching, which every day and every hour laboureth to sow cockle and darnel?

## JOHN LELAND—GEORGE CAVENDISH.

The first English antiquarian writer was **John Leland**, who was born in London about 1506, and received his education at St Paul's school in his native city, at Cambridge and Oxford, completing it by a residence of considerable duration at Paris. Leland was one of the earliest Greek scholars in England, was acquainted with French, Italian, and Spanish, and studied, what few then gave any attention to, the Welsh and Saxon. Henry VIII. made him one of his chaplains, and bestowed sundry benefices upon him. Having a strong natural bent to antiquities, he obtained from the king a commission to inspect records, wherever placed, and, armed with this, he proceeded upon a tour of the whole kingdom. In six years he collected an immense mass of valuable papers, some of which he deposited in the king's library. Some are in Latin; but the most important work is in English, namely, his *Itinerary*—an account of his travels, and of the ancient remains which he visited, together with a catalogue of English writers. Leland died in London in 1552.

**George Cavendish** was gentleman-usher to Cardinal Wolsey, and afterwards employed in the same capacity by Henry VIII. To the former he was strongly attached, and after the prelate's fall, he continued to serve him faithfully till his death. Cavendish died about 1562, leaving in manuscript a *Life of Cardinal Wolsey*, in which, while he admits the arrogant disposition of his old master, he highly extols his general character.[*] Mr S. W. Singer has printed, for the first time, *Metrical Visions* by Cavendish, concerning the fortunes and fall of some of the most eminent persons of his time. Respecting the *Life of Wolsey*, he observes: 'There is a sincere and impartial adherence to truth, a reality, in Cavendish's narrative, which bespeaks the confidence of his reader, and very much increases his pleasure. It is a work without pretension, but full of natural eloquence, devoid of the formality of a set rhetorical composition, unspoiled by the affectation of that *classical manner* in which all biography and history of old time was prescribed to be written, and which often divests such records of the attraction to be found in the conversational style of Cavendish. . . . Our great poet has literally followed him in several passages of his *King Henry VIII.* merely putting his language into verse. Add to this the historical importance of the work, as the only sure and authentic source of information upon many of the most interesting events of that reign; and from which all historians have largely drawn (through the secondary medium of Holinshed and Stow, who adopted Cavendish's narrative), and its intrinsic value need not be more fully expressed.'

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[*] This work did not appear in print till 1641, when it was published under the title of *The Negotiations of Thomas Wolsey*; but as the chief object of sending it forth was to reconcile the nation to the death of Archbishop Laud, by drawing a parallel between the two prelates, the manuscript, before it went to the press, was greatly mutilated by abridgment and interpolation. A correct copy was, however, published in 1810 by Dr Wordsworth, in the first volume of his *Ecclesiastical Biography*; and it has since been reprinted separately in 1825, by Mr Samuel Weller Singer, along with a dissertation by the Rev. Joseph Hunter, proving the author to have been George Cavendish, and not his brother Sir William, as stated in the *Biographia Britannica*, and later publications.

### *King Henry's Visits to Wolsey's House.*

And when it pleased the king's majesty, for his recreation, to repair unto the cardinal's house, as he did divers times in the year, at which time there wanted no preparations, or goodly furniture, with viands of the finest sort that might be provided for money or friendship; such pleasures were then devised for the king's comfort and consolation, as might be invented, or by man's wit imagined. The banquets were set forth with masks and mummeries, in so gorgeous a sort and costly manner, that it was a heaven to behold. There wanted no dames or damsels, meet or apt to dance with the maskers, or to garnish the place for the time with other goodly disports. Then was there all kind of music and harmony set forth, with excellent voices both of men and children. I have seen the king suddenly come in thither in a mask, with a dozen of other maskers, all in garments like shepherds, made of fine cloth of gold, and fine crimson satin paned, and caps of the same, with visors of good proportion of visnomy; their hairs and beards either of fine gold wire, or else of silver, and some being of black silk; having sixteen torch-bearers, besides their drums, and other persons attending upon them, with visors, and clothed all in satin, of the same colours. And at his coming, and before he came into the hall, ye shall understand that he came by water to the watergate, without any noise, where, against his coming, were laid charged many chambers,[1] and at his landing they were all shot off, which made such a rumble in the air, that it was like thunder. It made all the noblemen, ladies, and gentlewomen to muse what it should mean coming so suddenly, they sitting quietly at a solemn banquet. . . . Then, immediately after this great shot of guns, the cardinal desired the lord chamberlain and comptroller to look what this sudden shot should mean, as though he knew nothing of the matter. They thereupon looking out of the windows into Thames, returned again, and shewed him, that it seemed to them there should be some noblemen and strangers arrived at his bridge, as ambassadors from some foreign prince. . . . Then quoth the cardinal to my lord chamberlain: 'I pray you,' quoth he, 'shew them that it seemeth me that there should be among them some nobleman, whom I suppose to be much more worthy of honour to sit and occupy this room and place than I; to whom I would most gladly, if I knew him, surrender my place according to my duty.' Then spake my lord chamberlain unto them in French, declaring my lord cardinal's mind; and they rounding[2] him again in the ear, my lord chamberlain said to my lord cardinal: 'Sir, they confess,' quoth he, 'that among them there is such a noble personage, whom, if your grace can appoint him from the other, he is contented to disclose himself, and to accept your place most worthily.' With that the cardinal, taking a good advisement among them, at the last, quoth he: 'Me seemeth the gentleman with the black beard should be even he.' And with that he arose out of his chair, and offered the same to the gentleman in the black beard, with his cap in his hand. The person to whom he offered then his chair was Sir Edward Neville, a comely knight of a goodly personage, that much more resembled the king's person in that mask than any other. The king, hearing and perceiving the cardinal so deceived in his estimation and choice, could not forbear laughing; but plucked down his visor, and Master Neville's also, and dashed out with such a pleasant countenance and cheer, that all noble estates[1] there assembled, seeing the king to be there amongst them, rejoiced very much. The cardinal eftsoons[2] desired his highness to take the place of estate, to whom the king answered, that he would go first and shift his apparel; and so departed, and went straight into my lord's bedchamber, where was a great fire made and prepared for him, and there new apparelled him with rich and princely garments. And in the time of the king's absence, the dishes of the banquet were clean taken up, and the table spread again with new and sweet perfumed cloths; every man sitting still until the king and his maskers came in among them again, every man being newly apparelled. Then the king took his seat under the cloth of estate, commanding no man to remove, but sit still, as they did before. Then in came a new banquet before the king's majesty, and to all the rest through the tables, wherein, I suppose, were served two hundred dishes, or above, of wondrous costly meats and devices, subtilly devised. Thus passed they forth the whole night with banqueting, dancing, and other triumphant devices, to the great comfort of the king, and pleasant regard of the nobility there assembled.

### *The Death of Wolsey* (*November* 29, 1530).

Then was he in confession the space of an hour. And when he had ended his confession, Master Kingston came to him, and bade him good-morrow, for it was about six of the clock, and asked him how he did. 'Sir,' quoth he, 'I tarry but the pleasure of God, to render up my poor soul into his hands.' 'Not so, sir,' quoth Master Kingston, 'with the grace of God, you shall live and do very well, if you will be of good cheer.' 'Nay, in good sooth, Master Kingston, my disease is such that I cannot live; for I have had some experience in physic. . . . If I had served God as diligently as I have done the king, he would not have given me over in my gray hairs. But this is the just reward that I must receive for my diligent pains and study that I have had to do him service; not regarding my service to God, but only to satisfy his pleasure. I pray you have me most humbly commended unto his royal majesty, and beseech him in my behalf, to call to his princely remembrance all matters proceeding between him and me from the beginning of the world and the progress of the same; and most especially in his weighty matter (meaning the matter between good Queen Katharine and him); and then shall his grace's conscience know whether I have offended him or no. He is a prince of royal courage, and hath a princely heart; and rather than he will miss or want any part of his will or pleasure, he will endanger the loss of one half of his realm. For I assure you, I have often kneeled before him the space sometimes of three hours to persuade him from his will and appetite; but I could never dissuade him therefrom. Therefore, Master Kingston, I warn you, if it chance you hereafter to be of his privy council, as for your wisdom you are very meet, be well assured and advised what you put into his head, for you shall never put it out again.

'And say, furthermore, that I request his grace, on God's name, that he have a vigilant eye to depress this new sort of Lutherans, that it do not increase through his negligence, in such a sort, as he be at length compelled to put on harness upon his back to subdue them. . . . . Master Kingston, farewell. I can no more say; but I wish, ere I die, all things to have good success. My time draweth on fast. I may not tarry with you. And forget not what I have said and charged you withal; for when I am dead, ye shall peradventure remember my words better.' And even with these words, he began to draw his speech at length, and his tongue to fail—his eyes being presently set in his head, whose sight failed him. Then began we to put him in remembrance of Christ's passion, and caused the yeoman of the guard to stand by secretly to see him die, and to be witness of his words at his departure, who heard all his said communication; and incontinent the clock struck eight, and then he gave up the ghost, and thus he departed this present life. And calling to remembrance how he said the day before, that at eight of the clock we should lose our master, as it is before rehearsed, one of us looking upon another, supposing that he either knew or prophesied of his departure; yet before his departure, we sent for the abbot of the house to annoyle[1] him, who made all the speed he could, and came to his departure, and so said certain prayers before the breath was fully out of his body. Here is the end and fall of pride and arrogancy of men exalted by fortune to dignities!

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[1] Short guns or cannon without carriages, chiefly used for festive occasions.

[2] Whispering.

[1] Persons of rank.

[2] Immediately.

## LORD BERNERS.

Lord Berners, another favourite of Henry VIII. under whom he was chancellor of the exchequer, and governor of Calais, is known chiefly as the author of a translation of the French chronicler, Froissart. His version of that fascinating narrative of contemporary events in England, France, Flanders, Scotland, and other countries,* was executed by the king's command, and appeared in 1523. It is an excellent sample of the English language of that period, being remarkable for the purity and nervousness of its style.† Lord Berners wrote also *The History of the Most Noble and Valiant Knight, Arthur of Little Britain*, and other works, translated from the French and Spanish; he was likewise the author of a book on *The Duties of the Inhabitants of Calais*. From his translation of Froissart (which was reprinted in 1812), we extract the following passages, modernising the spelling:

### *Battle of Cressy.*

When the French king saw the Englishmen, his blood changed, and [he] said to his marshals: 'Make the Genoese go on before, and begin the battle in the name of God and St Denis.' There were of the Genoese cross-bows about a fifteen thousand, but they were so weary of going afoot that day, a six leagues, armed with their cross-bows, that they said to their constables: 'We be not well ordered to fight this day, for we be not in the case to do any great deed of arms; we have more need of rest.' These words came to the Earl of Alençon, who said: 'A man is well at ease to be charged with such a sort of rascals, to be faint and fail now at most need.' Also, the same season, there fell a great rain and an eclipse, with a terrible thunder; and before the rain, there came flying over the battles a great number of crows for fear of the tempest coming. Then anon the air began to wax clear, and the sun to shine fair and bright, the which was right in the Frenchmen's eyen, and on the Englishmen's back. When the Genoese were assembled together, and began to approach, they made a great leap and cry, to abash the Englishmen; but they stood still, and stirred not for all that. Then the Genoese again the second time made another leap and a fell cry, and stepped forward a little; and the Englishmen removed not one foot. Thirdly again, they leaped and cried, and went forth till they came within shot; then they shot fiercely with their cross-bows. Then the English archers stepped forth one pace, and let fly their arrows so wholly and thick that it seemed snow. When the Genoese felt the arrows piercing through heads and arms and breasts, many of them cast down their cross-bows, and did cut their strings, and returned discomfited. When the French king saw them flee away, he said: 'Slay these rascals, for they shall let and trouble us without reason.' Then ye should have seen the men-at-arms dash in among them, and killed a great number of them, and ever still the Englishmen shot whereas they saw the thickest press; the sharp arrows ran into the men-at-arms and into their horses; and many fell horse and men among the Genoese; and when they were down, they could not relieve again; the press was so thick that one overthrew another. And also, among the Englishmen, there were certain rascals that went on foot with great knives, and they went in among the men-at-arms, and murdered many as they lay on the ground, both earls, barons, knights, and squires, whereof the king of England was after displeased, for he had rather they had been taken prisoners.

### *Edward IV. and the Countess of Salisbury.*

As soon as the lady knew of the king's coming, she set open the gates and came out so richly beseen, that every man marvelled of her beauty, and could not cease to regard her nobleness, with her great beauty and the gracious words and countenance that she made. When she came to the king, she knelt down to the earth, thanking him of his succours, and so led him into the castle to make him cheer and honour, as she could right well do it. Every man regarded her marvellously; the king himself could not withhold his regarding of her, for he thought that he never saw before so noble nor so fair a lady. He was stricken therewith to the heart with a spirit of fine love that endured long after. He thought no lady in the world so worthy to be beloved as she. Thus they entered into the castle hand in hand. The lady led him first into the hall, and after into the chamber nobly apparelled. The king regarded so the lady, that she was abashed. At last he went to a window to rest him, and so fell into a great study. The lady went about to make cheer to the lords and knights that were there, and commanded to dress the hall for dinner. When she had all devised and commanded, she came to the king with a merry cheer (who was in a great study), and she said: 'Dear sir, why do you study so, for, your grace not displeased, it appertaineth not to your grace to do so; rather, ye should make good cheer and be joyful, seeing ye have chased away your enemies, who durst not abide you; let other men study for the remnant.'

Then the king said: 'Ah, dear lady, know for truth, that sith I entered into the castle, there is a study come to my mind, so that I cannot choose but to muse, nor I cannot tell what shall fall through; put it out of my heart I cannot.'

'Ah, sir,' quoth the lady, 'ye ought always to make good cheer to comfort therewith your people. God hath aided you so in your business, and hath given you so great graces, that ye be the most doughty and honoured prince in all Christendom; and if the king of Scots have done you any despite or damage, ye may well amend it when it shall please you as ye have done divers times ere this. Sir, leave your musing, and come into the hall, if it please you; your dinner is all ready.'

'Ah, fair lady,' quoth the king, 'other things lyeth at my heart that ye know not of, but surely your sweet behaving, the perfect wisdom, the good grace, nobleness, and excellent beauty that I see in you, hath so sore surprised my heart that I cannot but love you, and without your love I am but dead.'

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[1] To administer extreme unction.

* Froissart resided in England as secretary to the queen of Edward III. from 1361 to 1366, and again visited that country in 1395. On the former occasion, he paid a visit to Scotland, where he was entertained by the Earl of Douglas. His history, which extends from 1326 to 1400, is valued chiefly for the view which it gives of the manners of the times, and the state of the countries and their inhabitants.

† There is a translation of Froissart in modern English—the work of Thomas Johnes of Hafod (1748-1816); but that of Lord Berners is superior, not only in vigorous characteristic expression, but, what is more surprising, in correctness.

Then the lady said: 'Ah, right noble prince, for God's sake mock nor tempt me not. I cannot believe that it is true that ye say, nor that so noble a prince as ye be would think to dishonour me and my lord, my husband, who is so valiant a knight, and hath done your grace so good service, and, as yet, lyeth in prison for your quarrel. Certainly, sir, ye should in this case have but a small prize and nothing the better thereby. I had never, as yet, had such a thought in my heart, nor, I trust in God, never shall have for no man living. If I had any such intention, your grace ought not only to blame me, but also to punish my body, yea, and by true justice, to be dismembered.'

Therewith the lady departed from the king, and brought some of his knights with her, and said: 'Sir, if it please you to come into the hall; your knights abideth for you to wash; ye have been too long fasting.'

Then the king went into the hall, and washed, and sat down among his lords, and the lady also. The king ate but little, he sat still musing, and, as he durst, he cast his eyes upon the lady. Of his sadness his knights had marvel, for he was not accustomed so to be. Some thought it was because the Scots were escaped from him. All that day the king tarried there and wist not what to do. Sometime he imagined that honour and truth defended him not to set his heart in such a case to dishonour such a lady and so true a knight as her husband was, who had always well and truly served him. On the other part, love so constrained him, that the power thereof surmounted honour and truth. Thus the king debated in himself all that day and all that night. In the morning he arose and dislodged all his host, and drew after the Scots to chase them out of his realm. Then he took leave of the lady, saying: 'My dear lady, to God I commend you till I return again, requiring you to advise you otherwise than ye have said to me.'

'Noble prince,' quoth the lady, 'in God the father, glorious be your conduct, and put you out of all villain thoughts! Sir, I am, and ever shall be ready to do your grace service to your honour and to mine.' Therewith the king departed all abashed.

### BISHOP BALE.

JOHN BALE, bishop of Ossory, in Ireland (1495–1563), was the author of many tracts against popery, both in Latin and English; but his most celebrated production is a Latin *Account of the Lives of Eminent Writers of Great Britain*, extending, as the title expresses it, from Japhet, one of the sons of Noah, to the year 1557. Bale left also many curious metrical productions in the English language, including several dramatic pieces on sacred subjects. Among these are interludes on John the Baptist's preaching; on the childhood, temptation, passion, and resurrection of Christ; on the Lord's Supper, and washing the disciples' feet, &c. All these pieces were doubtless performed in a grave and devout spirit; for Bale himself mentions that the first of them—which may be seen in the Harleian Miscellany—and his tragedy of *God's Promises*, were acted by young men at the market-cross of Kilkenny upon a Sunday. In 1544, he published *A Brefe Chronycle concernynge the Examinacyon and Death of the Blessed Martyr of Christ, Sir Johan Oldecastell the Lorde Cobham*, from which we extract the account of Cobham's death. He suffered in 1417, for supporting the doctrines of Wycliffe, and was the first martyr among the English nobility.

*Death of Lord Cobham.*

Upon the day appointed, he was brought out of the Tower with his arms bound behind him, having a very cheerful countenance. Then was he laid upon an hurdle, as though he had been a most heinous traitor to the crown, and so drawn forth into Saint Giles' Field, where as they had set up a new pair of gallows. As he was coming to the place of execution, and was taken from the hurdle, he fell down devoutly upon his knees, desiring Almighty God to forgive his enemies. Than stood he up and beheld the multitude, exhorting them in most godly manner to follow the laws of God written in the Scriptures, and in any wise to beware of such teachers as they see contrary to Christ in their conversation and living, with many other special counsels. Then he was hanged up there by the middle in chains of iron, and so consumed alive in the fire, praising the name of God, so long as his life lasted. In the end he commended his soul into the hand of God, and so departed hence most Christenly, his body resolved into ashes.

### WILLIAM TYNDALE.

The Reformation led to the publication of three versions of the Bible, which were perhaps the most important scholastic efforts of the reign of Henry VIII. The first part of the Scriptures printed in an English form was the New Testament, of which a translation was published in 1526 by WILLIAM TYNDALE, born in Gloucestershire, about the year 1477, a clergyman of great piety, learning, and gentleness of disposition. In the course of his labours he endured such persecution, that, in 1523, he found it necessary to quit England, and retire into Germany. He there visited Luther, who encouraged him in his laborious and hazardous undertaking. Antwerp was the place where Tyndale's translation of the New Testament was first printed. It was speedily circulated, and eagerly perused in England, notwithstanding the severe persecution to which its possessors were exposed. Sir Thomas More distinguished himself as a most virulent opponent of Tyndale, against whom he published seven volumes of controversy, where such violent language as the following is employed: 'Our Saviour will say to Tyndale: Thou art accursed, Tyndale, the son of the devil; for neither flesh nor blood hath taught thee these heresies, but thine own father, the devil, that is in hell.'—'There should have been more burned by a great many than there have been within this seven year last past. The lack whereof, I fear me, will make more [be] burned within this seven year next coming, than else should have needed to have been burned in seven score. Ah, blasphemous beast, to whose roaring and lowing no good Christian man can without heaviness of heart give ear!' Tyndale translated also the first five books of the Old Testament, the publication of which was completed in 1530. Efforts were made by King Henry, Wolsey, and More to allure him back to England, where they hoped to destroy him; but he was too cautious to trust himself there. His friend, John Frith, who had assisted him in translating, was more credulous of their promises of safety, and returning to London, was apprehended and burned. Tyndale remained at Antwerp, till entrapped by an agent of Henry, who procured at Brussels a warrant to apprehend him for heresy. After some further proceedings, he was first strangled and then burned at Vilvoorden, near Antwerp, in September 1536, exclaiming at the stake: 'Lord, open the king of England's eyes!'

Tyndale's translation of the New Testament is, on the whole, admirable both for style and accuracy; and indeed our present authorised version has throughout very closely followed it. To use the words of Dr Geddes: 'It is astonishing how little obsolete the language of it is, even at this day; and, in point of perspicuity and noble simplicity, propriety of idiom, and purity of style, no English version has yet surpassed it.' A beautiful edition of it was published in 1836, edited by Mr George Offor. The following are Tyndale's translations of the Magnificat and Lord's Prayer, in the spelling of the original edition:

### *The Magnificat and Lord's Prayer.*

And Mary sayde: My soule magnifieth the Lorde, and my sprete reioyseth in God my Savioure.

For he hath loked on the povre degre off his honde mayden. Beholde nowe from hens forthe shall all generacions call me blessed.

For he that is myghty hath done to me greate thinges, and blessed ys his name:

And hys mercy is always on them that feare him thorow oute all generacions.

He hath shewed strengthe with his arme; he hath scattered them that are proude in the ymaginacion of their hertes.

He hath putt doune the myghty from their seates, and hath exalted them of lowe degre.

He hath filled the hongry with goode thinges, and hath sent away the ryche empty.

He hath remembred mercy, and hath holpen his servaunt Israhel.

Even as he promised to oure fathers, Abraham and to his seed for ever.

Oure Father which arte in heven, halowed be thy name. Let thy kingdom come. Thy wyll be fulfilled, as well in erth, as hit ys in heven. Geve vs this daye oure dayly breade. And forgeve vs oure treaspases, even as we forgeve them which treaspas vs. Leede vs not into temptacion, but delyvre vs from yvell. Amen.

### *Part of St Matthew's Gospel, Chapter VIII.*

When Jesus was come downe from the mountayne, moch people folowed him. And lo, there cam a lepre, and worsheped him saynge, Master, if thou wylt, thou canst make me clene. He putt forthe his hond and touched him saynge: I will, be clene, and immediatly his leprosy was clensed. And Jesus said vnto him, Se thou tell no man, but go and shewe thysilf to the preste, and offer the gyfte that Moses commaunded to be offred, in witnes to them. When Jesus was entred in to Capernaum, there cam vnto him a certayne centurion, besechyng him, And saynge: Master, my servaunt lyeth sicke att home off the palsye, and is grevously payned. And Jesus sayd vnto him, I will come and cure him. The centurion answered and saide: Syr I am not worthy that thou shuldest com vnder the rofe of my housse, but speake the worde only and my servaunt shalbe healed. For y also my selfe am a man vndre power, and have sowdeeres vndre me, and y saye to one, go, and he goeth: and to anothre, come, and he cometh: and to my servaunt, do this, and he doeth it. When Jesus herde these saynges: he marveyled, and said to them that folowed him: Verely y say vnto you, I have not founde so great fayth: no, not in Israell. I say therfore vnto you, that many shall come from the eest and weest, and shall rest with Abraham, Ysaac and Jacob, in the kyngdom of heven: And the children of the kingdom shalbe cast out in to the vtmoost dercknes, there shalbe wepinge and gnasshing of tethe. Then Jesus said vnto the centurion, Go thy waye, and as thou hast believed so be it vnto the. And his servaunt was healed that same houre.

## MILES COVERDALE.

In translating the Pentateuch, Tyndale was assisted by **Miles Coverdale** (1485–1565), who, in 1535, published the first English translation of the whole Scriptures, with this title: ***Biblia, the Bible; that is, the Holy Scripture of the Olde and New Testament, faithfully and newly translated out of the Doutche and Latyn into English.*** Coverdale was made bishop of Exeter in 1551, but retired to the continent during the reign of Mary. When Elizabeth ascended the throne, he returned to England, and remained there till his death. His translation of the Bible has been reprinted in London. The extent of its variation from that of Tyndale will appear by contrasting the following verse (Gen. xxix. 32), as rendered by each translator:

### *Tyndale's Version.*

When the Lorde sawe that Lea was despised, he made her frutefull, but Rahel was baren. And Lea conceaved and bare a sonne and called his name Ruben, for she sayde: the Lorde hath lokeed upon my tribulation. And now my husbonde will love me.

### *Coverdale's Version.*

But when the Lorde sawe that Lea was nothinge regarded, he made her fruteful and Rachel barren. And Lea conceaved and bare a sonne whom she called Ruben, and sayde: the Lorde hath loked upon mine adversitie. Now wyll my husbande love me.

## TRANSLATIONS OF THE BIBLE.

These translations were followed, in 1537, by the version known as *Matthews's Bible*, so called from the name of the printer, which was superintended by the martyr Rogers; and in 1539 by *Cranmer's Bible*, which was revised by collation with the original Hebrew and Greek. The dissemination of so many copies of the sacred volume, where neither the Bible nor any considerable number of other books had formerly been in use, produced very remarkable effects. The versions first used, having been formed in some measure from the Latin translation, called the *Vulgate*, contained many words from that language, which had hardly before been considered as English; such as perdition, consolation, reconciliation, sanctification, immortality, frustrate, inexcusable, transfigure, and many others requisite for the expression of compound and abstract ideas, which had never occurred to our Saxon ancestors, and therefore were not represented by any terms in that language. These words, in the course of time, became part of ordinary discourse, and thus the language was enriched. In the *Book of Common Prayer*, compiled in the subsequent reign of Edward VI. and which affords many beautiful specimens of the English of that time, the efforts of the learned to make such words familiar are perceptible in many places; where a Latin term is often given with a Saxon word of the same, or nearly the same meaning following it, as 'humble and lowly,' 'assemble and meet together.' Another effect proceeded from the freedom with which the people were allowed to judge of the doctrines, and canvass the text, of the sacred writings. The keen interest with which they now perused the Bible, hitherto a closed book to the most of them, is allowed to have given the first impulse to the practice of reading in both parts of the island, and to have been one of the causes of the flourishing literary era which followed.

## SIR JOHN CHEKE.

SIR JOHN CHEKE (1514–1557) was professor of Greek at Cambridge, and one of the preceptors of the prince, afterwards Edward VI. He is chiefly distinguished for his exertions in introducing the study of the Greek language and literature into England. Having dictated to his pupils a certain mode of pronouncing Greek words, he was violently assailed on that account by Bishop Gardiner, then chancellor of the university; but, notwithstanding the fulminations of this severe prelate, the system of Cheke prevailed, and still prevails. At his death, which was supposed to be occasioned by remorse for recanting Protestantism under the terror of the Marian persecution, he left several works in manuscript, amongst which was a translation of Matthew's Gospel, intended to exemplify a plan which he had conceived of reforming the English language by eradicating all words except those derived from Saxon roots. He also contemplated a reform in the spelling of English, an idea which has occurred to several learned men, but seems to be amongst the most hopeless ever entertained by the learned. The only original work of Cheke in English is a pamphlet, published in 1549, under the title of *The Hurt of Sedition, how Grievous it is to a Commonwealth*, being designed to admonish the people who had risen under Ket the tanner. Of this, a specimen is subjoined:

### *Remonstrance with Levellers.*

Ye pretend to a commonwealth. How amend ye it by killing of gentlemen, by spoiling of gentlemen, by imprisoning of gentlemen? A marvellous tanned[1] commonwealth. Why should ye hate them for their riches, or for their rule? Rule, they never took so much in hand as ye do now. They never resisted the king, never withstood his council, be faithful at this day, when ye be faithless, not only to the king, whose subjects ye be, but also to your lords, whose tenants ye be. Is this your true duty—in some of homage, in most of fealty, in all of allegiance—to leave your duties, go back from your promises, fall from your faith, and, contrary to law and truth, to make unlawful assemblies, ungodly companies, wicked and detestable camps, to disobey your betters, and to obey your tanners, to change your obedience from a king to a Ket, to submit yourselves to traitors, and break your faith to your true king and lords? . . .

If riches offend you, because ye would have the like, then think that to be no commonwealth, but envy to the commonwealth. Envy it is to appair[2] another man's estate, without the amendment of your own; and to have no gentlemen, because ye be none yourselves, is to bring down an estate, and to mend none. Would ye have all alike rich? That is the overthrow of all labour, and utter decay of work in this realm. For who will labour more, if, when he hath gotten more, the idle shall by lust, without right, take what him list from him, under pretence of equality with him? This is the bringing in of idleness, which destroyeth the commonwealth, and not the amendment of labour, which maintaineth the commonwealth. If there should be such equality, then ye take all hope away from yours, to come to any better estate than you now leave them. And as many mean men's children come honestly up, and are great succour to all their stock, so should none be hereafter holpen by you. But because you seek equality, whereby all cannot be rich, ye would that belike, whereby every man should be poor. And think beside, that riches and inheritance be God's providence, and given to whom of his wisdom he thinketh good.

## SIR THOMAS WILSON.

THOMAS WILSON, originally a fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and who rose to be Dean of Durham, and to various high state employments under Elizabeth, published, in 1553, a *System of Rhetoric and of Logic*, in which the principles of eloquence and composition are laid down with considerable ability. He strongly advocates, in this treatise, simplicity of language, condemning those who 'powdered their talk with over-seas language.' So great and dangerous an innovation were his doctrines considered, that, happening to visit Rome, he was imprisoned as a heretic. Amongst other false styles censured by Wilson is that of alliteration, of which he gives the following caricatured example: 'Pitiful poverty prayeth for a penny, but puffed presumption passeth not a point, pampering his paunch with pestilent pleasure, procuring his passport to post it to hell-pit, there to be punished with pains perpetual.' Wilson died in 1581.

### *Simplicity of Style Recommended.*

Among other lessons, this should first be learned, that we never affect any strange inkhorn terms, but to speak as is commonly received; neither seeking to be over fine, nor yet living over careless; using our speech as most men do, and ordering our wits as the fewest have done. Some seek so far for outlandish English, that they forget altogether their mother's language. And I dare swear this, if some of their mothers were alive, they were not able to tell what they say, and yet these fine English clerks will say they speak in their mother tongue, if a man should charge them with counterfeiting the king's English. Some far journeyed gentlemen, at their return home, like as they love to go in foreign apparel, so they will ponder their talk with over-sea language. He that cometh lately out of France will talk French-English, and never blush at the matter. Another chops in with English Italianated, and applieth the Italian phrase to our English speaking; the which is, as if an oration that professeth to utter his mind in plain Latin, would needs speak poetry, and far-fetched colours of strange antiquity. The lawyer will store his stomach with the prating of pedlers. The auditor, in making his account and reckoning, cometh in with *sise sould, et cater denere*, for 6s. and 4d. The fine courtier will talk nothing but Chaucer. The mystical wise men, and poetical clerks, will speak nothing but quaint proverbs and blind allegories; delighting much in their own darkness, especially when none can tell what they do say. The unlearned or foolish fantastical, that smells but of learning (such fellows as have seen learned men in their days), will so Latin their tongues, that the simple cannot but wonder at their talk, and think surely they speak by some revelation. I know them that think rhetoric to stand wholly upon dark words; and he that can catch an inkhorn term by the tail, him they count to be a fine Englishman and a good rhetorician.

## ROGER ASCHAM.

A still more distinguished instructive writer of this age was ROGER ASCHAM, university orator at Cambridge, at one time preceptor, and ultimately

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[1] Alluding to the profession of the ringleader.

[2] Impair.

Latin secretary, to Queen Elizabeth. He must be considered as the first writer on education in our language, and it is remarkable that many of his views on this subject accord with the most enlightened of modern times. His writings themselves furnished an improved example of style, and they abound in sound sense and excellent instructions. We are the more called on to admire them, when we reflect on the tendency of learned men in that age to waste their talents and acquirements on profitless controversy—which was so strong a passion, that whenever Sir John Cheke was temporarily absent from Cambridge, his associates immediately forsook the elegant studies to which he had tempted them, and fell into disputes on points of theology and metaphysics. Ascham was born in 1515 at Kirby Wiske, a village near Northallerton, in Yorkshire. His father was house-steward in the family of Lord Scroop. Through the patronage of Sir Antony Wingfield, he was entered of St John's College, Cambridge, and he was afterwards Professor of Greek in the university. In 1545, he had a grant of a pension of £10, which was continued to him by Edward VI. whom he taught to write. He was afterwards sent out as ambassador to the Emperor Charles V.; and on his way to London had an interview with Lady Jane Grey, which he thus describes:

### *Interview with Lady Jane Grey.*

One example, whether love or fear doth work more in a child for virtue and learning, I will gladly report; which may be heard with some pleasure, and followed with more profit. Before I went into Germany, I came to Broadgate, in Leicestershire, to take my leave of that noble Lady Jane Grey, to whom I was exceeding much beholden. Her parents, the duke and the duchess, with all the household, gentlemen and gentlewomen, were hunting in the park. I found her in her chamber reading Phædon Platonis in Greek, and that with as much delight as some gentlemen would read a merry tale in Bocace. After salutation and duty done, with some other talk, I asked her why she would lose such pastime in the park. Smiling, she answered me: 'I wiss, all their sport in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure that I find in Plato. Alas! good folk, they never felt what true pleasure meant.' 'And how came you, madam,' quoth I, 'to this deep knowledge of pleasure? And what did chiefly allure you unto it, seeing not many women, but very few men, have attained thereunto?' 'I will tell you,' quoth she, 'and tell you a truth which, perchance, ye will marvel at. One of the greatest benefits that ever God gave me, is, that he sent me so sharp and severe parents, and so gentle a schoolmaster. For when I am in presence either of father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go, eat, drink, be merry or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing anything else, I must do it, as it were in such weight, measure, and number, even so perfectly as God made the world, or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea, presently, sometimes with pinches, nips, and bobs, and other ways, which I will not name for the honour I bear them, so without measure misordered, that I think myself in hell, till time come that I must go to Mr Elmer; who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing, whiles I am with him. And when I am called from him, I fall on weeping, because, whatever I do else, but learning, is full of grief, trouble, fear, and whole misliking unto me. And thus my book hath been so much my pleasure, and bringeth daily to me more pleasure and more, that, in respect of it, all other pleasures, in very deed, be but trifles and troubles unto me.'

Ascham died on the 30th December 1568, and Queen Elizabeth said she would rather have lost £10,000 than her tutor Ascham. The principal work of this learned teacher, *The Schoolmaster*, printed by his widow in 1570, contains, besides the good general views of education above alluded to, what Johnson has acknowledged to be 'perhaps the best advice that ever was given for the study of languages.' It also presents judicious characters of ancient authors. Another work, entitled *Toxophilus*, published in 1544, is a dialogue on the art of Archery, designed to promote an elegant and useful mode of recreation among those who, like himself, gave most of their time to study, and also to exemplify a style of composition more purely English than what was generally practised. Ascham also wrote a Discourse on the affairs of Germany, where he had spent three years in attendance on the English ambassador during the reign of Edward VI. We subjoin an extract from *Toxophilus*, the first paragraph in the original spelling:

### *Study should be relieved by Amusement.*

*Philologus.* How moche in this matter is to be giuen to ye auctoritie either of Aristotle or Tullie, I can not tel, seeing sad men may wel ynough speke merily for a merie matter, this I am sure, whiche thing this faire wheat (God save it!) maketh me remembre yat those husbandmen which rise erliest, and come latest home, and are content to have their diner and other drinckinges broughte into the fielde to them, for feare of losing of time, haue fatter barnes in haruest than they which will either slepe at none time of the daye, or els make merie with their neighbours at the ale. And so a scholer yat purposeth to be a good husband, and desireth to repe and enioy much fruite of learning, must tylle and sowe thereafter. Our beste seede tyme, which be scholers, as it is verie tymelye, and whan we be yonge; so it endureth not overlonge, and therefore it maye not be let slippe one houre, oure grounde is verye harde, and full of wedes, our horse wherewith we be drawen very wylde, as Plato sayth. And infinite other mo lettes [hindrances] whiche wil make a thriftie scholer take hede how he spendeth his tyme in sporte and playe.

*Toxophilus.* That Aristotle and Tully spake earnestly, and as they thought, the earnest matter which they entreat upon, doth plainly prove. And as for your husbandry, it was more probably told with apt words, proper to the thing, than thoroughly proved with reasons belonging to our matter. For, contrarywise, I heard myself a good husband at his book once say, that to omit study for some time of the day, and some time of the year, made as much for the increase of learning, as to let the land lie some time fallow, maketh for the better increase of corn. This we see, if the land be ploughed every year, the corn cometh thin up; the ear is short, the grain is small, and when it is brought into the barn and threshed, giveth very evil faul. So those which never leave poring on their books, have oftentimes as thin invention as other poor men have, and as small wit and weight in it as in other men's. And thus your husbandry, methink, is more like the life of a covetous snudge, that oft very evil proves, than the labour of a good husband, that knoweth well what he doth. And surely the best wits to learning must needs have much recreation, and ceasing from their book, or else they mar themselves, when base and dumpish wits can never be hurt with continual study; as ye see in luting, that a treble minikin string must always be let down, but at such time as when a man must needs play, when the base and dull string needeth never to be moved out of his place. The same reason I find true in two bows that I have, whereof the one is quick of cast, trig and trim, both for pleasure and profit; the other is a lugge slow of cast, following the string, more sure for to last than pleasant for to use. Now, sir, it chanced this other night, one in my chamber would needs bend them to prove their strength, but (I cannot tell how) they were both left bent till the next day after dinner; and when I came to them, purposing to have gone on shooting, I found my good bow clean cast on the one side, and as weak as water, that surely, if I were a rich man, I had rather have spent a crown; and as for my lugge, it was not one whit the worse, but shot by and by as well and as far as ever it did. And even so, I am sure that good wits, except they be let down like a treble string, and unbent like a good casting bow, they will never last and be able to continue in study. And I know where I speak this, Philologe, for I would not say thus much afore young men, for they will take soon occasion to study little enough. But I say it, therefore, because I know, as little study getteth little learning, or none at all, so the most study getteth not the most learning of all. For a man's wit, fore-occupied in earnest study, must be as well recreated with some honest pastime, as the body, fore-laboured, must be refreshed with sleep and quietness, or else it cannot endure very long, as the noble poet [Ovid] saith:

> What thing wants quiet and merry rest, endures but a small while.

### *Occupations should be chosen suitable to the Natural Faculties.*

If men would go about matters which they should do, and be fit for, and not such things which wilfully they desire, and yet be unfit for, verily greater matters in the commonwealth than shooting should be in better case than they be. This ignorance in men, which know not for what time and to what thing they be fit, causeth some wish to be rich, for whom it were better a great deal to be poor; other to be meddling in every man's matter, for whom it were more honesty to be quiet and still; some to desire to be in the court, which be born and be fitter rather for the cart; some to be masters and rule other, which never yet began to rule themselves; some always to jangle and talk, which rather should hear and keep silence; some to teach, which rather should learn; some to be priests, which were fitter to be clerks. And this perverse judgment of the world, when men measure themselves amiss, bringeth much disorder and great unseemliness to the whole body of the commonwealth, as if a man should wear his hose upon his head, or a woman go with a sword and a buckler, every man would take it as a great uncomeliness, although it be but a trifle in respect of the other.

This perverse judgment of men hindereth nothing so much as learning, because commonly those that be unfittest for learning, be chiefly set to learning. As if a man now-a-days have two sons, the one impotent, weak, sickly, lisping, stuttering, and stammering, or having any mis-shape in his body; what doth the father of such one commonly say? This boy is fit for nothing else but to set to learning and make a priest of, as who would say, the outcasts of the world, having neither countenance, tongue, or wit (for of a perverse body cometh commonly a perverse mind), be good enough to make those men of, which shall be appointed to preach God's holy word, and minister his blessed sacraments, besides other most weighty matters in the commonwealth; put oft times, and worthily, to learned men's discretion and charge; when rather such an office so high in dignity, so goodly in administration, should be committed to no man, which should not have a countenance full of comeliness, to allure good men, a body full of manly authority to fear ill men, a wit apt for all learning, with tongue and voice able to persuade all men. And although few such men as these can be found in a commonwealth, yet surely a goodly disposed man will both in his mind think fit, and with all his study labour to get such men as I speak of, or rather better, if better can be gotten, for such an high administration, which is most properly appointed to God's own matters and businesses.

This perverse judgment of fathers, as concerning the fitness and unfitness of their children, causeth the commonwealth have many unfit ministers: and seeing that ministers be, as a man would say, instruments wherewith the commonwealth doth work all her matters withal, I marvel how it chanceth that a poor shoemaker hath so much wit, that he will prepare no instrument for his science, neither knife nor awl, nor nothing else, which is not very fit for him. The commonwealth can be content to take at a fond father's hand the riffraff of the world, to make those instruments of wherewithal she should work the highest matters under heaven. And surely an awl of lead is not so unprofitable in a shoemaker's shop, as an unfit minister made of gross metal is unseemly in the commonwealth. Fathers in old time, among the noble Persians, might not do with their children as they thought good, but as the judgment of the commonwealth always thought best. This fault of fathers bringeth many a blot with it, to the great deformity of the commonwealth: and here surely I can praise gentlewomen, which have always at hand their glasses, to see if anything be amiss, and so will amend it; yet the commonwealth, having the glass of knowledge in every man's hand, doth see such uncomeliness in it, and yet winketh at it. This fault, and many such like, might be soon wiped away, if fathers would bestow their children always on that thing whereunto nature hath ordained them most apt and fit. For if youth be grafted straight and not awry, the whole commonwealth will flourish thereafter. When this is done, then must every man begin to be more ready to amend himself, than to check another, measuring their matters with that wise proverb of Apollo, Know thyself: that is to say, learn to know what thou art able, fit, and apt unto, and follow that.

Two Scottish authors may be noted. Barbour and Wynton had shewn the use of the northern language in literature, and it had become common in correspondence. The Earl of Dunbar, writing to the king of England (Henry IV.), excuses himself for preferring it to either Latin or French—the language of business and the language of the English court.* It was, however, more than a century after this period ere we had any prose work in the Scottish vernacular.

## JOHN BELLENDEN.

JOHN BELLENDEN, archdean of Moray, was a favourite of James V. of Scotland, and one of the lords of session in the reign of Queen Mary. Besides writing a topography of Scotland, epistles to James V. and some poems, he translated, by the king's command, Hector Boece's History of Scotland, and the first five books of Livy. The translation of Boece was published in 1536, and constitutes the earliest existing specimen of Scottish literary prose. The first original work in that language was one entitled *The Complaynt of Scotland*, which was published at St Andrews in 1548, by an unknown author, and consists of a meditation on the distracted state of the kingdom. The difference between the language of these works and that employed by the English writers of the preceding century is not great. Bellenden's translation of Boece is rather a free one, and additions are sometimes made by the translator. Another translation, published by Holinshed, an English chronicler, in the reign of Elizabeth, was the source from which Shakspeare derived the historical materials of his tragedy of *Macbeth*. An extract from Bellenden's version, in the original spelling, is here subjoined:

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* 'And, noble prince, mervaile yhe nocht that I write my lettres in English, for that ys mare clere to myne understandyng than Latyne or Fraunch. Excellent, mychty, and noble prince, the Haly Trinity hafe you evirmar in kepyng. Written at my castell of Dunbarr, the 18th day of Feverer [1400].' See *Scotland in the Middle Ages*, by Professor Cosmo Innes.

### *Part of the Story of Macbeth.*

Nocht lang eftir, hapnit ane uncouth and wounderfull thing, be quhilk followit, sone, ane gret alteration in the realme. Be aventure, Makbeth and Banquho wer passand to Fores, quhair King Duncane hapnit to be for the time, and met be the gait thre wemen, clothit in elrage and uncouth weid. Thay wer jugit, be the pepill, to be weird sisteris. The first of thaim said to Makbeth: 'Hale, Thane of Glammis!' the second said: 'Hale, Thane of Cawder!' and the third said: 'Hale, King of Scotland!' Than said Banquho: 'Quhat wemen be ye, sa unmercifull to me, and sa favorable to my companyeon? For ye gaif to him nocht onlie landis and gret rentis, bot gret lordschippis and kingdomes; and gevis me nocht.' To this answerit the first of thir weird sisteris: 'We schaw more felicite apparing to thee than to him; for thoucht he happin to be ane king, his empire sall end unhappelie, and nane of his blude sall eftir him succeid; be contrar, thow sall nevir be king, bot of the sal cum mony kingis, quhilkis, with lang progressioun, sall rejose the croun of Scotland.' Als sone as thir wourdis wer said, thay suddanlie evanist out of sicht. This prophecy and divinatioun wes haldin mony dayis in derision to Banquho and Makbeth. For sum time, Banquho wald call Makbeth, King of Scottis, for derisioun; and he, on the samin maner, wald call Banquho the fader of mony kingis. Yit, becaus al thingis succedit as thir wemen devinit, the pepill traistit and jugit thaim to be weird sisteris. Not lang eftir, it hapnit that the Thane of Cawder wes disherist and forfaltit of his landis, for certane crimes of lese majeste; and his landis wer gevin be King Duncane to Makbeth. It hapnit in the next nicht, that Banquho and Makbeth wer sportand togidder at thair supper. Than said Banquho: 'Thow hes gottin all that the first two weird sisteris hecht. Restis nocht bot the croun, quhilk wes hecht be the thrid sister.' Makbeth, revolving all thingis as thay wer said be thir weird sisteris, began to covat the croun; and yit he concludit to abide quhil he saw the time ganand thairto, fermelie beleving that the thrid weird suld cum, as the first two did afore.

In the mene time, King Duncane maid his son Malcolme Prince of Cumbir, to signify that he suld regne eftir him. Quhilk wes gret displeseir to Makbeth; for it maid plane derogatioun to the thrid weird, promittit afore to him be thir weird sisteris. Nochtheles, he thocht, gif Duncane wer slane, he had maist richt to the croun, becaus he wes nerest of blud thairto, be tennour of the auld lawis maid eftir the deith of King Fergus, 'Quhen young children wer unabil to govern the croun, the nerrest of thair blude sall regne.' Als, the respons of thir weird sisteris put him in beleif, that the thrid weird suld cum als weill as the first two. Attour, his wife, impacient of lang tary, as al wemen ar, specially quhare thay ar desirus of ony purpos, gaif him gret artation to persew the thrid weird, that scho micht be ane quene; calland him, oft timis, febil cowart, and nocht desirus of honouris; sen he durst not assailye the thing with manheid and curage, quhilk is offerit to him be benivolence of fortoun; howbeit sindry otheris hes assailyeit sic thingis afore, with maist terribil jeopardyis, quhen thay had not sic sickernes to succeid in the end of thair laubouris as he had.

Makbeth, be persuasion of his wife, gaderit his freindis to ane counsall at Innernes, quhare King Duncane happinit to be for the time. And because he fand sufficient oportunite, be support of Banquho and otheris his freindis, he slew King Duncane, the vii yeir of his regne. His body was buryit in Elgin, and eftir tane up and brocht to Colmekill, quhare it remanis yit, amang the sepulturis of uthir kingis; fra our redemption, MXLVI yeris.

The *Complaynt of Scotland* is a rare work. It was published at St Andrews in 1548 or 1549, and seems to have been formed on the plan of the *Decameron*. A party of shepherds sing songs or tell tales, after which they join in a dance: 'evyrie ald scheiphird led his vyfe be the hand, and evyrie yong scheiphird led hyr quhome he luffit best.' The names of the songs and dances are given, but the greater part of the former is now lost or unknown. The author of the *Complaynt* is also unknown, and it has been variously ascribed to Sir James Inglis, abbot of Culross (a poet mentioned by Sir David Lyndsay, but whose works have almost entirely perished); to one of the Wedderburns of Dundee; and to Sir David Lyndsay himself. The last of these conjectures seems improbable. Dr Leyden edited the *Complaynt* (1801), and added an introduction and a glossary. The orthography of the work is very irregular and uncouth.

### *Extract from the Complaynt of Scotland.*

There eftir I heard the rumour of rammasche[1] foulis and of beystis that made grite beir,[2] quhilk past beside burnis and boggis on green bankis to seek their sustentation. Their brutal sound did redond to the high skyis, quhil the deep hou cauernis of cleuchis[3] and rotche craggis ansuert vitht ane high note of that samyn sound as thay beystis hed blauen. It aperit be presumyng and presuposing, that blaberand Eccho had been hid in ane hou hole, cryand hyr half ansueir, quhen Narcissus rycht sorry socht for his saruandis, quhen he was in ane forrest, far fra ony folkis, and there efter for love of Eccho he drounit in ane drau vel. Nou to tel treutht of the beystis that made sic beir, and of the dyn that the foulis did, ther syndry soundis hed nothir temperance nor tune. For fyrst furtht on the fresche fieldis the nolt maid noyis vitht mony loud lou. Baytht horse and meyris did fast nee, and the folis neckyr. The bullis began to bullir, quhen the scheip began to blait, because the calfis began till mo, quhen the doggis berkit. Than the suyne began to quhryne quhen thai herd the asse rair, quhilk gart the hennis kekkyl quhen the cokis creu. The chekyns began to peu quhen the gled quhissillit. The fox follouit the fed geise and gart them cry claik. The gayslingis cryit quhilk quhilk, and the dukis cryit quaik. The ropeen of the rauynis gart the cras crope. The huddit crauis cryit varrok varrok, quhen the suannis murnit, because the gray goul mau pronosticat ane storme. The turtil began for to greit, quhen the cuschet zoulit. The titlene followit the goilk,[4] and gart hyr sing guk guk. The dou croutit hyr sad sang that soundit lyik sorrou. Robeen and the litil oran var hamely in vyntir. The jargolyne of the suallou gart the jay angil,[5] than the meveis maid myrtht, for to mok the merle. The laverok maid melody up hie in the skyis. The nychtingal al the nycht sang sueit notis. The tuechitis[6] cryit theuis nek, quhen the piettis clattrit. The garruling of the stirlene gart the sparrou cheip. The lyntquhit sang counterpoint quhen the oszil zelpit. The grene serene sang sueit, quhen the gold spynk chantit. The rede schank[7] cryit my fut my fut, and the oxee[8] cryit tueit. The herrons gaif ane vyild skrech as the kyl hed bene in fyir, quhilk gart the quhapis[9] for flevitnes fle far fra hame.

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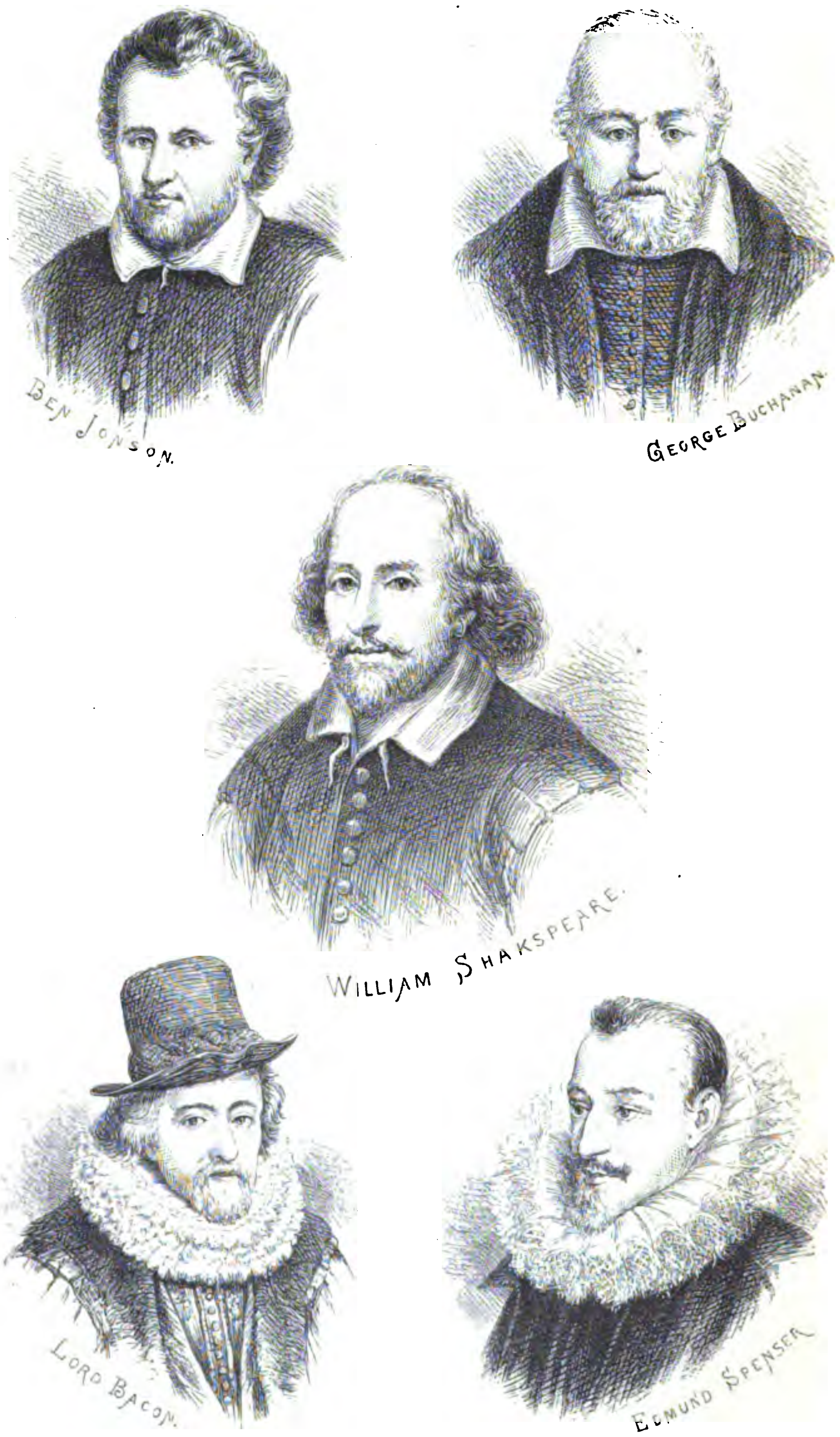
[1] Singing (Fr. *ramage*).
[2] Or *birr*, noise.
[3] Hollow ravines or deep glens.
[4] The cuckoo.
[5] Jangle.
[6] The *tu-wit*, lapwing.
[7] The fieldfare.
[8] The small hedge-sparrow.
[9] Curlew.


BEN JONSON.
GEORGE BUCHANAN.
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.
LORD BACON.
EDMUND SPENSER.

J. P. P. del

C. Roberts sc

III.

Third Period
1558.-1625
Elizabeth & James.
Sweet Swan of Avon
upon the banks of Thames
that did so please Eliza
and our James
and Ben Jonson

THE most brilliant period in the history of English literature is the latter portion of the reign of Queen Elizabeth and the reign of her successor, James. A variety of causes operated in awakening and expanding the national intellect. The invention of printing; the study of classical literature; the freedom with which, since the Reformation, questions of theology and belief were discussed; the general substitution of the philosophy of Plato for that of Aristotle; the number of translations from French and Italian literature; and the dissemination of the Scriptures in the English language, may be considered as aiding powerfully in the universal development. The policy of Elizabeth was an English policy. From the first, she abjured foreign ties and adopted the Protestant interest. Her first act was to order the liturgy to be read in English. A sentiment of chivalry pervaded the land—'high thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy,' as defined by Sir Philip Sidney, himself a mirror of courtesy and chivalrous honour; and this feeling was elevated by the splendour of a female court, and the interest attaching to a maiden queen. There was also the spirit of mercantile enterprise and adventurous curiosity, which had been excited by the discovery, in the previous century, of America and the West Indies. Our seamen had ceased to feel alarm for what the poet calls 'the stormy spirit of the Cape;' the passage by the Cape of Good Hope had become a highway; the East India Company was chartered and enfranchised; Drake and Cavendish had circumnavigated the globe; Hawkins had sailed to Brazil and Guinea; the tall ships of London and Bristol were seen in all seas. Voyages of discovery were resorted to as one of the most fashionable and honourable occupations of the active young nobles and gentry of the day. A passion for travelling to foreign countries, and witnessing the marvellous sights believed to abound in those far-off islands of the sun, ran even to extravagance. The period, altogether, was one of action; of earnest, resolute, fearless men. If danger were to be encountered, there were willing hearts and hands; if a new land was to be explored, there were men ready to encounter the trials and fatigue; if gold was to be had, no enterprise was so hazardous as to deter men from the search; if even a tournament or masque were to be performed, it was got up on a scale of splendour and magnificence. The drama became a great intellectual arena, in which literary genius put forth its highest powers. In that age there might be avarice, cupidity, cruelty in war, and plotting in peace; but there was no weakness in its public men. In action and in study, it was an age of giants.

### THOMAS SACKVILLE.

In the reign of Elizabeth, some poetical names of importance precede that of Spenser. The first is THOMAS SACKVILLE, LORD BUCKHURST (1527–1608), ultimately Earl of Dorset and Lord High-treasurer of England, and who will again come before us in the character of a dramatic writer. Before he was so actively engaged in public life, Sackville is said to have planned, towards the end of the reign of Queen Mary, the design of the *Mirrour for Magistrates*, a work that was to consist of a series of legends derived from English history. All the most illustrious persons in our annals who had experienced reverses of fortune were to pass in review before the reader, each telling his own story, as a warning or mirror to statesmen and rulers. The first edition of the work was published in 1559, the authors being Richard Baldwin and George Ferrers. A second edition appeared in 1563, and to this Sackville contributed his *Induction* and *Complaint of the Duke of Buckingham*. The *Mirrour* was afterwards continued by Phayer, Higgins, Churchyard, and other writers; but wanting the genius of Sackville, it fell into oblivion, and the only part worthy of preservation was the *Induction* and *Complaint* of the original noble author of the design. The *Induction* is a remarkable poem for the age in which it was produced; it not only forms a link, as Mr Hallam remarks, 'which unites the school of Chaucer and Lydgate to the *Faery Queen*,' but its portraits of gloom and sorrow exhibit a strength of description and a power of drawing allegorical characters scarcely inferior to Spenser.

#### *Allegorical Characters from the Mirrour for Magistrates.*

And first, within the porch and jaws of hell,
Sat deep Remorse of Conscience, all besprent
With tears; and to herself oft would she tell
Her wretchedness, and, cursing, never stent[1]
To sob and sigh, but ever thus lament
With thoughtful care; as she that, all in vain,
Would wear and waste continually in pain:

Her eyes unsteadfast, rolling here and there,
Whirled on each place, as place that vengeance brought,
So was her mind continually in fear,
Tost and tormented with the tedious thought
Of those detested crimes which she had wrought;
With dreadful cheer, and looks thrown to the sky,
Wishing for death, and yet she could not die.

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[1] Never stopped.

Next, saw we Dread, all trembling how he shook,
With foot uncertain, proffered here and there;
Benumbed of speech; and, with a ghastly look,
Searched every place, all pale and dead for fear,
His cap borne up with staring of his hair;
'Stoined[1] and amazed at his own shade for dread,
And fearing greater dangers than was need.

And, next, within the entry of this lake,
Sate fell Revenge, gnashing her teeth for ire;
Devising means how she may vengeance take;
Never in rest, till she have her desire;
But frets within so far forth with the fire
Of wreaking flames, that now determines she
To die by death, or 'venged by death to be.

When fell Revenge, with bloody foul pretence,
Had shewed herself, as next in order set,
With trembling limbs we softly parted thence,
Till in our eyes another sight we met;
When fro my heart a sigh forthwith I fet,
Ruing, alas! upon the woful plight
Of Misery, that next appeared in sight:

His face was lean, and some-deal pined away,
And eke his hands consumed to the bone;
But what his body was, I cannot say,
For on his carcass raiment had he none,
Save clouts and patches pieced one by one;
With staff in hand, and scrip on shoulders cast,
His chief defence against the winter's blast:

His food, for most, was wild fruits of the tree,
Unless sometime some crumbs fell to his share,
Which in his wallet long, God wot, kept he,
As on the which full daint'ly would he fare;
His drink, the running stream, his cup, the bare
Of his palm closed; his bed, the hard cold ground;
To this poor life was Misery ybound.

Whose wretched state when we had well beheld,
With tender ruth on him, and on his feres,[2]
In thoughtful cares forth then our pace we held;
And, by and by, another shape appears
Of greedy Care, still brushing up the briers;
His knuckles knobed, his flesh deep dinted in,
With tawed hands, and hard ytanned skin:

The morrow gray no sooner hath begun
To spread his light even peeping in our eyes,
But he is up, and to his work yrun;
But let the night's black misty mantles rise,
And with foul dark never so much disguise
The fair bright day, yet ceaseth he no while,
But hath his candles to prolong his toil.

By him lay heavy Sleep, the cousin of Death,
Flat on the ground, and still as any stone,
A very corpse, save yielding forth a breath;
Small keep took he, whom fortune frowned on,
Or whom she lifted up into the throne
Of high renown, but, as a living death,
So dead alive, of life he drew the breath:

The body's rest, the quiet of the heart,
The travel's ease, the still night's feer was he,
And of our life in earth the better part;
Reaver of sight, and yet in whom we see
Things oft that [tyde] and oft that never be;
Without respect, esteem[ing] equally
King Crœsus' pomp and Irus' poverty.

And next in order sad, Old Age we found:
His beard all hoar, his eyes hollow and blind;
With drooping cheer still poring on the ground,
As on the place where nature him assigned
To rest, when that the Sisters had untwined
His vital thread, and ended with their knife
The fleeting course of fast declining life:

There heard we him with broken and hollow plaint
Rue with himself his end approaching fast,
And all for nought his wretched mind torment
With sweet remembrance of his pleasures past,
And fresh delights of lusty youth forewaste;
Recounting which, how would he sob and shriek,
And to be young again of Jove beseek!

But, an the cruel fates so fixed be
That time forepast cannot return again,
This one request of Jove yet prayed he—
That, in such withered plight, and wretched pain,
As Eld, accompanied with his loathsome train,
Had brought on him, all were it woe and grief
He might a while yet linger forth his life,

And not so soon descend into the pit;
Where Death, when he the mortal corpse hath slain,
With reckless hand in grave doth cover it:
Thereafter never to enjoy again
The gladsome light, but, in the ground ylain,
In depth of darkness waste and wear to nought,
As he had ne'er into the world been brought:

But who had seen him sobbing how he stood
Unto himself, and how he would bemoan
His youth forepast—as though it wrought him good
To talk of youth, all were his youth foregone—
He would have mused, and marvelled much whereon
This wretched Age should like desire so fain,
And knows full well life doth but length his pain:

Crook-backed he was, tooth-shaken, and blear-eyed;
Went on three feet, and sometime crept on four;
With old lame bones, that rattled by his side;
His scalp all pilled,[1] and he with eld forelore,
His withered fist still knocking at Death's door;
Fumbling, and drivelling, as he draws his breath;
For brief, the shape and messenger of Death.

And fast by him pale Malady was placed:
Sore sick in bed, her colour all foregone;
Bereft of stomach, savour, and of taste,
Ne could she brook no meat but broths alone;
Her breath corrupt; her keepers every one
Abhorring her; her sickness past recure,
Detesting physic, and all physic's cure.

But, oh, the doleful sight that then we see!
We turned our look, and on the other side
A grisly shape of Famine mought we see:
With greedy looks, and gaping mouth, that cried
And roared for meat, as she should there have died;
Her body thin and bare as any bone,
Whereto was left nought but the case alone.

And that, alas! was gnawen every where,
All full of holes; that I ne mought refrain
From tears, to see how she her arms could tear,
And with her teeth gnash on the bones in vain,
When, all for nought, she fain would so sustain
Her starven corpse, that rather seemed a shade
Than any substance of a creature made:

Great was her force, whom stone-wall could not stay:
Her tearing nails snatching at all she saw;
With gaping jaws, that by no means ymay
Be satisfied from hunger of her maw,
But eats herself as she that hath no law;
Gnawing, alas! her carcass all in vain,
Where you may count each sinew, bone, and vein.

On her while we thus firmly fixed our eyes,
That bled for ruth of such a dreary sight,
Lo! suddenly she shrieked in so huge wise
As made hell-gates to shiver with the might;
Wherewith, a dart we saw, how it did light
Right on her breast, and, therewithal, pale Death
Enthrilling it, to reave her of her breath:

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[1] Astonished.

[2] Companions.

[1] Pilled or peeled, stripped bare.

And, by and by, a dumb dead corpse we saw,
Heavy, and cold, the shape of Death aright,
That daunts all earthly creatures to his law,
Against whose force in vain it is to fight;
Ne peers, ne princes, nor no mortal wight,
No towns, ne realms, cities, ne strongest tower,
But all, perforce, must yield unto his power:

His dart, anon, out of the corpse he took,
And in his hand (a dreadful sight to see)
With great triumph eftsoons the same he shook,
That most of all my fears affrayed me;
His body dight with nought but bones, pardie;
The naked shape of man there saw I plain,
All save the flesh, the sinew, and the vein.

Lastly, stood War, in glittering arms yclad,
With visage grim, stern look, and blackly hued:
In his right hand a naked sword he had,
That to the hilts was all with blood imbrued;
And in his left (that kings and kingdoms rued)
Famine and fire he held, and therewithal
He razed towns, and threw down towers and all:

Cities he sacked, and realms (that whilom flowered
In honour, glory, and rule, above the rest)
He overwhelmed, and all their fame devoured,
Consumed, destroyed, wasted, and never ceased,
Till he their wealth, their name, and all oppressed:
His face forehewed with wounds; and by his side
There hung his targe, with gashes deep and wide.

### *Henry, Duke of Buckingham, in the Infernal Regions.*

The description of the Duke of Buckingham—the Buckingham, it must be recollected, of *Richard III.*—has been much admired, as an impersonation of extreme wretchedness.

Then first came Henry, Duke of Buckingham,
His cloak of black all pilled, and quite forworn,
Wringing his hands, and Fortune oft doth blame,
Which of a duke had made him now her scorn;
With ghastly looks, as one in manner lorn,
Oft spread his arms, stretched hands he joins as fast,
With rueful cheer, and vapoured eyes upcast.

His cloak he rent, his manly breast he beat;
His hair all torn, about the place it lay:
My heart so molt to see his grief so great,
As feelingly, methought, it dropped away:
His eyes they whirled about withouten stay:
With stormy sighs the place did so complain,
As if his heart at each had burst in twain.

Thrice he began to tell his doleful tale,
And thrice the sighs did swallow up his voice;
At each of which he shrieked so withal,
As though the heavens rived with the noise;
Till at the last, recovering his voice,
Supping the tears that all his breast berained,
On cruel Fortune weeping thus he plained.

## JOHN HARRINGTON.

Some pleasing amatory verses—exhibiting a remarkable polish for the time in which they were written, if the date be correct—by JOHN HARRINGTON (1534-1582) have been published in the *Nugæ Antiquæ*. This poet was imprisoned in the Tower by Queen Mary, for holding correspondence with Elizabeth; and the latter, on her accession to the throne, rewarded him with many favours. He must have been a man of taste and refined feelings, as the following specimen of his poetry will suffice to shew:

### *Sonnet made on Isabella Markham, when I first thought her Fair, as she stood at the Princess's Window, in goodly Attire, and talked to Divers in the Court-yard.* 1564.

Whence comes my love? O heart, disclose;
'Twas from cheeks that shame the rose,
From lips that spoil the ruby's praise,
From eyes that mock the diamond's blaze:
Whence comes my woe? as freely own;
Ah me! 'twas from a heart of stone.

The blushing cheek speaks modest mind,
The lips, befitting words most kind,
The eye does tempt to love's desire,
And seems to say 'tis Cupid's fire;
Yet all so fair but speak my moan,
Sith nought doth say the heart of stone.

Why thus, my love, so kind bespeak
Sweet eye, sweet lip, sweet blushing cheek—
Yet not a heart to save my pain;
O Venus, take thy gifts again!
Make not so fair to cause our moan,
Or make a heart that 's like your own.

## ARTHUR BROOKE.

In 1562 was published *The Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet*, the work from which Shakspeare chiefly took the story of his drama. Though professedly a translation from the Italian of Bandello, this poem by Arthur Brooke is a free paraphrase, remarkable for its easy versification and profusion of imagery. Nothing is known of its author excepting that he died by shipwreck, while passing to Newhaven, in or before the year 1563.

### *Friar Lawrence.*

This barefoot friar girt with cord his grayish weed,
For he of Francis order was, a friar as I read;
Not as the most was he a gross unlearned fool,
But doctor of divinity proceeded he in school.
The secrets eke he knew in nature's works that lurk;
By magic's art most men supposed that he could wonders work.
Nor doth it ill beseem divines those skills to know,
If on no harmful deed they do such skilfulness bestow;
For justly of no art can men condemn the use,
But right and reason's lore cry out against the lewd abuse.
The bounty of the friar and wisdom hath so won
The townsfolk's hearts that well-nigh all to Friar Lawrence run,
To shrive themselves—the old, the young, the great and small,
Of all he is beloved well and honoured much of all.

### *Love of Romeus and Juliet.*

Oh, how we can persuade ourself to what we like,
And how we can dissuade our mind, if ought our mind mislike!
Weak arguments are strong our fancies straight to frame
To pleasing things, and eke to shun if we mislike the same.
The maid had scarcely yet ended the weary war
Kept in her heart by striving thoughts, when every shining star
Had paid his borrowed light, and Phœbus spread in skies
His golden rays, which seemed to say, 'Now time it is to rise.'
And Romeus had by this forsaken his weary bed,
Where restless he a thousand thoughts had forged in his head.

And while, with lingering step, by Juliet's house he passed,
And upwards to her windows high his greedy eyes did cast;
His love that looked for him there gan he straight espy;
With pleasant cheer each greeted is; she followeth with her eye
His parting steps, and he oft looketh back again,
But not so oft as he desires—warily he doth refrain.
What life were like to love, if dread of jeopardy
Y-soured not the sweet—if love were free from jealousy!

• • • • •

Impatient of her woe, she happed to lean one night
Within her window, and anon the moon did shine so bright,
That she espied her love: her heart, revived, sprang,
And now for joy she claps her hands which erst for woe she wrang.
Eke Romeus, when he saw his long desired sight,
His morning cloak of moan cast off, hath clad him with delight.
Yet dare I say of both that she rejoiced more;
His care was great—hers twice as great was all the time before!

Shakspeare found the outline of his character of Mercutio—so marvellously wrought up by the dramatic poet—and also that of the garrulous old nurse, in Brooke's poem. The following lines from the passage between Romeus and the nurse are characteristic:

Now for the rest let me and Juliet alone;
To get her leave, some feat excuse I will devise anon;
For that her golden locks by sloth have been unkempt,
Or for, unwares, some wanton dream the youthful damsel dreamt,
Or for in thoughts of love her idle time she spent,
Or otherwise within her heart deserved to be shent.
I know her mother will in no case say her nay;
I warrant you she shall not fail to come on Saturday.
And then she swears to him, the mother loves her well;
And how she gave her suck in youth she leaveth not to tell.
A pretty babe, quod she, it was when it was young;
Lord, how it could full prettily have prated with its tongue!
A thousand times and more I laid her on my lap, &c.

A prose version of *Romeo and Juliet* was printed in 1567 in *The Palace of Pleasure*, a collection of tales, of which a previous volume had appeared in 1565, the editor of which was WILLIAM PAYNTER, clerk of the armoury to Queen Elizabeth shortly after she came to the throne. Paynter's novel is greatly inferior to Brooke's poem.

### GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE, son of Sir John Gascoigne of Essex (*circa* 1535–1577), is celebrated as one of the earliest contributors to the English drama, and one of our first satirists. Among the poets of the beginning of Elizabeth's reign, he deserves to rank next to Lord Buckhurst. Gascoigne's life was full of adventure. He first studied law at Gray's Inn, but was disinherited by his father for his prodigality. He then set out for Holland, and served gallantly under the Prince of Orange. Being, however, on one occasion surprised by the Spanish army, he was taken prisoner, and detained four months. At the expiration of his confinement, he returned to England, and settled at Walthamstow, where he collected and published his poems. He experienced a share of royal favour, for he accompanied the Queen to Kenilworth, and supplied part of the poetical and scenic entertainment at Dudley's magnificent seat, and also at Woodstock. Three of Gascoigne's works are given in the valuable series of reprints by Edward Arber (1868)—namely: *Certayne Notes of Instruction in English Verse*, 1575; *The Steele Glass*, 1576; and *The Complaynt of Philomene*, 1576. The most important of these is the *Steele Glass*, the first experiment in English satire in blank verse:

That age is dead, and vanished long ago,
Which thought that steel both trusty was and true,
And needed not a foil of contraries,
But shewed all things, even as they were indeed.
Instead whereof, our curious years can find
The crystal glass, which glimpseth brave and bright,
And shews the thing much better than it is,
Beguiled with foils, of sundry subtle sights,
So that they seem and covet not to be.

*The Country Gentlemen and Squires.*

The gentleman which might in country keep
A plenteous board, and feed the fatherless
With pig and goose, with mutton, beef, and veal—
Yea, now and then a capon and a chick—
Will break up house and dwell in market-towns
A loitering life, and like an epicure.
But who meanwhile defends the commonwealth?
Who rules the flock when shepherds are so fled?
Who stays the staff which should uphold the state?
Forsooth, good sir, the lawyer leapeth in—
Nay, rather leaps both over hedge and ditch,
And rules the roast—but few men rule by right.
O knights, O squires, O gentle bloods y-born,
You were not born only for yourselves:
Your country claims some part of all your pains;
There should you live, and therein should you toil,
To hold up right, and banish cruel wrong;
To help the poor, and bridle back the rich,
To punish vice, and virtue to advance—
To see God served, and Beelzebub suppressed.
You should not trust lieutenants in your room,
And let them sway the sceptre of your charge,
Whiles you meanwhile know scarcely what is done,
Nor yet can yield account if you were called.

*Satire on the Court Ladies.*

Behold, my lord, what monsters muster here,
With angels' face and harmful hellish hearts,
With smiling looks, and deep deceitful thoughts,
With tender skins and stony cruel minds,
With stealing steps yet forward feet to fraud.
Behold, behold, they never stand content,
With God, with kind, with any help of art,
But curl their locks with bodkins and with braids,
But dye their hair with sundry subtle sleights,
But paint and slick till fairest face be foul,
But bombast, bolster, frizzle, and perfume:
They mar with musk the balm which nature made,
And dig for death in delicatest dishes.
The younger sort come piping on apace,
In whistles made of fine enticing wood,
Till they have caught the birds for whom they birded.
The elder sort go stately stalking on,
And on their backs they bear both land and fee,
Castles and towers, revenues and receipts,
Lordships and manors, fines—yea, farms and all!
What should these be? Speak you, my lovely lord.
They be not men, for why, they have no beards;
They be no boys which wear such sidelong gowns;
They be no gods, for all their gallant gloss;
They be no devils, I trow, that seem so saintish.
What be they? Women masking in men's weeds—

With Dutchkin doublets, and with jerkins jagged,
With Spanish spangs and ruffles fet out of France,
With high-copt hats and feathers flaunt-a-flaunt—
They, to be sure, seem even *wo* to *men*, indeed!

Gascoigne has a long poem in the *ottava rima* measure, extending to 207 stanzas, in which he describes scenes in the Dutch war, mixed up with his own quaint moral reflections and egotistic revelations. He is seldom wanting in sense or spirit, and uses both rhyme and blank verse with greater freedom and mastery than most of his predecessors. Some of his shorter poems are lively and graceful.

### *The Arraignment of a Lover.*

At *Beauty's* bar as I did stand,
When *False Suspect* accused me,
'George,' quoth the judge, 'hold up thy hand,
Thou art arraigned of flattery;
Tell, therefore, how wilt thou be tried,
Whose judgment thou wilt here abide?'

'My lord,' quod I, 'this lady here,
Whom I esteem above the rest,
Doth know my guilt, if any were;
Wherefore her doom doth please me best.
Let her be judge and juror both,
To try be guiltless by mine oath.'

Quoth *Beauty*: 'No, it fitteth not
A prince herself to judge the cause;
*Will* is our justice, well ye wot,
Appointed to discuss our laws;
If you will guiltless seem to go,
God and your country quit you so.'

Then *Craft* the crier called a quest,
Of whom was *Falsehood* foremost fere;
A pack of pickthanks were the rest,
Which came false witness for to bear;
The jury such, the Judge unjust,
Sentence was said: 'I should be trussed.'

*Jealous* the jailer bound me fast,
To hear the verdict of the bill;
'George,' quoth the judge, 'now thou are cast,
Thou must go hence to *Heavy Hill*,
And there be hanged all but the head;
God rest thy soul when thou art dead!'

Down fell I then upon my knee,
All flat before dame *Beauty's* face,
And cried: 'Good lady, pardon me!
Who here appeal unto your grace;
You know if I have been untrue,
It was in too much praising you.

'And though this judge doth make such haste,
To shed with shame my guiltless blood,
Yet let your pity first be placed
To save the man that meant you good;
So shall you shew yourself a queen,
And I may be your servant seen.'

Quoth *Beauty*: 'Well; because I guess
What thou dost mean henceforth to be;
Although thy faults deserve no less
Than justice here hath judged thee;
Wilt thou be bound to stint all strife,
And be true prisoner all thy life?'

'Yea, madam,' quoth I, 'that I shall;
Lo, *Faith* and *Truth* my sureties.'
'Why, then,' quoth she, 'come when I call,
I ask no better warrantise.'
Thus am I *Beauty's* bounden thrall,
At her command when she doth call.

## SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

Sir Philip Sidney (1554–1586) takes his rank in English literary history rather as a prose writer than as a poet. His poetry has been neglected on account of the generally cold and affected style in which he wrote. It has been justly remarked, that, 'if he had looked into his own noble heart, and written directly from that, instead of from his somewhat too metaphysico-philosophical head, his poetry would have been excellent.' Yet in some pieces he has fortunately failed in extinguishing the natural sentiment which inspired him. The following are among the most poetical and graceful of his sonnets:

### *Sonnets of Sir Philip Sidney.*

Because I oft in dark abstracted guise
Seem most alone in greatest company,
With dearth of words, or answers quite awry
To them that would make speech of speech arise,
They deem, and of their doom the rumour flies,
That poison foul of bubbling Pride doth lie
So in my swelling breast, that only I
Fawn on myself, and others do despise.
Yet Pride, I think, doth not my soul possess,
Which looks too oft in his unflattering glass:
But one worse fault Ambition I confess,
That makes me oft my best friends overpass,
Unseen, unheard, while thought to highest place
Bends all his powers, even unto Stella's grace.

With how sad steps, O Moon! thou climb'st the skies,
How silently, and with how wan a face!
What may it be, that even in heavenly place
That busy Archer his sharp arrows tries?
Sure, if that long with love acquainted eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case;
I read it in thy looks, thy languished grace
To me that feel the like thy state descries.
Then, even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,
Is constant love deemed there but want of wit?
Are beauties there as proud as here they be?
Do they above love to be loved, and yet
Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?
Do they call virtue there ungratefulness?

Come, Sleep, O Sleep, the certain knot of peace,
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
The indifferent judge between the high and low.
With shield of proof shield me from out the press
Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw;
O make in me those civil wars to cease:
I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.
Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed;
A chamber, deaf to noise, and blind to light;
A rosy garland, and a weary head.
And if these things, as being thine by right,
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me
Livelier than elsewhere Stella's image see.

O happy Thames, that didst my Stella bear!
I saw thee with full many a smiling line
Upon thy cheerful face joy's livery wear,
While those fair planets on thy streams did shine.
The boat for joy could not to dance forbear;
While wanton winds, with beauties so divine
Ravished, staid not, till in her golden hair
They did themselves (O sweetest prison) twine:
And fain those Œol's youth there would their stay
Have made; but, forced by Nature still to fly,
First did with puffing kiss those locks display.
She, so dishevelled, blushed. From window I,
With sight thereof, cried out: 'O fair disgrace;
Let Honour's self to thee grant highest place!'

### EDMUND SPENSER.

Pope said, 'it is easy to mark out the general course of our poetry; Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, and Dryden are the great landmarks for it.' We can now add Cowper and Wordsworth; but in Pope's generation, the list he has given was accurate and complete. Spenser was a native of London, and has recorded the circumstance in his poetry:

> Merry London, my most kindly nurse,
> That to me gave this life's first native source,
> Though from another place I take my name,
> An house of ancient fame.—*Prothalamion.*

He was born at East Smithfield, near the Tower, about the year 1553. The rank of his parents, or the degree of his affinity with the ancient house of Spenser, is not known. Gibbon says truly that the noble family of Spenser should consider the *Faery Queen* as the most precious jewel in their coronet.

The family to which the poet's father belonged has been ascertained as one settled at Hurstwood, near Burnley, in Lancashire, where it flourished till 1690. The poet was entered a sizar (one of the humblest class of students) of Pembroke College, Cambridge, in May 1569, and continued to attend college for seven years, taking his degree of M.A. in June 1576. While Spenser was at Pembroke, Gabriel Harvey, the future astrologer, was at Christ's College, and an intimacy was formed between them, which lasted during the poet's life. Harvey was learned and pedantic, full of assumption and conceit, and in his 'Venetian velvet and pantofles of pride,' formed a peculiarly happy subject for the satire of Nash, who assailed him with every species of coarse and contemptuous ridicule. Harvey, however, was of service to Spenser. The latter, on retiring from the university, lived with some friends in the north of England. Harvey induced the poet to repair to London, and there he introduced him to Sir Philip Sidney, 'one of the very diamonds of her majesty's court.' In 1579, the poet published his *Shepherd's Calendar*, dedicated to Sidney, who afterwards patronised him, and recommended him to his uncle, the powerful Earl of Leicester. The *Shepherd's Calendar* is a pastoral poem, in twelve eclogues, one for each month, but without strict *keeping* as to natural description or rustic character, and deformed by a number of obsolete uncouth phrases (the Chaucerisms of Spenser, as Dryden designated them), yet containing traces of a superior original genius. The fable of the Oak and Brier is finely told; and in verses like the following, we see the germs of that tuneful harmony and pensive reflection in which Spenser excelled:

> You naked buds, whose shady leaves are lost,
> Wherein the birds were wont to build their bower,
> And now are clothed with moss and hoary frost,
> Instead of blossoms wherewith your buds did flower:
> I see your tears that from your boughs do rain,
> Whose drops in dreary icicles remain.
>
> All so my lustful life is dry and sere,
> My timely buds with wailing all are wasted;
> The blossom which my branch of youth did bear,
> With breathed sighs is blown away and blasted,
> And from mine eyes the drizzling tears descend,
> As on your boughs the icicles depend.

These lines form part of the first eclogue, in which the shepherd-boy (Colin Clout) laments the issue of his love for a 'country lass,' named Rosalind—a happy female name, which Thomas Lodge, and, following him, Shakspeare, subsequently connected with love and poetry. Spenser is here supposed to have depicted a real passion of his own for a lady in the north, who at last preferred a rival, though, as Gabriel Harvey says, 'the gentle Mistress Rosalind' once reported the rejected suitor 'to have all the intelligences at command, and another time christened him Signior Pegaso.' Spenser makes his shepherds discourse of polemics as well as love, and they draw characters of good and bad pastors, and institute comparisons between Popery and Protestantism. Some allusions to Archbishop Grindal (Algrind in the poem) and Bishop Aylmer are said to have given offence to Lord Burleigh; but the patronage of Leicester and Essex must have made Burleigh look with distaste on the new poet. For ten years we hear little of Spenser. He is found corresponding with Harvey on a literary innovation contemplated by that learned person, and even by Sir Philip Sidney: this was no less than banishing rhymes, and introducing the Latin prosody into English verse. Spenser seems to have assented to it, 'fondly overcome with *Sidney's* charm;' he suspended the *Faery Queen*, which he had then begun, and tried English hexameters, forgetting, to use the witty words of Nash, that 'the hexameter, though a gentleman of an ancient house, was not likely to thrive in this clime of ours, the soil being too craggy for him to set his plough in.' Fortunately, he did not persevere in the conceit; he could not have gained over his contemporaries to it—for there were then too many poets, and too much real poetry in the land—and if he had made the attempt, Shakspeare would soon have blown the whole away. As a dependent on Leicester, and a suitor for court-favour, Spenser is supposed to have experienced many reverses. The following lines in *Mother Hubbard's Tale*, though not printed till 1581, seem to belong to this period of his life:

> Full little knowest thou that hast not tried,
> What hell it is in suing long to bide;
> To lose good days that might be better spent;
> To waste long nights in pensive discontent;
> To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow;
> To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow;
> To have thy princess' grace, yet want her peers';
> To have thy asking, yet wait many years;
> To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares;
> To eat thy heart through comfortless despairs;
> To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
> To spend, to give, to wait, to be undone!

Strong feeling has here banished all antique and affected expression: there is no fancy in this gloomy painting. It appears that Spenser was sometimes employed in inferior state-missions—a task then often devolved on poets and dramatists. At length an important appointment came. Lord Grey of Wilton was sent to Ireland as lord-deputy, and Spenser accompanied him in the capacity of secretary. They remained there two years, when the deputy was recalled, and the poet also returned to England. In June 1586, Spenser obtained from the crown a grant of 3028 acres in the county of Cork, out of the forfeited lands of the Earl of Desmond, of which Sir Walter Raleigh had previously, for his military services in Ireland, obtained

12,000 acres. The poet was obliged to reside on his estate, as this was one of the conditions of the grant; and he accordingly repaired to Ireland, and took up his abode in Kilcolman Castle, near Doneraile, which had been one of the ancient strongholds or appanages of the Earls of Desmond. The poet's castle stood in the midst of a large plain, by the side of a lake; the river Mulla ran through his grounds, and a chain of mountains at a distance seemed to bulwark in the romantic retreat. Here he wrote most of the *Faery Queen*, and received the visits of Raleigh, whom he fancifully styled 'the Shepherd of the Ocean;' and here he brought home his wife, the 'Elizabeth' of his sonnets, welcoming her with that noble strain of pure and fervent passion which he has styled the *Epithalamium*, and which forms the most magnificent 'spousal verse' in the language. Kilcolman Castle is now a ruin—its towers almost level with the ground; but the spot must ever be dear to the lovers of genius. Raleigh's visit was made in 1589, and according to the figurative language of Spenser, the two illustrious friends, while reading the manuscript of the *Faery Queen*, sat

> Amongst the coolly shade
> Of the green alders, by the Mulla's shore.

We may conceive the transports of delight with which Raleigh perused or listened to those strains of chivalry and gorgeous description, which revealed to him a land still brighter than any he had seen in his distant wanderings, or could have been present even to his romantic imagination! The guest warmly approved of his friend's poem; and he persuaded Spenser, when he had completed the first three books, to accompany him to England, and arrange for their publication. The *Faery Queen* appeared in January 1589-90, dedicated to her majesty, in that strain of adulation which was then the fashion of the age. To the volume was appended a letter to Raleigh, explaining the nature of the work, which the author said was 'a continued allegory, or dark conceit.' He states his object to be to fashion a gentleman, or noble person, in virtuous and gentle discipline, and that he had chosen Prince Arthur for his hero. He conceives that prince to have beheld the Faery Queen in a dream, and been so enamoured of the vision, that, on awaking, he resolved to set forth and seek her in Faery Land. The poet further 'devises' that the Faery Queen shall keep her annual feast twelve days, twelve several adventures happening in that time, and each of them being undertaken by a knight. The adventures were also to express the same number of moral virtues. The first is that of the Redcross Knight, expressing Holiness; the second, Sir Guyon, or Temperance; and the third, Britomartis, 'a lady knight,' representing Chastity. There was thus a blending of chivalry and religion in the design of the *Faery Queen*. Spenser had imbibed —probably from Sidney—a portion of the Platonic doctrine, which afterwards overflowed in Milton's *Comus*, and he looked on chivalry as a sage and serious thing.[*] Besides his personification of the abstract virtues, the poet made his allegorical personages and their adventures represent historical characters and events. The queen Gloriana and the huntress Belphœbe are both symbolical of Queen Elizabeth; the adventures of the Redcross Knight shadow forth the history of the Church of England; the distressed knight is Henri IV.; and Envy is intended to glance at the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots. The stanza of Spenser is the Italian *ottava rima*, now familiar in English poetry; but he added an Alexandrine, or long line, which gives a full and sweeping close to the verse. The poet's diction is rich and abundant. He introduced, however, a number of obsolete expressions, 'new grafts of old and withered words,' for which he was censured by his contemporaries and their successors, and in which he was certainly not copied by Shakspeare. His 'Gothic subject and story' had probably, as Campbell conjectures, 'made him lean towards words of the olden time,' and his antiquated expression, as the same critic finely remarks, 'is beautiful in its antiquity, and, like the moss and ivy on some majestic building, covers the fabric of his language with romantic and venerable associations.' The *Faery Queen* was enthusiastically received. It could scarcely, indeed, be otherwise, considering how well it was adapted to the court and times of the Virgin Queen, where gallantry and chivalry were so strangely mingled with the religious gravity and earnestness induced by the Reformation, and considering the intrinsic beauty and excellence of the poem. The first few stanzas, descriptive of Una, were of themselves sufficient to place Spenser above the whole hundred poets that then offered incense to Elizabeth.

The queen settled a pension of £50 per annum on Spenser, and he returned to Ireland. His smaller poems were next published: *The Tears of the Muses*, *Mother Hubbard*, &c. in 1591; *Daphnaida*, 1592; and *Amoretti* and the *Epithalamium* (relating his courtship and marriage) in 1595. His *Elegy of Astrophel*, on the death of the lamented Sidney, appeared about this time. In 1596, Spenser was again in London to publish the fourth, fifth, and sixth books of the *Faery Queen*. These contain the legend of Cambel and Triamond, or Friendship; Artegal, or Justice; and Sir Caledore, or Courtesy. The double allegory is continued in these cantos as in the previous ones: Artegal is the poet's friend and patron, Lord Grey; and various historical events are related in the knight's adventures. Half of the original design was thus finished; six of the twelve adventures and moral virtues were produced; but unfortunately the world saw only some fragments more of the work. It has been said that the remaining half was lost through the 'disorder and abuse' of a servant sent forward with it to England. This is highly improbable. Spenser, who came to London himself with each of the former portions, would not have ventured the largest part with a careless servant. But he had not time to complete his poetical and moral gallery. There was an interval of six years between his two publications, and he lived only three years after the second. During that period, too, Ireland was convulsed with rebellion. The English settlers, or 'undertakers,' of the crown-lands were unpopular with the conquered natives of Ireland. They were often harsh and oppressive; and even Spenser is accused, on the authority of existing legal documents, of having sought unjustly to add to his possessions. He was also in office over the Irish (clerk of the Council of Munster); he had been recommended by the queen (1598) for the office of sheriff of Cork; and he was a strenuous advocate for arbitrary power, as is proved by a political treatise on the state of Ireland, written by him in 1596 for the government of Elizabeth, but not printed till the reign of Charles I. The poet was, therefore, a conspicuous object for the fury of the irritated and barbarous natives, with whom 'revenge was virtue.' The storm soon burst forth. In October 1598, an insurrection was organised in Munster, following Tyrone's rebellion, which had raged for some years in the province of Ulster. The insurgents attacked Kilcolman, and having robbed and plundered, set fire to the castle. Spenser and his wife escaped; but either in the confusion incidental to such a calamity, or from inability to render assistance, an infant child of the poet ('new-born,' according to Ben Jonson) was left behind, and perished in the flames. The poet, impoverished and broken-hearted, reached London, and died in about three months, in King Street, Westminster, on Saturday the 13th January 1599. He was buried near the tomb of Chaucer in Westminster Abbey, the Earl of Essex defraying the expense of the funeral, and his hearse attended—as Camden relates—by his brother-poets, who threw 'mournful elegies' into his grave. A monument was erected over his remains, thirty years afterwards, by Anne, Countess of Dorset. His widow, the fair Elizabeth, whose bridal bower at Kilcolman he had decked with such 'gay garlands' of song, returned to Ireland, and married a second time. The poet left two sons, Sylvanus and Peregrine. A son of the latter, Hugolin Spenser, was restored to the Irish estate by Charles II.; he afterwards lost it by adhering to the cause of James II.; but, through the interest of Halifax, it was, about the year 1700, restored to another descendant, William Spenser.

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[*] The Platonism of Spenser is more clearly seen in his hymns on *Love* and *Beauty*, which are among the most passionate and exquisite of his productions. His account of the spirit of love is not unlike Ovid's description of the creation of man; the soul just severed from the sky, retains part of its heavenly power:

> And frames her house, in which she will be placed,
> Fit for herself.

But he speculates further:

> So every spirit, as it is most pure,
> And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
> So it the fairer body doth procure
> To habit in, and it more fairly dight
> With cheerful grace and amiable sight;
> For of the soul the body form doth take;
> For soul is form, and doth the body make.

Spenser afterwards wrote two religious hymns, to counteract the effect of those on love and beauty, but though he spiritualises his passion, he does not abandon his early belief, that the fairest body incloses the fairest mind. He still says:

> For all that 's good is beautiful and fair.

The Grecian philosophy was curiously united with puritanism in both Spenser and Milton. Our poet took the fable of his great poem from the style of the Gothic romance, but the deep sense of beauty which pervades it is of classical origin, elevated and purified by strong religious feeling.

Spenser is the most luxuriant and melodious of all our descriptive poets. His creation of scenes and objects is infinite, and in free and sonorous versification he has not yet been surpassed. His 'lofty rhyme' has a swell and cadence, and a continuous sweetness, that we can find nowhere else. In richness of fancy and invention, he can scarcely be ranked below Shakspeare, and he is fully as original. His obligations to the Italian poets (Ariosto supplying a wild Gothic and chivalrous model for the *Faery Queen*, and Tasso furnishing the texture of some of its most delicious embellishments) still leave him the merit of his great moral design—the conception of his allegorical characters—his exuberance of language and illustration—and that original structure of verse, powerful and harmonious, which he was the first to adopt, and which must ever bear his name. His faults arose out of the fulness of his riches. His inexhaustible powers of circumstantial description betrayed him into a tedious minuteness, which sometimes, in the delineation of his personified passions, becomes repulsive, and in the painting of natural objects led him to group together trees and plants, and assemble sounds and instruments, which were never seen or heard in unison out of Faery Land. The ingenuity and subtlety of his intellect tempted him to sow dark meanings and obscure allusions across the bright and obvious path of his allegory. This peculiarity of his genius was early displayed in his *Shepherd's Calendar;* and if Burleigh's displeasure could have cured the poet of the habit, the statesman might be half forgiven his illiberality. His command of musical language led him to protract his narrative to too great a length, till the attention becomes exhausted, even with its very melody, and indifference succeeds to languor. Had Spenser lived to finish his poem, it is doubtful whether he would not have diminished the number of his readers. His own fancy had evidently begun to give way, for the last three books have not the same rich unity of design, or plenitude of imagination, which fills the earlier cantos with so many interesting, lofty, and ethereal conceptions, and steeps them in such a flood of ideal and poetical beauty. The first two books (of Holiness and Temperance) are like the first two of *Paradise Lost*, works of consummate taste and genius, and superior to all the others. We agree with Mr Hazlitt, that the allegory of Spenser is in reality no bar to the enjoyment of the poem. The reader may safely disregard the symbolical applications. We may allow the poet, like his own Archimago, to divide his characters into 'double parts,' while one only is visible at a time. While we see Una, with her heavenly looks, that

Made a sunshine in the shady place,

or Belphœbe flying through the woods, or Britomartis seated amidst the young warriors, we need not stop to recollect that the first is designed to represent the true church, the second Queen Elizabeth, or the third an abstract personification of Chastity. They are exquisite representations of female loveliness and truth, unmatched save in the dramas of Shakspeare. The allegory of Spenser leaves his wild enchantments, his picturesque situations, his shady groves and lofty trees—

Not pierceable by power of any star—

his Masque of Cupid, and Bower of Bliss, and all the witcheries of his gardens and wildernesses, without the slightest ambiguity or indistinctness. There is no haze over his finest pictures. We seem to walk in the green alleys of his broad forests, to hear the stream tinkle and the fountain fall, to enter his caves of Mammon and Despair, to gaze on his knights and ladies, or to join in his fierce combats and crowded allegorical processions. There is no perplexity, no intercepted lights, in those fine images and personifications. They may be sometimes fantastic, but they are always brilliant and distinct. When Spenser fails to interest, it is when our coarser taste becomes palled with his sweetness, and when we feel that his scenes want the support of common probability and human passions. We surrender ourselves up for a time to the power of the enchanter, and witness with wonder and delight his marvellous achievements; but we wish to return again to the world, and to mingle with our fellow-mortals in its busy and passionate pursuits. It is here that Shakspeare eclipses Spenser; here that he builds upon his beautiful groundwork of fancy—the high and durable structure of conscious dramatic truth and living reality. Spenser's mind was as purely poetical, and embraced a vast range of imaginary creation. The interest of real life alone is wanting. Spenser's is an ideal world, remote and abstract, yet affording, in its multiplied scenes, scope for those nobler feelings and heroic virtues which we love to see even in transient connection with human nature. The romantic character of his poetry is its most essential and permanent feature. We may tire of his allegory and 'dark conceit,' but the general impression remains; we never think of the *Faery Queen* without recalling its wondrous scenes of enchantment and beauty, and feeling ourselves lulled, as it were, by the recollected music of the poet's verse, and the endless flow and profusion of his fancy.

### *Una and the Redcross Knight.*

A gentle knight was pricking on the plain,
Yclad in mighty arms and silver shield,
Wherein old dints of deep wounds did remain,
The cruel marks of many a bloody field;
Yet arms till that time did he never wield:
His angry steed did chide his foaming bit,
As much disdaining to the curb to yield:
Full jolly knight he seemed, and fair did sit,
As one for knightly jousts and fierce encounters fit.

And on his breast a bloody cross he bore,
The dear remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweet sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead—as living ever—him adored:
Upon his shield the like was also scored,
For sovereign hope, which in his help he had:
Right faithful true he was in deed and word;
But of his cheer did seem too solemn sad:
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

Upon a great adventure he was bound,
That greatest Gloriana to him gave—
That greatest glorious queen of Faery lond—
To win him worship, and her grace to have,
Which of all earthly things he most did crave;
And ever as he rode, his heart did yearn
To prove his puissance in battle brave
Upon his foe, and his new force to learn;
Upon his foe, a dragon horrible and stern.

A lovely lady rode him fair beside,
Upon a lowly ass more white than snow;
Yet she much whiter, but the same did hide
Under a veil that wimpled was full low,
And over all a black stole she did throw,
As one that inly mourned: so was she sad,
And heavy sate upon her palfrey slow;
Seemed in heart some hidden care she had,
And by her in a line a milk-white lamb she led.

So pure and innocent, as that same lamb,
She was in life and every virtuous lore,
And by descent from royal lineage came
Of ancient kings and queens, that had of yore
Their sceptres stretcht from east to western shore,
And all the world in their subjection held;
Till that infernal fiend with foul uproar
Forewasted all their land and them expelled:
Whom to avenge, she had this knight from far
compelled.

Behind her far away a dwarf did lag,
That lazy seemed in being ever last,
Or wearied with bearing of her bag
Of needments at his back. Thus as they past
The day with clouds was sudden overcast,
And angry Jove an hideous storm of rain
Did pour into his leman's lap so fast,
That every wight to shroud it did constrain,
And this fair couple eke to shroud themselves were fain.

Enforced to seek some covert nigh at hand,
A shady grove not far away they spied,
That promised aid the tempest to withstand;
Whose lofty trees, yclad with summer's pride,
Did spread so broad, that heaven's light did hide,
Nor pierceable with power of any star:
And all within were paths and alleys wide,
With footing worn, and leading inward far:
Fair harbour, that them seems; so in they entered are.

And forth they pass, with pleasure forward led,
Joying to hear the birds' sweet harmony,
Which therein shrouded from the tempest dread,
Seemed in their song to scorn the cruel sky.
Much can they praise the trees so straight and high,
The sailing pine, the cedar proud and tall,
The vine-prop elm, the poplar never dry,
The builder oak, sole king of forests all,
The aspin good for staves, the cypress funeral.

The laurel, meed of mighty conquerors
And poets sage, the fir that weepeth still,
The willow, worn of forlorn paramours,
The yew obedient to the bender's will,
The birch for shafts, the sallow for the mill,
The myrrh sweet bleeding in the bitter wound,
The warlike beech, the ash for nothing ill,
The fruitful olive, and the plantain round,
The carver holme, the maple seldom inward sound:

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
Until the blustering storm is overblown,
When, weening to return, whence they did stray,
They cannot find that path which first was shewn,
But wander to and fro in ways unknown,
Furthest from end then, when they nearest ween,
That makes them doubt their wits be not their own:
So many paths, so many turnings seen,
That which of them to take, in divers doubt they been.

### *Adventure of Una with the Lion.*

Nought is there under heaven's wide hollowness,
That moves more dear compassion of mind,
Than beauty brought to unworthy wretchedness
Through envy's snares or fortune's freaks unkind.
I, whether lately through her brightness blind,
Or through allegiance and fast fealty,
Which I do owe unto all womankind,
Feel my heart pressed with so great agony,
When such I see, that all for pity I could die. . . .

Yet she, most faithful lady, all this while
Forsaken, woful, solitary maid,
Far from all people's press, as in exile,
In wilderness and wasteful deserts strayed,

To seek her knight; who, subtily betrayed
Through that late vision which th' enchanter wrought,
Had her abandoned; she of nought afraid
Through woods and wasteness wide him daily sought;
Yet wished tidings none of him unto her brought.

One day, nigh weary of the irksome way,
From her unhasty beast she did alight;
And on the grass her dainty limbs did lay,
In secret shadow, far from all men's sight;
From her fair head her fillet she undight,
And laid her stole aside: her angel's face,
As the great eye of heaven, shined bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place;
Did never mortal eye behold such heavenly grace.

It fortuned, out of the thickest wood
A ramping lion rushed suddenly,
Hunting full greedy after savage blood:
Soon as the royal virgin he did spy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To have at once devoured her tender corse:
But to the prey when as he drew more nigh,
His bloody rage assuaged with remorse,
And with the sight amazed forgat his furious force.

Instead thereof he kissed her weary feet,
And licked her lily hands with fawning tongue;
As he her wronged innocence did weet.
O how can beauty master the most strong,
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong!
Whose yielded pride and proud submission,
Still dreading death, when she had marked long,
Her heart gan melt in great compassion,
And drizzling tears did shed for pure affection.

'The lion, lord of every beast in field,'
Quoth she, 'his princely puissance doth abate,
And mighty proud to humble weak does yield,
Forgetful of the hungry rage, which late
Him pricked, in pity of my sad estate:
But he, my lion, and my noble lord,
How does he find in cruel heart to hate
Her that him loved, and ever most adored,
As the God of my life? why hath he me abhorred!'

Redounding tears did choke th' end of her plaint,
Which softly echoed from the neighbour wood;
And, sad to see her sorrowful constraint,
The kingly beast upon her gazing stood:
With pity calmed down fell his angry mood.
At last, in close heart shutting up her pain,
Arose the virgin born of heavenly brood,
And to her snowy palfrey got again,
To seek her strayed champion if she might attain.

The lion would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong guard
Of her chaste person, and a faithful mate
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard:
Still when she slept, he kept both watch and ward;
And when she waked, he waited diligent,
With humble service to her will prepared;
From her fair eyes he took commandément,
And ever by her looks conceived her intent.

### *The Bower of Bliss.*

There the most dainty paradise on ground
Itself doth offer to his sober eye,
In which all pleasures plenteously abound,
And none does others' happiness envy;
The painted flowers, the trees upshooting high,
The dales for shade, the hills for breathing space,
The trembling groves, the crystal running by;
And that which all fair works doth most aggrace,
The art which all that wrought, appeared in no place.

One would have thought—so cunningly the rude
And scorned parts were mingled with the fine—
That nature had for wantonness ensued
Art, and that art at nature did repine;
So striving each th' other to undermine,
Each did the other's work more beautify;
So differing both in wills, agreed in fine:
So all agreed through sweet diversity,
This garden to adorn with all variety.

And in the midst of all a fountain stood
Of richest substance that on earth might be,
So pure and shiny, that the silver flood
Through every channel running one might see;
Most goodly it with curious imagery
Was overwrought, and shapes of naked boys,
Of which some seemed with lively jollity
To fly about, playing their wanton toys,
While others did embay themselves in liquid joys.

And over all, of purest gold, was spread
A trail of ivy in his native hue:
For the rich metal was so coloured,
That wight, who did not well advised it view,
Would surely deem it to be ivy true:
Low his lascivious arms adown did creep,
That themselves dipping in the silver dew,
Their fleecy flowers they fearfully did steep,
Which drops of crystal seemed for wantonness to weep.

Infinite streams continually did well
Out of this fountain, sweet and fair to see,
The which into an ample laver fell,
And shortly grew to so great quantity,
That like a little lake it seemed to be;
Whose depth exceeded not three cubits height,
That through the waves one might the bottom see,
All paved beneath with jasper shining bright,
That seemed the fountain in that sea did sail upright.

And all the margin round about was set
With shady laurel trees, thence to defend
The sunny beams, which on the billows beat,
And those which therein bathed might offend. . . . .

Eftsoons they heard a most melodious sound,
Of all that might delight a dainty ear,
Such as at once might not on living ground,
Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere:
Right hard it was for wight which did it hear,
To read what manner music that might be:
For all that pleasing is to living ear,
Was there consorted in one harmony;
Birds, voices, instruments, winds, waters, all agree.

The joyous birds, shrouded in cheerful shade,
Their notes unto the voice attempered sweet;
Th' angelical soft trembling voices made
To th' instruments divine respondence meet;
The silver sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmur of the water's fall:
The water's fall with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call:
The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

The while, some one did chant this lovely lay:
'Ah see, whoso fair thing dost fain to see,
In springing flower the image of thy day!
Ah see the virgin rose, how sweetly she
Doth first peep forth with bashful modesty,
That fairer seems, the less ye see her may!
Lo, see soon after, how more bold and free
Her bared bosom she doth broad display;
Lo, see soon after, how she fades and falls away!

'So passeth, in the passing of a day,
Of mortal life, the leaf, the bud, the flower,
Nor more doth flourish after first decay,
That erst was sought to deck both bed and bower

Of many a lady, and many a paramour;
Gather therefore the rose, while yet is prime,
For soon comes age, that will her pride deflower:
Gather the rose of love, while yet is time,
While loving thou mayst loved be with equal crime.'

In the foregoing extracts from the *Faery Queen*, we have, for the sake of perspicuity, modernised the spelling, without changing a word of the original. The following two highly poetical descriptions are given in the poet's orthography:

### *The House of Sleep.*

He making speedy way through spersed ayre,
And through the world of waters wide and deepe,
To Morpheus' house doth hastily repaire.
Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe,
And low, where dawning day doth never peepe,
His dwelling is, there Tethys his wet bed
Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steepe,
In silver deaw, his ever drouping hed,
Whiles sad Night over him her mantle black doth spred.

Whose double gates he findeth locked fast,
The one fayre fram'd of burnisht yvory,
The other all with silver overcast;
And wakeful dogges before them farre doe lye,
Watching to banish Care their enimy,
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle sleepe.
By them the sprite doth passe in quietly,
And unto Morpheus comes, whom drowned deepe
In drowsie fit he findes; of nothing he takes keepe.

And more to lulle him in his slumber soft,
A trickling streame from high rock tumbling downe,
And ever-drizling raine upon the loft,
Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the sowne
Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swowne.
No other noyse, nor peoples troublous cryes,
As still are wont t' annoy the walled towne,
Might there be heard; but careless Quiet lyes
Wrapt in eternal silence farre from enimyes.

### *Description of Belphœbe.*

In her faire eyes two living lamps did flame,
Kindled above at th' heavenly Maker's light,
And darted fyrie beames out of the same,
So passing persant, and so wondrous bright,
That quite bereaved the rash beholders sight:
In them the blinded god his lustfull fyre
To kindle oft assayd, but had no might;
For, with dredd majestie and awfull yre,
She broke his wanton darts, and quenched base desyre.

Her yvorie forhead, full of bountie brave,
Like a broad table did itselfe dispred,
For Love his loftie triumphes to engrave,
And write the battailes of his great godhed:
All good and honour might therein be red;
For there their dwelling was. And, when she spake,
Sweete wordes, like dropping honey, she did shed;
And 'twixt the perles and rubins softly brake
A silver sound, that heavenly musicke seemd to make

Upon her eyelids many graces sate,
Under the shadow of her even browes,
Working belgardes and amorous retrate;
And everie one her with a grace endowes,
And everie one with meekenesse to her bowes:
So glorious mirrhour of celestiall grace,
And soveraine moniment of mortall vowes,
How shall frayle pen descrive her heavenly face,
For feare, through want of skill, her beauty to disgrace!

So faire, and thousand thousand times more faire,
She seemd, when she presented was to sight;
And was yclad, for heat of scorching aire,
All in a silken Camus lily white,
Purfled upon with many a folded plight,
Which all above besprinckled was throughout
With golden aygulets. . . . .

And in her hand a sharpe bore-speare she held,
And at her backe a bow, and quiver gay
Stuft with steel-headed dartes, wherewith she queld
The salvage beastes in her victorious play,
Knit with a golden bauldricke which forelay
Athwart her snowy brest, and did divide
Her daintie paps; which, like young fruit in May,
Now little gan to swell, and being tide
Through her thin weed their places only signifide.

Her yellow lockes, crisped like golden wyre,
About her shoulders weren loosely shed,
And, when the winde emongst them did inspyre,
They waved like a penon wyde despred,
And low behinde her backe were scattered:
And, whether art it were or heedlesse hap,
As through the flouring forrest rash she fled,
In her rude heares sweet flowres themselves did lap,
And flourishing fresh leaves and blossomes did enwrap.

### *Fable of the Oak and the Brier.*

There grew an aged tree on the green,
A goodly Oak sometime had it been,
With arms full strong and largely displayed,
But of their leaves they were disarrayed;
The body big and mightily pight,
Throughly rooted, and of wondrous height;
Whilom had been the king of the field,
And mochel mast to the husband did yield,
And with his nuts larded many swine,
But now the gray moss marred his rine,
His bared boughs were beaten with storms,
His top was bald, and wasted with worms,
His honour decayed, his branches sere.
Hard by his side grew a bragging Briere,
Which proudly thrust into th' element,
And seemed to threat the firmament:
It was embellisht with blossoms fair,
And thereto aye wonted to repair
The shepherd's daughters to gather flowres,
To paint their garlands with his colowres,
And in his small bushes used to shroud,
The sweet nightingale singing so loud,
Which made this foolish Briere wex so bold,
That on a time he cast him to scold,
And sneb the good Oak, for he was old.
'Why stands there,' quoth he, 'thou brutish block?
Nor for fruit nor for shadow serves thy stock;
Seest how fresh my flowres been spread,
Dyed in lily white and crimson red,
With leaves engrained in lusty green,
Colours meet to cloath a maiden queen?
Thy waste bigness but cumbers the ground,
And dirks the beauty of my blossoms round:
The mouldy moss, which thee accloyeth:
My cinnamon smell too much annoyeth:
Wherefore soon I rede thee hence remove,
Lest thou the price of my displeasure prove.'
So spake this bold Briere with great disdain,
Little him answered the Oak again,
But yielded, with shame and grief adawed,
That of a weed he was over-crawed.
It chanced after upon a day,
The husbandman's self to come that way,
Of custom to surview his ground,
And his trees of state in compass round:

Him when the spiteful Briere he espyed,
Causeless complained, and loudly cryed
Unto his lord, stirring up stern strife:
'O my liege lord! the god of my life,
Please you ponder your suppliant's plaint,
Caused of wrong and cruel constraint,
Which I your poor vassal daily endure;
And but your goodness the same recure,
And like for desperate dole to die,
Through felonous force of mine enemy.'
Greatly aghast with this piteous plea,
Him rested the good man on the lea,
And bade the Briere in his plaint proceed.
With painted words then gan this proud weed
(As most usen ambitious folk)
His coloured crime with craft to cloke.
'Ah, my Sovereign! lord of creatures all,
Thou placer of plants both humble and tall,
Was not I planted of thine own hand,
To be the primrose of all thy land,
With flow'ring blossoms to furnish the prime,
And scarlet berries in summer-time?
How falls it then that this faded Oak,
Whose body is sere, whose branches broke,
Whose naked arms stretch unto the fire,
Unto such tyranny doth aspire,
Hindring with his shade my lovely light,
And robbing me of the sweet sun's sight?
So beat his old boughs my tender side,
That oft the blood springeth from wounds wide,
Untimely my flowers forced to fall,
That been the honour of your coronal;
And oft he lets his canker-worms light
Upon my branches, to work me more spight;
And of his hoary locks down doth cast,
Wherewith my fresh flowrets been defast:
For this, and many more such outrage,
Craving your godlyhead to assuage
The rancorous rigour of his might;
Naught ask I but only to hold my right,
Submitting me to your good sufferance,
And praying to be guarded from grievance.'
To this this Oak cast him to reply
Well as he couth; but his enemy
Had kindled such coals of displeasure
That the good man nould stay his leisure,
But home him hasted with furious heat,
Encreasing his wrath with many a threat;
His harmful hatchet he hent in hand—
Alas! that it so ready should stand!—
And to the field alone he speedeth—
Aye little help to harm there needeth—
Anger nould let him speak to the tree,
Enaunter his rage might cooled be,
But to the root bent his sturdy stroke,
And made many wounds in the waste Oak.
The axe's edge did oft turn again,
As half unwilling to cut the grain,
Seemed the senseless iron did fear,
Or to wrong holy eld did forbear;
For it had been an ancient tree,
Sacred with many a mystery,
And often crost with the priests' crew,
And often hallowed with holy-water dew;
But like fancies weren foolery,
And broughten this Oak to this misery;
For nought might they quitten him from decay,
For fiercely the good man at him did lay.
The block oft groaned under his blow,
And sighed to see his near overthrow.
In fine, the steel had pierced his pith,
Then down to the ground he fell forthwith.
His wondrous weight made the ground to quake,
Th' earth shrunk under him, and seemed to shake;
There lieth the Oak pitied of none.
Now stands the Briere like a lord alone,
Puffed up with pride and vain pleasance;
But all this glee had no continuance:
For eftsoons winter 'gan to approach,
The blustering Boreas did encroach,
And beat upon the solitary Briere,
For now no succour was seen him near.
Now 'gan he repent his pride too late,
For naked left and disconsolate,
The biting frost nipt his stalk dead,
The watry wet weighed down his head,
And heaped snow burdned him so sore,
That now upright he can stand no more;
And being down, is trod in the dirt
Of cattle, and brouzed, and sorely hurt.
Such was th' end of this ambitious Briere,
For scorning eld.

### *From the Epithalamium.*

Wake now, my love, awake; for it is time;
The rosy morn long since left Tithon's bed,
All ready to her silver coach to climb;
And Phœbus 'gins to shew his glorious head.
Hark! how the cheerful birds do chant their lays,
And carol of Love's praise.
The merry lark her matins sings aloft;
The thrush replies; the mavis descant plays;
The ouzel shrills; the ruddock warbles soft;
So goodly all agree, with sweet consent,
To this day's merriment.
Ah! my dear love, why do you sleep thus long,
When meeter were that you should now awake,
T' await the coming of your joyous make,
And hearken to the birds' love-learned song,
The dewy leaves among!
For they of joy and pleasance to you sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their echo ring.

My love is now awake out of her dream,
And her fair eyes, like stars that dimmed were
With darksome cloud, now shew their goodly beams
More bright than Hesperus his head doth rear.
Come now, ye damsels, daughters of delight,
Help quickly her to dight:
But first come, ye fair Hours, which were begot,
In Jove's sweet paradise, of Day and Night;
Which do the seasons of the year allot,
And all, that ever in this world is fair,
Do make and still repair;
And ye three handmaids of the Cyprian Queen,
The which do still adorn her beauty's pride,
Help to adorn my beautifullest bride:
And, as ye her array, still throw between
Some graces to be seen;
And, as ye use to Venus, to her sing,
The whiles the woods shall answer, and your echo ring.

Now is my love all ready forth to come:
Let all the virgins therefore well await;
And ye, fresh boys, that tend upon her groom,
Prepare yourselves, for he is coming straight.
Set all your things in seemly good array,
Fit for so joyful day:
The joyfullest day that ever sun did see.
Fair Sun! shew forth thy favourable ray,
And let thy lifeful heat not fervent be,
For fear of burning her sunshiny face,
Her beauty to disgrace.
O fairest Phœbus! father of the Muse!
If ever I did honour thee aright,
Or sing the thing that might thy mind delight,
Do not thy servant's simple boon refuse,
But let this day, let this one day be mine;
Let all the rest be thine.
Then I thy sovereign praises loud will sing,
That all the woods shall answer, and their echo ring.

Lo! where she comes along with portly pace,
Like Phœbe, from her chamber of the east,
Arising forth to run her mighty race,
Clad all in white, that seems a virgin best.
So well it her beseems, that ye would ween
Some angel she had been.
Her long loose yellow locks,[1] like golden wire,
Sprinkled with pearl, and pearling flowers atween,
Do like a golden mantle her attire;
And being crowned with a garland green,
Seem like some maiden queen.
Her modest eyes, abashed to behold
So many gazers as on her do stare,
Upon the lowly ground affixed are;
Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,
But blush to hear her praises sung so loud,
So far from being proud.
Natheless do ye still loud her praises sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Tell me, ye merchants' daughters, did ye see
So fair a creature in your town before?
So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,
Adorned with beauty's grace, and virtue's store;
Her goodly eyes like sapphires shining bright,
Her forehead ivory white,
Her cheeks like apples which the sun hath rudded,
Her lips like cherries charming men to bite,
Her breast like to a bowl of cream uncrudded. . . .
Why stand ye still, ye virgins in amaze,
Upon her so to gaze,
Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
To which the woods did answer, and your echo ring?

But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
The inward beauty of her lively sprite,
Garnished with heavenly gifts of high degree,
Much more then would ye wonder at that sight,
And stand astonished like to those which read
Medusa's mazeful head.
There dwells sweet Love, and constant Chastity,
Unspotted Faith, and comely Womanhood,
Regard of Honour, and mild Modesty;
There Virtue reigns as queen in royal throne,
And giveth laws alone,
The which the base affections do obey,
And yield their services unto her will;
Ne thought of things uncomely ever may
Thereto approach to tempt her mind to ill.
Had ye once seen these her celestial treasures,
And unrevealed pleasures,
Then would ye wonder and her praises sing,
That all the woods would answer, and your echo ring.

Open the temple gates unto my love,
Open them wide that she may enter in,
And all the posts adorn as doth behove,
And all the pillars deck with garlands trim,
For to receive this saint with honour due,
That cometh in to you.
With trembling steps, and humble reverence,
She cometh in, before the Almighty's view:
Of her, ye virgins, learn obedience,
When so ye come into those holy places,
To humble your proud faces:
Bring her up to the high altar, that she may
The sacred ceremonies there partake,
The which do endless matrimony make;
And let the roaring organs loudly play
The praises of the Lord in lively notes;
The whiles, with hollow throats,
The choristers the joyous anthem sing,
That all the woods may answer, and their echo ring.
Behold, whiles she before the altar stands,
Hearing the holy priest that to her speaks,
And blesseth her with his two happy hands,
How the red roses flush up in her cheeks,
And the pure snow, with goodly vermeil stain,
Like crimson dyed in grain;
That even the angels, which continually
About the sacred altar do remain,
Forget their service, and about her fly,
Oft peeping in her face, that seems more fair,
The more they on it stare.
But her sad eyes, still fastened on the ground,
Are governed with goodly modesty,
That suffers not one look to glance awry,
Which may let in a little thought unsound.
Why blush ye, love, to give to me your hand,
The pledge of all our band?
Sing, ye sweet angels, alleluya sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.[*]

## ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL is remarkable as a victim of the persecuting laws of the period. He was born in 1560, at St Faiths, Norfolk, of Roman Catholic parents, who sent him, when very young, to be educated at the English college at Douay, in Flanders, and from thence to Rome, where, at sixteen years of age, he entered the society of the Jesuits. In 1584, he returned to his native country as a missionary, notwithstanding a law which threatened all members of his profession found in England with death. For eight years he appears to have ministered secretly but zealously to the scattered adherents of his creed; but, in 1592, he was apprehended at Uxenden, in Middlesex, and committed to a dungeon in the Tower. An imprisonment of three years, with ten inflictions of the rack, wore out his patience, and he entreated to be brought to trial. Cecil is said to have made the brutal remark, that 'if he was in so much haste to be hanged, he should quickly have his desire.' Being at this trial found guilty, upon his own confession, of being a Romish priest, he was condemned to death, and executed at Tyburn accordingly (February 21, 1595), with all the horrible circumstances dictated by the old treason-laws of England.

Southwell's poetical works were edited by W. B. Turnbull, 1856. The prevailing tone of his poetry is that of religious resignation. His short pieces are the best.

His two longest productions, *St Peter's Complaint* and *Mary Magdalene's Funeral Tears*, were written in prison. After experiencing great popularity in their own time, insomuch that eleven editions were printed between 1593 and 1600, the poems of Southwell fell, like other productions of the minor poets, into neglect. Some of his conceits are poetical in conception—for example:

He that high growth on cedars did bestow,
Gave also lowly mushrooms leave to grow.

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[1] It is remarkable, as Warton observes, that all Spenser's females, both in the *Faery Queen* and in his other poems, are described with *yellow* hair. This was perhaps in compliment to the queen, or to his fair Elizabeth, the object of this exquisite bridal-song.

[*] It appears from the Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts (1874), that there exists in Lancashire an account-book containing interesting notices of Spenser. One Robert Nowell, of Gray's Inn, left certain sums to provide gowns for thirty-two poor scholars of the principal London schools, and at the head of the Merchant Taylors' poor boys is the name of Edmund Spenser. Other entries in Mr Nowell's book shew that, on going to Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, Spenser received 10s., and afterwards 6s. and 2s. 6d. The Merchant Taylors' Company may well be proud of their 'poor scholar.'

And

We trample grass and prize the flowers of May,
Yet grass is green when flowers do fade away.

### *The Image of Death.*

Before my face the picture hangs,
That daily should put me in mind
Of those cold names and bitter pangs
That shortly I am like to find;
But yet, alas! full little I
Do think hereon, that I must die.

I often look upon a face
Most ugly, grisly, bare, and thin;
I often view the hollow place
Where eyes and nose had sometime been;
I see the bones across that lie,
Yet little think that I must die.

I read the label underneath,
That telleth me whereto I must;
I see the sentence too, that saith,
'Remember, man, thou art but dust.'
But yet, alas! how seldom I
Do think, indeed, that I must die!

Continually at my bed's head
A hearse doth hang, which doth me tell
That I ere morning may be dead,
Though now I feel myself full well;
But yet, alas! for all this, I
Have little mind that I must die!

The gown which I am used to wear,
The knife wherewith I cut my meat;
And eke that old and ancient chair,
Which is my only usual seat;
All these do tell me I must die,
And yet my life amend not I.

My ancestors are turned to clay,
And many of my mates are gone;
My youngers daily drop away,
And can I think to 'scape alone?
No, no; I know that I must die,
And yet my life amend not I. . . . .

If none can 'scape Death's dreadful dart;
If rich and poor his beck obey;
If strong, if wise, if all do smart,
Then I to 'scape shall have no way:
Then grant me grace, O God! that I
My life may mend, since I must die.

### *The Burning Babe.*

Ben Jonson, in his conversations with Drummond of Hawthornden, said Southwell 'had so written that piece of his, *The Burning Babe*, he (Jonson) would have been content to destroy many of his.'

As I in hoary winter's night
Stood shivering in the snow,
Surprised I was with sudden heat,
Which made my heart to glow;
And lifting up a fearful eye
To view what fire was near,
A pretty Babe all burning bright,
Did in the air appear;
Who, scorched with excessive heat,
Such floods of tears did shed,
As though his floods should quench his flames,
Which with his tears were bred.
'Alas!' quoth he, 'but newly born,
In fiery heats I fry,
Yet none approach to warm their hearts
Or feel my fire, but I;
My faultless breast the furnace is,
The fuel, wounding thorns;
Love is the fire, and sighs the smoke,
The ashes, shames and scorns;
The fuel justice layeth on,
And mercy blows the coals,
The metal in this furnace wrought
Are men's defiled souls:
For which, as now on fire I am,
To work them to their good,
So will I melt into a bath,
To wash them in my blood.'
With this he vanished out of sight,
And swiftly shrunk away,
And straight I called unto mind
That it was Christmas Day.

### *Times go by Turns.*

The lopped tree in time may grow again,
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower;
The sorriest wight may find release of pain,
The driest soil suck in some moistening shower:
Time goes by turns, and chances change by course,
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow;
She draws her favours to the lowest ebb:
Her tides have equal times to come and go;
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web:
No joy so great but runneth to an end,
No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring,
Not endless night, yet not eternal day:
The saddest birds a season find to sing,
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay.
Thus, with succeeding turns, God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost;
That net that holds no great, takes little fish;
In some things all, in all things none are crossed;
Few all they need, but none have all they wish.
Unmingled joys here to no man befall;
Who least, hath some; who most, hath never all.

## WILLIAM WARNER.

A rhyming history entitled *Albion's England*, was published in 1586, by **William Warner** (1558-1609), an attorney of the Common Pleas. It was admired in its own day, and is said to have supplanted in popularity the *Mirror for Magistrates*. The poem is written in the long fourteen-syllable verse, but is tedious and monotonous. A few lines will shew the style of the poem:

### *The Life of a Shepherd.*

Then choose a shepherd; with the sun he doth his flock unfold,
And all the day on hill or plain he merry chat can hold:
And with the sun doth fold again: then jogging home betime,
He turns a crab, or tunes a round, or sings some merry rhyme;
Nor lacks he gleeful tales to tell, whilst that the bowl doth trot:
And sitteth singing care away, till he to bed hath got.
There sleeps he soundly all the night, forgetting morrow cares,
Nor fears he blasting of his corn, or wasting of his wares,
Or storms by sea, or stirs on land, or crack of credit lost,
Nor spending franklier than his flock shall still defray the cost.
Well wot I, sooth they say, that say, more quiet nights and days
The shepherd sleeps and wakes than he whose cattle he doth graze.

## SAMUEL DANIEL.

SAMUEL DANIEL, son of a music-master, was born in 1562, near Taunton, in Somersetshire, and seems to have been educated under the patronage of the Pembroke family. In 1579, he was entered a commoner of Magdalen Hall, Oxford, where he chiefly devoted himself to the study of poetry and history; at the end of three years, he quitted the university, without taking a degree, and was appointed tutor to Anne Clifford, daughter of the Earl of Cumberland. After the death of Spenser, Daniel became what Mr Campbell calls 'voluntary laureate' to the court, but he was soon superseded by Ben Jonson. In the reign of James, he was appointed Master of the Queen's Revels, and inspector of the plays to be represented by the juvenile performers. He was also preferred to be a gentleman-extraordinary and groom of the chamber to Queen Anne. He lived in a garden-house in Old Street, St Luke's, where, according to Fuller, he would 'lie hid for some months together, the more retiredly to enjoy the company of the Muses, and then would appear in public to converse with his friends, whereof Dr Cowell and Mr Camden were principal.' Daniel is said also to have shared the friendship of Shakspeare, Marlowe, and Chapman. His character was irreproachable, and his society appears to have been much courted. 'Daniel,' says Coleridge, in a letter to Charles Lamb, 'caught and re-communicated the spirit of the great Countess of Pembroke, the glory of the north; he formed her mind, and her mind inspirited him. Gravely sober on all ordinary affairs, and not easily excited by any, yet there is one on which his blood boils—whenever he speaks of English valour exerted against a foreign enemy.' Coleridge seems to have felt a great admiration for the works and character of Daniel, and to have lost no opportunity of expressing it. Towards the close of his life, the poet retired to a farm he had at Beckington, in Somersetshire, where he died October 14, 1619.

The works of Daniel fill two considerable volumes. They include sonnets, epistles, masques, and dramas; but his principal production is a *History of the Civil Wars between York and Lancaster*, a poem in eight books, published in 1604. *Musophilus, containing a General Defence of Learning*, is another elaborate and thoughtful work by Daniel. His tragedies and masks fail in dramatic interest, and his epistles are perhaps the most pleasing and popular of his works. His style is remarkably pure, clear, and flowing, but wants animation. He has been called the 'well-languaged Daniel;' and certainly the copiousness, ease, and smoothness of his language distinguish him from his contemporaries. He is quite modern in style. In taste and moral feeling he was also pre-eminent. Mr Hallam thinks Daniel wanted only greater confidence in his own power; but he was deficient in fire and energy. His thoughtful, equable verse flows on unintermittingly, and never offends; but it becomes tedious and uninteresting from its sameness, and the absence of what may be called salient points. His quiet graces and vein of moral reflection are, however, well worthy of study. His *Epistle to the Countess of Cumberland* is a fine effusion of meditative thought.

### *From the Epistle to the Countess of Cumberland.*

He that of such a height hath built his mind,
And reared the dwelling of his thoughts so strong,
As neither hope nor fear can shake the frame
Of his resolved powers; nor all the wind
Of vanity or malice pierce to wrong
His settled peace, or to disturb the same:
What a fair seat hath he, from whence he may
The boundless wastes and wilds of man survey!

And with how free an eye doth he look down
Upon these lower regions of turmoil,
Where all the storms of passions mainly beat
On flesh and blood! where honour, power, renown,
Are only gay afflictions, golden toil;
Where greatness stands upon as feeble feet
As frailty doth; and only great doth seem
To little minds who do it so esteem.

He looks upon the mightiest monarch's wars,
But only as on stately robberies;
Where evermore the fortune that prevails
Must be the right: the ill-succeeding mars
The fairest and the best-faced enterprise.
Great pirate Pompey lesser pirates quails:
Justice he sees, as if reduced, still
Conspires with power, whose cause must not be ill.

He sees the face of right t' appear as manifold
As are the passions of uncertain man;
Who puts it in all colours, all attires,
To serve his ends, and makes his courses hold.
He sees that, let deceit work what it can,
Plot and contrive base ways to high desires;
That the all-guiding Providence doth yet
All disappoint and mocks the smoke of wit.

Nor is he moved with all the thunder-cracks
Of tyrants' threats, or with the surly brow
Of power, that proudly sits on others' crimes;
Charged with more crying sins than those he checks.
The storms of sad confusion, that may grow
Up in the present for the coming times,
Appal not him; that hath no side at all,
But of himself, and knows the worst can fall.

### *Richard II. the Morning before his Murder in Pontefract Castle.*

Whether the soul receives intelligence,
By her near genius, of the body's end,
And so imparts a sadness to the sense,
Foregoing ruin whereto it doth tend;
Or whether nature else hath conference
With profound sleep, and so doth warning send,
By prophetising dreams, what hurt is near,
And gives the heavy careful heart to fear:

However, so it is, the now sad king,
Tossed here and there his quiet to confound,
Feels a strange weight of sorrows gathering
Upon his trembling heart, and sees no ground;
Feels sudden terror bring cold shivering;
Lists not to eat, still muses, sleeps unsound;
His senses droop, his steady eyes unquick,
And much he ails, and yet he is not sick.

The morning of that day which was his last,
After a weary rest, rising to pain,
Out at a little grate his eyes he cast
Upon those bordering hills and open plain,
Where others' liberty make him complain
The more his own, and grieves his soul the more,
Conferring captive crowns with freedom poor.

'O happy man,' saith he, 'that lo I see,
Grazing his cattle in those pleasant fields,
If he but knew his good. How blessed he
That feels not what affliction greatness yields!
Other than what he is he would not be,
Nor change his state with him that sceptre wields.
Thine, thine is that true life: that is to live,
To rest secure, and not rise up to grieve.

'Thou sitt'st at home safe by thy quiet fire,
And hear'st of others' harms, but fearest none:
And there thou tell'st of kings, and who aspire,
Who fall, who rise, who triumph, who do moan.
Perhaps thou talk'st of me, and dost inquire
Of my restraint, why here I live alone,
And pitiest this my miserable fall;
For pity must have part—envy not all.

'Thrice happy you that look as from the shore,
And have no venture in the wreck you see;
No interest, no occasion to deplore
Other men's travels, while yourselves sit free.
How much doth your sweet rest make us the more
To see our misery, and what we be:
Whose blinded greatness, ever in turmoil,
Still seeking happy life, makes life a toil.'

## *Early Love.*

Ah, I remember well—and how can I
But evermore remember well—when first
Our flame began, when scarce we knew what was
The flame we felt; when as we sat and sighed
And looked upon each other, and conceived
Not what we ailed, yet something we did ail,
And yet were well, and yet we were not well,
And what was our disease we could not tell.
Then would we kiss, then sigh, then look: and thus
In that first garden of our simpleness
We spent our childhood. But when years began
To reap the fruit of knowledge; ah, how then
Would she with sterner looks, with graver brow,
Check my presumption and my forwardness!
Yet still would give me flowers, still would shew
What she would have me, yet not have me know.

## *Sonnets.*

I must not grieve my love, whose eyes would read
Lines of delight, whereon her youth might smile;
Flowers have time before they come to seed,
And she is young, and now must sport the while.
And sport, sweet maid, in season of these years,
And learn to gather flowers before they wither;
And where the sweetest blossom first appears,
Let love and youth conduct thy pleasures thither,
Lighten forth smiles to clear the clouded air,
And calm the tempest which my sighs do raise:
Pity and smiles do best become the fair;
Pity and smiles must only yield thee praise.
Make me to say, when all my griefs are gone,
Happy the heart that sighed for such a one.

Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night,
Brother to Death, in silent darkness born,
Relieve my anguish, and restore the light,
With dark forgetting of my care, return.
And let the day be time enough to mourn
The shipwreck of my ill-advised youth;
Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,
Without the torments of the night's untruth.
Cease, dreams, the images of day-desires,
To model forth the passions of to-morrow;
Never let the rising sun prove you liars,
To add more grief, to aggravate my sorrow.
Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,
And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

## *Ulysses and the Syren.*

SYREN.

Come, worthy Greek, Ulysses, come,
Possess these shores with me;
The winds and seas are troublesome,
And here we may be free.
Here may we sit and view their toil,
That travail in the deep,
Enjoy the day in mirth the while,
And spend the night in sleep.

ULYSSES.

Fair nymph, if fame or honour were
To be attained with ease,
Then would I come and rest with thee,
And leave such toils as these:
But here it dwells, and here must I
With danger seek it forth;
To spend the time luxuriously
Becomes not men of worth.

SYREN.

Ulysses, oh, be not deceived
With that unreal name:
This honour is a thing conceived,
And rests on others' fame.
Begotten only to molest
Our peace, and to beguile
(The best thing of our life) our rest,
And give us up to toil!

ULYSSES.

Delicious nymph, suppose there were
No honour, or report,
Yet manliness would scorn to wear
The time in idle sport:
For toil doth give a better touch
To make us feel our joy;
And ease finds tediousness, as much
As labour yields annoy.

SYREN.

Then pleasure likewise seems the shore,
Whereto tends all your toil;
Which you forego to make it more,
And perish oft the while.
Who may disport them diversely,
Find never tedious day;
And ease may have variety,
As well as action may.

ULYSSES.

But natures of the noblest frame
These toils and dangers please;
And they take comfort in the same,
As much as you in ease:
And with the thought of actions past
Are recreated still:
When pleasure leaves a touch at last
To shew that it was ill.

SYREN.

That doth opinion only cause,
That 's out of custom bred;
Which makes us many other laws,
Than ever nature did.
No widows wail for our delights,
Our sports are without blood;
The world we see by warlike wights
Receives more hurt than good.

ULYSSES.

But yet the state of things require
These motions of unrest,
And these great spirits of high desire
Seem born to turn them best:

To purge the mischiefs, that increase
And all good order mar:
For oft we see a wicked peace,
To be well changed for war.

SYREN.

Well, well, Ulysses, then I see
I shall not have thee here;
And therefore I will come to thee,
And take my fortune there.
I must be won that cannot win,
Yet lost were I not won:
For beauty hath created been
T' undo or be undone.

## MICHAEL DRAYTON.

MICHAEL DRAYTON, born, it is supposed, at Atherstone, in Warwickshire, about the year 1563, at the age of ten was made page to a person of quality—a situation which was not at that time thought too humble for the sons of gentlemen. He is said, upon dubious authority, to have been for some time a student at Oxford. It is certain that, in early life, he was highly esteemed and strongly patronised by several persons of consequence, particularly by Sir Henry Goodere, Sir Walter Aston, and the Countess of Bedford: to the first he was indebted for great part of his education, and for recommending him to the countess; the second supported him for several years. In 1593, Drayton published a collection of his pastorals, and in 1598 gave to the world his more elaborate poems of *The Barons' Wars* and *England's Heroical Epistles.* On the accession of James I. in 1603, Drayton acted as esquire to Sir Walter Aston, in the ceremony of his installation as a Knight of the Bath. The poet expected some patronage from the new sovereign, but was disappointed. He published the first part of his most elaborate work, the *Polyolbion*, in 1612, and the second in 1622, the whole forming a poetical description of England, in thirty songs or books.

The *Polyolbion* is a work entirely unlike any other in English poetry, both in its subject and in the manner of its composition. It is full of topographical and antiquarian details, with innumerable allusions to remarkable events and persons, as connected with various localities; yet such is the genius of the author, so happily does he idealise almost everything he touches, and so lively is the flow of his verse, that we do not readily tire in perusing his vast mass of information. He seems to have followed Spenser in his personification of natural objects, such as hills, rivers, and woods. The information contained in the *Polyolbion* is in general so accurate, that it is quoted as an authority by Hearne and Wood.

In 1627, Drayton published a volume containing *The Battle of Agincourt*, *The Court of Faerie*, and other poems. Three years later appeared another volume, entitled *The Muses' Elysium*, from which it appears that he had found a final shelter in the family of the Earl of Dorset. On his death in 1631, he was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a monument, containing an inscription in letters of gold, was raised to his memory by the wife of that nobleman, the justly celebrated Lady Anne Clifford, subsequently Countess of Pembroke and Montgomery.

### *Morning in Warwickshire—Description of a Stag-hunt.*

When Phœbus lifts his head out of the winter's wave,
No sooner doth the earth her flowery bosom brave,
At such time as the year brings on the pleasant spring,
But hunts-up to the morn the feathered sylvans sing:
And in the lower grove, as on the rising knoll,
Upon the highest spray of every mounting pole,
Those quiristers are percht, with many a speckled breast,
Then from her burnisht gate the goodly glitt'ring east
Gilds every lofty top, which late the humorous night
Bespangled had with pearl, to please the morning's sight;
On which the mirthful quires, with their clear open throats,
Unto the joyful morn so strain their warbling notes,
That hills and valleys ring, and even the echoing air
Seems all composed of sounds, about them everywhere.
The throstle, with shrill sharps; as purposely he sung
T' awake the listless sun; or chiding, that so long
He was in coming forth, that should the thickets thrill;
The ouzel near at hand, that hath a golden bill,
As nature him had markt of purpose, t' let us see
That from all other birds his tunes should different be:
For, with their vocal sounds, they sing to pleasant May;
Upon his dulcet pipe the merle[1] doth only play.
When in the lower brake, the nightingale hard by,
In such lamenting strains the joyful hours doth ply,
As though the other birds she to her tunes would draw.
And but that nature—by her all-constraining law—
Each bird to her own kind this season doth invite,
They else, alone to hear that charmer of the night—
The more to use their ears—their voices sure would spare,
That moduleth her tunes so admirably rare,
As man to set in parts at first had learned of her.
To Philomel the next, the linnet we prefer;
And by that warbling bird, the woodlark place we then,
The red sparrow, the nope, the redbreast, and the wren.
The yellow pate; which though she hurt the blooming tree,
Yet scarce hath any bird a finer pipe than she.
And of these chanting fowls, the goldfinch not behind,
That hath so many sorts descending from her kind.
The tydy for her notes as delicate as they,
The laughing hecco, then the counterfeiting jay.
The softer with the shrill—some hid among the leaves,
Some in the taller trees, some in the lower greaves—
Thus sing away the morn, until the mounting sun,
Through thick exhaled fogs his golden head hath run,
And through the twisted tops of our close covert creeps
To kiss the gentle shade, this while that sweetly sleeps.
And near to these our thicks, the wild and frightful herds,
Not hearing other noise but this of chattering birds,
Feed fairly on the lawns; both sorts of seasoned deer:
Here walk the stately red, the freckled fallow there:
The bucks and lusty stags, amongst the rascals strewed,
As sometime gallant spirits amongst the multitude.
Of all the beasts which we for our venerial[2] name,
The hart among the rest, the hunter's noblest game:
Of which most princely chase sith none did e'er report,
Or by description touch, t' express that wondrous sport—
Yet might have well beseemed the ancients' nobler songs—
To our old Arden here, most fitly it belongs:
Yet shall she not invoke the muses to her aid;
But thee, Diana bright, a goddess and a maid:
In many a huge-grown wood, and many a shady grove,
Which oft hast borne thy bow, great huntress, used to rove
At many a cruel beast, and with thy darts to pierce
The lion, panther, ounce, the bear, and tiger fierce;
And following thy fleet game, chase mighty forest's queen,
With thy dishevelled nymphs attired in youthful green,

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[1] Of all birds, only the blackbird whistleth.
[2] Of hunting, or chase.

About the lawns hast scoured, and wastes both far and near,
Brave huntress; but no beast shall prove thy quarries here;
Save those the best of chase, the tall and lusty red,
The stag for goodly shape, and stateliness of head,
Is fitt'st to hunt at force. For whom, when with his hounds
The labouring hunter tufts the thick unbarbed grounds,
Where harboured is the hart; there often from his feed
The dogs of him do find; or thorough skilful heed,
The huntsman by his slot,[1] or breaking earth, perceives,
Or ent'ring of the thick by pressing of the greaves,
Where he had gone to lodge. Now when the hart doth hear
The often-bellowing hounds to vent his secret lair,
He rousing rusheth out, and through the brakes doth drive,
As though up by the roots the bushes he would rive.
And through the cumbrous thicks, as fearfully he makes,
He with his branched head the tender saplings shakes,
That sprinkling their moist pearl do seem for him to weep;
When after goes the cry, with yellings loud and deep,
That all the forest rings, and every neighbouring place :
And there is not a hound but falleth to the chase.
Rechating[2] with his horn, which then the hunter cheers,
Whilst still the lusty stag his high-palmed head upbears,
His body shewing state, with unbent knees upright,
Expressing from all beasts, his courage in his flight,
But when th' approaching foes still following he perceives,
That he his speed must trust, his usual walk he leaves :
And o'er the champain flies; which when th' assembly find,
Each follows, as his horse were footed with the wind.
But being them imbost, the noble stately deer,
When he hath gotten ground—the kennel cast arrear—
Doth beat the brooks and ponds for sweet refreshing soil;
That serving not, then proves if he his scent can foil,
And makes amongst the herds, and flocks of shag-wooled sheep,
Them frighting from the guard of those who had their keep.
But when as all his shifts his safety still denies,
Put quite out of his walk, the ways and fallows tries;
Whom when the ploughman meets, his teem he letteth stand,
T' assail him with his goad : so with his hook in hand,
The shepherd him pursues, and to his dog doth hollo :
When, with tempestuous speed, the hounds and huntsmen follow;
Until the noble deer, through toil bereaved of strength,
His long and sinewy legs then failing him at length,
The villages attempts, enraged, not giving way
To anything he meets now at his sad decay.
The cruel ravenous hounds and bloody hunters near,
This noblest beast of chase, that vainly doth but fear,
Some bank or quick-set finds; to which his haunch opposed,
He turns upon his foes, that soon have him inclosed.
The churlish-throated hounds then holding him at bay,
And as their cruel fangs on his harsh skin they lay,
With his sharp-pointed head he dealeth deadly wounds.
The hunter, coming in to help his wearied hounds,
He desperately assails; until opprest by force,
He who the mourner is to his own dying corse,
Upon the ruthless earth his precious tears let fall[3]
To forests that belongs.

## *Sherwood Forest and Robin Hood.*

From the Twenty-eighth Song of the *Polyolbion.*

Amongst the neighbouring nymphs there was no other lays,
But those which seemed to sound of Charnwood, and her praise :
Which Sherwood took to heart, and very much disdained—
As one that had both long, and worthily maintained
The title of the greatest and bravest of her kind—
To fall so far below one wretchedly confined
Within a furlong's space, to her large skirts compared :
Wherefore she, as a nymph that neither feared nor cared
For ought to her might chance, by others' love or hate,
With resolution armed against the power of fate,
All self-praise set apart, determineth to sing
That lusty Robin Hood,[1] who long time like a king
Within her compass lived, and when he list to range
For some rich booty set, or else his air to change,
To Sherwood still retired, his only standing court,
Whose praise the Forest thus doth pleasantly report :
'The merry pranks he played, would ask an age to tell,
And the adventures strange that Robin Hood befell,
When Mansfield many a time for Robin hath been laid.
How he hath cozened them, that him would have betrayed;
How often he hath come to Nottingham disguised,
And cunningly escaped, being set to be surprised.
In this our spacious isle, I think there is not one,
But he hath heard some talk of him and Little John;
And to the end of time, the tales shall ne'er be done,
Of Scarlock, George-a-Green, and Much the miller's son,
Of Tuck the merry friar, which many a sermon made
In praise of Robin Hood, his outlaws, and their trade.
An hundred valiant men had this brave Robin Hood,
Still ready at his call, that bowmen were right good,
All clad in Lincoln green, with caps of red and blue,
His fellow's winded horn not one of them but knew,
When setting to their lips their little bugles shrill
The warbling echoes waked from every dale and hill :
Their baldricks set with studs, athwart their shoulders cast,
To which under their arms their sheafs were buckled fast,
A short sword at their belt, a buckler scarce a span,
Who struck below the knee, not counted then a man :
All made of Spanish yew, their bows were wondrous strong;
They not an arrow drew but was a cloth-yard long.
Of archery they had the very perfect craft,
With broad-arrow, or but, or prick, or roving shaft,
At marks full forty score, they used to prick, and rove,
Yet higher than the breast, for compass never strove;
Yet at the farthest mark a foot could hardly win :
At long-butts, short, and hoyles, each one could cleave the pin :
Their arrows finely paired, for timber, and for feather,
With birch and brazil pieced, to fly in any weather;
And shot they with the round, the square, or forked pile,
The loose gave such a twang, as might be heard a mile.
And of these archers brave, there was not any one
But he could kill a deer his swiftest speed upon,
Which they did boil and roast, in many a mighty wood,
Sharp hunger the fine sauce to their more kingly food.
Then taking them to rest, his merry men and he
Slept many a summer's night under the greenwood tree.
From wealthy abbots' chests, and churls' abundant store,
What oftentimes he took, he shared amongst the poor :
No lordly bishop came in lusty Robin's way,
To him before he went, but for his pass must pay :
The widow in distress he graciously relieved,
And remedied the wrongs of many a virgin grieved :
He from the husband's bed no married woman wan,
But to his mistress dear, his loved Marian,
Was ever constant known, which wheresoe'er she came,
Was sovereign of the woods, chief lady of the game :
Her clothes tucked to the knee, and dainty braided hair,
With bow and quiver armed, she wandered here and there

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[1] The track of the foot.

[2] One of the measures in winding the horn.

[3] The hart weepeth at his dying; his tears are held to be precious in medicine.

[1] Robin Hood is first mentioned in English literature in *Piers Plowman*, about 1362. Wyntoun, the Scottish chronicler, refers to him about 1420. Nothing authentic is known of the popular hero. 'He was dear,' says Mr Furnivall, one of the editors of the Percy folio MS. 'to the English imagination as the representative of the forest life—the joyous tenant of the greenwood, the spirit not to be cribbed and cabined in towns and cities.'

Amongst the forests wild; Diana never knew
Such pleasures, nor such harts as Mariana slew.'

Coleridge points out an instance of sublimity in Drayton—a strongly figurative passage respecting the cutting down of the old English forests:

Our trees so hacked above the ground,
That where their lofty tops the neighbouring countries crowned,
Their trunks, like aged folks, now bare and naked stand,
*As for revenge to Heaven each held a withered hand.*

### *The Queen of the Fairies visiting Pigwiggen.*

From Drayton's *Nymphidia.*

Her chariot ready straight is made;
Each thing therein is fitting laid,
That she by nothing might be stayed,
For nought must be her letting;
Four nimble gnats the horses were,
Their harnesses of gossamer,
Fly Cranion, her charioteer,
Upon the coach-box getting.

Her chariot of a snail's fine shell,
Which for the colours did excel;
The fair Queen Mab becoming well,
So lively was the limning;
The seat the soft wool of the bee,
The cover (gallantly to see)
The wing of a pied butterflee;
I trow 'twas simple trimming.

The wheels composed of crickets' bones,
And daintily made for the nonce;
For fear of rattling on the stones
With thistle-down they shod it;
For all her maidens much did fear
If Oberon had chanced to hear
That Mab his queen should have been there,
He would not have abode it.

She mounts her chariot with a trice,
Nor would she stay for no advice
Until her maids, that were so nice,
To wait on her were fitted;
But ran herself away alone;
Which when they heard, there was not one
But hasted after to be gone,
As she had been diswitted.

Hop and Mop, and Drab so clear,
Pip and Trip, and Skip, that were
To Mab their sovereign so dear,
Her special maids of honour;
Fib and Tib, and Pink and Pin,
Tick and Quick, and Jill and Jin,
Tit and Nit, and Wap and Win,
The train that wait upon her.

Upon a grasshopper they got,
And, what with amble and with trot,
For hedge nor ditch they spared not,
But after her they hie them:
A cobweb over them they throw,
To shield the wind if it should blow;
Themselves they wisely could bestow
Lest any should espy them.

The above is evidently copied from Mercutio's description in *Romeo and Juliet.*

## EDWARD FAIRFAX.

The celebrated translation of Tasso's *Jerusalem* by **EDWARD FAIRFAX** was made in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and dedicated to that princess, who was proud of patronising learning, but not very lavish in its support. The first edition of Fairfax's Tasso is dated 1600; the second, 1624. The poetical beauty and freedom of Fairfax's version have been the theme of almost universal praise. Dryden ranked him with Spenser as a master of our language, and Waller said he derived from him the harmony of his numbers. The date of Fairfax's birth is unknown. He was the natural son of Sir Thomas Fairfax of Denton in Yorkshire, and spent his life at Fuystone, in the forest of Knaresborough, in the enjoyment of many blessings which rarely befall the poetical race—competence, ease, rural scenes, and an ample command of the means of study. He wrote a work on *Demonology* (not printed until 1859), and in the preface to it he states, that in religion he was 'neither a fantastic Puritan nor a superstitious Papist.' He also wrote a series of Eclogues, one of which was published in 1741, in Cooper's *Muses' Library*, but it is puerile and absurd. Fairfax was living in 1631; the time of his death has not been recorded.

### *Description of Armida and her Enchanted Girdle.*

And with that word she smiled, and ne'ertheless
Her love-toys still she used, and pleasures bold:
Her hair—that done—she twisted up in tress,
And looser locks in silken laces rolled;
Her curls in garland-wise she did up-dress,
Wherein, like rich enamel laid on gold,
The twisted flow'rets smiled, and her white breast
The lilies there that spring with roses dressed.

The jolly peacock spreads not half so fair
The eyed feathers of his pompous train;
Nor golden Iris so bends in the air
Her twenty-coloured bow, through clouds of rain:
Yet all her ornaments, strange, rich, and rare,
Her girdle did in price and beauty stain;
Not that, with scorn, which Tuscan Guilla lost,
Nor Venus' cestus could match this for cost.

Of mild denays, of tender scorns, of sweet
Repulses, war, peace, hope, despair, joy, fear;
Of smiles, jests, mirth, woe, grief, and sad regret;
Sighs, sorrows, tears, embracements, kisses dear,
That, mixed first, by weight and measure meet;
Then, at an easy fire, attempered were;
This wondrous girdle did Armida frame,
And, when she would be loved, wore the same.

### *Rinaldo at Mount Olivet and the Enchanted Wood.*

It was the time, when 'gainst the breaking day,
Rebellious night yet strove, and still repined,
For in the east appeared the morning gray,
And yet some lamps in Jove's high palace shined,
When to Mount Olivet he took his way,
And saw, as round about his eyes he twined,
Night's shadows hence, from thence the morning's shine,
This bright, that dark; that earthly, this divine.

Thus to himself he thought: how many bright
And 'splendent lamps shine in heaven's temple high!
Day hath his golden sun, her moon the night,
Her fixed and wand'ring stars the azure sky:
So framed all by their Creator's might,
That still they live and shine, and ne'er will die,
Till in a moment, with the last day's brand
They burn, and with them burn sea, air, and land.

Thus as he mused, to the top he went,
And there kneeled down with reverence and fear;
His eyes upon heaven's eastern face he bent;
His thoughts above all heavens uplifted were—

'The sins and errors which I now repent,
Of my unbridled youth, O Father dear,
Remember not, but let thy mercy fall
And purge my faults and my offences all.'

Thus prayed he; with purple wings up-flew,
In golden weed, the morning's lusty queen,
Begilding with the radiant beams she threw,
His helm, the harness, and the mountain green:
Upon his breast and forehead gently blew
The air, that balm and nardus breathed unseen;
And o'er his head, let down from clearest skies,
A cloud of pure and precious dew there flies.

The heavenly dew was on his garments spread,
To which compared, his clothes pale ashes seem,
And sprinkled so that all that paleness fled,
And thence of purest white bright rays outstream:
So cheered are the flowers, late withered,
With the sweet comfort of the morning beam;
And so returned to youth, a serpent old
Adorns herself in new and native gold.

The lovely whiteness of his changed weed
The prince perceived well and long admired;
Toward the forest marched he on with speed,
Resolved, as such adventures great required:
Thither he came, whence, shrinking back for dread
Of that strange desert's sight, the first retired;
But not to him fearful or loathsome made
That forest was, but sweet with pleasant shade.

Forward he passed, and in the grove before,
He heard a sound, that strange, sweet, pleasing was;
There rolled a crystal brook with gentle roar,
There sighed the winds, as through the leaves they pass;
There sang the swan, and singing died, alas!
There lute, harp, cittern, human voice he heard,
And all these sounds one sound right well declared.

A dreadful thunder-clap at last he heard,
The aged trees and plants well-nigh that rent,
Yet heard the nymphs and syrens afterward,
Birds, winds, and waters sing with sweet consent;
Whereat amazed, he stayed and well prepared
For his defence, heedful and slow forth-went,
Nor in his way his passage ought withstood,
Except a quiet, still, transparent flood:

On the green banks, which that fair stream inbound,
Flowers and odours sweetly smiled and smelled,
Which reaching out his stretched arms around,
All the large desert in his bosom held,
And through the grove one channel passage found;
This in the wood, that in the forest dwelled:
Trees clad the streams, streams green those trees aye made,
And so exchanged their moisture and their shade.

## SIR JOHN HARRINGTON.

The first translator of Ariosto into English was **SIR JOHN HARRINGTON**, a courtier of the reign of Elizabeth, and also godson of the queen. He was the son of John Harrington, the poet already noticed. Sir John wrote a collection of epigrams, and a *Brief View of the Church*, in which he reprobates the marriage of bishops. He is supposed to have been born about the year 1561; died 1612. The translation from Ariosto is poor and prosaic, but some of his epigrams are pointed.

### *Of Treason.*

Treason doth never prosper: what's the reason?
For if it prosper, none dare call it treason.

### *Of Fortune.*

Fortune, men say, doth give too much to many,
But yet she never gave enough to any.

### *Against Writers that Carp at other Men's Books.*

The readers and the hearers like my books,
But yet some writers cannot them digest;
But what care I? for when I make a feast,
I would my guests should praise it, not the cooks.

### *Of a Precise Tailor.*

A tailor, thought a man of upright dealing—
True, but for lying—honest, but for stealing,
Did fall one day extremely sick by chance,
And on the sudden was in wondrous trance;
The fiends of hell mustering in fearful manner,
Of sundry coloured silks displayed a banner
Which he had stolen, and wished, as they did tell,
That he might find it all one day in hell.
The man, affrighted with this apparition,
Upon recovery grew a great precisian:
He bought a Bible of the best translation,
And in his life he shewed great reformation;
He walked mannerly, he talked meekly,
He heard three lectures and two sermons weekly;
He vowed to shun all company unruly,
And in his speech he used no oath but 'truly;'
And zealously to keep the Sabbath's rest,
His meat for that day on the eve was drest;
And lest the custom which he had to steal
Might cause him sometimes to forget his zeal,
He gives his journeyman a special charge,
That if the stuff, allowance being large,
He found his fingers were to filch inclined,
Bid him to have the banner in his mind.
This done—I scant can tell the rest for laughter—
A captain of a ship came three days after,
And brought three yards of velvet and three-quarters,
To make Venetians down below the garters.
He, that precisely knew what was enough,
Soon slipt aside three-quarters of the stuff;
His man, espying it, said in derision:
'Master, remember how you saw the vision!'
'Peace, knave!' quoth he; 'I did not see one rag
Of such a coloured silk in all the flag.'

## SHAKSPEARE.

**SHAKSPEARE**, as a poet, claims to be noticed here. The incidents of his life will be related in the account of the dramatists. With the exception of the *Faery Queen*, there are no poems of the reign of Elizabeth equal to those productions to which the great dramatist affixed his name. In 1593, when the poet was in his twenty-ninth year, appeared his *Venus and Adonis*, and in the following year his *Rape of Lucrece*, both dedicated to Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton. 'I know not,' says the modest poet, in his first dedication, 'how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your lordship, nor how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burden; only, if your honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage *of all idle hours*, till I have honoured you with some graver labour. But if *the first heir of my invention* prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a godfather, and never after ear [till] so barren a land.' The allusion to 'idle hours' seems to point to the author's profession of an actor, in which capacity he had probably attracted the attention of the Earl of Southampton; but it is not so easy to understand how the *Venus and Adonis* was the 'first heir of his invention,' unless we believe that it had been written in early life, or that his dramatic labours had then been confined to the adaptation of old plays, not the writing of new ones, for the stage. There is a tradition, that the Earl of Southampton on one occasion presented Shakspeare with £1000, to complete a purchase which he wished to make. The gift was munificent, but the sum has assuredly been exaggerated. The *Venus and Adonis* is a glowing and essentially dramatic version of the well-known mythological story, full of fine descriptive passages, but objectionable on the score of licentiousness. Warton has shewn that it gave offence, at the time of its publication, on account of the excessive warmth of its colouring. The *Rape of Lucrece* is less animated, and is perhaps an inferior poem, though, from the boldness of its figurative expressions, and its tone of dignified pathos and reflection, it is more like the hasty sketch of a great poet. The first of Shakspeare's classical poems was the most popular. A second edition was published in 1594, a third in 1596, a fourth in 1600, and a fifth in 1602. The *Lucrece* only reached a second edition in four years (1598), and a third in 1600.

The sonnets of Shakspeare were first printed in 1609, by Thomas Thorpe, a bookseller and publisher of the day, who prefixed to the volume the following enigmatical dedication: 'To the only begetter of these ensuing sonnets, Mr W. H., all happiness and that eternity promised by our ever-living poet, wisheth the well-wishing adventurer in setting forth, T. T.' The sonnets are 154 in number. They are, with the exception of twenty-eight, addressed to some male object, whom the poet addresses in a style of affection, love, and idolatry, remarkable, even in the reign of Elizabeth, for its extravagant and enthusiastic character. Though printed continuously, it is obvious that the sonnets were written at different times, with long intervals between the dates of composition; and we know that, previous to 1598, Shakspeare had tried this species of composition, for Meres in that year alludes to his 'sugared sonnets *among his private friends.*' We almost wish, with Mr Hallam, that Shakspeare had not written these sonnets, beautiful as many of them are in language and imagery. They represent him in a character foreign to that in which we love to regard him—as modest, virtuous, self-confiding, and independent. His excessive and elaborate praise of youthful beauty in a man seems derogatory to his genius, and savours of adulation; and when we find him excuse this friend for robbing him of his mistress—*a married female*—and subjecting his noble spirit to all the pangs of jealousy, of guilty love, and blind misplaced attachment, it is painful and difficult to believe that all this weakness and folly can be associated with the name of Shakspeare, and still more that he should record it in verse which he believed would descend to future ages:

Not marble, not the gilded monuments
Of princes, *shall outlive this powerful rhyme.*

Some of the sonnets may be written in a feigned character, and merely dramatic in expression; but in others, the poet alludes to his profession of an actor, and all bear the impress of strong passion and deep sincerity. A feeling of premature age seems to have crept on Shakspeare:

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou seest the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black Night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consumed with that which it was nourished by.
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

He laments his errors with deep and penitential sorrow, summoning up things past 'to the sessions of sweet silent thought,' and exhibiting the depths of a spirit 'solitary in the very vastness of its sympathies.' The 'W. H.' alluded to by Thorpe has been conjectured to be William Herbert, afterwards Earl of Pembroke, who, as appears from the dedication of the folio of 1623, was one of Shakspeare's patrons. This conjecture has received the assent of Mr Hallam and others. Another theory is, that Henry Wriothesley (or H. W. the initials being reversed) was the object of Shakspeare's idolatry.

The composition of these mysterious productions evinces Shakspeare's great facility in versification of a difficult order, and they display more intense feeling and passion than either of his classical poems. They have the conceits and quaint turns of expression then common, particularly in the sonnet; but they rise to far higher flights of genuine poetry than will be found in any other poet of the day, and they contain many traces of Shakspeare's philosophical and reflective spirit.

### *The Horse of Adonis.*

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
In limning out a well-proportioned steed,
His art with Nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed:
So did his horse excel a common one
In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

Round-hoofed, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:
Look, what a horse should have, he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Sometimes he scuds far off, and there he stares;
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather:
To bid the wind a base[1] he now prepares,
And whe'r he run, or fly, they know not whether;
For through his mane and tail the high wind sings,
Fanning the hairs, who wave like feathered wings.

### *Venus's Prophecy after the Death of Adonis.*

Since thou art dead, lo! here I prophesy,
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend;
It shall be waited on with jealousy,
Find sweet beginning, but unsavoury end;

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[1] *To bid the wind a base*—that is, to challenge the wind to contend with him in speed: *base—prison-base*, or *prison-bars*, was a rustic game, consisting chiefly in running.

Ne'er settled equally, but high or low :
That all love's pleasure shall not match his woe.

It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud ;
Bud and be blasted in a breathing while;
The bottom poison, and the top o'erstrawed
With sweets that shall the truest sight beguile.
The strongest body shall it make most weak,
Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to speak.

It shall be sparing, and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures ;
The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures ;
It shall be raging mad, and silly mild,
Make the young old, the old become a child.

It shall suspect, where is no cause of fear ;
It shall not fear, where it should most mistrust ;
It shall be merciful, and too severe,
And most deceiving when it seems most just :
Perverse it shall be, when it seems most toward,
Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

It shall be cause of war and dire events,
And set dissension 'twixt the son and sire :
Subject and servile to all discontents,
As dry combustious matter is to fire.
Sith in his prime, death doth my love destroy,
They that love best, their love shall not enjoy.

### *Selections from Shakspeare's Sonnets.*

Alas, 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view,
Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
Made old offences of affections new.
Most true it is, that I have looked on truth
Askance and strangely : but, by all above,
These blenches gave my heart another youth,
And worst essays proved thee my best of love.
Now all is done, save what shall have no end :
Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof, to try an older friend,
A god in love, to whom I am confined.
Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
E'en to thy pure and most, most loving breast.

O for my sake do thou with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide,
Than public means, which public manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.
Pity me then, and wish I were renewed ;
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of eysell,[1] 'gainst my strong infection ;
No bitterness that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance, to correct correction.
Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye,
E'en that your pity is enough to cure me.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste :
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since-cancelled woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanished sight.
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before :
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

O how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give !
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses ;
But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwooed, and unrespected fade ;
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so ;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made ;
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall fade, my verse distils your truth.

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dressed in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,
That heavy Saturn laughed and leaped with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew :
Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose ;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
Yet seemed it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove :
O no ! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken ;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth 's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love 's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come ;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out e'en to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

### *Selections from Shakspeare's Songs.*

From *As You Like It.*

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude !
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh ho ! sing, heigh ho ! unto the green holly :
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
Then, heigh ho, the holly !
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot !
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.
Heigh ho ! &c.

At the end of *Love's Labour's Lost.*

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail ;
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whoo !
Tu-whit ! tu-whoo ! a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

---

[1] Vinegar.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw;
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whoo!
Tu-whit! tu-whoo! a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

### In *Much Ado about Nothing*.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more;
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore;
To one thing constant never:
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no moe
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy.
Then sigh not so, &c.

### In *Cymbeline*.

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat,
To thee the reed is as the oak.
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finished joy and moan.
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have,
And renowned be thy grave!

### From *As You Like It*.

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

## SIR JOHN DAVIES.

SIR JOHN DAVIES (1570–1626), an English barrister, at one time Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, was the author of a long philosophical poem, *On the Soul of Man and the Immortality thereof*, supposed to have been written in 1598, and one of the earliest poems of that kind in our language. Davies is a profound thinker and close reasoner: 'in the happier parts of his poem,' says Campbell, 'we come to logical truths so well illustrated by ingenious similes, that we know not whether to call the thoughts more poetically or philosophically just. The judgment and fancy are reconciled, and the imagery of the poem seems to start more vividly from the surrounding shades of abstraction.' The versification of the poem (long quatrains) was afterwards copied by Davenant and Dryden. In another production, entitled *Orchestra, or a Poem of Dancing, in a Dialogue between Penelope and one of her Wooers*, he is much more fanciful. He there represents Penelope as declining to dance with Antinous, and the latter as proceeding to lecture her upon the antiquity of that elegant exercise, the merits of which he describes in verses partaking, as has been justly remarked, of the flexibility and grace of the subject. The following is one of the most imaginative passages:

### *The Dancing of the Air.*

And now behold your tender nurse, the Air,
And common neighbour, that aye runs around,
How many pictures and impressions fair
Within her empty regions are there found,
Which to your senses dancing do propound;
For what are breath, speech, echoes, music, winds,
But dancings of the air in sundry kinds?

For when you breathe, the air in order moves,
Now in, now out, in time and measure true;
And when you speak, so well she dancing loves,
That doubling oft, and oft redoubling new,
With thousand forms she doth herself endue:
For all the words that from your lips repair,
Are nought but tricks and turnings of the air.

Hence is her prattling daughter, Echo, born,
That dances to all voices she can hear:
There is no sound so harsh that she doth scorn,
Nor any time wherein she will forbear
The airy pavement with her feet to wear:
And yet her hearing sense is nothing quick,
For after time she endeth every trick.

And thou, sweet Music, dancing's only life,
The ear's sole happiness, the air's best speech,
Loadstone of fellowship, charming rod of strife,
The soft mind's paradise, the sick mind's leech,
With thine own tongue thou trees and stones can teach,
That when the air doth dance her finest measure,
Then art thou born, the gods' and men's sweet pleasure.

Lastly, where keep the Winds their revelry,
Their violent turnings, and wild whirling hays,
But in the air's translucent gallery?
Where she herself is turned a hundred ways,
While with those maskers wantonly she plays:
Yet in this misrule, they such rule embrace,
As two at once encumber not the place.

Afterwards, the poet alludes to the tidal influence of the moon, and the passage is highly poetical in expression:

For lo, the sea that fleets about the land,
And like a girdle clips her solid waist,
Music and measure both doth understand:
For his great crystal eye is always cast
Up to the moon, and on her fixed fast:
And as she danceth in her pallid sphere
So danceth he about the centre here.

Sometimes his proud green waves in order set,
One after other flow into the shore,
Which when they have with many kisses wet,
They ebb away in order as before;
And to make known his courtly love the more,
He oft doth lay aside his three-forked mace,
And with his arms the timorous earth embrace.

The poem on dancing is said to have been written in fifteen days. It was published in 1596. The *Nosce Teipsum*, or Poem on the Immortality of the Soul, was first published in 1599, and four other editions appeared in the author's lifetime—namely, in 1602, 1608, 1619, and 1622. This work gained the favour of James I. who made Davies successively solicitor-general and attorney-general for Ireland. He was also a judge of assize, and was knighted by the king in 1607. The first Reports of Law Cases published in Ireland were made by this able and accomplished man, and his preface to the volume is considered 'the best that was ever prefixed to a law-book.'

### *Reasons for the Soul's Immortality.*

All moving things to other things do move
Of the same kind, which shews their nature such;
So earth falls down, and fire doth mount above,
Till both their proper elements do touch.

And as the moisture which the thirsty earth
Sucks from the sea to fill her empty veins,
From out her womb at last doth take a birth,
And runs a lymph along the grassy plains;

Long doth she stay, as loath to leave the land,
From whose soft side she first did issue make;
She tastes all places, turns to every hand,
Her flowery banks unwilling to forsake.

Yet nature so her streams doth lead and carry
As that her course doth make no final stay,
Till she herself unto the sea doth marry,
Within whose watery bosom first she lay.

E'en so the soul, which, in this earthly mould,
The Spirit of God doth secretly infuse,
Because at first she doth the earth behold,
And only this material world she views.

At first her mother-earth she holdeth dear,
And doth embrace the world and worldly things;
She flies close by the ground, and hovers here,
And mounts not up with her celestial wings:

Yet under heaven she cannot light on aught
That with her heavenly nature doth agree;
She cannot rest, she cannot fix her thought,
She cannot in this world contented be.

For who did ever yet, in honour, wealth,
Or pleasure of the sense, contentment find?
Who ever ceased to wish, when he had health,
Or, having wisdom, was not vexed in mind?

Then, as a bee which among weeds doth fall,
Which seem sweet flowers, with lustre fresh and gay,
She lights on that, and this, and tasteth all,
But, pleased with none, doth rise and soar away.

So, when the soul finds here no true content,
And, like Noah's dove, can no sure footing take,
She doth return from whence she first was sent,
And flies to him that first her wings did make.

## EDWARD VERE, EARL OF OXFORD.

This nobleman, so highly popular in the court of Elizabeth (1540?–1604), and conspicuous on many memorable occasions—as in the trial of Mary Queen of Scots—is now known only for some verses in the miscellany entitled the *Paradise of Dainty Devices*. He was famed in his own day for comedies, or courtly entertainments, none of which has been preserved. Stow states that this nobleman was the first that brought to England from Italy embroidered gloves and perfumes, which Elizabeth no doubt approved of as highly as his sonnets or madrigals.

### *Fancy and Desire.*

Come hither, shepherd swain!
Sir, what do you require?
I pray thee shew to me thy name!
My name is Fond Desire.

When wert thou born, Desire?
In pomp and prime of May.
By whom, sweet boy, wert thou begot?
By fond Conceit, men say.

Tell me who was thy nurse?
Fresh youth, in sugared joy,
What was thy meat and daily food?
Sad sighs with great annoy.

What hadst thou then to drink?
Unfeigned lovers' tears.
What cradle wert thou rocked in?
In hope devoid of fears.

What lulled thee then asleep?
Sweet speech, which likes me best.
Tell me where is thy dwelling-place?
In gentle hearts I rest.

What thing doth please thee most?
To gaze on beauty still.
Whom dost thou think to be thy foe?
Disdain of my good will.

Doth company displease?
Yes, surely, many one.
Where doth Desire delight to live?
He loves to live alone.

Doth either time or age
Bring him into decay?
No, no! Desire both lives and dies
A thousand times a day.

Then, Fond Desire, farewell!
Thou art no mate for me;
I should be loath, methinks, to dwell
With such a one as thee.

## SIR EDWARD DYER.

Another courtly poet, SIR EDWARD DYER (*circa* 1540–1607), is author of several copies of verses, including the following popular piece:

### *My Mind to me a Kingdom is.*

My mind to me a kingdom is,
Such present joys therein I find,
That it excels all other bliss
That earth affords or grows by kind:
Though much I want which most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

No princely pomp, no wealthy store,
Nor force to win the victory;
No wily wit to salve a sore,
No shape to feed a loving eye;
To none of these I yield as thrall,
For why, my mind doth serve for all.

I see how plenty surfeits oft,
And hasty climbers soon do fall;
I see that those which are aloft,
Mishap doth threaten most of all;
These get with toil, they keep with fear:
Such cares my mind could never bear.

Content to live, this is my stay;
I seek no more than may suffice;
I press to bear no haughty sway;
Look, what I lack my mind supplies:
Lo! thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

Some have too much, yet still do crave;
I little have and seek no more.
They are but poor, though much they have,
And I am rich with little store:
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lack, I leave; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss;
I grudge not at another's gain;
No worldly waves my mind can toss;
My state at one doth still remain:
I fear no foe, I fawn no friend;
I loathe not life, nor dread my end.

Some weigh their pleasure by their lust,
Their wisdom by their rage of will;
Their treasure is their only trust;
A cloaked craft their store of skill:
But all the pleasure that I find,
Is to maintain a quiet mind.

My wealth is health and perfect ease:
My conscience clear my chief defence;
I neither seek by bribes to please,
Nor by deceit to breed offence:
Thus do I live; thus will I die;
Would all did so as well as I!

## THOMAS STORER.

The *Life and Death of Cardinal Wolsey*, 1594, is deserving of notice as illustrating the tendency to adopt historical events as materials for poetry, and because this work probably, in conjunction with Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*, incited Shakspeare to the composition of his *Henry VIII.* In some parts the dramatist has followed Cavendish's narrative even in the language; and the following lines from Storer's poem seem also to have been present to his memory:

Look how the God of Wisdom marbled stands
Bestowing laurel-wreaths of dignity
In Delphos isle, at whose impartial hands
Hung antique scrolls of gentle heraldry,
And at his feet ensigns and trophies lie:
Such was my state when every man did follow
A living image of the great Apollo!

---

If once we fall, we fall Colossus like,
We fall at once like pillars of the sun;
They that between our stride their sails did strike,
Make us sea-marks where they their ships do run—
E'en they that had by us their treasure won.

---

Perchance the tenor of my mourning verse
May lead some pilgrim to my tombless grave,
Where neither marble monument, nor hearse,
The passenger's attentive view may crave,
Which honours now the meanest persons have;
But well is me where'er my ashes lie,
If one tear drop from some religious eye.

Storer was a native of London; he was entered of Christchurch, Oxford, in 1587, took his degree of M.A. in 1594, and besides his poetical biography of Wolsey, was author of some pastoral airs and madrigals collected in *England's Helicon.* Storer died in 1604.

## JOHN DONNE.

JOHN DONNE was born in London in 1573, of a Catholic family; through his mother, he was related to Sir Thomas More and Heywood the epigrammatist. He was educated partly at Oxford and partly at Cambridge, and was designed for the law, but relinquished the study in his nineteenth year. About this period of his life, having carefully considered the controversies between the Catholics and Protestants, he became a member of the established church. The great abilities and amiable character of Donne were early appreciated. The Earl of Essex, the Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, and Sir Robert Drury, successively befriended and employed him; and it was a saying of Lord Ellesmere's, that Donne was fitter to serve a king than a subject. Having been appointed to the office of secretary to the lord chancellor, Donne gained the affections of his lordship's niece, daughter of Sir George Moore, lord-lieutenant of the Tower, and a private marriage was the result. Sir George was so indignant that he induced Lord Ellesmere to dismiss Donne from his service, and the unfortunate bridegroom was also for a time confined in prison. All parties, however, were afterwards reconciled. At the age of forty-two, Donne was ordained, and became so celebrated as a preacher, that he is said to have had the offer of fourteen different livings in the first year of his ministry. In 1621, King James appointed him Dean of St Paul's. Izaak Walton describes his friend the dean as 'a preacher in earnest; weeping sometimes for his auditory, sometimes with them; always preaching to himself like an angel from a cloud, but in none.' He died in 1631, and was honourably interred in Old St Paul's.

The works of Donne consist of satires, elegies, religious poems, complimentary verses, and epigrams: they were collected and published after his death, in 1650, by his son. An earlier but imperfect collection was printed in 1633. His reputation as a poet, great in his own day, low during the latter part of the seventeenth and the whole of the eighteenth centuries, has latterly revived. In its days of abasement, critics spoke of his harsh and rugged versification, and his leaving nature for conceit. It seems to be now acknowledged that, amidst much bad taste, there is much real poetry, and that of a high order, in Donne. He is described by a recent critic as 'imbued to saturation with the learning of his age,' endowed 'with a most active and piercing intellect—an imagination, if not grasping and comprehensive, most subtile and far-darting—a fancy, rich, vivid, and picturesque—a mode of expression terse, simple, and condensed—and a wit admirable, as well for its caustic severity, as for its playful quickness—and as only wanting sufficient sensibility and taste to preserve him from the vices of style which seem to have beset him.' To give an idea of these conceits: Donne writes a poem on a broken heart. He does not advert to the miseries or distractions which are presumed to be the causes of the calamity, but runs off into a play on the expression 'broken heart.' He entered a room, he says, where his mistress was present, and

Love, alas!
At one first blow did shiver it [his heart] as glass.

Then, forcing on his mind to discover by what means the idea of a heart broken to pieces, like glass, can be turned to account in making out something that will strike the reader's imagination, he adds:

Yet nothing can to nothing fall,
Nor any place be empty quite,
Therefore I think my breast hath all
Those pieces still, though they do not unite:
And now, as *broken glasses shew*
*A hundred lesser faces*, so
My *rags of heart* can like, wish, and adore,
But after one such love can love no more.

There is here, certainly, analogy, but then it is an analogy which altogether fails to please or move: it is a mere conceit. This peculiarity, however, does not characterise the bulk of the writings of Donne and his followers. They are often direct, natural, and truly poetical—abounding in rich thought and melody. Donne is usually considered as the first writer of satire, in rhyming couplets, such as Dryden, Young, and Pope carried to perfection. A copy of his first three satires is in the British Museum, among the Harleian manuscripts, and bears date 1593. The fourth was transcribed by Drummond in 1594, three years before the appearance of Hall's satires. Acting upon a hint thrown out by Dryden, Pope modernised some of Donne's satires.

### *Address to Bishop Valentine, on the Day of the Marriage of the Elector Palatine to the Princess Elizabeth.*

Hail, Bishop Valentine! whose day this is;
All the air is thy diocese,
And all the chirping choristers
And other birds are thy parishioners:
Thou marryest, every year,
The lyric lark and the grave whispering dove;
The sparrow that neglects his life for love,
The household bird with his red stomacher;
Thou mak'st the blackbird speed as soon
As doth the goldfinch or the halcyon;
This day more cheerfully than ever shine;
This day which might inflame thyself, old Valentine!

### *Valediction—Forbidding Mourning.*

As virtuous men pass mildly away,
And whisper to their souls to go;
Whilst some of their sad friends do say,
The breath goes now—and some say, no;

So let us melt, and make no noise,
No tear-floods, nor sigh-tempests move;
'Twere profanation of our joys
To tell the laity our love.

Moving of th' earth brings harms and fears,
Men reckon what it did, and meant;
But trepidation of the spheres,
Though greater far, is innocent.

Dull, sublunary lovers' love—
Whose soul is sense—cannot admit
Absence, because it doth remove
Those things which alimented it.

But we 're by love so much refined,
That ourselves know not what it is;
Inter-assured of the mind,
Careless eyes, lips, and hands to miss.

Our two souls, therefore—which are one—
Though I must go, endure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
Like gold to airy thinness beat.

If they be two, they are two so
As stiff twin compasses are two;
Thy soul, the fixed foot, makes no show
To move, but doth, if th' other do.

And though it in the centre sit,
Yet when the other far doth roam,
It leans, and hearkens after it,
And grows erect as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me, who must
Like th' other foot, obliquely run:
Thy firmness makes my circles just,
And makes me end where I begun.

### *The Will.*

Before I sigh my last gasp, let me breathe,
Great Love, some legacies: I here bequeath
Mine eyes to Argus, if mine eyes can see;
If they be blind, then, Love, I give them thee;
My tongue to Fame; to ambassadors mine ears;
To women, or the sea, my tears;
Thou, Love, hast taught me heretofore,
By making me serve her who had twenty more,
That I should give to none but such as had too much before.

My constancy I to the planets give;
My truth to them who at the court do live;
Mine ingenuity and openness
To Jesuits; to buffoons my pensiveness;
My silence to any who abroad have been;
My money to a Capuchin.
Thou, Love, taught'st me, by appointing me
To love there, where no love received can be,
Only to give to such as have no good capacity.

My faith I give to Roman Catholics;
All my good works unto the schismatics
Of Amsterdam; my best civility
And courtship to an university;
My modesty I give to soldiers bare;
My patience let gamesters share;
Thou, Love, taught'st me, by making me
Love her that holds my love disparity,
Only to give to those that count my gifts indignity.

I give my reputation to those
Which were my friends: mine industry to foes;
To schoolmen I bequeath my doubtfulness;
My sickness to physicians, or excess;

*To Nature all that I in rhyme have writ!*
And to my company my wit:
Thou, Love, by making me adore
Her who begot this love in me before,
Taught'st me to make as though I gave, when I do but restore.

To him for whom the passing bell next tolls
I give my physic books; my written rolls
Of moral counsels I to Bedlam give;
My brazen medals unto them which live
In want of bread; to them which pass among
All foreigners, my English tongue:
Thou, Love, by making me love one
Who thinks her friendship a fit portion
For younger lovers, dost my gifts thus disproportion.

Therefore I 'll give no more, but I 'll undo
The world by dying, because love dies too.
Then all your beauties will be no more worth
Than gold in mines where none doth draw it forth:
And all your graces no more use shall have
Than a sun-dial in a grave.
Thou, Love, taught'st me, by making me
Love her who doth neglect both me and thee,
To invent and practise this one way to annihilate all three.

### *Character of a Bore.—From Donne's Satires.*

Towards me did run
A thing more strange than on Nile's slime the sun
E'er bred, or all which into Noah's ark came;
A thing which would have posed Adam to name.
Stranger than seven antiquaries' studies—
Than Afric's monsters—Guiana's rarities—
Stranger than strangers. One who for a Dane
In the Danes' massacre had sure been slain,
If he had lived then; and without help dies
When next the 'prentices 'gainst strangers rise.
One whom the watch at noon scarce lets go by;
One to whom th' examining justice sure would cry:
'Sir, by your priesthood, tell me what you are?'
His clothes were strange, though coarse—and black, though bare;
Sleeveless his jerkin was, and it had been
Velvet, but 'twas now—so much ground was seen—
Become tuff-taffety; and our children shall
See it plain rash awhile, then nought at all.
The thing hath travelled, and saith, speaks all tongues;
And only knoweth what to all states belongs.
Made of the accents and best phrase of all these,
He speaks one language. If strange meats displease,
Art can deceive, or hunger force my taste;
But pedants' motley tongue, soldiers' bombast,
Mountebanks' drug tongue, nor the terms of law,
Are strong enough preparatives to draw
Me to bear this. Yet I must be content
With his tongue, in *his* tongue called compliment. . . .
He names me, and comes to me. I whisper, God!
How have I sinned, that thy wrath's furious rod
(This fellow) chooseth me? He saith: 'Sir,
I love your judgment—whom do you prefer
For the best linguist?' And I sillily
Said, that I thought, *Calepine's Dictionary*.
'Nay, but of men, most sweet sir?'—Beza then,
Some Jesuits, and two reverend men
Of our two academies, I named. Here
He stopt me, and said: 'Nay, your apostles *were*
Pretty good linguists, and so Panurge was;
Yet a poor gentleman all these may pass
By travel.' Then, as if he would have sold
His tongue, he praised it, and such wonders told,
That I was fain to say: 'If you had lived, sir,
Time enough to have been interpreter
To Babel's bricklayers, sure the tower had stood.'
He adds: 'If of court-life you knew the good,
You would leave loneness.' I said: 'Not alone
My loneness is, but Spartans' fashion.
To teach by painting drunkards doth not taste
Now; Aretine's pictures have made few chaste;
No more can princes' courts—though there be few
Better pictures of vice—teach me virtue.'
He, like to a high-stretched lute-string, squeaked: 'O sir,
'Tis sweet to talk of kings!' 'At Westminster,'
Said I, 'the man that keeps the Abbey-tombs,
And, for his price, doth, with whoever comes,
Of all our Harrys and our Edwards talk,
From king to king, and all their kin can walk:
Your ears shall hear nought but kings—your eyes meet
Kings only—the way to it is *King's* street.'
He smacked, and cried: 'He 's base, mechanic, coarse,
So are all your Englishmen in their discourse.
Are not your Frenchmen neat? Mine?—as you see,
I have but one, sir—look, he follows me.
Certes, they are neatly clothed. I of this mind am,
Your only wearing is your grogoram.'
'Not so, sir. I have more.' Under this pitch
He would not fly. I chafed him. But as itch
Scratched into smart—and as blunt iron ground
Into an edge hurts worse—so I (fool!) found
Crossing hurt me. To fit my sullenness,
He to another key his style doth dress,
And asks: 'What news?' I tell him of new plays;
He takes my hands, and as a still which stays
A semibreve 'twixt each drop, he (niggardly,
As loath to enrich me so) tells many a lie—
More than ten Holinsheds, or Halls, or Stows—
Of trivial household trash he knows. He knows
When the queen frowned or smiled, and he knows what
A subtle statesman may gather from that.
He knows who loves; whom, and who by poison
Hastes to an office's reversion.
He knows who hath sold his land, and now doth beg
A license, old iron, boots, shoes, and egg-
Shells to transport. Shortly boys shall not play
At spancounter, or blow-point, but shall pay
Toll to some courtier. And—wiser than all us—
He knows what lady is not painted. Thus
He with home-meats cloys me.

One of the earliest poetic allusions to the Copernican system occurs in Donne:

As new Philosophy arrests the sun,
And bids the passive earth about it run.

The following is a simile often copied by later poets:

When goodly, like a ship in her full trim,
A swan, so white that you may unto him
Compare all whiteness, but himself to none,
Glided along, and as he glided watched,
And with his archèd neck this poor fish catched;
It moved with state, as if to look upon
Low things it scorned.

In 1839, a complete edition of the works of Donne, including sermons, devotions, poems, letters, &c. was published in six volumes, edited by the Rev. Henry Alford, afterwards Dean of Canterbury.

## JOSEPH HALL.

**JOSEPH HALL**, born at Bristow Park, in Leicestershire, in 1574, and who rose through various church preferments to be bishop of Norwich, is distinguished as a satirical poet, whose works have been commended by Pope and Warton, and often reprinted. His satires, which were published under the title of *Virgidemiarum*, in 1597–8, refer to general objects, and present some just pictures of the more remarkable anomalies in human character: they are also written in a style of greater vigour and volubility than most of the compositions of this age. His chief defect is obscurity, arising from remote allusions and elliptical expression. Bishop Hall died in 1656, at the age of eighty-two.

### *Selections from Hall's Satires.*

A gentle squire would gladly entertain
Into his house some trencher-chapelain:
Some willing man that might instruct his sons,
And that would stand to good conditions.
First, that he lie upon the truckle-bed,
While his young master lieth o'er his head.
Second, that he do, on no default,
Ever presume to sit above the salt.
Third, that he never change his trencher twice.
Fourth, that he use all common courtesies;
Sit bare at meals, and one half rise and wait.
Last, that he never his young master beat,
But he must ask his mother to define
How many jerks he would his breech should line.
All these observed, he could contented be
To give five marks and winter livery.

Seest thou how gaily my young master goes,*
Vaunting himself upon his rising toes;
And pranks his hand upon his dagger's side;
And picks his glutted teeth since late noon-tide?
'Tis Ruffio: Trow'st thou where he dined to-day?
In sooth I saw him sit with Duke Humphrey.
Many good welcomes, and much gratis cheer,
Keeps he for evety straggling cavalier;
An open house, haunted with great resort;
Long service mixt with musical disport.†
Many fair younker with a feathered crest,
Chooses much rather be his shot-free guest,
To fare so freely with so little cost,
Than stake his twelvepence to a meaner host.
Hadst thou not told me, I should surely say
He touched no meat of all this livelong day;
For sure methought, yet that was but a guess,
His eyes seemed sunk for very hollowness,
But could he have—as I did it mistake—
So little in his purse, so much upon his back?
So nothing in his maw? yet seemeth by his belt
That his gaunt gut no too much stuffing felt.
Seest thou how side[1] it hangs beneath his hip?
Hunger and heavy iron makes girdles slip.
Yet for all that, how stiffly struts he by,
All trapped in the new-found bravery.
The nuns of new-won Calais his bonnet lent,
In lieu of their so kind a conquerment.
What needed he fetch that from farthest Spain,
His grandame could have lent with lesser pain?
Though he perhaps ne'er passed the English shore,
Yet fain would counted be a conqueror.
His hair, French-like, stares on his frighted head,
One lock Amazon-like dishevelled,
As if he meant to wear a native cord,
If chance his fates should him that bane afford.
All British bare upon the bristled skin,
Close notched is his beard, both lip and chin;
His linen collar labyrinthian set,
Whose thousand double turnings never met:
His sleeves half hid with elbow pinionings,
As if he meant to fly with linen wings.
But when I look, and cast mine eyes below,
What monster meets mine eyes in human show?
So slender waist with such an abbot's loin,
Did never sober nature sure conjoin.
Lik'st a strawn scarecrow in the new-sown field,
Reared on some stick, the tender corn to shield,
Or, if that semblance suit not every deal,
Like a broad shake-fork with a slender steel.

## MARSTON—CHURCHYARD—TUBERVILLE—WATSON—CONSTABLE.

Nearly contemporary with Hall's satires were those of John Marston, the dramatist, known for his subsequent rivalry and quarrel with Ben Jonson. Marston, in 1598, published a small volume, *Certayne Satires*, and in 1599 *The Scourge of Villany*, &c. He survived till 1634. Little is known of this 'English Aretine,' but all his works are coarse and licentious. Ben Jonson boasted to Drummond that he had beaten Marston and taken his pistol from him. If he had sometimes taken his *pen*, he would have better served society.

Among the swarm of poets ranking with the earlier authors of this period, we may note the following as conspicuous in their own times. Thomas Churchyard (1520–1604) wrote about seventy volumes in prose and verse. He served in the army, 'trailed a pike' in the reigns of Henry VIII., Mary, and Elizabeth, and received from Elizabeth—whom he had propitiated by complimentary addresses—a pension of eighteenpence a day, not paid regularly. Churchyard is supposed to be the Palamon of Spenser's Colin Clout,

That sang so long until quite hoarse he grew.

—George Tuberville (*circa* 1530–1594) was secretary to Randolph, Queen Elizabeth's ambassador at the court of Russia. So early as 1568, he had published songs and sonnets; but some of his works—as his *Essays* and *Book of Falconry*—were not published till after his death.—Thomas Watson (*circa* 1557–1592) was author of *Hecatompathia, or Passionate Century of Love* (1582), a series of sonnets of superior elegance and merit; also *Amyntas*, 1585, &c.—Henry Constable (*circa* 1560–1612) was author of a great number of sonnets, partly published in 1592 under the title of *Diana*. Almost every writer of this time ventured on a sonnet or translation. Some settled down into dramatists, and as such will be noticed hereafter; others became best known as prose writers. Dr Drake calculates that there were about two hundred poets in the reign of Elizabeth! This is no exaggeration; but it is to the last decade of the century that we must look for its brightest names.

### *Sonnets by Thomas Watson.*

When May is in his prime, and youthful Spring
Doth clothe the tree with leaves and ground with flowers,
And time of year reviveth every thing,
And lovely Nature smiles and nothing lowers;
Then Philomela most doth strain her breast
With night-complaints, and sits in little rest.
This bird's estate I may compare with mine,
To whom fond Love doth work such wrongs by day,
That in the night my heart must needs repine,
And storm with sighs to ease me as I may;

---

* This is the portrait of a poor gallant of the days of Elizabeth. In St Paul's Cathedral, then an open public place, there was a tomb, erroneously supposed to be that of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, which was the resort of gentlemen upon town in that day who had occasion to look out for a dinner. When unsuccessful in getting an invitation, they were said to dine with Duke Humphrey.

† An allusion to the church-service to be heard near Duke Humphrey's tomb.

[1] Long, or low.

Whilst others are becalmed or lie them still,
Or sail secure with tide and wind at will.
And as all those which hear this bird complain,
Conceive in all her tunes a sweet delight,
Without remorse or pitying her pain;
So she, for whom I wail both day and night,
Doth sport herself in hearing my complaint;
A just reward for serving such a saint!

Time wasteth years, and months, and hours;
Time doth consume fame, honour, wit, and strength;
Time kills the greenest herbs and sweetest flowers;
Time wears out Youth and Beauty's looks at length;
Time doth convey to ground both foe and friend,
And each thing else but Love, which hath no end.
Time maketh every tree to die and rot;
Time turneth oft our pleasure into pain;
Time causeth wars and wrongs to be forgot;
Time clears the sky which first hung full of rain;
Time makes an end of all humane desire,
But only this which sets my heart on fire.
Time turneth into nought each princely state;
Time brings a flood from new-resolved snow;
Time calms the sea where tempest was of late;
Time eats whate'er the moon can see below:
And yet no time prevails in my behoof,
Nor any time can make me cease to love!

### NICHOLAS BRETON.

NICHOLAS BRETON (1558-1624) was a prolific and often happy writer, pastoral, satirical, and humorous. His *Works of a Young Wit* appeared in 1577; and a succession of small volumes proceeded from his pen; eight pieces with his name are in *England's Helicon*—a valuable poetical miscellany published in 1600, including contributions from Sidney, Spenser, Raleigh, Lodge, Marlowe, Watson, Greene, &c. Of Breton, little personally is known, but he is supposed to have been the son of a Captain Nicholas Breton of Tamworth, in Staffordshire, who had an estate at Norton, in Northamptonshire.

#### *A Pastoral.—From 'England's Helicon.'*

On a hill there grows a flower,
Fair befall the dainty sweet!
By that flower there is a bower,
Where the heavenly Muses meet.

In that bower there is a chair,
Fringed all about with gold,
Where doth sit the fairest fair
That ever eye did yet behold.

It is Phillis, fair and bright,
She that is the shepherds' joy,
She that Venus did despite,
And did blind her little boy.

Who would not this face admire?
Who would not this saint adore?
Who would not this sight desire,
Though he thought to see no more?

O fair eyes, yet let me see
One good look, and I am gone:
Look on me, for I am he,
The poor silly Corydon.

Thou that art the shepherds' queen,
Look upon thy silly swain;
By thy comfort have been seen
Dead men brought to life again.

#### *From 'Farewell to Town.'*

Thou gallant court, to thee, farewell!
For froward fortune me denies
Now longer near to thee to dwell.
I must go live, I wot not where,
Nor how to live when I come there.

And next, adieu, you gallant dames,
The chief of noble youth's delight!
Untoward fortune now so frames,
That I am banished from your sight,
And, in your stead, against my will,
I must go live with country Gill.

Now next, my gallant youths, farewell;
My lads that oft have cheered my heart!
My grief of mind no tongue can tell,
To think that I must from you part.
I now must leave you all, alas,
And live with some old lobcock ass!

And now, farewell, thou gallant lute,
With instruments of music's sounds!
Recorder, cittern, harp, and flute,
And heavenly descants on sweet grounds.
I now must leave you all, indeed,
And make some music on a reed!

And now, you stately stamping steeds,
And gallant geldings fair, adieu!
My heavy heart for sorrow bleeds,
To think that I must part with you;
And on a strawen pannel sit,
And ride some country carting tit!

And now, farewell, both spear and shield,
Caliver, pistol, arquebuss;
See, see, what sighs my heart doth yield,
To think that I must leave you thus;
And lay aside my rapier blade,
And take in hand a ditching spade!

And you, farewell, all gallant games,
*Primero* and *Imperial*,
Wherewith I used, with courtly dames,
To pass away the time withal:
I now must learn some country plays
For ale and cakes on holidays!

And now, farewell, each dainty dish,
With sundry sorts of sugared wine!
Farewell, I say, fine flesh and fish,
To please this dainty mouth of mine!
I now, alas, must leave all these,
And make good cheer with bread and cheese!

And now, all orders due, farewell!
My table laid when it was noon;
My heavy heart it irks to tell
My dainty dinners all are done:
With leeks and onions, whig and whey,
I must content me as I may.

And farewell all gay garments now,
With jewels rich, of rare device!
Like Robin Hood, I wot not how,
I must go range in woodman's wise;
Clad in a coat of green or gray,
And glad to get it if I may.

What shall I say, but bid adieu
To every dream of sweet delight.
In place where pleasure never grew,
In dungeon deep of foul despite,
I must, ah me! wretch as I may,
Go sing the song of wellaway!

## LODGE—BARNFIELD.

**THOMAS LODGE**, one of the most graceful and correct of the minor poets and imaginative writers of this period, appeared as an author in 1580. He then published a *Defence of Stage Plays in Three Divisions*, to which Stephen Gosson replied by a work quaintly styled *Plays Confuted in Five Actions*. Gosson speaks of Lodge as 'a vagrant person visited by the heavy hand of God.' Of the nature of this visitation we are not informed, but Lodge seems to have had a very varied life. He was of a respectable family in Lincolnshire, where he was born about 1556, and entered Trinity College, Oxford, as a servitor, under Sir Edward Hobby, in 1573. After leaving college, he is supposed to have been on the stage. But he afterwards joined in the expeditions of Captains Clarke and Cavendish, and wrote his *Rosalynde* to beguile the time during his voyage to the Canaries. He next appears as a law-student. In his *Glaucus and Scilla* (1589), *Catharos Diogenes* (1591), and *A Fig for Comus* (1595), he styles himself of Lincoln's Inn, Gent. His next work, *A Margarite of America* (1596), was written, he says, 'in those straits christened by Magellan, in which place to the southward, many wondrous isles, many strange fishes, *many monstrous Patagons*, withdrew my senses.' From the law, Lodge turned to physic. He studied medicine, Wood says, at Avignon, and he practised in London, being much patronised by Roman Catholic families, till his death by the plague in 1625. Lodge wrote several pastoral tales, sonnets, and light satires, besides two dramas; one of them in conjunction with Greene. His poetry is easy and polished, though abounding in conceits and gaudy ornament. His *Rosalynde: Euphues Golden Legacie*, contains passages of fine description and delicate sentiment, with copies of verses interspersed. From this romantic little tale Shakspeare took the incidents of his *As You Like It*, following Lodge with remarkable closeness. The great dramatist has been censured for some anachronisms in his exquisite comedy—such as introducing a lioness and palm-tree into his forest of Arden; but he merely copied Lodge, who has the lion, the myrrh-tree, the fig, the citron, and pomegranate. In these romantic and pastoral tales, consistency and credibility were utterly disregarded.

**RICHARD BARNFIELD** (born about 1570) resembled Lodge in the character of his writings and in the smoothness and elegance of his verse. He was also a graduate of Oxford. His works are —*Cynthia, with Certain Sonnets*, and the *Legend of Cassandra* (1595); the *Affectionate Shepherd*, &c. (1596); the *Encomium of Lady Pecunia* (1598), &c. But Barnfield is chiefly known from the circumstance, that some of his pieces were ascribed to Shakspeare, in a volume entitled '*The Passionate Pilgrim*, by W. Shakespeare' (1599). The use of Shakspeare's name was a trick of the bookseller. The small volume contains two of Shakspeare's Sonnets, some verses taken from his *Love's Labour's Lost* (published the year before), some pieces known to be by Marlowe and Raleigh, and others taken from Barnfield's *Encomium of Lady Pecunia*.

The following three extracts are from Lodge:

### *Beauty.*

Like to the clear in highest sphere,
Where all imperial glory shines,
Of self-same colour is her hair,
Whether unfolded or in twines:

Her eyes are sapphires set in snow,
Refining heaven by every wink;
The gods do fear, when as they glow,
And I do tremble when I think.

Her cheeks are like the blushing cloud
That beautifies Aurora's face;
Or like the silver crimson shroud
That Phœbus' smiling looks doth grace.

Her lips are like two budded roses,
Whom ranks of lilies neighbour nigh;
Within which bounds she balm incloses,
Apt to entice a deity.

Her neck like to a stately tower,
Where Love himself imprisoned lies,
To watch for glances, every hour,
From her divine and sacred eyes.

With orient pearl, with ruby red,
With marble white, with sapphire blue,
Her body everywhere is fed,
Yet soft in touch, and sweet in view.

Nature herself her shape admires;
The gods are wounded in her sight;
And Love forsakes his heavenly fires,
And at her eyes his brand doth light.

### *Rosalind's Madrigal.*

Love in my bosom, like a bee,
Doth suck his sweet;
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet.
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast;
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest:
Ah, wanton, will ye?

And if I sleep, then percheth he
With pretty flight,
And makes his pillow of my knee,
The livelong night.
Strike I my lute, he tunes the string;
He music plays if so I sing;
He lends me every lovely thing,
Yet cruel he my heart doth sting:
Whist, wanton, still ye.

Else I with roses every day
Will whip you hence,
And bind you, when you long to play,
For your offence;
I'll shut mine eyes to keep you in;
I'll make you fast it for your sin;
I'll count your power not worth a pin;
Alas! what hereby shall I win,
If he gainsay me?

What if I beat the wanton boy
With many a rod?
He will repay me with annoy,
Because a god.
Then sit thou safely on my knee,
And let thy bower my bosom be;
Lurk in mine eyes, I like of thee,
O Cupid! so thou pity me,
Spare not, but play thee.

### *Love.*

Turn I my looks unto the skies,
Love with his arrows wounds mine eyes;
If so I gaze upon the ground,
Love then in every flower is found;
Search I the shade to fly my pain,
Love meets me in the shade again;
Want I to walk in secret grove,
E'en there I meet with sacred love;
If so I bathe me in the spring,
E'en on the brink I hear him sing;
If so I meditate alone,
He will be partner of my moan;
If so I mourn, he weeps with me;
And where I am, there will he be!

The following two short poems—often printed as one—exhibit Barnfield's tone of sentiment and versification:

As it fell upon a day,
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade,
Which a grove of myrtles made;
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring;
Everything did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone;
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Leaned her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity.
'Fie, fie, fie,' now would she cry;
'Teru, teru,' by and by;
That, to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain;
For her griefs, so lively shewn,
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah!—thought I—thou mourn'st in vain;
None takes pity on thy pain:
Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee;
Ruthless bears, they will not cheer thee.
King Pandion, he is dead;
All thy friends are lapped in lead;
All thy fellow-birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing!

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Whilst as fickle Fortune smiled,
Thou and I were both beguiled.
Every one that flatters thee
Is no friend in misery.
Words are easy, like the wind;
Faithful friends are hard to find.
Every man will be thy friend
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;
But, if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call;
And with such-like flattering,
'Pity but he were a king.'
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice;
But if fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown!
They that fawned on him before
Use his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need;
If thou sorrow, he will weep;
If thou wake, he cannot sleep:
Thus, of every grief in heart,
He with thee doth bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

## MARLOWE—SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

The whole of the pieces in *The Passionate Pilgrim* were, as we have said, ascribed to Shakspeare. Among them was the fine poem, *The Passionate Shepherd to his Love*, with the answer, sometimes called *The Nymph's Reply*. The first is assigned to CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE, in the poetical miscellany, *England's Helicon;* and the second appears in the same volume with the signature of 'Ignoto,' used in other instances to intimate that the author was unknown. To one copy, however, the initials of Sir Walter Raleigh are attached; and we have the explicit statement of Izaak Walton in his *Complete Angler* (1653)—but written long before it was printed—that the pieces were really by Marlowe and Raleigh.

### *The Passionate Shepherd to his Love.—By Marlowe.*

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That valleys, groves, and hills and fields,
Woods or steepy mountains yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle:

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold:

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight, each May-morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

### *The Nymph's Reply.—By Raleigh.*

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But Time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold;
And Philomel becometh dumb,
The rest complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields;
A honey tongue—a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs;
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee, and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date, nor age no need,
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

Marlowe will merit a detailed notice among the dramatists, as inferior only in his own day to Shakspeare; but we may here mention his poem of *Hero and Leander*, founded on the classic story as given by Musæus, and first published in 1598. Marlowe completed the first and second *Sestyads* of this paraphrase, and they were reprinted with a continuation by Chapman in 1600. A few lines will shew his command of the heroic couplet:

It lies not in our power to love or hate,
For will in us is overruled by fate.
When two are stripped, long ere the race begin,
We wish that one should lose, the other win.
And one especially do we affect
Of two gold ingots, like in each respect.
The reason no man knows: let it suffice
What we behold is censured by our eyes:
Where both deliberate, the love is slight:
*Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight?*

In the brilliant constellation of great men which adorned the reigns of Elizabeth and James, one of the most distinguished of those who added eminence in literature to high talent for active business, was SIR WALTER RALEIGH, a man whose character will always make him occupy a prominent place in the history of his country. He was born in 1552, at Hayes Farm, in Devonshire, of an ancient family; and from his youth was distinguished by great intellectual acuteness, but still more by a restless and adventurous disposition. He became a soldier at the age of seventeen; fought for the Protestant cause in the civil wars of France and the Netherlands; and afterwards, in 1579, accompanied his half-brother, Sir Humphry Gilbert, on a voyage to Newfoundland. This expedition proved unfortunate, but by familiarising him with a maritime life, had probably much influence in leading him to engage in those subsequent expeditions by which he rendered himself famous. In 1580, he proceeded to Ireland with Arthur, Lord Grey of Wilton, the new lord-deputy. Raleigh held a captain's commission, and was employed in concert with Edward Denny, cousin of Lord Grey, to convey two hundred soldiers to Ireland to act against the rebels, for which service they received £200. In December 1581, we find him receiving £20 for carrying despatches from Lord Grey to the queen. This was probably the first occasion of his being introduced to the queen, and with the aid of a handsome person and winning address, he soon became a special favourite with Elizabeth. There is a story told of his gallantry and tact which, though it rests only on tradition, is characteristic. One day, when he was attending the queen on a walk, she came to a miry part of the road, and for a moment hesitated to proceed. Raleigh, perceiving this, instantly pulled off his rich plush cloak, and by spreading it before her feet, enabled her to pass on unsoiled! The energy and ability displayed by Raleigh in suppressing the rebellion of Desmond led to his receiving a grant of part of the forfeited property—12,000 acres, it is said, and he was appointed governor of Cork. In 1582, he was one of the courtiers whom Elizabeth sent to attend the Duke of Anjou back to the Netherlands, after refusing that nobleman her hand. In 1584, he again joined in an adventure for the discovery and settlement of unknown countries. For this purpose he received a patent from the crown, and in the introduction to this patent—dated 26th March 1584—he is styled Walter Raleigh, Knight; so that Elizabeth must previously have invested her favourite with the honour of knighthood. With the help of his friends, two ships were sent out in quest of gold-mines, to that part of North America now called Virginia. Raleigh himself was not with these vessels; the commodities brought home by which produced so good a return, that the owners were induced to fit out, for the next year, another fleet of seven ships, under the command of Raleigh's kinsman, Sir Richard Grenville. The attempt made on this occasion to colonise America proved an utter failure; and after a second trial, the enterprise was given up. This expedition is said to have been the means of introducing tobacco into England, and also of making known the potato, which was first cultivated on Raleigh's land in Ireland. On both points, however, accounts differ.

Meanwhile, the prosperity of Raleigh at the English court continued to increase. Elizabeth, by granting monopolies, and an additional Irish estate, conferred on him solid marks of her favour. In return for these benefits, he zealously and actively exerted himself for the defence of her majesty's dominions against the Spaniards. He was one of the council of war appointed to devise means for resisting the threatened invasion, and at Michaelmas 1587, he received £2000, to be employed in raising horse and foot in Devonshire and Cornwall. Having organised his forces in the west, Raleigh sailed in a vessel of his own to assist in repelling the threatened invaders, whose miserable and total discomfiture is well known. Next year, he accompanied a number of his countrymen who went to aid the expelled king of Portugal in an attempt to regain his kingdom from the Spaniards. Spenser, in a sonnet written in 1590, styles Raleigh 'the summer's nightingale;' and in this year, when revelling in court-favour, he obtained a gift of the rich manor of Sherborne, in Dorsetshire, which the dean and chapter of Salisbury were forced to relinquish. Next year, however, he fell into disgrace, in consequence of an intrigue with one of the maids of honour, a daughter of Sir Nicholas Throgmorton—whom he afterwards married—and Elizabeth sent both culprits to the Tower, where Raleigh was confined several months.

About this time he exerted himself to reduce to practice an idea thrown out by Montaigne, by setting up an 'office of address,' intended to serve the purposes now executed chiefly by literary and philosophical societies. The description of this scheme, given by Sir William Petty, affords a striking picture of the difficulties and obstacles which lay in the way of men of study and inquiry two centuries ago. It seems, says Sir William, 'to have been a plan by which the wants and desires of all learned men might be made known to each other, where they might know what is already done in the business of learning, what is at present in doing, and what is intended to be done; to the end that, by such a general communication of designs and mutual assistance, the wits and endeavours of the world may no longer be as so many scattered coals, which, having no union, are soon quenched, whereas, being but laid together, they would have yielded a comfortable light and heat. For the present condition of men is like a field where, a battle having been lately fought, we see many legs, arms, and organs of sense, lying here and there, which, for want of conjunction, and a soul to quicken and enliven them, are fit for nothing but to feed the ravens and infect the air; so we see many wits and ingenuities dispersed up and down the world, whereof some are now labouring to do what is already done, and puzzling themselves to reinvent what is already invented; others we see quite stuck fast in difficulties for default of a few directions, which some other man, might he be met withal, both could and would most easily give him. Again, one man requires a small sum of money to carry on some design that requires it, and there is perhaps another who has twice as much ready to bestow upon the same design; but these two having no means to hear the one of the other, the good work intended and desired by both parties does utterly perish and come to nothing.'

When visiting his Irish estates after his return from Portugal, Raleigh formed or renewed with Spenser an acquaintance which ripened into intimate friendship. He introduced the poet to Elizabeth, and otherwise benefited him by his patronage and encouragement; for which favour Spenser has acknowledged his obligation in his pastoral, entitled *Colin Clout's Come Home Again*, where Raleigh is celebrated under the title of the 'Shepherd of the Ocean;' and also in a letter to him, prefixed to the *Faery Queen*, explanatory of the plan and design of that poem. Released from the Tower, Sir Walter engaged in one of those predatory naval expeditions which, in Elizabeth's reign, were common against the enemies of England; a fleet of thirteen ships, besides two of her majesty's men-of-war, being intrusted to his command. This armament was destined to attack Panama, and intercept the Spanish plate-fleet, but, having been recalled by Elizabeth soon after sailing, came back with a single prize. So early as February 1594, Raleigh had contemplated a voyage to Guiana, and in 1595 he undertook, at his own expense, an expedition to this colony, concerning the riches of which many wonderful tales were then current. He accomplished nothing, however, beyond taking a formal possession of the country in the queen's name. After coming back to England, he published, in 1596, a work entitled *Discovery of the Large, Rich, and Beautiful Empire of Guiana*: this production Hume has very unjustly characterised as 'full of the grossest and most palpable lies that were ever attempted to be imposed on the credulity of mankind.' It would appear that he now regained the queen's favour, since we find him holding, in the same year, a command in the expedition against Cadiz, under the Earl of Essex and Lord Effingham. In the successful attack on that town, his bravery, as well as prudence, was very conspicuous. In 1597, he was rear-admiral in the expedition which sailed under Essex to intercept the Spanish West-India fleet; and by capturing Fayal, one of the Azores, before the arrival of the commander-in-chief, gave great offence to the earl, who considered himself robbed of the glory of the action. A temporary reconciliation was effected; but Raleigh afterwards heartily joined with Cecil in promoting the downfall of Essex, and was a spectator of his execution from a window in the Armoury. On the accession of James I. in March 1603, the prosperity of Raleigh came to an end, a dislike against him having previously been instilled by Cecil into the royal ear. Through the malignant scheming of the same hypocritical minister, he was accused of conspiring to dethrone the king, and place the crown on the head of Arabella Stuart; and likewise of attempting to excite sedition, and to establish popery by the aid of foreign powers. A trial for high treason ensued, and upon the paltriest evidence, he was condemned by a servile jury. Sir Edward Coke, who was then attorney-general, abused Raleigh on this occasion in violent and disgraceful terms, bestowing upon him such epithets as viper, damnable atheist, the most vile and execrable traitor that ever lived, monster, and spider of hell! Raleigh defended himself with such temper, eloquence, and strength of reasoning, that some even of his enemies were convinced of his innocence, and all parties were ashamed of the judgment pronounced. He was, however, reprieved; and instead of being executed, was committed to the Tower, in which he was confined for twelve years, during six of which his wife was permitted to bear him company. During his imprisonment, he wrote his *History of the World*, noticed in a subsequent page.

In the year 1615, Raleigh was liberated from the Tower, in consequence of having projected a second expedition to Guiana, from which the king hoped to derive some profit. His purpose was to colonise the country, and work gold-mines; and in 1617 a fleet of twelve armed vessels sailed under his command. The whole details of his intended proceedings, however, were weakly or treacherously communicated by the king to the Spanish government, by whom the scheme was miserably thwarted. Returning to England, he landed at Plymouth, and on his way to London was arrested in the king's name. At this time the projected match between Prince Charles and the Infanta of Spain occupied James's attention, and, to propitiate the Spanish government, he determined that Raleigh should be sacrificed. After many vain attempts to discover valid grounds of accusation against him, it was found necessary to proceed upon the old sentence, and Raleigh was accordingly beheaded on the 29th of October 1618. On the scaffold, his behaviour was firm and calm; after addressing the people in justification of his character and conduct, he took up the axe, and observed to the sheriff: 'This is a sharp medicine, but a sound cure for all diseases.' Having tried how the block fitted his head, he told the executioner that he would give the signal by lifting up his hand; 'and then,' added he, 'fear not, but strike home!' He then laid himself down, but was requested by the executioner to alter the position of his head. 'So the heart be right,' was his reply, 'it is no matter which way the head lies.' On the signal being given, the executioner failed to act with promptitude, which caused Raleigh to exclaim: 'Why dost thou not strike? Strike, man!' By two strokes, received without shrinking, the head of this fearless and noble Englishman was severed from his body.

The night before his execution, he composed the following verses in prospect of death:

Even such is Time, that takes on trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days:
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust. W. R.

While in prison in expectation of death, either on this or the former occasion, he wrote also a tender and affectionate valedictory letter to his wife, of which the following is a portion:

You shall receive, my dear wife, my last words in these my last lines; my love I send you, that you may keep when I am dead, and my counsel, that you may remember it when I am no more. I would not with my will present you sorrows, dear Bess; let them go to the grave with me, and be buried in the dust. And seeing that it is not the will of God that I shall see you any more, bear my destruction patiently, and with a heart like yourself.

First, I send you all the thanks which my heart can conceive, or my words express, for your many travails and cares for me, which, though they have not taken effect as you wished, yet my debt to you is not the less; but pay it I never shall in this world.

Secondly, I beseech you, for the love you bear me living, that you do not hide yourself many days, but by your travails seek to help my miserable fortunes, and the right of your poor child; your mourning cannot avail me, that am but dust. . . .

Remember your poor child for his father's sake, who loved you in his happiest estate. I sued for my life, but, God knows, it was for you and yours that I desired it: for know it, my dear wife, your child is the child of a true man, who, in his own respect, despiseth death, and his mis-shapen and ugly forms. I cannot write much—God knows how hardly I steal this time when all sleep—and it is also time for me to separate my thoughts from the world. Beg my dead body, which living was denied you, and either lay it in Sherborne or Exeter Church, by my father and mother. I can say no more; time and death calleth me away. The everlasting God, powerful, infinite, and inscrutable God Almighty, who is goodness itself, the true light and life, keep you and yours, and have mercy upon me, and forgive my persecutors and false accusers, and send us to meet in His glorious kingdom. My dear wife, farewell; bless my boy, pray for me, and let my true God hold you both in His arms.

Raleigh's short poems are excellent. He was more a man of action, of roving and adventurous spirit, than of poetic contemplation; but he had a daring and brilliant imagination, with a Shakspearian energy of thought and condensed felicity of expression. His long imprisonment had also turned his mind inward on itself, and tamed the wild fire of his erratic hopes and ambition. Spenser's allusions to his friend's poetical genius are well known, and Raleigh repaid the compliment by his beautiful sonnet on the *Faery Queen.* One lost poem of Raleigh's, *Cynthia*, is only known through Spenser's mention of it.

### *Passions are likened best to Floods and Streams.*

There is no doubt that these beautiful verses are by Raleigh; but in the Ashmole Manuscript, where the poem is signed 'Lo: Walden,' instead of Lo. Warden (Raleigh being Lord Warden of the Stannaries), Ritson entered the name of Lord Walden, afterwards Earl of Suffolk, as the author. Raleigh's claim is supported by numerous independent testimonies.

Passions are likened best to floods and streams;
The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb;

So, when affections yield discourse, it seems
The bottom is but shallow whence they come.
They that are rich in words, in words discover,
That they are poor in that which makes a lover.

Wrong not, sweet empress of my heart,
The merit of true passion,
With thinking that he feels no smart,
That sues for no compassion;

Since if my plaints serve not t' approve
The conquest of thy beauty,
It comes not from excess of love,
But from excess of duty:

For knowing that I sue to serve
A saint of such perfection,
As all desire, but none deserve,
A place in her affection.

I rather choose to want relief,
Than venture the revealing—
Where glory recommends the grief,
Despair distrusts the healing.

Thus those desires that aim too high
For any mortal lover,
When reason cannot make them die,
Discretion doth them cover.

Yet when discretion doth bereave
The plaints that they should utter,
Then thy discretion may perceive
That silence is a suitor.

Silence in love bewrays more woe
Than words though ne'er so witty;
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
May challenge double pity.

Then wrong not, dearest to my heart!
My true, though secret passion;
He smarteth most that hides his smart,
And sues for no compassion.

### *A Vision upon this Conceit of the Faery Queen.*

Prefixed to the *Faery Queen*, 1590.

Methought I saw the grave where Laura lay,
Within that temple where the vestal flame
Was wont to burn; and passing by that way,
To see that buried dust of living fame,
Whose tomb fair Love and fairer Virtue kept,
All suddenly I saw the Faery Queen,
At whose approach the soul of Petrarch wept;
And from thenceforth those graces were not seen,
For they this Queen attended: in whose stead
Oblivion laid him down on Laura's hearse:
Hereat the hardest stones were seen to bleed,
And groans of buried ghosts the heavens did pierce,
Where Homer's sprite did tremble all for grief,
And cursed th' access of that celestial thief.

### *Lines prefixed to Sir A. Gorges's Translation of Lucan.**

Had Lucan hid the truth to please the time,
He had been too unworthy of thy pen,
Who never sought nor ever cared to climb
By flattery or seeking worthless men.

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* This translation was published in 1614, but probably executed many years before. Sir Arthur Gorges wrote some original poetical pieces. He was a friend of Spenser, and the *Daphnaida* of the latter was written on the death of Gorges's wife, a lady of the Howard family. The above two sonnets by Raleigh are remarkably like the sonnets of Milton. They have the same high feeling, stately march, and cadence. Milton must have studied them.

For this thou hast been bruised; but yet those scars
Do beautify no less than those wounds do
Received in just and in religious wars;
Though thou hast bled by both, and bear'st them too.
Change not! to change thy fortune is too late;
Who, with a manly faith, resolves to die,
May promise to himself a lasting state,
Though not so great, yet free from infamy.
Such was thy Lucan, whom so to translate,
Nature, thy muse, like Lucan's, did create.

### *The Pilgrimage.*

Supposed to be written by Raleigh in 1603, in the interval between his condemnation and his respite. He was kept in suspense for at least three weeks after his trial in 1603.

Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon;
My scrip of joy, immortal diet;
My bottle of salvation;
My gown of glory, hope's true gauge,
And thus I 'll take my pilgrimage!
Blood must be my body's balmer,
No other balm will there be given;
Whilst my soul, like quiet palmer,
Travelleth towards the land of Heaven;
Over the silver mountains
Where spring the nectar fountains:
There will I kiss the bowl of bliss,
And drink mine everlasting fill
Upon every milken hill.
My soul will be a-dry before;
But after, it will thirst no more.
Then by that happy blissful day,
More peaceful pilgrims I shall see,
That have cast off their rags of clay,
And walk apparelled fresh like me.
I 'll take them first to quench their thirst,
And taste of nectar's suckets
At those clear wells where sweetness dwells
Drawn up by saints in crystal buckets.
And when our bottles and all we
Are filled with immortality,
Then the blest paths we 'll travel,
Strewed with rubies thick as gravel—
Ceilings of diamonds, sapphire floors,
High walls of coral, and pearly bowers.
From thence to Heaven's bribeless hall,
Where no corrupted voices brawl;
No conscience molten into gold,
No forged accuser, bought or sold,
No cause deferred, no vain-spent journey,
For there Christ is the King's Attorney;
Who pleads for all without degrees,
And he hath angels, but no fees;
And when the grand twelve million jury
Of our sins, with direful fury,
'Gainst our souls black verdicts give,
Christ pleads his death, and then we live.
Be thou my speaker, taintless pleader,
Unblotted lawyer, true proceeder!
Thou giv'st salvation even for alms—
Not with a bribed lawyer's palms.
And this is mine eternal plea
To Him that made heaven, earth, and sea,
That since my flesh must die so soon,
And want a head to dine next noon,
Just at the stroke when my veins start and spread,
Set on my soul an everlasting head!
Then am I, like a palmer, fit
To tread those blest paths which before I writ.
Of death and judgment, heaven and hell,
Who oft doth think, must needs die well.

One of the finest of Raleigh's poems is one never included in his works, an epitaph on Sir Philip Sidney, appended to Spenser's *Astrophel*, and published without signature. There is proof enough that Raleigh wrote the poem. It consists of sixty lines, but we can only give the first three verses. The elegiac nature of the poem, and the form of the versification, remind us of Mr Tennyson's *In Memoriam*.

### *On Sir Philip Sidney.*

To praise thy life, or wail thy worthy death,
And want thy wit—thy wit high, pure, divine—
Is far beyond the power of mortal line,
Nor any one hath worth that draweth breath.

Yet rich in zeal, though poor in learning's lore,
And friendly care obscured in secret breast,
And love that envy in thy life suppressed,
Thy dear life done, and death, hath doubled more.

And I, that in thy time and living state,
Did only praise thy virtues in my thought,
As one that seeled the rising sun hath sought,
With words and tears now wail thy timeless fate.

### *The Lie.*

This 'bold and spirited poem,' as Campbell has justly termed it, is traced in manuscript to 1593. It first appeared in print in *Davison's Poetical Rhapsody*, second edition, 1608. It has been assigned to various authors, but on Raleigh's side there is good evidence besides the internal testimony, which appears to us irresistible. Two answers to it, written in Raleigh's lifetime, ascribe it to him; and two manuscript copies of the period of Elizabeth bear the title of *Sir Walter Rawleigh his Lie*.

Go, soul, the body's guest,
Upon a thankless arrant;[1]
Fear not to touch the best,
The truth shall be thy warrant:
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie.

Go, tell the court it glows,
And shines like rotten wood;
Go, tell the church it shews
What 's good, and doth no good.
If church and court reply,
Then give them both the lie.

Tell potentates, they live
Acting by others' action,
Not loved unless they give,
Not strong but by a faction.
If potentates reply,
Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition
That rule affairs of state,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practice only hate.
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,
They beg for more by spending,
Who, in their greatest cost,
Seek nothing but commending.
And if they make reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell zeal it lacks devotion,
Tell love it is but lust,
Tell time it is but motion,
Tell flesh it is but dust;
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.

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[1] Errand. *Arrant* and *errant* were then common forms of the word.

Tell age it daily wasteth,
Tell honour how it alters,
Tell beauty how she blasteth,
Tell favour how it falters.
And as they shall reply,
Give every one the lie.

Tell wit how much it wrangles
In tickle points of niceness;
Tell wisdom she entangles
Herself in over-wiseness.
And when they do reply,
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell physic of her boldness,
Tell skill it is pretension,
Tell charity of coldness,
Tell law it is contention.
And as they do reply,
So give them still the lie.

Tell fortune of her blindness,
Tell nature of decay,
Tell friendship of unkindness,
Tell justice of delay.
And if they will reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell arts they have no soundness,
But vary by esteeming;
Tell schools they want profoundness,
And stand too much on seeming.
If arts and schools reply,
Give arts and schools the lie.

Tell faith it's fled the city,
Tell how the country erreth,
Tell manhood shakes off pity,
Tell virtue least preferreth.
And if they do reply,
Spare not to give the lie.

So when thou hast, as I
Commanded thee, done blabbing;
Although to give the lie
Deserves no less than stabbing;
Yet stab at thee who will,
No stab the soul can kill.

The editor of the *Poetical Rhapsody*—in which so much of the fugitive poetry of the age appeared—was FRANCIS DAVISON (1575–1618), the eldest son of the unfortunate Secretary Davison. He was himself a poet of no mean order, though he wrote only short copies of verses, and those in his youth; and he made a translation of the *Psalms*, certainly more poetical than the version of Sternhold and Hopkins.

### JOSHUA SYLVESTER.

JOSHUA SYLVESTER (1563–1618) was author of several poetical works now forgotten (*Poems*, two parts, 1614–20), but is well known as the translator of the *Divine Weeks and Works* of the French poet Dubartas, which was highly popular, and earned for the translator among his contemporaries the epithet, 'silver-tongued Sylvester.' Spenser, Bishop Hall, Izaak Walton, and others, praise it, and Milton has copied some of its choice expressions. One critic (Dunster) has even said that Sylvester's Dubartas contains the *prima stamina* of *Paradise Lost;* but this is much too unqualified a statement. We subjoin one short specimen:

*Satan's Temptation of Eve.*

As a false lover, that thick snares hath laid
To entrap the honour of a fair young maid,
When she (though little) listening ear affords
To his sweet courting, deep-affected words,
Feels some assuaging of his freezing flame,
And soothes himself with hope to gain his game;
And rapt with joy, upon this point persists,
That parleying city never long resists:
Even so the Serpent, that doth counterfeit
A guileful call to allure us to his net,
Perceiving Eve his flattering gloze digest,
He prosecutes; and, jocund, doth not rest,
Till he have tried foot, hand, and head, and all
Upon the breach of this new-battered wall.

'No, Fair!' quoth he, 'believe not that the care
God hath, mankind from spoiling Death to spare,
Makes him forbid you, on so strict condition,
This purest, fairest, rarest fruit's fruition.
A double fear, an envy, and a hate,
His jealous heart for ever cruciate;
Sith the suspected virtue of this tree
Shall soon disperse the cloud of idiocy
Which dims your eyes; and, further, make you seem
Excelling us—even equal gods to him.
O world's rare glory! reach thy happy hand;
Reach, reach, I say; why dost thou stop or stand?
Begin thy bliss, and do not fear the threat
Of an uncertain God-head, only great
Through self-awed zeal: put on the glistering pall
Of immortality! Do not forestall,
As envious step-dame, thy posterity
The sovereign honour of divinity.'

The compound epithets of Sylvester are sometimes happy and picturesque. Campbell cites the following as containing a beautiful expression:

*Morning.*

Arise betimes, while the opal-coloured morn,
In golden pomp, doth May-day's door adorn.

On the other hand, some of his images are in ludicrously bad taste. Dryden says when he was a boy he was rapt into ecstasy with these lines:

Now, when the Winter's keener breath began
To crystallise the Baltic Ocean;
To glaze the lakes, to bridle up the floods,
And periwig with wool the bald-pate woods.

Two favourable specimens may be added:

*The Sun.*

All hail, pure lamp, bright, sacred, and excelling;
Sorrow and care, darkness and dread, repelling;
Thou world's great taper, wicked men's just terror,
Mother of truth, true beauty's only mirror,
God's eldest daughter: oh, how thou art full
Of grace and goodness! Oh, how beautiful!

*Plurality of Worlds.*

I not believe that the great Architect
With all these fires the heavenly arches decked
Only for show, and with these glistering shields
To amaze poor shepherds watching in the fields;
I not believe that the least flower which pranks
Our garden borders, or our common banks,
And the least stone that in her warming lap
Our mother earth doth covetously wrap,
Hath some peculiar virtue of its own,
And that the glorious stars of heaven have none.

Sylvester's translation of Dubartas appeared in 1598. Some of his original pieces have quaint titles, such as were then affected by many authors; for example: *Lachrymæ Lachrymarum, or the Spirit of Teares distilled for the ontymely Death of the incomparable Prince Panaretus* (Henry, son of King James I.), 1612; *Tobacco Battered and the Pipes Shattered about their Eares, that idely Idolize so base and barbarous a Weed, or at least overlove so loathsome a Vanity, by a Volley of Holy Shot thundered from Mount Helicon*, 1615.

## BEN JONSON.

In 1616, **Ben Jonson** collected the plays he had then written, adding at the same time a book of epigrams and a number of poems, which he entitled *The Forest* and *The Underwood*. The whole were comprised in one folio volume, which Jonson dignified with the title of his *Works*, a circumstance which exposed him to the ridicule of some of his contemporaries.[*] There is much delicacy of fancy, fine feeling, and sentiment in some of Jonson's lyrical and descriptive effusions. He grafted a classic grace and musical expression on parts of his masks and interludes, which could hardly have been expected from his massive and ponderous hand. In some of his songs he equals Carew and Herrick in picturesque images, and in portraying the fascinations of love. A taste for nature is strongly displayed in his fine lines on Penshurst, that ancient seat of the Sidneys. It has been justly remarked by one of his critics, that Jonson's dramas 'do not lead us to value highly enough his admirable taste and feeling in poetry; and when we consider how many other intellectual excellences distinguished him—wit, observation, judgment, memory, learning—we must acknowledge that the inscription on his tomb, "O rare Ben Jonson!" is not more pithy than it is true.'

### *To Celia.—From 'The Forest.'*

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when, it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

### *The Sweet Neglect.—From 'The Silent Woman.'*

Still to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast;
Still to be powdered, still perfumed:
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.
Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free;
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all th' adulteries of art:
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

### *Hymn to Diana.—From 'Cynthia's Revels.'*

Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep;
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep.
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess excellently bright!

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear when day did close;
Bless us, then, with wished sight,
Goddess excellently bright!

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy crystal shining quiver:
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever;
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddess excellently bright!

### *To Night.—From 'The Vision of Delight.'*

Break, Phantasy, from thy cave of cloud,
And spread thy purple wings;
Now all thy figures are allowed,
And various shapes of things;
Create of airy forms a stream;
It must have blood, and nought of phlegm;
And though it be a waking dream,
Yet, let it like an odour rise
To all the senses here,
And fall like sleep upon their eyes,
Or music in their ear.

### *Song.—From 'The Forest.'*

Oh, do not wanton with those eyes,
Lest I be sick with seeing;
Nor cast them down, but let them rise,
Lest shame destroy their being.

Oh, be not angry with those fires,
For then their threats will kill me;
Nor look too kind on my desires,
For then my hopes will spill me.

Oh, do not steep them in thy tears,
For so will sorrow slay me;
Nor spread them as distraught with fears;
Mine own enough betray me.

### *Good Life, Long Life.*

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be,
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear.
A lily of a day
Is fairer far, in May,
Although it fall and die that night,
It was the plant and flower of light!
In small proportions we just beauties see:
And in short measures life may perfect be.

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[*] An epigram addressed to him on the subject is as follows:

Pray tell us, Ben, where does the mystery lurk?
What others call a *play*, you call a *work*.

On behalf of Jonson an answer was returned, which seems to glance at the labour which Jonson bestowed on all his productions:

The author's friend thus for the author says—
Ben's plays are works, while others' works are plays.

### *Epitaph on the Countess of Pembroke.*

Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
Death! ere thou hast slain another,
Learned, and fair, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

### *Epitaph on Elizabeth, L. H.*

Wouldst thou hear what man can say
In a little?—reader, stay.

Underneath this stone doth lie
As much beauty as could die;
Which in life did harbour give
To more virtue than doth live.

If at all she had a fault,
Leave it buried in this vault.
One name was Elizabeth;
The other, let it sleep with death:
Fitter where it died to tell,
Than that it lived at all. Farewell!

### *On My First Daughter.*

Here lies, to each her parents' ruth,
Mary, the daughter of their youth:
Yet all Heaven's gifts being Heaven's due,
It makes the father less to rue.
At six months' end, she parted hence
With safety of her innocence;
Whose soul Heaven's queen—whose name she bears—
In comfort of her mother's tears,
Hath placed among her virgin train:
Where, while that severed doth remain,
This grave partakes the fleshly birth,
Which, cover lightly, gentle earth.

### *To Penshurst.*[*]

Thou art not, Penshurst, built to envious show
Of touch or marble; nor canst boast a row
Of polished pillars or a roof of gold:
Thou hast no lantern, whereof tales are told;
Or stair, or courts; but stand'st an ancient pile,
And these grudged at are reverenced the while.
Thou joy'st in better marks of soil and air,
Of wood, of water; therein thou art fair.
Thou hast thy walks for health as well as sport;
Thy mount to which the Dryads do resort,
Where Pan and Bacchus their high feasts have made
Beneath the broad beech, and the chestnut shade;
That taller tree which of a nut was set
At his great birth where all the Muses met.
There, in the writhed bark, are cut the names
Of many a silvan token with his flames.
And thence the ruddy Satyrs oft provoke
The lighter Fauns to reach thy Ladies' Oak.
Thy copse, too, named of Gamage, thou hast here,
That never fails, to serve thee, seasoned deer,
When thou wouldst feast or exercise thy friends.
The lower land that to the river bends,
Thy sheep, thy bullocks, kine, and calves do feed:
The middle ground thy mares and horses breed.
Each bank doth yield thee conies, and the tops
Fertile of wood. Ashore, and Sidney's copse,
To crown thy open table, doth provide
The purpled pheasant, with the speckled side:
The painted partridge lies in every field,
And, for thy mess, is willing to be killed.
And if the high-swoln Medway fail thy dish,
Thou hast thy ponds that pay thee tribute fish,
Fat, aged carps that run into thy net,
And pikes, now weary their own kind to eat,
As loath the second draught or cast to stay,
Officiously, at first, themselves betray.
Bright eels that emulate them, and leap on land,
Before the fisher, or into his hand.
Thou hast thy orchard fruit, thy garden flowers,
Fresh as the air, and new as are the hours.
The early cherry with the later plum,
Fig, grape, and quince, each in his time doth come:
The blushing apricot and woolly peach
Hang on thy walls that every child may reach.
And though thy walls be of the country stone,
They 're reared with no man's ruin, no man's groan;
There's none that dwell about them wish them down;
But all come in, the farmer and the clown,
And no one empty handed, to salute
Thy lord and lady, though they have no suit.
Some bring a capon, some a rural cake,
Some nuts, some apples; some that think they make
The better cheeses, bring them, or else send
By their ripe daughters, whom they would commend
This way to husbands; and whose baskets bear
An emblem of themselves, in plum or pear.
But what can this—more than express their love—
Add to thy free provisions, far above
The need of such? whose liberal board doth flow
With all that hospitality doth know! . . .
Now, Penshurst, they that will proportion thee
With other edifices, when they see
Those proud ambitious heaps, and nothing else,
May say their lords have built, but thy lord dwells.

### *To the Memory of my beloved, the Author, Mr William Shakspeare, and what he hath left us.*

To draw no envy, Shakspeare, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame;
While I confess thy writings to be such
As neither man nor Muse can praise too much.
'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise;
For seeliest ignorance on these would light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right:
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
The truth, but gropes, and urges all by chance;
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
And think to ruin, where it seemed to raise. . . .
But thou art proof against them, and, indeed,
Above the ill fortune of them, or the need.
I therefore will begin: Soul of the age!
The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage!
My Shakspeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further off, to make thee room:
Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses,
I mean with great but disproportioned Muses:
For if I thought my judgment were of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,
Or sporting Kyd or Marlowe's mighty line.
And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,
From thence to honour thee I will not seek

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[*] Penshurst is situated in Kent, near Tunbridge, in a wide and rich valley. The gray walls and turrets of the old mansion, its high peaked and red roofs, and the new buildings of fresh stone, mingled with the ancient fabric, present a very striking and venerable aspect. It is a fitting abode for the noble Sidneys. The park contains trees of enormous growth, and others to which past events and characters have given an everlasting interest; as Sir Philip Sidney's Oak, Saccharissa's Walk, Gamage's Bower, &c. The ancient massy oak-tables remain; and from Jonson's description of the hospitality of the family, they must often have 'groaned with the weight of the feast.' Mr William Howitt has given an interesting account of Penshurst in his *Visits to Remarkable Places*, 1840.

For names; but call forth thund'ring Æschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
To live again, to hear thy buskin tread,
And shake a stage: or when thy socks were on,
Leave thee alone for the comparison
Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to shew,
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time!
And all the Muses still were in their prime,
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury, to charm!
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines!
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
But antiquated and deserted lie,
As they were not of nature's family.
Yet must I not give nature all; thy art,
My gentle Shakspeare, must enjoy a part.
For though the poet's matter nature be,
His art doth give the fashion; and, that he
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat—
Such as thine are—and strike the second heat
Upon the Muses' anvil; turn the same,
And himself with it, that he thinks to frame;
Or for the laurel, he may gain a scorn;
For a good poet's made as well as born.
And such wert thou! Look how the father's face
Lives in his issue, even so the race
Of Shakspeare's mind and manners brightly shines
In his well-turned and true-filed lines:
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
As brandished at the eyes of ignorance.
Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were
To see thee in our waters yet appear,
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames
That so did take Eliza and our James!
But stay; I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanced, and made a constellation there!
Shine forth, thou Star of Poets, and, with rage
Or influence, chide or cheer the drooping stage,
Which since thy flight from hence hath mourned like night,
And despairs day, but for thy volume's light!

### *On the Portrait of Shakspeare.*

Opposite the frontispiece to the first edition of his works, 1623.

This figure that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakspeare cut,
Wherein the graver had a strife
With nature, to outdo the life:
O could he but have drawn his wit,
As well in brass, as he hath hit
His face, the print would then surpass
All that was ever writ in brass:
But since he cannot, reader, look
Not on his picture, but his book.[*]

## SIR JOHN BEAUMONT.

Sir John Beaumont (1582–1628) was the elder brother of the celebrated dramatist. Enjoying the family estate of Grace Dieu, in Leicestershire, Sir John dedicated part of his leisure hours to the service of the Muses. He wrote a poem on Bosworth Field in the heroic couplet, which, though generally cold and unimpassioned, exhibits correct and forcible versification. As a specimen, we subjoin Richard's address to his troops on the eve of the decisive battle:

My fellow-soldiers! though your swords
Are sharp, and need not whetting by my words,
Yet call to mind the many glorious days
In which we treasured up immortal praise.
If, when I served, I ever fled from foe,
Fly ye from mine—let me be punished so!
But if my father, when at first he tried
How all his sons could shining blades abide,
Found me an eagle whose undazzled eyes
Affront the beams that from the steel arise;
And if I now in action teach the same,
Know, then, ye have but changed your general's name.
Be still yourselves! Ye fight against the dross
Of those who oft have run from you with loss.
How many Somersets (dissension's brands)
Have felt the force of our revengeful hands?
From whom this youth, as from a princely flood,
Derives his best but not untainted blood.
Have our assaults made Lancaster to droop?
And shall this Welshman with his ragged troop,
Subdue the Norman and the Saxon line,
That only Merlin may be thought divine?
See what a guide these fugitives have chose!
Who, bred among the French, our ancient foes,
Forgets the English language, and the ground,
And knows not what our drums and trumpets sound!

Sir John Beaumont wrote the heroic couplet with great ease and correctness. In a poem to the memory of Ferdinando Pulton, Esq. are the following excellent verses:

Why should vain sorrow follow him with tears,
Who shakes off burdens of declining years?
Whose thread exceeds the usual bounds of life,
And feels no stroke of any fatal knife?
The destinies enjoin their wheels to run,
Until the length of his whole course be spun.
No envious clouds obscure his struggling light,
Which sets contented at the point of night:
Yet this large time no greater profit brings,
Than every little moment whence it springs;
Unless employed in works deserving praise,
Must wear out many years and live few days.
Time flows from instants, and of these each one
Should be esteemed as if it were alone.
The shortest space, which we so lightly prize
When it is coming, and before our eyes,
Let it but slide into the eternal main,
No realms, no worlds, can purchase it again:
Remembrance only makes the footsteps last,
When winged time, which fixed the prints, is past.

## FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

Francis Beaumont (1586–1616), whose name is most conspicuous as a dramatist, in union with that of Fletcher, wrote a small number of miscellaneous pieces, which his brother published after his death. Some of these youthful effusions are witty and amusing; others possess a lyrical sweetness; and a few are grave and moralising. The most celebrated is the letter to Ben Jonson, which was originally published at the end of the play *Nice Valour*, with the following title: 'Mr Francis Beaumont's Letter to Ben Jonson, written before he and Master Fletcher came to London, with two of the precedent Comedies then not finished, which deferred their merry-meetings at the Mermaid.' Notwithstanding the admiration of Beaumont for 'Rare Ben,' he copied Shakspeare in the style of his dramas. Fletcher, however, was still more Shakspearian than his associate. Hazlitt says finely of the premature death of Beaumont and his more poetical friend: 'The bees were said to have come and built their hive in the mouth of Plato when a child; and the fable might be transferred to the sweeter accents of Beaumont and Fletcher. Beaumont died at the age of five-and-twenty [thirty]. One of these writers makes Bellario, the page, say to Philaster, who threatens to take his life:

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[*] This attestation of Ben Jonson to the first engraved portrait of Shakspeare, seems to prove its fidelity as a likeness. The portrait corresponds with the monumental effigy at Stratford, but both represent a heavy and somewhat inelegant figure. There is, however, a placid good-humour in the expression of the features, and much sweetness in the mouth and lips. The upper part of the head is bald, and the lofty forehead is conspicuous in both, as in the Chandos and other pictures. The general resemblance we have no doubt is correct, but considerable allowance must be made for the defective state of English art at this period.

'Tis not a life,
'Tis but a piece of childhood thrown away.

But here was youth, genius, aspiring hope, growing reputation, cut off like a flower in its summer pride, or like "the lily on its stalk green," which makes us repine at fortune, and almost at nature, that seem to set so little store by their greatest favourites. The life of poets is, or ought to be—judging of it from the light it lends to ours—a golden dream, full of brightness and sweetness, lapt in Elysium; and it gives one a reluctant pang to see the splendid vision, by which they are attended in their path of glory, fade like a vapour, and their sacred heads laid low in ashes, before the sand of common mortals has run out. Fletcher, too, was prematurely cut off by the plague.'*

### *From Letter to Ben Jonson.*

The sun—which doth the greatest comfort bring
To absent friends, because the self-same thing
They know, they see, however absent—is
Here, our best haymaker—forgive me this;
It is our country's style—in this warm shine
I lie, and dream of your full Mermaid wine.
Oh, we have water mixed with claret lees,
Drink apt to bring in drier heresies
Than beer, good only for the sonnet's strain,
With fustian metaphors to stuff the brain,
So mixed, that, given to the thirstiest one,
'Twill not prove alms, unless he have the stone.
I think, with one draught man's invention fades:
Two cups had quite spoiled Homer's Iliades.
'Tis liquor that will find out Sutcliff's wit,
Lie where he will, and make him write worse yet;
Filled with such moisture in most grievous qualms,
Did Robert Wisdom write his singing psalms;
And so must I do this: And yet I think
It is a potion sent us down to drink,
By special Providence, keeps us from fights,
Makes us not laugh when we make legs to knights.
'Tis this that keeps our minds fit for our states,
A medicine to obey our magistrates:
For we do live more free than you; no hate,
No envy at one another's happy state,
Moves us; we are all equal: every whit
Of land that God gives men here is their wit,
If we consider fully; for our best
And gravest men will with their main house-jest
Scarce please you; we want subtilty to do
The city tricks, lie, hate, and flatter too.
Here are none that can bear a painted show,
Strike when you wink, and then lament the blow;
Who, like mills, set the right way for to grind,
Can make their gains alike with every wind;
Only some fellows with the subtlest pate,
Amongst us, may perchance equivocate
At selling of a horse, and that 's the most.
Methinks the little wit I had is lost
Since I saw you; for wit is like a rest
Held up at tennis, which men do the best,
With the best gamesters. What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtile flame,
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life: then when there had been thrown
Wit able enough to justify the town
For three days past; wit that might warrant be
For the whole city to talk foolishly
Till that were cancelled; and when that was gone,
We left an air behind us, which alone
Was able to make the two next companies
Right witty; though but downright fools, mere wise.

### *On the Tombs in Westminster.*

Mortality, behold and fear;
What a change of flesh is here!
Think how many royal bones
Sleep within this heap of stones!
Here they lie, had realms and lands,
Who now want strength to stir their hands;
Where, from their pulpits sealed with dust,
They preach, 'In greatness is no trust!'
Here 's an acre sown indeed
With the richest, royalest seed,
That the earth did e'er suck in
Since the first man died for sin.
Here the bones of birth have cried,
'Though gods they were, as men they died.'
Here are wands, ignoble things,
Dropt from the ruined sides of kings.
Here 's a world of pomp and state
Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

### *An Epitaph.*

Here she lies, whose spotless fame
Invites a stone to learn her name:
The rigid Spartan that denied
An epitaph to all that died,
Unless for war, in charity
Would here vouchsafe an elegy.
She died a wife, but yet her mind,
Beyond virginity refined,
From lawless fire remained as free
As now from heat her ashes be.
Keep well this pawn, thou marble chest;
Till it be called for, let it rest;
For while this jewel here is set,
The grave is like a cabinet.

## SIR HENRY WOTTON.

Sir Henry Wotton—less famed as a poet than as a political character in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I.—was born at Bocton Hall, the seat of his ancestors, in Kent, in 1568. After receiving his education at Winchester and Oxford, and travelling for some years on the continent, he attached himself to the service of the Earl of Essex, the favourite of Elizabeth, but had the sagacity to foresee the fate of that nobleman, and to elude its consequences by withdrawing in time from the kingdom. Having afterwards gained the friendship of King James, by communicating the secret of a conspiracy formed against him, while yet only king of Scotland, he was employed by that monarch, when he ascended the English throne, as ambassador to Venice. A versatile and lively mind qualified Sir Henry in an eminent degree for this situation, of the duties of which we have his own idea in the well-known punning expression, in which he defines an ambassador to be 'an honest gentleman sent to *lie* abroad for the good of his country.' He ultimately took orders, to qualify himself to be provost of Eton College, in which situation he died in 1639, in the seventy-second year of his age. While resident abroad, he embodied the result of his inquiries into political affairs in a work called *The State of Christendom; or a most Exact and Curious Discovery of many Secret Passages and Hidden Mysteries of the Times.* This, however, was not printed till after his death. In 1624, while provost of Eton, he published *Elements of Architecture*, then the best work on that subject. His writings were published in 1651, under the title of *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ;* and a memoir of his very curious life has been published by Izaak Walton. The latest editor of Wotton's poems (Mr Hannah) states that none of Sir Henry's pieces have been traced to an earlier date than 1602, but when very young, he wrote a tragedy, called *Tancredo.* He was a scholar and patron of men of letters rather than an author, and his enthusiastic praise of Milton's *Comus*—a copy of which the poet had sent to him—reflects credit on his taste. Not less characteristic is his advice to Milton, when he went to Italy, to 'keep his thoughts close, and his countenance loose;' an axiom which Sir Henry had learned from an old courtier, but which Milton was of all men the least likely to put in practice. Sir Henry appears to have been an easy, amiable man, an angler, and an 'undervaluer of money,' as Walton—who boasts of having fished and conversed with him—relates. His poems are marked by a fine vein of feeling and happy expression.

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* *Lectures on the Age of Elizabeth.*

### *The Character of a Happy Life* (1614).

How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame, or private breath:

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Or vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good:

Who hath his life from rumours freed;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great:

Who God doth late and early pray,
More of His grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend:

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

### *To his Mistress, the Queen of Bohemia* (1620).

You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light,
You common people of the skies,
What are you, when the moon shall rise?

You curious chanters of the wood,
That warble forth Dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your passions understood
By your weak accents! what's your praise
When Philomel her voice shall raise?

You violets that first appear,
By your pure purple mantles known,
Like the proud virgins of the year,
As if the spring were all your own!
What are you, when the rose is blown?

So, when my mistress shall be seen
In form and beauty of her mind;
By virtue first, then choice, a Queen!
Tell me, if she were not designed
Th' eclipse and glory of her kind?

## LORD BROOKE.

FULKE GREVILLE, LORD BROOKE (1554-1628), was a thoughtful, sententious author both in prose and verse, though nearly all his productions were unpublished till after his death. He lived in the reigns of Elizabeth, James, and Charles I. In the government of Elizabeth he was Treasurer of Marine Causes; and in that of James, Chancellor of the Exchequer and a Privy-councillor. He was raised to the peerage by King James in the year 1620. Lord Brooke was in 1628 stabbed to death by an old servant, who had found he was not mentioned in his master's will; the man, struck with remorse, then slew himself. Lord Brooke's tomb may still be seen in the church at Warwick, with the emphatic inscription written by himself: 'Fulke Greville, servant to Queen Elizabeth, counsellor to King James, friend to Sir Philip Sidney.' The poems of Lord Brooke consist of *Treatises on Monarchy, Religion, and Humane Learning*, two tragedies, 110 sonnets, &c. He also wrote a *Life of Sir Philip Sidney*, with whom, he said, he had lived and known from a child, 'yet never knew him other than a man.' The whole works of Lord Brooke have been collected, edited, and printed in four volumes (1871) by the Rev. A. B. Grosart. A few stanzas from the *Treatise on Monarchy* will shew the grave style of the noble author's verse:

### *The Prehistoric Age.*

There was a time, before the times of Story,
When nature reigned instead of laws or arts,
And mortal gods with men made up the glory
Of one republic by united hearts.
Earth was the common seat, their conversation
In saving love, and ours in adoration.

For in those golden days, with Nature's chains
Both king and people seemed conjoined in one;
Both nursed alike with mutual feeding veins,
Transcendency of either side unknown;
Princes with men using no other arts
But by good dealing to obtain good hearts.

Power then maintained itself even by those arts
By which it grew—as justice, labour, love;
Reservèd sweetness did itself impart
Even unto slaves, yet kept itself above,
And by a meek descending to the least,
Envyless swayed and governed all the rest.

Order there equal was; Time courts ordained
To hear, to judge, to execute, and make
Few and good rules, for all griefs that complained;
Such care did princes of their people take
Before this art of power alloyed the truth;
So glorious of man's greatness is the youth!

What wonder was it, then, if those thrones found
Thanks as exorbitant as was their merit?
Wit to give highest tributes being bound,
And wound up by a princely ruling spirit,
To worship them for their gods after death,
Who in their life exceeded human faith.

### PHINEAS AND GILES FLETCHER.

These brother-poets were sons of Dr Giles Fletcher, and cousins of Fletcher the dramatist; both were clergymen, whose lives afforded but little variety of incident. Phineas was born in 1584, educated at Eton and Cambridge, and became rector of Hilgay in Norfolk, where he died in 1650. Giles was younger than his brother; the date of his birth has not been ascertained, but is supposed to have been about 1588. He was rector of Alderton in Suffolk, where he died in 1623.

The works of PHINEAS FLETCHER consist of the *Purple Island, or the Isle of Man*, *Piscatory Eclogues*, and miscellaneous poems. The *Purple Island* was published in 1633, but written much earlier, as appears from some allusions in it to the Earl of Essex. The name of the poem conjures up images of poetical and romantic beauty, such as we may suppose a youthful admirer and follower of Spenser to have drawn. A perusal of the work, however, dispels this allusion. The *Purple Island* of Fletcher is no sunny spot 'amid the melancholy main,' but is an elaborate and anatomical description of the body and mind of man. He begins with the veins, arteries, bones, and muscles of the human frame, picturing them as hills, dales, streams, and rivers, and describing with great minuteness their different meanderings, elevations, and appearances. It is admitted that the poet was well skilled in anatomy, and the first part of his work is a sort of lecture fitted for the dissecting-room. Having in five cantos exhausted his physical phenomena, Fletcher proceeds to describe the complex nature and operations of the mind. Intellect is the prince of the Isle of Man, and he is furnished with eight counsellors—Fancy, Memory, the Common Sense, and five external senses. The human fortress, thus garrisoned, is assailed by the Vices, and a fierce contest ensues for the possession of the human soul. At length an angel interposes, and insures victory to the Virtues—the angel being King James I., on whom the poet condescended to heap this fulsome adulation. From this sketch of Fletcher's poem, it will be apparent that its worth must rest, not upon plot, but upon isolated passages and particular descriptions. Some of his stanzas have all the easy flow and mellifluous sweetness of Spenser's *Faery Queen;* but others are marred by affectation and quaintness, and by the tediousness inseparable from long-protracted allegory. His fancy was luxuriant, and, if better disciplined by taste and judgment, might have rivalled the softer scenes of Spenser.

GILES FLETCHER published only one poetical production of any length—a sacred poem, entitled *Christ's Victory and Triumph*. It appeared at Cambridge in 1610, and met with such indifferent success, that a second edition was not called for till twenty years afterwards. There is a massive grandeur and earnestness about *Christ's Victory* which strikes the imagination. The materials of the poem are better *fused* together, and more harmoniously linked in connection, than those of the *Purple Island*. 'Both of these brothers,' says Hallam, 'are deserving of much praise; they were endowed with minds eminently poetical, and not inferior in imagination to any of their contemporaries. But an injudicious taste, and an excessive fondness for a style which the public was rapidly abandoning, that of allegorical personification, prevented their powers from being effectively displayed.' According to Campbell: 'They were both the disciples of Spenser, and, with his diction gently modernised, retained much of his melody and luxuriant expression. Giles, inferior as he is to Spenser and Milton, might be figured, in his happiest moments, as a link of connection in our poetry between these congenial spirits, for he reminds us of both, and evidently gave hints to the latter in a poem on the same subject with *Paradise Regained*.' These hints are indeed very plain and obvious. The appearance of Satan as an aged sire 'slowly footing' in the silent wilderness, the temptation of our Saviour in the 'goodly garden,' and in the Bower of Vain Delight, are outlines which Milton adopted and filled up in his second epic, with a classic grace and force of style unknown to the Fletchers. To the latter, however, belong the merit of original invention, copiousness of fancy, melodious numbers, and language at times rich, ornate, and highly poetical. If Spenser had not previously written his Bower of Bliss, Giles Fletcher's Bower of Vain Delight would have been unequalled in the poetry of that day; but probably, like his master, Spenser, he copied from Tasso.

#### *Decay of Human Greatness.*

From the *Purple Island*.

Fond man, that looks on earth for happiness,
And here long seeks what here is never found!
For all our good we hold from Heaven by lease,
With many forfeits and conditions bound;
Nor can we pay the fine, and rentage due:
Though now but writ, and sealed, and given anew,
Yet daily we it break, then daily must renew.

Why shouldst thou here look for perpetual good,
At every loss 'gainst Heaven's face repining?
Do but behold where glorious cities stood,
With gilded tops and silver turrets shining;
There now the hart, fearless of greyhound, feeds,
And loving pelican in fancy breeds;
There screeching satyrs fill the people's empty stedes.[1]

Where is the Assyrian lion's golden hide,
That all the east once grasped in lordly paw?
Where that great Persian bear, whose swelling pride
The lion's self tore out with ravenous jaw?

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[1] Places.

Or he which, 'twixt a lion and a pard,
Through all the world with nimble pinions fared,
And to his greedy whelps his conquered kingdoms shared.

Hardly the place of such antiquity,
Or note of these great monarchies we find:
Only a fading verbal memory,
And empty name in writ is left behind:
But when this second life and glory fades,
And sinks at length in time's obscurer shades,
A second fall succeeds, and double death invades.

That monstrous beast, which, nursed in Tiber's fen,
Did all the world with hideous shape affray;
That filled with costly spoil his gaping den,
And trod down all the rest to dust and clay:
His battering horns, pulled out by civil hands
And iron teeth, lie scattered on the sands;
Backed, bridled by a monk, with seven heads yoked stands.

And that black vulture[1] which with deathful wing
O'ershadows half the earth, whose dismal sight
Frightened the Muses from their native spring,
Already stoops, and flags with weary flight:
Who then shall look for happiness beneath?
Where each new day proclaims chance, change, and death,
And life itself 's as flit as is the air we breathe.

### *Description of Parthenia, or Chastity.*

With her, her sister went, a warlike maid,
Parthenia, all in steel and gilded arms;
In needle's stead, a mighty spear she swayed,
With which, in bloody fields and fierce alarms,
The boldest champion she down would bear,
And like a thunderbolt wide passage tear,
Flinging all to the earth with her enchanted spear.

Her goodly armour seemed a garden green,
Where thousand spotless lilies freshly blew;
And on her shield the lone bird might be seen,
Th' Arabian bird, shining in colours new;
Itself unto itself was only mate;
Ever the same, but new in newer date:
And underneath was writ, 'Such is chaste single state.'

Thus hid in arms she seemed a goodly knight,
And fit for any warlike exercise:
But when she list lay down her armour bright,
And back resume her peaceful maiden's guise,
The fairest maid she was, that ever yet
Prisoned her locks within a golden net,
Or let them waving hang, with roses fair beset.

Choice nymph! the crown of chaste Diana's train,
Thou beauty's lily, set in heavenly earth;
Thy fairs, unpatterned, all perfection stain:
Sure Heaven with curious pencil at thy birth
In thy rare face her own full picture drew:
It is a strong verse here to write, but true,
Hyperboles in others are but half thy due.

Upon her forehead Love his trophies fits,
A thousand spoils in silver arch displaying:
And in the midst himself full proudly sits,
Himself in awful majesty arraying:
Upon her brows lies his bent ebon bow,
And ready shafts; deadly those weapons shew;
Yet sweet the death appeared, lovely that deadly blow. . . .

A bed of lilies flower upon her cheek,
And in the midst was set a circling rose;
Whose sweet aspéct would force Narcissus seek
New liveries, and fresher colours choose
To deck his beauteous head in snowy 'tire;
But all in vain: for who can hope t' aspire
To such a fair, which none attain, but all admire?

Her ruby lips lock up from gazing sight
A troop of pearls, which march in goodly row:
But when she deigns those precious bones undight,
Soon heavenly notes from those divisions flow,
And with rare music charm the ravished ears,
Daunting bold thoughts, but cheering modest fears:
The spheres so only sing, so only charm the spheres.

Yet all these stars which deck this beauteous sky
By force of th' inward sun both shine and move;
Throned in her heart sits love's high majesty;
In highest majesty the highest love.
As when a taper shines in glassy frame,
The sparkling crystal burns in glittering flame,
So does that brightest love brighten this lovely dame.

### *The Sorceress of Vain Delight.*

From *Christ's Victory and Triumph.* By Giles Fletcher.

The garden like a lady fair was cut,
That lay as if she slumbered in delight,
And to the open skies her eyes did shut;
The azure fields of Heaven were 'sembled right
In a large round, set with the flowers of light:
The flowers-de-luce, and the round sparks of dew
That hung upon their azure leaves, did shew
Like twinkling stars, that sparkle in the evening blue.

Upon a hilly bank her head she cast,
On which the bower of Vain Delight was built.
White and red roses for her face were placed,
And for her tresses marigolds were spilt:
Them broadly she displayed, like flaming gilt,
Till in the ocean the glad day was drowned:
Then up again her yellow locks she wound,
And with green fillets in their pretty cauls them bound.

What should I here depaint her lily hand,
Her veins of violets, her ermine breast,
Which there in orient colours living stand:
Or how her gown with silken leaves is dressed,
Or how her watchman, armed with boughy crest,
A wall of prim hid in his bushes bears
Shaking at every wind their leafy spears,
While she supinely sleeps, nor to be waked fears.

Over the hedge depends the graping elm,
Whose greener head, empurpuled in wine,
Seemed to wonder at his bloody helm,
And half suspect the bunches of the vine,
Lest they, perhaps, his wit should undermine;
For well he knew such fruit he never bore:
But her weak arms embraced him the more,
And she with ruby grapes laughed at her paramour....

The roof thick clouds did paint, from which three boys,
Three gaping mermaids with their ewers did feed,
Whose breasts let fall the stream, with sleepy noise,
To lions' mouths, from whence it leaped with speed,
And in the rosy laver seemed to bleed;
The naked boys unto the water's fall
Their stony nightingales had taught to call,
When Zephyr breathed into their watery interall.

And all about, embayed in soft sleep,
A herd of charmed beasts aground were spread,
Which the fair witch in golden chains did keep,
And them in willing bondage fettered:

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[1] The Turk.

Once men they lived, but now the men were dead,
And turned to beasts; so fabled Homer old,
That Circe with her potion, charmed in gold,
Used manly souls in beastly bodies to immould.

Through this false Eden, to his leman's bower—
Whom thousand souls devoutly idolise—
Our first destroyer led our Saviour;
There in the lower room, in solemn wise,
They danced a round, and poured their sacrifice
To plump Lyæus, and among the rest,
The jolly priest, in ivy garlands drest,
Chanted wild orgials, in honour of the feast. . . .

High over all, Panglorie's blazing throne,
In her bright turret, all of crystal wrought,
Like Phœbus' lamp, in midst of heaven, shone:
Whose starry top, with pride infernal fraught,
Self-arching columns to uphold were taught,
In which her image still reflected was
By the smooth crystal, that, most like her glass,
In beauty and in frailty did all others pass.

A silver wand the sorceress did sway,
And, for a crown of gold, her hair she wore;
Only a garland of rose-buds did play
About her locks, and in her hand she bore
A hollow globe of glass, that long before
She full of emptiness had bladdered,
And all the world therein depictured:
Whose colours, like the rainbow, ever vanished.

Such watery orbicles young boys do blow
Out from their soapy shells, and much admire
The swimming world, which tenderly they row
With easy breath till it be raised higher;
But if they chance but roughly once aspire,
The painted bubble instantly doth fall.
Here when she came she 'gan for music call,
And sung this wooing song to welcome him withal:

'Love is the blossom where there blows
Everything that lives or grows:
Love doth make the heavens to move,
And the sun doth burn in love;
Love the strong and weak doth yoke,
And makes the ivy climb the oak;
Under whose shadows lions wild,
Softened by love, grow tame and mild:
Love no medicine can appease;
He burns the fishes in the seas;
Not all the skill his wounds can stench,
Not all the sea his fire can quench:
Love did make the bloody spear
Once a leafy coat to wear,
While in his leaves there shrouded lay
Sweet birds, for love, that sing and play:
And of all love's joyful flame
I the bud and blossom am.
Only bend thy knee to me,
Thy wooing shall thy winning be.

'See, see! the flowers that below
Now as fresh as morning blow,
And of all the virgin rose,
That as bright Aurora shews:
How they all unleaved lie
Losing their virginity;
Like unto a summer shade,
But now born and now they fade.
Everything doth pass away;
There is danger in delay;
Come, come, gather then the rose;
Gather it, or it you lose.
All the sands of Tagus' shore
Into my bosom casts his ore:
All the valleys' swimming corn
To my house is yearly borne;
Every grape of every vine
Is gladly bruised to make me wine;
While ten thousand kings as proud
To carry up my train have bowed,
And a world of ladies send me
In my chambers to attend me;
All the stars in heaven that shine,
And ten thousand more, are mine:
Only bend thy knee to me,
Thy wooing shall thy winning be.'

Thus sought the dire enchantress in his mind
Her guileful bait to have embosomed:
But he her charms dispersed into wind,
And her of insolence admonished,
And all her optic glasses shattered.
So with her sire to hell she took her flight—
The starting air flew from the damned sprite—
Where deeply both aggrieved plunged themselves in night.

But to their Lord, now musing in his thought,
A heavenly volley of light angels flew,
And from his Father him a banquet brought
Through the fine element, for well they knew,
After his Lenten fast, he hungry grew:
And as he fed, the holy choirs combine
To sing a hymn of the celestial Trine;
All thought to pass, and each was past all thought divine.

The birds' sweet notes, to sonnet out their joys,
Attempered to the lays angelical;
And to the birds the winds attune their noise;
And to the winds the waters hoarsely call,
And echo back again revoiced all;
That the whole valley rung with victory.
But now our Lord to rest doth homewards fly:
See how the night comes stealing from the mountains high.

## WILLIAM BROWNE.

WILLIAM BROWNE (1590–1645) was a pastoral and descriptive poet, who, like Phineas and Giles Fletcher, adopted Spenser for his model. He was a native of Tavistock, in Devonshire, and the beautiful scenery of his native county seems to have inspired his early strains. His descriptions are vivid and true to nature. Browne was tutor to the Earl of Carnarvon, and on the death of the latter at the battle of Newbury in 1643, he received the patronage and lived in the family of the Earl of Pembroke. In this situation he realised a competency, and according to Wood, purchased an estate. He died at Ottery-St-Mary (the birthplace of Coleridge) in 1645. Browne's works consist of *Britannia's Pastorals*, the first part of which was published in 1613, the second part in 1616. He wrote also a pastoral poem of inferior merit, entitled *The Shepherd's Pipe*. In 1620, a masque by Browne was produced at court, called *The Inner Temple Masque;* but it was not printed till a hundred and twenty years after the author's death, transcribed from a manuscript in the Bodleian Library. As all the poems of Browne were produced before he was thirty years of age, and the best when he was little more than twenty, we need not be surprised at their containing marks of juvenility, and frequent traces of resemblance to previous poets, especially Spenser, whom he warmly admired. His pastorals obtained the approbation of Selden, Drayton, Wither, and Ben Jonson. *Britannia's Pastorals* are written in the heroic couplet, and contain much beautiful descriptive poetry. Browne had great facility of expression, and an intimate acquaintance with the phenomena of inanimate nature, and the characteristic features of the English landscape. Why he has failed in maintaining his ground among his contemporaries, must be attributed to the want of vigour and condensation in his works, and the almost total absence of human interest. His shepherds and shepherdesses have nearly as little character as the 'silly sheep' they tend; whilst pure description, that 'takes the place of sense,' can never permanently interest any large number of readers. So completely had some of the poems of Browne vanished from the public view and recollection, that, had it not been for a single copy of them possessed by the Rev. Thomas Warton, and which that poetical student and antiquary lent to be transcribed, it is supposed there would have remained little of those works which their author fondly hoped would

Keep his name enrolled past his that shines
In gilded marble, or in brazen leaves.

Warton cites the following lines of Browne, as containing an assemblage of the same images as the morning picture in the *L'Allegro* of Milton:

By this had chanticleer, the village cock,
Bidden the goodwife for her maids to knock;
And the swart ploughman for his breakfast stayed,
That he might till those lands were fallow laid;
The hills and valleys here and there resound
With the re-echoes of the deep-mouthed hound;
Each shepherd's daughter with her cleanly pail
Was come a-field to milk the morning's meal;
And ere the sun had climbed the eastern hills,
To gild the muttering bourns and pretty rills,
Before the labouring bee had left the hive,
And nimble fishes, which in rivers dive,
Began to leap and catch the drowned fly,
I rose from rest, not infelicity.

Browne celebrated the death of a friend under the name of Philarete in a pastoral poem; and Milton is supposed to have copied his plan in *Lycidas*. There is also a faint similarity in some of the sentiments and images. Browne has a very fine illustration of a rose:

Look, as a sweet rose fairly budding forth
  Betrays her beauties to th' enamoured morn,
Until some keen blast from the envious north
  Kills the sweet bud that was but newly born;
    Or else her rarest smells, delighting,
      Make herself betray
    Some white and curious hand, inviting
      To pluck her thence away.

### *A Descriptive Sketch.*

O what a rapture have I gotten now!
That age of gold, this of the lovely brow,
Have drawn me from my song! I onward run—
Clean from the end to which I first begun—
But ye, the heavenly creatures of the West,
In whom the virtues and the graces rest,
Pardon! that I have run astray so long,
And grow so tedious in so rude a song.
If you yourselves should come to add one grace
Unto a pleasant grove or such-like place,
Where, here, the curious cutting of a hedge,
There in a pond, the trimming of the sedge;
Here the fine setting of well-shaded trees,
The walks there mounting up by small degrees,
The gravel and the green so equal lie,
It, with the rest, draws on your lingering eye:
Here the sweet smells that do perfume the air,
Arising from the infinite repair
Of odoriferous buds and herbs of price—
As if it were another paradise—
So please the smelling sense, that you are fain
Where last you walked to turn and walk again.
There the small birds with their harmonious notes
Sing to a spring that smileth as she floats:
For in her face a many dimples shew,
And often skips as it did dancing go:
Here further down an overarched alley
That from a hill goes winding in a valley,
You spy at end thereof a standing lake,
Where some ingenious artist strives to make
The water—brought in turning pipes of lead
Through birds of earth most lively fashioned—
To counterfeit and mock the silvans all
In singing well their own set madrigal.
This with no small delight retains your ear,
And makes you think none blest but who live there.
Then in another place the fruits that be
In gallant clusters decking each good tree
Invite your hand to crop them from the stem,
And liking one, taste every sort of them:
Then to the arbours walk, then to the bowers,
Thence to the walks again, thence to the flowers,
Then to the birds, and to the clear spring thence,
Now pleasing one, and then another sense:
Here one walks oft, and yet anew begin'th,
As if it were some hidden labyrinth.

### *Evening.*

As in an evening, when the gentle air
Breathes to the sullen night a soft repair,
I oft have sat on Thames' sweet bank, to hear
My friend with his sweet touch to charm mine ear:
When he hath played—as well he can—some strain,
That likes me, straight I ask the same again,
And he, as gladly granting, strikes it o'er
With some sweet relish was forgot before:
I would have been content if he would play,
In that one strain, to pass the night away;
But, fearing much to do his patience wrong,
Unwillingly have asked some other song:
So, in this diff'ring key, though I could well
A many hours, but as few minutes tell,
Yet, lest mine own delight might injure you—
Though loath so soon—I take my song anew.

### *Night.*

The sable mantle of the silent night
Shut from the world the ever-joysome light,
Care fled away, and softest slumbers please
To leave the court for lowly cottages.
Wild beasts forsook their dens on woody hills,
And sleightful otters left the purling rills;
Rooks to their nests in high woods now were flung,
And with their spread wings shield their naked young.
When thieves from thickets to the cross-ways stir,
And terror frights the lonely passenger;
When nought was heard but now and then the howl
Of some vile cur, or whooping of the owl.

### *The Syrens' Song.*

From *The Inner Temple Masque.*

Steer hither, steer your winged pines,
  All beaten mariners;
Here lie Love's undiscovered mines
  A prey to passengers;

Perfumes far sweeter than the best
Which make the phœnix urn and nest;
  Fear not your ships,
Nor any to oppose you save our lips;
  But come on shore,
Where no joy dies till Love hath gotten more.

For swelling waves, our panting breasts,
  Where never storms arise,
Exchange; and be awhile our guests;
  For stars, gaze on our eyes.
The compass, Love shall hourly sing,
And as he goes about the ring,
  We will not miss
To tell each point he nameth with a kiss.

So recently as 1852, a third part of *Britannia's Pastorals* was first printed, from the original manuscript, preserved in the library of Salisbury Cathedral. Though imperfect, this continuation is in some passages fully equal to the earlier portions. The following (in the original spelling) is part of a description of Psyche:

Her cheekes the wonder of what eye beheld
  Begott betwixt a lilly and a rose,
In gentle rising plaines devinely swelled,
  Where all the graces and the loves repose.
Nature in this peece all her workes excelled,
  Yet shewd her selfe imperfect in the close,
For she forgott (when she soe faire did rayse her)
To give the world a witt might duely prayse her.

When that she spoake, as at a voice from heaven
  On her sweet words all eares and hearts attended;
When that she sung, they thought the planetts seaven
  By her sweet voice might well their tunes have mended;
When she did sighe, all were of joye bereaven;
  And when she smyld, heaven had them all befriended.
If that her voice, sighes, smiles, soe many thrilled,
O, had she kissed, how many had she killed!

Her slender fingers (neate and worthy made
  To be the servants to soe much perfection)
Joyned to a palme whose touch woulde streight invade
  And bring a sturdy heart to lowe subjection.
Her slender wrists two diamond braceletts lade,
  Made richer by soe sweet a soules election.
O happy braceletts! but more happy he
To whom those armes shall as a bracelett be!

A complete edition of Browne's works was published in 1868 by W. C. Hazlitt.

## SCOTTISH POETS.

### ALEXANDER SCOTT.

While Sidney, Spenser, Marlowe, and other poets were illustrating the reign of Elizabeth, the muses were not wholly neglected in Scotland. There was, however, so little intercourse between the two nations, that the works of the English bards seem to have been comparatively unknown in the north, and to have had no Scottish imitators. The country was then in a rude and barbarous state, tyrannised over by the nobles, and torn by feuds and dissensions. In England, the Reformation had proceeded from the throne, and was accomplished with little violence or disorder. In Scotland, it uprooted the whole form of society, and was marked by fierce contentions and wild turbulence. The absorbing influence of this ecclesiastical struggle was unfavourable to the cultivation of poetry. It shed a gloomy spirit over the nation, and almost proscribed the study of romantic literature. The drama, which in England was the nurse of so many fine thoughts, so much stirring passion, and beautiful imagery, was shunned as a leprosy, fatal to religion and morality. The very songs in Scotland partook of this religious character; and so widely was the polemical spirit diffused, that ALEXANDER SCOTT, in his *New-year Gift to the Queen*, in 1562, says:

That limmer lads and little lasses, lo,
Will argue baith with bishop, priest, and friar.

Scott wrote several short satires, and some miscellaneous poems, the prevailing amatory character of which has caused him to be called the *Scottish Anacreon*, though there are many points wanting to complete his resemblance to the Teian bard. As specimens of his talents, the following two pieces are presented:

*Rondel of Love.*

  Lo, what it is to luve,
  Learn ye that list to pruve,
By me, I say, that no ways may
  The grund of greif remuve,
But still decay, both nicht and day;
  Lo, what it is to luve!

  Luve is ane fervent fire,
  Kendillit without desire,
Short plesour, lang displesour;
  Repentance is the hire;
Ane pure tressour, without messour;
  Luve is ane fervent fire.

  To luve and to be wise,
  To rege with gude adwise;
Now thus, now than, so goes the game,
  Incertain is the dice;
There is no man, I say, that can
  Both luve and to be wise.

  Flee alwayis from the snare;
  Learn at me to beware;
It is ane pain and dowble train
  Of endless wo and care;
For to refrain that denger plain,
  Flee always from the snare.

*To his Heart.*

Hence, heart, with her that must depart,
  And hald thee with thy soverain,
For I had liefer want ane heart,
  Nor have the heart that does me pain;
  Therefore, go with thy luve remain,
And let me live thus unmolest;
  See that thou come not back again,
But bide with her thou luvis best.

Sen she that I have servit lang,
  Is to depart so suddenly,
Address thee now, for thou sall gang
  And beir thy lady company.
  Fra she be gone, heartless am I;
For why? thou art with her possest.
  Therefore, my heart, go hence in hy,
And bide with her thou luvis best.

Though this belappit body here
  Be bound to servitude and thrall,
My faithful heart is free inteir,
  And mind to serve my lady at all.
  Wald God that I were perigall[1]
Under that redolent rose to rest!
  Yet at the least, my heart, thou sall
Abide with her thou luvis best.

Sen in your garth[2] the lily whyte
  May not remain amang the lave,
Adieu the flower of haill delyte;
  Adieu the succour that may me save;
  Adieu the fragrant balmie suaif,[3]
And lamp of ladies lustiest!
  My faithfull heart she sall it have,
To bide with her it luvis best.

Deplore, ye ladies clear of hue,
  Her absence, sen she must depart;
And specially ye luvers true,
  That wounded be with luvis dart;
  For ye sall want you of ane heart
As weil as I, therefore, at last,
  Do go with mine, with mind inwart,
And bide with her thou luvis best.

## SIR RICHARD MAITLAND.

Sir Richard Maitland of Lethington (1496–1586), father of the Secretary Lethington of Scottish history, relieved the duties of his situation as a judge and statesman, in advanced life, by composing some moral and conversational pieces, and collecting, into the well-known manuscript which bears his name, the best productions of his contemporaries. These literary avocations were chiefly pursued in his elegant retirement at Lethington, East Lothian, where a daughter acted as amanuensis to the aged poet. His familiar style reminds us of that of Lyndsay.

### *Satire on the Town Ladies.*

Some wifis of the borowstoun
Sae wonder vain are, and wantoun,
In warld they wait not[4] what to weir:
On claithis they ware[5] mony a croun;
And all for newfangleness of geir.[6]

And of fine silk their furrit clokis,
With hingan sleeves, like geil pokis;
Nae preaching will gar them forbeir
To weir all thing that sin provokis;
And all for newfangleness of geir.

Their wilicoats maun weel be hewit,
Broudred richt braid, with pasments sewit.
I trow wha wald the matter speir,
That their gudemen had cause to rue it,
That evir their wifis wore sic geir.

Their woven hose of silk are shawin,
Barrit aboon with taisels drawin;
With gartens of ane new maneir,
To gar their courtliness be knawin;
And all for newfangleness of geir.

Sometime they will beir up their gown,
To shaw their wilicoat hingan down;
And sometime baith they will upbeir,
To shaw their hose of black or brown;
And all for newfangleness of geir.

Their collars, carcats, and hause beidis![1]
With velvet hat heigh on their heidis,
Cordit with gold like ane younkeir,
Braidit about with golden threidis;
And all for newfangleness of geir.

Their shoon of velvet, and their muilis![2]
In kirk they are not content of stuilis,
The sermon when they sit to heir,
But carries cusheons like vain fulis;
And all for newfangleness of geir.

And some will spend mair, I hear say,
In spice and drugis in ane day,
Nor wald their mothers in ane yeir;
Whilk will gar mony pack decay,
When they sae vainly waste their geir.

Leave, burgess men, or all be lost,
On your wifis to mak sic cost,
Whilk may gar all your bairnis bleir.[3]
She that may not want wine and roast,
Is able for to waste some geir.

Between them and nobles of blude,
Nae difference but ane velvet hude!
Their camrock curchies are as deir,
Their other claithis are as gude,
And they as costly in other geir.

Of burgess wifis though I speak plain,
Some landwart ladies are as vain,
As by their claithing may appeir,
Wearing gayer nor them may gain,
On ower vain claithis wasting geir.

## ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY.

Alexander Montgomery was known as a poet in 1568; but his principal work, *The Cherry and the Slae*, was not published before 1597. *The Cherry and the Slae* is an allegorical poem, representing virtue and vice. The allegory is poorly managed; but some of Montgomery's descriptions are lively and vigorous; and the style of verse adopted in this poem was afterwards copied by Burns. Divested of some of the antique spelling, parts of the poem seem as modern, and as smoothly versified, as the Scottish poetry of a century and a half later.

The cushat crouds, the corbie cries,
The cuckoo couks, the prattling pyes
  To geck there they begin;
The jargon of the jangling jays,
The craiking craws and keckling kays,
  They deave't me with their din.
The painted pawn with Argus eyes
  Can on his May-cock call;
The turtle wails on withered trees,
  And Echo answers all,
    Repeating, with greeting,
      How fair Narcissus fell,
    By lying and spying
      His shadow in the well.

I saw the hurcheon and the hare
In hidlings hirpling here and there,*
  To make their morning mange.
The con, the cuning, and the cat,
Whose dainty downs with dew were wat,
  With stiff mustachios strange.

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[1] Competent; had it in my power.
[2] Garden.
[3] Embrace.
[4] Wot or know not.
[5] Spend.
[6] Attire.

[1] Beads for the throat.
[2] Slippers without quarters, then worn by persons of rank.
[3] Cry till their eyes become red.
* Burns, in describing the opening scene of his *Holy Fair*, has:

The hares were hirpling down the furs.

The hart, the hind, the dae, the rae,
The foumart and false fox;
The bearded buck clamb up the brae
With birsy bairs and brocks;
Some feeding, some dreading
The hunter's subtle snares,
With skipping and tripping,
They played them all in pairs.

The air was sober, saft, and sweet,
Nae misty vapours, wind, nor weet,
But quiet, calm, and clear,
To foster Flora's fragrant flowers,
Whereon Apollo's paramours
Had trinkled mony a tear;
The which like silver shakers shined,
Embroidering Beauty's bed,
Wherewith their heavy heads declined
In May's colours clad.
Some knoping, some dropping
Of balmy liquor sweet,
Excelling and smelling
Through Phœbus' wholesome heat.

### ALEXANDER HUME.

Alexander Hume, who died, minister of Logie, in 1609, published a volume of *Hymns or Sacred Songs* in the year 1599. He was of the Humes of Polwarth, and, previous to turning clergyman, had studied the law, and frequented the court; but in his latter years, he was a stern and even gloomy Puritan. The most finished of his productions is a description of a summer's day, which he calls the *Day Estival*. The various objects of external nature, characteristic of a Scottish landscape, are painted with truth and clearness, and a calm devotional feeling is spread over the poem. It opens as follows:

O perfect light, which shed away
The darkness from the light,
And set a ruler o'er the day,
Another o'er the night;

Thy glory, when the day forth flies,
More vively does appear,
Nor at mid-day unto our eyes
The shining sun is clear.

The shadow of the earth anon
Removes and drawis by,
Syne in the east, when it is gone,
Appears a clearer sky;

Whilk soon perceive the little larks,
The lapwing and the snipe;
And tune their song like Nature's clerks,
O'er meadow, muir, and stripe.

The summer day of the poet is one of unclouded splendour:

The time so tranquil is and clear,
That nowhere shall ye find,
Save on a high and barren hill,
An air of passing wind.

All trees and simples, great and small,
That balmy leaf do bear;
Than they were painted on a wall,
No more they move or steir.

The rivers fresh, the caller streams
O'er rocks can swiftly rin,
The water clear like crystal beams,
And makes a pleasant din.

The condition of the Scottish labourer would seem to have been then more comfortable than at present, and the climate of the country warmer, for Hume describes those working in the fields as stopping at mid-day, 'noon meat and sleep to take,' and refreshing themselves with 'caller wine' in a cave, and 'sallads steeped in oil.' As the poet lived four years in France previous to his settling in Scotland, in mature life, we suspect he must have been drawing on his continental recollections for some of the features in this picture. At length 'the gloaming comes, the day is spent,' and the poet concludes in a strain of pious gratitude and delight:

What pleasure, then, to walk and see
End-lang a river clear,
The perfect form of every tree
Within the deep appear.

The salmon out of cruives and creels,
Uphailed into scouts,
The bells and circles on the weills
Through leaping of the trouts.

O sure it were a seemly thing,
While all is still and calm,
The praise of God to play and sing,
With trumpet and with shalm.

Through all the land great is the gild
Of rustic folks that cry;
Of bleating sheep fra they be killed,
Of calves and rowting kye.

All labourers draw hame at even,
And can to others say,
Thanks to the gracious God of heaven,
Whilk sent this summer day.

### KING JAMES VI.

In 1585, the Scottish sovereign, King James VI. ventured into the magic circle of poesy himself, and published a volume, entitled *Essayes of a Prentice in the Divine Art of Poesie.* Also, *Ane Short Treatise containing some Rewlis and Cautelis to be Observit and Eschewit in Scottis Poesie.* Kings are generally, as Milton has remarked, though strong in legions, but weak at arguments, and the 'rules and cautelis' of the royal author are puerile and ridiculous. His majesty's verses, considering that he was only in his nineteenth year, are more creditable to him, and we shall quote one, in the original spelling, from the volume alluded to.

*Ane Schort Poeme on Tyme.*

As I was pansing in a morning aire,
And could not sleip nor nawyis take me rest,
Furth for to walk, the morning was so faire,
Athort the fields, it seemed to me the best.
The East was cleare, whereby belyve I gest
That fyrie Titan cumming was in sight,
Obscuring chaste Diana by his light.

Who by his rising in the azure skyes,
Did dewlie helse all thame on earth do dwell.
The balmie dew through birning drouth he dryis,
Which made the soile to savour sweit and smell,
By dew that on the night before downe fell,
Which then was soukit up by the Delphienus heit
Up in the aire: it was so light and weit.

Whose hie ascending in his purpour chere
Provokit all from Morpheus to flee:
As beasts to feid, and birds to sing with beir,
Men to their labour, bissie as the bee:
Yet idle men devysing did I see
How for to drive the tyme that did them irk,
By sindrie pastymes, quhile that it grew mirk.

Then woundred I to see them seik a wyle
So willingly the precious tyme to tine:
And how they did themselfis so farr begyle,
To fushe of tyme, which of itself is fyne.
Fra tyme be past to call it backwart syne
Is bot in vaine: therefore men sould be warr,
To sleuth the tyme that flees fra them so farr.

For what hath man bot tyme into this lyfe,
Which gives him dayis his God aright to know?
Wherefore then sould we be at sic a stryfe,
So spedelie our selfis for to withdraw
Evin from the tyme, which is on nowayes slaw
To flie from us, suppose we fled it noght?
More wyse we were, if we the tyme had soght.

But sen that tyme is sic a precious thing,
I wald we sould bestow it into that
Which were most pleasour to our heavenly King.
Flee ydilteth, which is the greatest lat;
Bot, sen that death to all is destinat,
Let us employ that tyme that God hath send us,
In doing weill, that good men may commend us.

### EARL OF ANCRUM—EARL OF STIRLING.

Two Scottish noblemen of the court of James were devoted to letters—namely, the EARL OF ANCRUM (1578–1654) and the EARL OF STIRLING (1580–1640). The first was a younger son of Sir Andrew Ker of Ferniehurst, and he enjoyed the favour of both James and Charles I. The following sonnet by the earl was addressed to Drummond the poet in 1624. It shews how much the union of the crowns under James had led to the cultivation of the English style and language:

*Sonnet in Praise of a Solitary Life.*

Sweet solitary life! lovely, dumb joy,
That need'st no warnings how to grow more wise,
By other men's mishaps, nor the annoy
Which from sore wrongs done to one's self doth rise.
The morning's second mansion, truth's first friend,
Never acquainted with the world's vain broils,
When the whole day to our own use we spend,
And our dear time no fierce ambition spoils.
Most happy state, that never tak'st revenge
For injuries received, nor dost fear
The court's great earthquake, the grieved truth of change,
Nor none of falsehood's savoury lies dost hear;
Nor knows hope's sweet disease that charms our sense,
Nor its sad cure—dear-bought experience!

The Earl of Stirling—William Alexander of Menstrie, created a peer by Charles I.—was a more prolific poet. In 1637, he published a complete edition of his works, in one volume folio, with the title of *Recreations with the Muses*, consisting of tragedies, a heroic poem, a poem addressed to Prince Henry (the favourite son of King James), another heroic poem, entitled *Jonathan*, and a sacred poem, in twelve parts, on the *Day of Judgment.* One of the Earl of Stirling's tragedies is on the subject of Julius Cæsar. It was first published in 1606, and contains several passages resembling parts of Shakspeare's tragedy of the same name, but it has not been ascertained which was first published. The genius of Shakspeare did not disdain to gather hints and expressions from obscure authors, the lesser lights of the age; and a famous passage in the *Tempest* is supposed—though somewhat hypercritically—to be also derived from the Earl of Stirling. In the play of *Darius*, there occurs the following reflection:

Let Greatness of her glassy sceptres vaunt,
Not sceptres, no, but reeds, soon bruised, soon broken:
And let this worldly pomp our wits enchant,
*All fades, and scarcely leaves behind a token.*

The lines of Shakspeare will instantly be recalled:

And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
*Leave not a rack behind!*

None of the productions of the Earl of Stirling touch the heart or entrance the imagination. He has not the humble but genuine inspiration of Alexander Hume. Yet we must allow him to have been a calm and elegant poet, with considerable fancy, and an ear for metrical harmony. The following is one of his best sonnets:

I swear, Aurora, by thy starry eyes,
And by those golden locks, whose lock none slips,
And by the coral of thy rosy lips,
And by the naked snows which beauty dyes;
I swear by all the jewels of thy mind,
Whose like yet never worldly treasure bought,
Thy solid judgment, and thy generous thought,
Which in this darkened age have clearly shined;
I swear by those, and by my spotless love,
And by my secret, yet most fervent fires,
That I have never nurst but chaste desires,
And such as modesty might well approve.
Then, since I love those virtuous parts in thee,
Shouldst thou not love this virtuous mind in me?

The lady whom the poet celebrated under the name of Aurora, did not accept his hand, but he was married to a daughter of Sir William Erskine. The earl concocted an enlightened scheme for colonising Nova Scotia, which was patronised by the king, yet was abandoned from the difficulties attending its accomplishment. Stirling held the office of secretary of state for Scotland for fifteen years, from 1626 to 1641—a period of great difficulty and delicacy, when Charles attempted to establish Episcopacy in the north. He realised an amount of wealth unusual for a poet, and employed part of it in building a handsome mansion in Stirling, which still remains, the memorial of a fortune so different from that of the ordinary children of the muse.

An excellent edition of the works of the Earl of Stirling has been published by Maurice, Ogle, and Co. Glasgow, 1871.

### WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

A greater poet flourished in Scotland at the same time with Stirling—namely, WILLIAM DRUMMOND of Hawthornden (1585–1649). Familiar with classic and English poetry, and imbued with true literary taste and feeling, Drummond soared above a mere local or provincial fame, and was associated in friendship and genius with his great English contemporaries. His father, Sir John Drummond, was gentleman-usher to King James; and the poet seems to have inherited his reverence for royalty. No author of any note, excepting, perhaps, Dryden, has been so lavish of adulation as Drummond. Having studied civil law for four years in France, the poet succeeded, in 1610, to an independent estate, and took up his residence at Hawthornden. If beautiful and romantic scenery could create or nurse the genius of a poet, Drummond was peculiarly blessed with means of inspiration. In all Scotland, there is no spot more finely varied—more rich, graceful, or luxuriant—than the cliffs, caves, and wooded banks of the river Esk, and the classic shades of Hawthornden. In the immediate neighbourhood is Roslin Chapel, one of the most interesting of ruins; and the whole course of the stream and the narrow glen is like the groundwork of some fairy dream. The first publication of Drummond was in 1613, *Tears on the Death of Mœliades*, or Henry, Prince of Wales. In 1616 appeared a volume of *Poems*, of various kinds, but chiefly of love and sorrow. The death of a lady to whom he was betrothed affected him deeply, and he sought relief in change of scene and the excitement of foreign travel. On his return, after an absence of some years, he happened to meet a young lady named Logan, who bore so strong a resemblance to the former object of his affections, that he solicited and obtained her hand in marriage. Drummond's feelings were so intense on the side of the royalists, that the execution of Charles is said to have hastened his death, which took place at the close of the same year, December 1649. Drummond was intimate with Ben Jonson and Drayton; and his acquaintance with the former has been rendered memorable by a visit paid to him at Hawthornden, by Jonson, in the autumn or winter of 1618. On the 25th of September of that year, the magistrates of Edinburgh conferred the freedom of the city on Jonson, and on the 26th of October following he was entertained by the civic authorities to a banquet, which, as appears from the treasurer's accounts, cost £221, 6s. 4d. Scots money. During Jonson's stay at Hawthornden, the Scottish poet kept notes of the opinions expressed by the great dramatist, and chronicled some of his personal failings. For this his memory has been keenly attacked and traduced. It should be remembered that his notes were private memoranda, never published by himself; and, while their truth has been partly confirmed from other sources, there seems no malignity or meanness in recording faithfully his impressions of one of his most distinguished contemporaries. In 1617 was published Drummond's finest poem, *Forth Feasting, a Panegyric to the King's Most Excellent Majesty*, congratulating James on his revisiting his native country of Scotland. The poetry of Drummond has singular sweetness and harmony of versification. He was of the school of Spenser, but less *ethereal* in thought and imagination. He excelled in the heroic couplet, afterwards the most popular of English measures. His sonnets are of a still higher cast, have fewer conceits, and more natural feeling, elevation of sentiment, and grace of expression. Drummond wrote a number of madrigals, epigrams, and other short pieces, some of which are coarse and licentious. The general purity of his language, the harmony of his verse, and the play of fancy, in all his principal productions, are his distinguishing characteristics. With more energy and force of mind, he would have been a greater favourite with Ben Jonson—and with posterity. Drummond wrote several pieces in prose, the chief of which are *The History of the Five Jameses*, and *A Cypress Grove*—the latter not unlike the works of Jeremy Taylor in style and imagery.

### *The River of Forth Feasting.*

What blustering noise now interrupts my sleeps?
What echoing shouts thus cleave my crystal deeps,
And seem to call me from my watery court?
What melody, what sounds of joy and sport,
Are conveyed hither from each night-born spring?
With what loud murmurs do the mountains ring,
Which in unusual pomp on tiptoes stand,
And, full of wonder, overlook the land?
Whence come these glittering throngs, these meteors bright,
This golden people glancing in my sight?
Whence doth this praise, applause, and love arise?
What loadstar draweth us all eyes?
Am I awake, or have some dreams conspired
To mock my sense with what I most desired?
View I that living face, see I those looks,
Which with delight were wont t' amaze my brooks?
Do I behold that worth, that man divine,
This age's glory, by these banks of mine?
Then find I true what I long wished in vain;
My much-beloved prince is come again.
So unto them whose zenith is the pole,
When six black months are past, the sun does roll:
So after tempest to sea-tossed wights,
Fair Helen's brothers shew their clearing lights:
So comes Arabia's wonder from her woods,
And far, far off is seen by Memphis' floods;
The feathered silvans, cloud-like, by her fly,
And with triumphing plaudits beat the sky;
Nile marvels, Serap's priests entranced rave,
And in Mygdonian stone her shape engrave;
In lasting cedars they do mark the time
In which Apollo's bird came to their clime.
Let mother-earth now decked with flowers be seen,
And sweet-breathed zephyrs curl the meadows green:
Let heaven weep rubies in a crimson shower,
Such as on India's shores they use to pour:
Or with that golden storm the fields adorn
Which Jove rained when his blue-eyed maid was born.
May never hours the web of day outweave;
May never Night rise from her sable cave!
Swell proud, my billows; faint not to declare
Your joys as ample as their causes are:
For murmurs hoarse, sound like Arion's harp,
Now delicately flat, now sweetly sharp;
And you, my nymphs, rise from your moist repair,
Strew all your springs and grots with lilies fair.
Some swiftest-footed, get them hence; and pray
Our floods and lakes may keep this holiday;
Whate'er beneath Albania's hills do run,
Which see the rising or the setting sun,
Which drink stern Grampus' mists, or Ochil's snows:
Stone-rolling Tay; Tyne, tortoise-like that flows;
The pearly Don, the Dees, the fertile Spey;
Wild Severn, which doth see our longest day;
Ness, smoking sulphur; Leve, with mountains crowned;
Strange Lomond, for his floating isles renowned;
The Irish Rian, Ken, the silver Ayr,
The snaky Doon, the Orr with rushy hair,
The crystal-streaming Nith, loud-bellowing Clyde;
Tweed, which no more our kingdoms shall divide;
Rank-swelling Annan, Lid with curled streams,
The Esks, the Solway, where they lose their names;
To every one proclaim our joys and feasts,
Our triumphs; bid all come and be our guests;

And as they meet in Neptune's azure hall,
Bid them bid sea-gods keep this festival;
This day shall by our currents be renowned;
Our hills about shall still this day resound:
Nay, that our love more to this day appear,
Let us with it henceforth begin our year.
  To virgins, flowers; to sun-burnt earth, the rain;
To mariners, fair winds amidst the main;
Cool shades to pilgrims, which hot glances burn,
Are not so pleasing as thy blest return,
That day, dear Prince.

### *Epitaph on Prince Henry.*

Stay, passenger; see where inclosed lies
The paragon of Princes, fairest frame
Time, nature, place, could shew to mortal eyes,
In worth, wit, virtue, miracle of fame:
At least that part the earth of him could claim
This marble holds—hard like the Destinies—
For as to his brave spirit, and glorious name,
The one the world, the other fills the skies.
Th' immortal amaranthus, princely rose;
Sad violet, and that sweet flower that bears
In sanguine spots the tenor of our woes,[*]
Spread on this stone, and wash it with your tears;
Then go and tell from Gades unto Inde
You saw where Earth's perfections were confined.

### *To his Lute.*

My lute, be as thou wert when thou didst grow
With thy green mother in some shady grove,
When immelodious winds but made thee move,
And birds their ramage[1] did on thee bestow.
Since that dear voice which did thy sounds approve,
Which wont in such harmonious strains to flow,
Is reft from earth to tune those spheres above,
What art thou but a harbinger of woe?
Thy pleasing notes be pleasing notes no more,
But orphan wailings to the fainting ear,
Each stroke a sigh, each sound draws forth a tear;
For which be silent as in woods before:
Or if that any hand to touch thee deign,
Like widowed turtle still her loss complain.

### *The Praise of a Solitary Life.*

Thrice happy he who, by some shady grove,
Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own.
Thou solitary, who is not alone,
But doth converse with that eternal love.
O how more sweet is bird's harmonious moan,
Or the hoarse sobbings of the widowed dove,
Than those smooth whisperings near a prince's throne,
Which good make doubtful, do the evil approve!
O how more sweet is Zephyr's wholesome breath,
And sighs embalmed which new-born flowers unfold,
Than that applause vain honour doth bequeath!
How sweet are streams to poison drank in gold!
The world is full of horrors, troubles, slights:
Woods' harmless shades have only true delights.

### *To a Nightingale.*

Sweet bird! that sing'st away the early hours
Of winters past, or coming, void of care.
Well pleased with delights which present are,
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flowers:
To rocks, to springs, to rills from leafy bowers,
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare,
A stain to human sense in sin that lowers.
What soul can be so sick which by thy songs—
Attired in sweetness—sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites, and wrongs,
And lift a reverend eye and thought to heaven?
Sweet artless songster! thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres—yes, and to angels' lays.

### *Sonnets.*

In Mind's pure glass when I myself behold,
And lively see how my best days are spent,
What clouds of care above my head are rolled,
What coming ill, which I cannot prevent:
My course begun, I, wearied, do repent,
And would embrace what reason oft hath told;
But scarce thus think I, when love hath controlled
All the best reasons reason could invent.
Though sure I know my labour's end is grief,
The more I strive, that I the more shall pine,
That only death shall be my last relief:
Yet when I think upon that face divine,
Like one with arrow shot, in laughter's place,
Maugre my heart, I joy in my disgrace.

I know that all beneath the moon decays,
And what by mortals in this world is brought
In Time's great periods, shall return to nought;
The fairest states have fatal nights and days.
I know that all the Muse's heavenly lays
With toil of sprite which are so dearly bought,
As idle sounds, of few or none are sought,
That there is nothing lighter than vain praise.
I know frail beauty 's like the purple flower,
To which one morn oft birth and death affords,
That love a jarring is of mind's accords,
Where sense and will bring under reason's power:
Know what I list, all this cannot me move,
But that, alas! I both must write and love.

## SIR ROBERT AYTON.

Sir Robert Ayton, a Scottish courtier and poet (1570–1638), enjoyed, like Drummond, the advantages of foreign travel and acquaintance with English poets. The few pieces of his composition are in pure English, and evince a smoothness and delicacy of fancy that have rarely been surpassed. The poet was a native of Fifeshire, son of Ayton of Kinaldie. James I. appointed him one of the gentlemen of the bed-chamber, and private secretary to his queen, besides conferring upon him the honour of knighthood. Ben Jonson seemed proud of his friendship, for he told Drummond that Sir Robert loved him (Jonson) dearly.

### *On Woman's Inconstancy.*

I loved thee once, I 'll love no more;
  Thine be the grief as is the blame;
Thou art not what thou wast before,
  What reason I should be the same?
    He that can love unloved again,
    Hath better store of love than brain:
  God send me love my debts to pay,
  While unthrifts fool their love away.

Nothing could have my love o'erthrown,
  If thou hadst still continued mine;
Yea, if thou hadst remained thy own,
  I might perchance have yet been thine.
    But thou thy freedom did recall,
    That it thou mightst elsewhere enthral;
  And then how could I but disdain
  A captive's captive to remain?

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[*] Milton has copied this image in his *Lycidas*:

> Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
> Like to that sanguine flower, inscribed with woe.

[1] Warbling (from *ramage*, French).

When new desires had conquered thee,
And changed the object of thy will,
It had been lethargy in me,
Not constancy, to love thee still.
Yea, it had been a sin to go
And prostitute affection so,
Since we are taught no prayers to say
To such as must to others pray.

Yet do thou glory in thy choice,
Thy choice of his good-fortune boast;
I 'll neither grieve nor yet rejoice,
To see him gain what I have lost;
The height of my disdain shall be,
To laugh at him, to blush for thee;
To love thee still, but go no more
A begging at a beggar's door.

### *The Forsaken Mistress.*

I do confess thou 'rt smooth and fair,
And I might have gone near to love thee;
Had I not found the slightest prayer
That lips could speak had power to move thee:
But I can let thee now alone,
As worthy to be loved by none.

I do confess thou 'rt sweet, yet find
Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,
Thy favours are but like the wind,
Which kisses everything it meets,
And since thou canst love more than one,
Thou 'rt worthy to be loved by none.

The morning rose, that untouched stands,
Armed with her briers, how sweet she smells!
But plucked and strained through ruder hands,
Her sweet no longer with her dwells;
But scent and beauty both are gone,
And leaves fall from her, one by one.

Such fate, ere long, will thee betide,
When thou hast handled been a while,
Like fair flowers to be thrown aside;
And thou shalt sigh, when I shall smile,
To see thy love to every one
Hath brought thee to be loved by none.[*]

## GEORGE BUCHANAN—DR ARTHUR JOHNSTON.

Two Scottish authors of this period distinguished themselves by their critical excellence and poetical fancy in the Latin language. By early and intense study, they acquired all the freedom and fluency of natives in this learned tongue, and have become known to posterity as the Scottish Virgil and the Scottish Ovid. We allude to GEORGE BUCHANAN (1506–1582) and DR ARTHUR JOHNSTON (1587–1641). The former is noticed among our prose authors. His great work is his paraphrase of the Psalms, part of which was composed in a monastery in Portugal, to which he had been confined by the Inquisition, about the year 1550. He afterwards pursued the sacred strain in France; and his task was finished in Scotland, when Mary had assumed the duties of sovereignty. Buchanan superintended the studies of that unfortunate princess, and dedicated to her one of the most finished and beautiful of his productions, the *Epithalamium*, composed on her first nuptials. The character and works of Buchanan, who was equally distinguished as a jurist, a poet, and a historian, exhibit a rare union of philosophical dignity and research with the finer sensibilities and imagination of the poet.—Arthur Johnston was born at Caskieben, near Aberdeen. He studied medicine at Padua, and resided for about twenty years in France. On his return to Britain, he obtained the patronage of Archbishop Laud, and was appointed physician to Charles I. He died at Oxford in 1641. Johnston wrote a number of Latin elegies and epigrams, a paraphrase of the Song of Solomon, a collection of short poems (published in 1637) entitled *Musæ Aulicæ*, and (his greatest work, as it was that of Buchanan) a complete version of the Psalms. He also edited and contributed largely to the *Deliciæ Poetarum Scotorum*, a collection of congratulatory poems by various authors, which reflected great honour on the taste and scholarship of the Scottish nation. Critics have been divided as to the relative merits of Buchanan and Johnston. The following is the testimony of Mr Hallam: 'The Scots certainly wrote Latin with a good ear and considerable elegance of phrase. A sort of critical controversy was carried on in the last century as to the versions of the Psalms by Buchanan and Johnston. Though the national honour may seem equally secure by the superiority of either, it has, I believe, been usual in Scotland to maintain the older poet against all the world. I am, nevertheless, inclined to think that Johnston's Psalms, all of which are in elegiac metre, do not fall short of those of Buchanan, either in elegance of style or correctness of Latinity. In the 137th, with which Buchanan has taken much pains, he may be allowed the preference, but not at a great interval, and he has attained this superiority by too much diffuseness.'

## DRAMATISTS.

Notwithstanding the greatness of the name of Spenser, it is not in general versification that the poetical strength of the age is chiefly manifested. Towards the latter part of the reign of Elizabeth, the dramatic form of composition and representation, coinciding with that love of splendour, chivalrous feeling, and romantic adventure which animated the court, attracted nearly all the poetical genius of England.

It would appear that, at the dawn of modern civilisation, most countries of Christian Europe possessed a rude kind of theatrical entertainment, consisting, not in those exhibitions of natural character and incident which constituted the plays of ancient Greece and Rome, but in representations of the principal supernatural events of the Old and New Testament, and of the history of the saints, whence they were denominated *Miracles*, or *Miracle Plays*. Originally, they appear to have been acted by, and under the immediate management of, the clergy. A miracle play, upon the story of St Katherine, and in the French language, was acted at Dunstable in 1119, and such entertainments may have previously existed in England. From the year 1268 to 1577, they were performed almost every year in Chester; and there were few large cities which were not then regaled in a similar manner; even in Scotland they were not unknown. The most sacred persons, not excluding the Deity, were introduced into these rude dramas.

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[*] It is not certain that this beautiful song—which Burns destroyed by rendering into Scotch—was actually the composition of Ayton. It is printed anonymously in Playford's *Ayres and Dialogues*, 1659. It is a suspicious circumstance, that in Watson's *Collection of Scottish Poems* (1706-11), where several poems by Sir Robert are printed, with his name, in a cluster, this is inserted at a different part of the work, without his name. But the internal evidence is strongly in favour of Sir Robert Ayton. Aubrey, in praising Ayton, says: 'Mr John Dryden has seen verses of his, some of the best of that age, printed with some other verses.' The poems of Ayton, with a memoir, were published by Dr Charles Rogers in 1871.

About the reign of Henry VI. persons representing sentiments and abstract ideas, such as Mercy, Justice, Truth, began to be introduced into the miracle plays, and led to the composition of an improved kind of drama, entirely or chiefly composed of such characters, and termed *Moral Plays.* These were certainly a great advance upon the miracles, as they all endeavoured to convey sound moral lessons, and at the same time gave occasion to some poetical and dramatic ingenuity, in delineating the characters, and assigning appropriate speeches to each. The character of Satan was still retained; and being represented in grotesque habiliments, and perpetually beaten by an attendant character, called the *Vice*, served to enliven what must have been at the best a sober, though well-meant entertainment. The *Cradle of Security, Hit the Nail on the Head, Impatient Poverty*, and the *Marriage of Wisdom and Wit*, are the names of moral plays which enjoyed popularity in the reign of Henry VIII. It was about this time that acting first became a distinct profession; both miracles and moral plays had previously been represented by clergymen, school-boys, or the members of trading incorporations, and were only brought forward occasionally, as part of some public or private festivity.

As the introduction of allegorical representations had been an improvement upon those plays which consisted of scriptural characters only, so was the introduction of historical personages an improvement upon those which employed only a set of impersonated ideas. It was soon found that a real human being, with a human name, was better calculated to awaken the sympathies, and keep alive the attention of an audience, and not less to impress them with moral truths, than a being that only represented an idea of the mind. The substitution of these for the symbolical characters gradually took place during the earlier part of the sixteenth century; and thus, with some aid from Greek dramatic literature, which now began to be studied, and from the improved theatres of Italy and Spain, the genuine English drama took its rise.

### HEYWOOD AND BALE.

As specimens of something between the moral plays and the modern drama, the *Interludes* of JOHN HEYWOOD may be mentioned. Heywood was supported at the court of Henry VIII. partly as a musician, partly as court jester, and partly as a writer of plays. His dramatic compositions, some of which were produced before 1531, generally represented ludicrous familiar incidents in a style of the broadest and coarsest farce, yet with no small degree of skill and talent. One, called the *Four P.'s*, turns upon a dispute between a Palmer, a Pardoner, a Poticary, and a Pedler—who are the only characters—as to which shall tell the grossest falsehood: an accidental assertion of the Palmer, that he never saw a woman out of patience in his life, takes the rest off their guard, all of whom declare it to be the greatest lie they ever heard, and the settlement of the question is thus brought about amidst much mirth. Three of Heywood's interludes are dated 1533—namely: the *Play of Love; Johan the Husband, Tyb the Wife, and St Johan the Prester;* and *The Pardoner and the Frere.* Another is entitled *Of Gentylnes and Nobylyte*, 1535. The dramatist was author of an allegorical poem, *The Spider and the Flie*, 1556—the spider representing the Protestants, and the fly the Catholics. A *Dialogue on English Proverbs*, 1546, and a *Dialogue of Wit and Folly* (first printed by the Percy Society in 1846), with ballads and other pieces in verse; pamphlets containing 600 *Epigrams*, &c. proceeded from the pen of Heywood. After the death of Queen Mary in 1558, he retired to Mechlin in Brabant (being a zealous Roman Catholic, and fearing persecution), and there he died in 1565.

Another writer of dramatic productions was BISHOP BALE (1495-1563), who was among the first to present a species of mixed drama in which historical characters and incidents were introduced. All Bale's plays were designed to promote the cause of the Reformation; four of them are extant, and one, *Kynge Johan*, was published in 1838 from the manuscript in the library of the Duke of Devonshire. This ancient drama was probably first performed in the time of Edward VI.; and it embodies a portion of our national annals in the reign of King John, with the abstract impersonations common to the miracle and moral plays. Incidents from classic history—as *Appius and Virginia*—were also, at an early period, introduced on the stage.

The regular drama, from its very commencement, was divided into comedy and tragedy, the elements of both being found quite distinct in the rude entertainments above described, not to speak of the precedents afforded by Greece and Rome.

### UDALL AND STILL.

Of comedy, which was an improvement upon the interludes, and may be more remotely traced in the ludicrous parts of the moral plays, the earliest specimen that has yet been found bears the title of *Roister Doister*, and was the production of NICOLAS UDALL, born in Hampshire about 1504, and successively master of Eton College, rector of Braintree, prebend of Windsor, rector of Calborne, and master of Westminster School. He died in December 1556. His comedy was written before the close of the reign of Edward VI. in 1553. The scene is in London, and the characters, thirteen in number, exhibit the manners of the middle orders of the people of that day. It is divided into five acts, and the plot is amusing and well constructed. Mr J. Payne Collier, who has devoted years of anxious study to the history and illustration of dramatic literature, has discovered four acts of a comedy, which he assigns to the year 1560. This play is entitled *Mesogonus*, and bears to be written by 'Thomas Rychardes.' The scene is laid in Italy, but the manners are English, and the character of the domestic fool, so important in the old comedy, is fully delineated.—The next in point of time is *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, supposed to have been written about 1565, or still earlier, by JOHN STILL, a native of Grantham, Lincolnshire, born in 1543, and who was successively master of St John's and Trinity Colleges, Cambridge, vice-chancellor of the university there, and bishop of Bath and Wells. He died in 1607. His play is a piece of low rustic humour, the whole turning upon the loss and recovery of the needle with which Gammer Gurton was mending the breeches of her man Hodge. But it is cleverly hit off, and contains a few well-sketched characters.

The language of *Roister Doister* and of *Gammer Gurton's Needle* is in long and irregularly measured rhyme, of which a specimen may be given from a speech of Dame Custance in the former play, respecting the difficulty of preserving a good reputation:

Lord, how necessary it is now of days
That each body live uprightly all manner ways,
For let never so little a gap be open,
And be sure of this, the worst shall be spoken.
How innocent stand I in this for deed or thought,
And yet see what mistrust towards me it hath wrought.
But thou, Lord, knowest all folks' thoughts and eke
    intents,
And thou art the deliverer of all innocents.

The comedy of *Gammer Gurton's Needle* is much inferior to *Roister Doister* both in plot and dialogue, but contains a drinking song that is worth both dramas:

*Jolly Good Ale and Old.*

I cannot eat but little meat,
  My stomach is not good;
But sure I think that I can drink
  With him that wears a hood.
Though I go bare, take ye no care,
  I nothing am a-cold;
I stuff my skin so full within
  Of jolly good ale and old.
    Back and side go bare, go bare;
      Both foot and hand go cold;
    But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
      Whether it be new or old.

I love no roast but a nut-brown toast,
  And a crab laid in the fire;
And little bread shall do me stead;
  Much bread I nought desire.
No frost, no snow, no wind, I trow,
  Can hurt me if I wold,
I am so wrapped, and thoroughly lapped,
  Of jolly good ale and old.
    Back and side, &c.

And Tib, my wife, that as her life
  Loveth well good ale to seek,
Full oft drinks she, till ye may see
  The tears run down her cheek:
Then doth she troul to me the bowl,
  Even as a maltworm should,
And saith, 'Sweetheart, I took my part
  Of this jolly good ale and old.'
    Back and side, &c.

Now let them drink till they nod and wink,
  Even as good fellows should do;
They shall not miss to have the bliss
  Good ale doth bring men to.
And all poor souls that have scoured bowls,
  Or have them lustily trouled,
God save the lives of them and their wives,
  Whether they be young or old.
    Back and side, &c.

NORTON—EDWARDS—WHETSTONE.

Tragedy, of later origin than comedy, came directly from the more elevated portions of the moral plays, and from the pure models of Greece and Rome. The earliest known specimen of English tragedy is entitled *Gorboduc*, or *Ferrex and Porrex*, performed before Queen Elizabeth at Whitehall, by the members of the Inner Temple, on the 18th of January 1561–2. It seems to be settled by Mr Collier that the first three acts of this tragedy were written by THOMAS NORTON, and the last two by SACKVILLE, LORD BUCKHURST, of whose poetical work, the *Induction*, we have already spoken. Norton was a barrister, and associated with Sternhold and Hopkins in the translation of the Psalms. The tragedy of *Gorboduc* is founded on a fabulous incident in early British history, and is full of slaughter and civil broils. It is written, however, in regular blank verse, consists of five acts, and observes some of the more useful rules of the classic drama of antiquity, to which it bears resemblance in the introduction of a chorus—that is, a person or persons whose business it was to intersperse the play with moral observations and inferences, referring to the action of the drama, and generally expressed in lyrical stanzas. It may occasion some surprise that the first English tragedy should contain lines like the following:

  *Acastus.* Your grace should now, in these grave
    years of yours,
Have found ere this the price of mortal joys;
How short they be, how fading here in earth;
How full of change, how little our estate,
Of nothing sure save only of the death,
To whom both man and all the world doth owe
Their end at last: neither should nature's power
In other sort against your heart prevail,
Than as the naked hand whose stroke assays
The armed breast where force doth light in vain.
  *Gorboduc.* Many can yield right sage and grave
    advice
Of patient sprite to others wrapped in woe,
And can in speech both rule and conquer kind,
Who, if by proof they might feel nature's force,
Would shew themselves men as they are indeed,
Which now will needs be gods.

Or this passage on the ravages of civil war:

And thou, O Britain, whilom in renown,
Whilom in wealth and fame, shall thus be torn,
Dismembered thus, and thus be rent in twain,
Thus wasted and defaced, spoiled and destroyed:
These be the fruits your civil wars will bring!
Hereto it comes when kings will not consent
To grave advice, but follow wilful will.
This is the end when in fond princes' hearts
Flattery prevails and sage rede [counsel] hath no place.
These are the plagues when murder is the mean
To make new heirs unto the royal crown.
Thus wreak the gods, when that the mother's wrath
Nought but the blood of her own child may 'suage.
These mischiefs spring when rebels will arise
To work revenge and judge their prince's fact.

> This, this ensues when noble men do fail
> In loyal truth, and subjects will be kings.
> And this doth grow when, lo! unto the prince
> Whom death or sudden hap of life bereaves,
> No certain heir remains.

In this style the tragedy is constructed. There is a want of passion and incident, but still proof of the great advance of the drama.

Not long after the appearance of *Gorboduc*, both tragedies and comedies had become common. **Richard Edwards** (*circa* 1523–1566), a member of Lincoln's Inn, enjoyed a high reputation as a dramatic poet. His classical drama of *Damon and Pythias*, and another play by him, entitled *Palamon and Arcite*, were both performed before Queen Elizabeth—the latter at Oxford in 1566, when the crowd was so great that part of the building fell, and several persons were killed. This drama was inferior to *Gorboduc*, inasmuch as it carried an admixture of vulgar comedy, and was written in rhyme. In the same year, two plays, respectively styled the *Supposes* and *Jocasta*—the one, a comedy adapted from Ariosto; the other, a tragedy from Euripides—were acted in Gray's Inn Hall. A tragedy, called *Tancred and Gismunda*, composed by five members of the Inner Temple, and presented there before the queen in 1568, was the first English play taken from an Italian novel. Various dramatic pieces now followed; and between the years 1568 and 1580, no less than fifty-two dramas were acted at court under the superintendence of the Master of the Revels. Under the date of 1578, we have the play of *Promos and Cassandra*, by **George Whetstone**, on which Shakspeare founded his *Measure for Measure*. Whetstone was an extensive miscellaneous writer, who lived in the latter half of the sixteenth century, but neither the time nor the place of his birth is known. He is said to have been an unsuccessful courtier, then a soldier, serving with Sir Philip Sidney at Zutphen, afterwards a farmer, next engaged in Sir Humphry Gilbert's expedition to Newfoundland in 1583, and finally a littérateur, seizing upon every passing event as a subject for his pen. His *Promos and Cassandra* was a translation, with pieces of poetry interspersed, of one of the *Hundred Tales* of the Italian novelist, Giraldo Cinthio.

In February 1562, mention is made of an historical play under the name of *Julius Cæsar*. Other historical plays were also produced; and the *Troublesome Reign of King John*, the *Famous Victories of Henry V.* and the *Chronicle History of Leir, King of England*, formed the quarry from which Shakspeare constructed his dramas on the same events.

The first regularly licensed theatre in London was opened at Blackfriars in 1576; and in ten years it is mentioned by Secretary Walsingham that there were two hundred players in and near the metropolis. This was probably an exaggeration; but it is certain there were five public theatres open about the commencement of Shakspeare's career, and several private or select establishments. Curiosity is naturally excited to learn something of the structure and appearance of the buildings in which his immortal dramas first saw the light, and where he unwillingly made himself a 'motley to the view,' in his character of actor. The theatres were constructed of wood, of a circular form, open to the weather, excepting over the stage, which was covered with a thatched roof. Outside, on the roof, a flag was hoisted during the time of performance, which commenced at three o'clock, at the third *sounding* or flourish of trumpets. The cavaliers and fair dames of the court of Elizabeth sat in boxes below the gallery, or were accommodated with stools on the stage, where some of the young gallants also threw themselves at length on the rush-strewn floor, while their pages handed them pipes and tobacco, then a fashionable and highly prized luxury. The middle classes were crowded in the pit, or *yard*, which was not furnished with seats. Movable scenery was first introduced by Davenant after the Restoration,* but rude imitations of towers, woods, animals, or furniture, served to illustrate the scene. To point out the place of action, a board containing the name, painted or written in large letters, was hung out during the performance. Anciently, an allegorical exhibition, called the *Dumb Show*, was exhibited before every act, and gave an outline of the action or circumstances to follow. Shakspeare has preserved this peculiarity in the play acted before the king and queen in *Hamlet*; but he never employs it in his own dramas. Such machinery, indeed, would be incompatible with the increased action and business of the stage, when the miracle plays had given place to the 'pomp and circumstance' of historical dramas, and the bustling liveliness of comedy. The chorus was longer retained, and appears in Marlowe's *Faustus* and in *Henry VI.* Actresses were not seen on the stage till after the Restoration, and the female parts were played by boys, or delicate-looking young men. This may perhaps palliate the grossness of some of the language put into the mouths of females in the old plays, while it serves to point out still more clearly the depth of that innate sense of beauty and excellence which prompted the exquisite pictures of loveliness and perfection in Shakspeare's female characters. At the end of each performance, the clown, or buffoon actor of the company, recited or sung a rhyming medley called a *jig*, in which he often contrived to introduce satirical allusions to public men or events; and before dismissing the audience, the actors knelt in front of the stage, and offered up a prayer for the queen! Reviewing these rude arrangements of the old theatres, Mr Dyce happily remarks: 'What a contrast between the almost total want of scenery in those days and the splendid representations of external nature in our modern play-houses! Yet perhaps the decline of the drama may in a great measure be attributed to this improvement. The attention of an audience is now directed rather to the efforts of the painter than to those of the actor, who is lost amid the marvellous effects of light and shade on our gigantic stages.'

The only information we possess as to the payment of dramatic authors at this time is contained in the memoranda of Philip Henslowe, a theatrical manager, preserved in Dulwich College, and quoted by Malone and Collier. Before the year

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* The air-blest castle, round whose wholesome crest
The martlet, guest of summer, chose her nest—
The forest-walks of Arden's fair domain,
Where Jaques fed his solitary vein;
No pencil's aid as yet had dared supply,
Seen only by the intellectual eye.—C. Lamb.

1600, the price paid by Henslowe for a new play never exceeded £8; but after this date, perhaps in consequence of the exertions of rival companies, larger sums were given, and prices of £20 and £25 are mentioned. The proceeds of the second day's performance were afterwards added to the author's emoluments. Furnishing prologues for new plays, the prices of which varied from five to twenty shillings, was another source of gain; but the proverbial poverty of poets seems to have been exemplified in the old dramatists, even when they were actors as well as authors. The shareholders of the theatre derived considerable profits from the performances, and were occasionally paid for exhibitions in the houses of the nobility. Nearly all the dramatic authors preceding and contemporary with Shakspeare were men who had received a learned education at the university of Oxford or Cambridge. A profusion of classical imagery abounds in their plays, but they did not copy the severe and correct taste of the ancient models. They wrote to supply the popular demand for novelty and excitement—for broad farce or superlative tragedy—to introduce the coarse raillery or comic incidents of low life—to dramatise a murder, or embody the vulgar idea of oriental bloodshed and splendid extravagance. 'If we seek for a poetical image,' says a writer on our drama, 'a burst of passion, a beautiful sentiment, a trait of nature, we seek not in vain in the works of our very oldest dramatists. But none of the predecessors of Shakspeare must be thought of along with him, when he appears before us like Prometheus, moulding the figures of men, and breathing into them the animation and all the passions of life.'* Among the immediate predecessors of the great poet are some worthy of separate notice. A host of *playwrights* abounded, and nearly all of them have touches of that happy poetic diction, free, yet choice and select, which gives a permanent value and interest to these elder masters of English poetry.

### JOHN LYLY.

JOHN LYLY, born in Kent in 1553 or 1554, produced nine plays between the years 1579 and 1600. They were mostly written for court entertainments, and performed by the scholars of St Paul's. He was educated at Magdalen Hall, Oxford; and many of his plays are on mythological subjects, as *Sappho and Phaon* (1584), *Endymion* (1591), the *Maid's Metamorphosis*, *Galathea* (1592), *Midas* (1592), *Mother Bombie* (1594), &c. His style is affected and unnatural, yet, like his own Niobe in the *Metamorphosis*, 'oftentimes he had sweet thoughts, sometimes hard conceits; betwixt both a kind of yielding.' Queen Elizabeth is said to have patronised Lyly; but in a petition for the office of Master of the Revels, he tells the queen: 'For these ten years I have attended with an unwearied patience, and now I know not what crab took me for an oyster, that in the midst of your sunshine, of your most gracious aspect, hath thrust a stone between the shells to eat me alive that only live on dead hopes.' There was probably real feeling in the following speech which Lyly puts into the mouth of his Phaon, a poor ferryman, in his comedy of *Sappho and Phaon:*

*Phaon.* Thou art a ferryman, Phaon, yet a freeman; possessing for riches content, and for honours quiet. Thy thoughts are no higher than thy fortunes, nor thy desires greater than thy calling. Who climbeth, standeth on glass, and falleth on thorn. Thy heart's thirst is satisfied with thy hand's thrift, and thy gentle labours in the day turn to sweet slumbers in the night. As much doth it delight thee to rule thy oar in a calm stream, as it doth Sappho to sway the sceptre in her brave court. Envy never casteth her eye low, ambition pointeth always upward, and revenge barketh only at stars. Thou farest delicately, if thou have a fare to buy anything. Thine angle is ready, when thy oar is idle; and as sweet is the fish which thou gettest in the river, as the fowl which others buy in the market. Thou needest not fear poison in thy glass, nor treason in thy guard. The wind is thy greatest enemy, whose might is withstood by policy. O sweet life! seldom found under a golden covert, often under a thatched cottage.

This affords a favourable specimen of Lyly's affected poetical prose. By his *Euphues*, or the *Anatomy of Wit*, he exercised a powerful though injurious influence on the fashionable literature of his day, in prose composition as well as in discourse. His plays were not important enough to found a school. Hazlitt was a warm admirer of Lyly's *Endymion*, but evidently from the feelings and sentiments it awakened, rather than the poetry. 'I know few things more perfect in characteristic painting,' he remarks, 'than the exclamation of the Phrygian shepherds, who, afraid of betraying the secret of Midas's ears, fancy that "the very reeds bow down as though they listened to their talk;" nor more affecting in sentiment than the apostrophe addressed by his friend Eumenides to Endymion, on waking from his long sleep: "Behold the twig to which thou laidest down thy head is now become a tree."' There are finer things in the *Metamorphosis*, as where the prince laments Eurymene lost in the woods:

Adorned with the presence of my love,
The woods I fear such secret power shall prove,
As they 'll shut up each path, hide every way,
Because they still would have her go astray,
And in that place would always have her seen,
Only because they would be ever green,
And keep the winged choristers still there,
To banish winter clean out of the year.

Or the song of the fairies:

By the moon we sport and play;
With the night begins our day:
As we dance the dew doth fall;
Trip it, little urchins all.
Lightly as the little bee,
Two by two, and three by three,
And about go we, and about go we.

The genius of Lyly was essentially lyrical. The songs in his plays seem to flow freely from nature. The following exquisite little pieces are in his drama of *Alexander and Campaspe*, performed before the queen in 1584.

#### *Cupid and Campaspe.*

Cupid and my Campaspe played
At cards for kisses; Cupid paid.

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* *Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. ii. from 'Essays on the Old Drama,' said to have been contributed by Henry Mackenzie, author of the *Man of Feeling*.

He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,
His mother's doves and team of sparrows;
Loses them too, then down he throws
The coral of his lip, the rose
Growing on 's cheek, but none knows how;
With these the crystal of his brow,
And then the dimple of his chin;
All these did my Campaspe win:
At last he set her both his eyes;
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
O Love, hath she done this to thee?
What shall, alas, become of me!

### *Song.*

O cruel Love! on thee I lay
My curse, which shall strike blind the day:
Never may sleep, with velvet hand,
Charm thine eyes with sacred wand;
Thy gaolers shall be hopes and fears;
Thy prison-mates groans, sighs, and tears;
Thy play, to wear out weary times,
Fantastic passions, vows, and rhymes.
Thy bread be frowns, thy drink be gall,
Such as when you Phao call;
The bed thou liest on be despair,
Thy sleep fond dreams, thy dreams long care.
Hope, like thy fool, at thy bed's head,
Mocks thee till madness strike thee dead,
As, Phao, thou dost me with thy proud eyes;
In thee poor Sappho lives, for thee she dies.

### *Song.*

What bird so sings, yet so does wail?
O 'tis the ravished nightingale—
Jug, jug, jug, jug—teru—she cries,
And still her woes at midnight rise.
Brave prick-song! who is 't now we hear?
None but the lark so shrill and clear;
Now at heaven's gate she claps her wings,
The morn not waking till she sings.
Hark, hark! but what a pretty note,
Poor Robin Redbreast tunes his throat;
Hark, how the jolly cuckoos sing
'Cuckoo!' to welcome in the spring.

## GEORGE PEELE.

GEORGE PEELE held the situation of city poet and conductor of pageants for the court. In 1584 his *Arraignment of Paris*, a court show, was represented before Elizabeth. The author was then a young man, who had recently left Christ Church, Oxford. In 1593, Peele gave an example of an English historical play in his *Edward I.* The style of this piece is turgid and monotonous; yet in the following allusion to England, we see something of the high-sounding kingly speeches in Shakspeare's historical plays:

### *Apostrophe to England.*

Illustrious England, ancient seat of kings,
Whose chivalry hath royalised thy fame,
That, sounding bravely through terrestrial vale,
Proclaiming conquests, spoils, and victories,
Rings glorious echoes through the farthest world!
What warlike nation, trained in feats of arms—
What barbarous people, stubborn, or untamed—
What climate under the meridian signs,
Or frozen zone under his brumal stage,
Erst has not quaked and trembled at the name
Of Britain and her mighty conquerors?
Her neighbour realms, as Scotland, Denmark, France,
Awed with her deeds, and jealous of her arms,
Have begged defensive and offensive leagues.
Thus Europe, rich and mighty in her kings,
Hath feared brave England, dreadful in her kings.
And now, to eternise Albion's champions,
Equivalent with Trojan's ancient fame,
Comes lovely Edward from Jerusalem,
Veering before the wind, ploughing the sea;
His stretched sails filled with the breath of men,
That through the world admire his manliness.
And lo, at last arrived in Dover road,
Longshank, your king, your glory, and our son,
With troops of conquering lords and warlike knights,
Like bloody crested Mars, o'erlooks his host,
Higher than all his army by the head,
Marching along as bright as Phœbus' eyes!
And we, his mother, shall behold our son,
And England's peers shall see their sovereign.

Peele was also author of the *Old Wives' Tale*, a legendary story, part in prose, and part in blank verse, which afforded Milton a rude outline of his fable of *Comus.* The *Old Wives' Tale* was printed in 1595, as acted by 'the Queen's Majesty's Players.' The greatest work of Peele is his Scripture drama, the *Love of King David and Fair Bethsabe*, with the tragedy of *Absalom*, which Campbell terms 'the earliest fountain of pathos and harmony that can be traced in our dramatic poetry.' The date of representation of this drama is not known; it was not printed till 1599, after Shakspeare had written some of his finest comedies, and opened up a fountain compared with which the feeble tricklings of Peele were wholly insignificant. It is not probable that Peele's play was written before 1590, as one passage in it seems a direct plagiarism from the *Faery Queen* of Spenser. We may allow Peele the merit of a delicate poetical fancy and smooth musical versification. The defect of his blank verse is its want of variety: the art of varying the pauses and modulating the verse without the aid of rhyme had not yet been generally adopted. In *David and Bethsabe*, this monotony is less observable, because his lines are smoother, and there is a play of rich and luxurious fancy in some of the scenes.

### *Prologue to King David and Fair Bethsabe.*

Of Israel's sweetest singer now I sing,
His holy style and happy victories;
Whose Muse was dipt in that inspiring dew,
Archangels 'stilled from the breath of Jove,
Decking her temples with the glorious flowers
Heaven rained on tops of Sion and Mount Sinai.
Upon the bosom of his ivory lute
The cherubim and angels laid their breasts;
And when his consecrated fingers struck
The golden wires of his ravishing harp,
He gave alarum to the host of heaven,
That, winged with lightning, brake the clouds, and cast
Their crystal armour at his conquering feet.
Of this sweet poet, Jove's musician,
And of his beauteous son, I press to sing;
Then help, divine Adonai, to conduct,
Upon the wings of my well-tempered verse,
The hearers' minds above the towers of heaven,
And guide them so in this thrice haughty flight,
Their mounting feathers scorch not with the fire
That none can temper but thy holy hand:
To thee for succour flies my feeble Muse,
And at thy feet her iron pen doth use.

BETHSABE and her maid bathing. King DAVID above.

The Song.

Hot sun, cool fire, tempered with sweet air,
Black shade, fair nurse, shadow my white hair:
Shine, sun; burn, fire; breathe, air, and ease me;
Black shade, fair nurse, shroud me and please me;
Shadow—my sweet nurse—keep me from burning,
Make not my glad cause, cause of mourning.
Let not my beauty's fire
Inflame unstaid desire,
Nor pierce any bright eye
That wandereth lightly.

*Bethsabe.* Come, gentle Zephyr, tricked with those perfumes
That erst in Eden sweetened Adam's love,
And stroke my bosom with the silken fan:
This shade—sun-proof—is yet no proof for thee;
Thy body, smoother than this waveless spring,
And purer than the substance of the same,
Can creep through that his lances[1] cannot pierce.
Thou and thy sister, soft and sacred Air,
Goddess of life and governess of health,
Keeps every fountain fresh and arbour sweet;
No brazen gate her passage can repulse,
Nor bushy thicket bar thy subtle breath.
Then deck thee with thy loose delightsome robes,
And on thy wings bring delicate perfumes,
To play the wanton with us through the leaves.
*David.* What tunes, what words, what looks, what wonders pierce
My soul, incensed with a sudden fire!
What tree, what shade, what spring, what paradise,
Enjoys the beauty of so fair a dame?
Fair Eva, placed in perfect happiness,
Lending her praise-notes to the liberal heavens,
Struck with the accents of archangels' tunes,
Wrought not more pleasure to her husband's thoughts
Than this fair woman's words and notes to mine.
May that sweet plain that bears her pleasant weight,
Be still enamelled with discoloured flowers;
That precious fount bear sand of purest gold;
And for the pebble, let the silver streams
That pierce earth's bowels to maintain the source,
Play upon rubies, sapphires, chrysolites;
The brim let be embraced with golden curls
Of moss, that sleeps with sound the waters make
For joy to feed the fount with their recourse;
Let all the grass that beautifies her bower
Bear manna every morn, instead of dew;
Or let the dew be sweeter far than that
That hangs like chains of pearl on Hermon hill,
Or balm which trickled from old Aaron's beard.

Enter CUSAY.

See, Cusay, see the flower of Israel,
The fairest daughter that obeys the king,
In all the land the Lord subdued to me.
Fairer than Isaac's lover at the well,
Brighter than inside bark of new-hewn cedar,
Sweeter than flames of fine perfumed myrrh;
And comelier than the silver clouds that dance
On Zephyr's wings before the King of heaven.
*Cusay.* Is it not Bethsabe the Hethite's wife,
Urias, now at Rabath siege with Joab?
*Dav.* Go now and bring her quickly to the king;
Tell her, her graces hath found grace with him.
*Cus.* I will, my lord. [*Exit.*
*Dav.* Bright Bethsabe shall wash in David's bower
In water mixed with purest almond flower,
And bathe her beauty in the milk of kids;
Bright Bethsabe gives earth to my desires,
Verdure to earth, and to that verdure flowers,
To flowers sweet odours, and to odours wings,
That carry pleasures to the hearts of kings. . . .
Now comes my lover tripping like the roe,
And brings my longings tangled in her hair:
To 'joy her love I 'll build a kingly bower,
Seated in hearing of a hundred streams,
That, for their homage to her sovereign joys,
Shall, as the serpents fold into their nests,
In oblique turnings wind the nimble waves
About the circles of her curious walks,
And with their murmur summon easeful Sleep,
To lay his golden sceptre on her brows.

Charles Lamb says justly, that the line, 'seated in hearing of a hundred streams,' is the best in the above passage. It is indeed a noble poetical image.

*Parable of Nathan and David.*

*Nathan.* Thus Nathan saith unto his lord the king:
There were two men both dwellers in one town;
The one was mighty, and exceeding rich
In oxen, sheep, and cattle of the field;
The other poor, having nor ox, nor calf,
Nor other cattle, save one little lamb,
Which he had bought, and nourished by his hand;
And it grew up, and fed with him and his,
And ate and drank as he and his were wont,
And in his bosom slept, and was to him
As was his daughter or his dearest child.—
There came a stranger to this wealthy man,
And he refused and spared to take his own,
Or of his store to dress or make his meat,
But took the poor man's sheep, partly poor man's store;
And drest it for this stranger in his house.
What, tell me, shall be done to him for this?
*David.* Now, as the Lord doth live, this wicked man
Is judged, and shall become the child of death;
Fourfold to the poor man he shall restore,
That without mercy took his lamb away.
*Nath.* THOU ART THE MAN, AND THOU HAST JUDGED THYSELF.—
David, thus saith the Lord thy God by me:
I thee anointed king in Israel,
And saved thee from the tyranny of Saul;
Thy master's house I gave thee to possess,
His wives unto thy bosom I did give,
And Juda and Jerusalem withal;
And might, thou know'st, if this had been too small,
Have given thee more.
Wherefore, then, hast thou gone so far astray,
And hast done evil, and sinned in my sight?
Urias thou hast killed with the sword,
Yea, with the sword of the uncircumcised
Thou hast him slain; wherefore, from this day forth,
The sword shall never go from thee and thine:
For thou hast ta'en this Hethite's wife to thee;
Wherefore, behold, I will, saith Jacob's God,
In thine own house stir evil up to thee;
Yea, I before thy face will take thy wives,
And give them to thy neighbour to possess.
This shall be done to David in the day,
That Israel openly may see thy shame.
*Dav.* Nathan, I have against the Lord, I have
Sinned, O sinned grievously, and lo!
From heaven's throne doth David throw himself,
And groan and grovel to the gates of hell.
*Nath.* David, stand up; thus saith the Lord by me:
David the king shall live, for he hath seen
The true repentant sorrow of thy heart;
But for thou hast in this misdeed of thine
Stirred up the enemies of Israel
To triumph and blaspheme the Lord of Hosts,
And say: 'He set a wicked man to reign
Over his loved people and his tribes;'
The child shall surely die, that erst was born,
His mother's sin, his kingly father's scorn.

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[1] The sun's rays.

*Dav.* How just is Jacob's God in all his works!
But must it die, that David loveth so? . . .
Mourn, Israel, and weep in Sion gates;
Wither, ye cedar trees of Lebanon;
Ye sprouting almonds with your flowing tops,
Droop, drown, and drench in Hebron's fearful streams!

### SONG.—*Cupid's Curse.*

From the *Arraignment of Paris.*

ŒNONE—PARIS.

*Œnone.* Fair, and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be,
The fairest shepherd on our green,
A love for any lady.

*Paris.* Fair, and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be,
Thy love is fair for thee alone,
And for no other lady.

*Œn.* My love is fair, my love is gay,
And fresh as bin the flowers in May,
And of my love my roundelay,
My merry, merry, merry roundelay,
Concludes with Cupid's curse:
They that do change old love for new,
Pray gods they change for worse.

*Both.* Fair, and fair, &c.
Fair, and fair, &c. (*repeated*).

*Œn.* My love can pipe, my love can sing,
My love can many a pretty thing,
And of his lovely praises ring
My merry, merry, merry roundelays.
Amen to Cupid's curse:
They that do change old love for new,
Pray gods they change for worse.

*Both.* Fair, and fair, &c.
Fair, and fair, &c. (*repeated*).

Peele died before 1599, and seems, like most of his dramatic brethren, to have led an irregular life, in the midst of severe poverty. A volume of *Merry Conceited Jests*, said to have been by him, was published after his death in 1607, which, if even *founded* on fact, shews that he was not scrupulous as to the means of relieving his wants.

## THOMAS KYD.

In 1588, THOMAS KYD produced his play of *Hieronimo* or *Jeronimo*, and some years afterwards a second part to it, under the title of *The Spanish Tragedy, or Hieronimo is Mad Again.* This second part is supposed to have gone through more editions than any play of the time. Ben Jonson was afterwards engaged to make additions to it, when it was revived in 1601, and further editions in 1602. These new scenes are said by Lamb to be 'the very salt of the old play,' and so superior to Jonson's acknowledged works, that he attributes them to Webster, or some 'more potent spirit' than Ben. This seems refining too much in criticism. Kyd, like Marlowe, often verges upon bombast, and 'deals largely in blood and death.' Nothing seems to be known of his personal history.

HIERONIMO mad, for the loss of his murdered son.

*Hieronimo.* My son! and what's a son?
A lump bred up in darkness, and doth serve
To balance those light creatures we call women;
And at the nine months' end creeps forth to light.
What is there yet in a son,
To make a father dote, rave, or run mad?
Being born, it pouts, cries, and breeds teeth.
What is there yet in a son?
He must be fed, be taught to go, and speak.
Ay, or yet? why might not a man love a calf as well?
Or melt in passion o'er a frisking kid, as for a son?
Methinks a young bacon,
Or a fine little smooth horse-colt,
Should move a man as much as doth a son;
For one of these, in very little time,
Will grow to some good use; whereas a son
The more he grows in stature and in years,
The more unsquared, unlevelled he appears;
Reckons his parents among the rank of fools,
Strikes cares upon their heads with his mad riots,
Makes them look old before they meet with age;
This is a son; and what a loss is this, considered truly!
Oh, but my Horatio grew out of reach of those
Insatiate humours: he loved his loving parents:
He was my comfort, and his mother's joy,
The very arm that did hold up our house—
Our hopes were stored up in him;
None but a damned murderer could hate him.
He had not seen the back of nineteen years,
When his strong arm unhorsed the proud prince
Balthazar;
And his great mind, too full of honour, took
To mercy that valiant but ignoble Portuguese.
Well, Heaven is Heaven still!
And there is Nemesis, and furies,
And things called whips,
And they sometimes do meet with murderers:
They do not always 'scape—that's some comfort.
Ay, ay, ay, and then time steals on, and steals, and
steals,
Till violence leaps forth, like thunder
Wrapt in a ball of fire,
And so doth bring confusion to them all. [*Exit.*

JAQUES and PEDRO, Servants.

*Jaques.* I wonder, Pedro, why our master thus
At midnight sends us with our torches light,
When man and bird and beast are all at rest,
Save those that watch for rape and bloody murder.
*Pedro.* O Jaques, know thou that our master's mind
Is much distract since his Horatio died:
And, now his aged years should sleep in rest,
His heart in quiet, like a desperate man
Grows lunatic and childish for his son:
Sometimes, as he doth at his table sit,
He speaks as if Horatio stood by him;
Then starting in a rage, falls on the earth,
Cries out: 'Horatio, where is my Horatio?'
So that with extreme grief, and cutting sorrow,
There is not left in him one inch of man.
See, here he comes.

HIERONIMO enters.

*Hier.* I pry through every crevice of each wall,
Look at each tree, and search through every brake,
Beat on the bushes, stamp our grandame earth,
Dive in the water, and stare up to heaven;
Yet cannot I behold my son Horatio.
How now, who's there, sprites, sprites?
*Ped.* We are your servants that attend you, sir.
*Hier.* What make you with your torches in the dark?
*Ped.* You bid us light them, and attend you here.
*Hier.* No, no; you are deceived: not I; you are
deceived.

Was I so mad to bid you light your torches now?
Light me your torches at the mid of noon,
When as the sun-god rides in all his glory;
Light me your torches then.
*Ped.* Then we burn daylight.
*Hier.* Let it be burned: Night is a murderous slut,
That would not have her treasons to be seen:
And yonder pale-faced Hecate there, the moon,
Doth give consent to that is done in darkness.
And all those stars that gaze upon her face,
Are aglets[1] on her sleeve, pins on her train:
And those that should be powerful and divine,
Do sleep in darkness when they most should shine.
*Ped.* Provoke them not, fair sir, with tempting words.
The heavens are gracious; and your miseries
And sorrow make you speak you know not what.
*Hier.* Villain! thou liest; and thou doest nought
But tell me I am mad: thou liest; I am not mad:
I know thee to be Pedro; and he, Jaques.
I 'll prove it to thee; and were I mad, how could I?
Where was she the same night when my Horatio was murdered?
She should have shone: search thou the book.
Had the moon shone in my boy's face, there was a kind of grace,
That I know, nay, I do know had the murderer seen him,
His weapon would have fallen, and cut the earth,
Had he been framed of nought but blood and death.
Alack! when mischief doth it knows not what,
What shall we say to mischief?

ISABELLA, his wife, enters.

*Isabella.* Dear Hieronimo, come in a-doors.
O seek not means to increase thy sorrow.
*Hier.* Indeed, Isabella, we do nothing here.
I do not cry; ask Pedro and Jaques:
Not I indeed; we are very merry, very merry!
*Isa.* How? be merry here, be merry here?
Is not this the place, and this the very tree,
Where my Horatio died, where he was murdered?
*Hier.* Was, do not say what: let her weep it out.
This was the tree; I set it of a kernel;
And when our hot Spain could not let it grow,
But that the infant and the human sap
Began to wither, duly twice a morning
Would I be sprinkling it with fountain water:
At last it grew and grew, and bore and bore:
Till at length it grew a gallows, and did bear our son.
It bore thy fruit and mine. O wicked, wicked plant!
See who knocks there. [*One knocks within at the door.*
*Ped.* It is a painter, sir.
*Hier.* Bid him come in, and paint some comfort,
For surely there 's none lives but painted comfort.
Let him come in; one knows not what may chance.
God's will that I should set this tree! but even so
Masters ungrateful servants rear from nought,
And then they hate them that did bring them up.

The Painter enters.

*Painter.* God bless you, sir.
*Hier.* Wherefore? why, thou scornful villain?
How, where, or by what means should I be blest?
*Isa.* What wouldst thou have, good fellow?
*Pain.* Justice, madam.
*Hier.* O ambitious beggar, wouldst thou have that
That lives not in the world?
Why, all the undelved mines cannot buy
An ounce of justice, 'tis a jewel so inestimable.
I tell thee, God hath engrossed all justice in his hands,
And there is none but what comes from him.
*Pain.* O then, I see that God must right me for my murdered son.
*Hier.* How! was thy son murdered?
*Pain.* Ay, sir; no man did hold a son so dear.
*Hier.* What, not as thine? that 's a lie,
As massy as the earth. I had a son,
Whose least unvalued hair did weigh
A thousand of thy sons, and he was murdered.
*Pain.* Alas, sir, I had no more but he.
*Hier.* Nor I, nor I; but this same one of mine
Was worth a legion. But all is one.
Pedro, Jaques, go in a-doors; Isabella, go;
And this good fellow here and I
Will range this hideous orchard up and down,
Like two she-lions, 'reaved of their young.
Go in a-doors, I say. [*Exeunt.*

### THOMAS NASH.

THOMAS NASH, a lively satirist, who amused the town with his attacks on Gabriel Harvey and the Puritans, wrote a comedy called *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, which was exhibited before Queen Elizabeth in 1592. He was also concerned with Marlowe in writing the tragedy of *Dido, Queen of Carthage*. He was imprisoned for being the author of a satirical play, never printed, called the *Isle of Dogs*. Another piece of Nash's, entitled the *Supplication of Pierce Penniless to the Devil*, was printed in 1592, which was followed next year by *Christ's Tears over Jerusalem*. Nash was a native of Lowestoft, in Suffolk, and was born about the year 1564; he was of St John's College, Cambridge. He died about the year 1600, after a 'life spent,' he says, 'in fantastical satirism, in whose veins heretofore I misspent my spirit, and prodigally conspired against good hours.' He was the Churchill of his day, and was much famed for his satires. One of his contemporaries remarks of him, in a happy couplet:

His style was witty, though he had some gall;
Something he might have mended, so may all.
*Return from Parnassus.*

The versification of Nash is hard and monotonous. The following is from his comedy of *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, and is a favourable specimen of his blank verse: great part of the play is in prose:

I never loved ambitiously to climb,
Or thrust my hand too far into the fire.
To be in heaven sure is a blessed thing;
But, Atlas-like, to prop heaven on one's back,
Cannot but be more labour than delight.
Such is the state of men in honour placed:
They are gold vessels made for servile uses;
High trees that keep the weather from low houses,
But cannot shield the tempest from themselves.
I love to dwell betwixt the hills and dales,
Neither to be so great as to be envied,
Nor yet so poor the world should pity me.

In *Pierce Penniless*, Nash draws a harrowing picture of the despair of a poor scholar:

Ah, worthless wit! to train me to this woe:
Deceitful arts that nourish discontent:
Ill thrive the folly that bewitched me so!
Vain thoughts, adieu! for now I will repent—
And yet my wants persuade me to proceed,
For none take pity of a scholar's need.
Forgive me, God, although I curse my birth,
And ban the air wherein I breathe a wretch,
Since misery hath daunted all my mirth,
And I am quite undone through promise' breach;
Ah, friends!—no friends that then ungentle frown
When changing fortune casts us headlong down.

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[1] Tags of points.

On this subject, Nash was always fluent. He was an author by profession—careless, jovial, and dissipated—alternating between riotous excess and abject misery. His ready and pungent pen was at the service of any patron or cause that would pay, but he was generally in want. In his *Pierce Penniless*, he thus paints his situation in 1592: 'Having spent many years in studying how to live, and lived a long time without money; having tired my youth with folly, and surfeited my mind with vanity, I began at length to look back to repentance, and addressed my endeavours to prosperity; but all in vain. I sat up late and rose early, contended with the cold and conversed with scarcity; for all my labours turned to loss: my vulgar muse was despised and neglected; my pains not regarded, or slightly rewarded; and I myself in prime of my best wit, laid open to poverty.'

The condition of the times Nash describes as lamentable. 'Men of art,' he says, 'must seek alms of cormorants, and those that deserve best, to be kept under by dunces, who count it a policy to keep them bare, because they should follow their books the better.' But he is quite willing to *let himself out* to one of these wealthy dunces: 'Gentles, it is not your lay chronographers, that write of nothing but mayors and sheriffs, and the Dear Year and the Great Frost, that can endow your names with never-dated glory, for they want the wings of choice words to fly to heaven, which we have; they cannot sweeten a discourse, or wrest admiration from mere reading, as we can, reporting the meanest accident. Poetry is the honey of all flowers, the quintessence of all sciences, the marrow of all wits, and the very phrase of angels: how much better is it, then, to have an eloquent lawyer to plead one's case than a strutting townsman, who loseth himself in his tale, and doth nothing but make legs; so much it is better for a nobleman or gentleman to have his honour's story related and his deeds emblazoned by a poet than a citizen. . . . For my part, I do challenge no praise of learning to myself, yet have I worn a gown in the university; but this I dare presume, that if any Mæcenas bind me to him by his bounty, or extend some sound liberality to me worth the speaking of, I will do him as much honour as any poet of my beardless years shall in England. Not that I am so confident what I can do, but that I attribute so much to my thankful mind above others, which would enable me, I am persuaded, to work miracles. On the contrary side, if I be evil entreated, or sent away with a flea in mine ear, let him look that I'll rail on him soundly, not for an hour or a day while the injury is fresh in my memory, but in some elaborate polished poem, which I will leave to the world when I am dead, to be a living image to all ages of his beggarly parsimony and ignorant illiberality: and let him not, whatsoever he be, treasure the weight of my words by this book, where I write *quicquid in buccam veniret*, as fast as my hand can trot; but I have terms, if I be vexed, laid in steep in aquafortis and gunpowder, that shall rattle through the skies, and make an earthquake in a peasant's ears.'

The works of this formidable satirist are numerous—as, *Return of the Renowned Cavaliero Pasquil of England* (1589); *Strange Newes of the Intercepting Certaine Letters* (1592)—another fling at Harvey; *Martin's Month's Mind* (1589); *Pasquil's Apology* (1590); *The Terrors of the Night, or a Discourse of Apparitions* (1594); &c. The least valuable of his productions are his attempts at the drama, but the stage offered attractions at that period which were irresistible to a needy author.

## ROBERT GREENE.

Robert Greene, a more distinguished dramatist, is believed to have been born at Norwich, about the year 1560. He was a graduate of St John's College, Cambridge, 1578, but took his degree of M.A. at Clare Hall in 1583. In his work, *The Repentance of Robert Greene* (1592), the unfortunate dramatist confesses his early iniquities. 'Being at the university of Cambridge,' he says, 'I light among wags as lewd as myself, with whom I consumed the flower of my youth, who drew me to travel into Italy and Spain, in which places I saw and practised such villainy as is abominable to declare. Thus by their counsel I sought to furnish myself with coin, which I procured by cunning sleights from my father and my friends, and my mother pampered me so long, and secretly helped me to the oil of angels; so that being then conversant with notable braggarts, boon-companions, and ordinary spendthrifts, that practised sundry superficial studies, I became as a scion grafted into the same stock, whereby I did absolutely participate of their nature and qualities. At my return into England, I ruffled out in my silks, in the habit of Malcontent, and seemed so discontent that no place would please me to abide in, nor no vocation cause me to stay myself in; but after I had by degrees proceeded master of arts (1583), I left the university, and away to London, where—after I had continued some short time, and driven myself out of credit with sundry of my friends—I became an author of plays and a penner of love-pamphlets, so that I soon grew famous in that quality, that who, for that trade, known so ordinary about London as Robin Greene? Young yet in years, though old in wickedness, I began to resolve that there was nothing bad that was profitable; whereupon I grew so rooted in all mischief, that I had as great a delight in wickedness as sundry have in godliness, and as much felicity I took in villainy as others had in honesty.' This account is amply borne out by contemporary testimony, especially by that of Gabriel Harvey, who has painted Greene in the darkest colours. In the midst of his dissipation, however, Greene lost none of his facility for literary composition. His first performance, *Mamillia*, appeared in 1583; and before his death, on the 3d of September 1592, he had produced above forty plays, poems, and tales. His works were highly popular, and were eagerly bought up by all classes. The most creditable of his prose works are short tales and romances, interspersed with poetry—as *Pandosto, the Triumph of Time, or the History of Dorastus and Faunia* (1589); the *History of Arbasto, King of Denmark; A Pair of Turtle Doves, or the Tragical History of Bellora and Fidelio; Menaphon;* &c. Others relate to his own history and adventures—as *Greene's Never too Late, or a Power of Experience;*

*Greene's Mourning Garment*, *Greene's Farewell to Folly*, *The Repentance of Robert Greene*, &c. A third class of his performances disclosed the writer's peculiar knowledge of all town vices and villainies—as *A Notable Discovery of Cozenage*, *Coney-catching*, *The Black Book's Messenger*, &c. The plays of Greene are—*Orlando Furioso*, a tragedy; *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*; *Alphonsus, King of Arragon*; *James IV.*; *George-a-Green, the Pinner of Wakefield;* and a 'mystery play,' written in conjunction with Lodge, called *A Looking-glass for London and England.* Amidst a good deal of bombast and extravagance, there is genuine poetry in these plays. Some of the verses scattered through the tales are also remarkable for sweetness of expression and ornate diction. In his *Pandosto*, from which Shakspeare took the plot of his *Winter's Tale*, are the following lines:

Ah, were she pitiful as she is fair,
Or but as mild as she is seeming so,
Then were my hopes greater than my despair—
Then all the world were heaven, nothing woe.
Ah, were her heart relenting as her hand,
That seems to melt e'en with the mildest touch,
Then knew I where to seat me in a land
Under the wide heavens, but yet not such.
So as she shews, she seems the budding rose,
Yet sweeter far than is an earthly flower;
Sovereign of beauty, like the spray she grows,
Compassed she is with thorns and cankered flower;
Yet, were she willing to be plucked and worn,
She would be gathered though she grew on thorn.

The blank verse of Greene approaches next to that of Marlowe, though less energetic. His imagination was lively and discursive, fond of legendary lore, and filled with classical images and illustrations. In his *Orlando*, he thus apostrophises the evening star:

Fair queen of love, thou mistress of delight,
Thou gladsome lamp that wait'st on Phœbe's train,
Spreading thy kindness through the jarring orbs,
That in their union praise thy lasting powers;
Thou that hast stayed the fiery Phlegon's course,
And mad'st the coachman of the glorious wain
To droop in view of Daphne's excellence;
Fair pride of morn, sweet beauty of the even,
Look on Orlando languishing in love.
Sweet solitary groves, whereas the nymphs
With pleasance laugh to see the satyrs play,
Witness Orlando's faith unto his love.
Tread she these lawns?—kind Flora, boast thy pride:
Seek she for shades?—spread, cedars, for her sake.
Fair Flora, make her couch amidst thy flowers.
Sweet crystal springs,
Wash ye with roses when she longs to drink.
Ah thought, my heaven! Ah heaven, that knows my
    thought!
Smile, joy in her that my content hath wrought.

Passages like this prove that Greene succeeds well, as Hallam remarks, 'in that florid and gay style, a little redundant in images, which Shakspeare frequently gives to his princes and courtiers, and which renders some unimpassioned scenes in the historic plays effective and brilliant.' Professor Tieck gives him the high praise of possessing 'a happy talent, a clear spirit, and a lively imagination.' His comedies have a good deal of boisterous merriment and farcical humour. George-a-Green is a shrewd Yorkshireman, who meets with the kings of Scotland and England, Robin Hood, Maid Marian, &c. and who, after various tricks, receives the pardon of King Edward:

George-a-Green, give me thy hand: there is
None in England that shall do thee wrong.
Even from my court I came to see thyself,
And now I see that fame speaks nought but truth.

The following is a specimen of the simple humour and practical jokes in the play; it is in a scene between George and his servant:

*Jenkin.* This fellow comes to me,
And takes me by the bosom: 'You slave,'
Said he, 'hold my horse, and look
He takes no cold in his feet.'
'No, marry, shall he, sir,' quoth I;
'I 'll lay my cloak underneath him.'
I took my cloak, spread it all along,
And set his horse on the midst of it.
*George.* Thou clown, didst thou set his horse upon
    thy cloak?
*Jenkin.* Ay, but mark how I served him.
Madge and he were no sooner gone down into the ditch,
But I plucked out my knife, cut four holes in my cloak,
And made his horse stand on the bare ground.

*Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay* is Greene's best comedy. His friars are conjurers, and the piece concludes with one of their pupils being carried off to hell on the back of one of Friar Bacon's devils. Mr Collier thinks this was one of the latest instances of the devil being brought upon the stage *in propriâ personâ*. The play was acted in 1591, but may have been produced a year or two earlier.

In some hour of repentance, when death was nigh at hand, Greene wrote a tract, called *A Groats Worth of Wit, bought with a Million of Repentance*, in which he deplores his fate more feelingly than Nash, and also gives ghostly advice to his acquaintances 'that spend their wit in making plays.' The first he styles 'thou famous gracer of tragedians,' and he accuses him of atheism: 'why should thy excellent wit, His gift, be so blinded, that thou shouldst give no glory to the giver?' The allusion here is clearly to Marlowe, whom all his contemporaries charge with atheism. The second dramatist is addressed as 'Young Juvenal, that biting satirist that lastly with me together writ a comedy! sweet boy, might I advise thee, be advised, and get not many enemies by bitter words; inveigh against vain men, for thou canst do it—no man better, no man so well.' Lodge is supposed to be the party here addressed. Finally, Greene counsels another dramatist, 'no less deserving than the other two,' and who was like himself 'driven to extreme shifts,' not to depend on so mean a stay as the stage. Peele is evidently this third party. Greene then glances at Shakspeare: 'For there is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that, with his *tiger's heart wrapt in a player's hide*, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you; and being an absolute Johannes Fac-totum, is, in his own conceit, the only *Shake-scene* in a country.' The punning allusion to Shakspeare is palpable: the expressions, 'tiger's heart,' &c. are a parody on the line in *Henry VI.* part third—

O tiger's heart, wrapt in a woman's hide!

The *Winter's Tale* is believed to be one of Shakspeare's late dramas, not written till long after Greene's death; consequently, if this be correct, the unhappy man could not allude to the plagiarism of the plot from his tale of *Pandosto*. Some forgotten play of Greene and his friend may have been alluded to; perhaps the old dramas on which Shakspeare constructed his *Henry VI.* for in one of these the line *O tiger's heart*, &c. also occurs. These old plays, however, seem above the pitch of Greene in tragedy. Shakspeare was certainly indebted to Marlowe, one of the dramatists thus addressed by Greene. The *Groat's Worth of Wit* was published after Greene's death by a brother-dramatist, Henry Chettle, who, in the preface to a subsequent work, apologised indirectly for the allusion to Shakspeare. 'I am as sorry,' he says, 'as if the original fault had been my fault, because myself have seen his demeanour no less civil than he excellent in the quality he professes. Besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing, that approves his art.' This is a valuable statement: full justice is done to Shakspeare's moral worth and civil deportment, and to his respectability as an actor and author. Chettle's apology or explanation was made in 1593.

The conclusion of Greene's *Groat's Worth of Wit* contains more pathos than all his plays; it is a harrowing picture of genius debased by vice, and sorrowing in repentance:

> But now return I again to you three [Marlowe, Lodge, and Peele], knowing my misery is to you no news: and let me heartily entreat you to be warned by my harms. Delight not, as I have done, in irreligious oaths, despise drunkenness, fly lust, abhor those epicures whose loose life hath made religion loathsome to your ears; and when they soothe you with terms of mastership, remember Robert Greene—whom they have often flattered—perishes for want of comfort. Remember, gentlemen, your lives are like so many light-tapers that are with care delivered to all of you to maintain; these, with wind-puffed wrath, may be extinguished, with drunkenness put out, with negligence let fall. The fire of my light is now at the last snuff. My hand is tired, and I forced to leave where I would begin; desirous that you should live, though himself be dying. —ROBERT GREENE.

His death was wretched in the extreme. Having, at a supper where Nash was a guest, indulged to excess in pickled herrings and Rhenish wine, he contracted a mortal illness, under which he continued for a month, supported by a poor charitable cordwainer; and he was buried the day after his death in the New Churchyard near Bedlam, the cost of his funeral being 6s. 4d. Harvey says Greene's corpse was decked by the cordwainer's wife with 'a garland of bays, pursuant to his last request!'

### *Content.—A Sonnet.*

Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content:
The quiet mind is richer than a crown:
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent:
The poor estate scorns Fortune's angry frown.
Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,
Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.
The homely house that harbours quiet rest,
The cottage that affords no pride nor care,
The mean, that 'grees with country music best,
The sweet consort of mirth's and music's fare.
Obscured life sets down a type of bliss;
A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

### *Sephestia's Song to her Child, after escaping from Shipwreck.*

Mother's wag, pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy,
When thy father first did see
Such a boy by him and me,
He was glad, I was woe,
Fortune changed made him so;
When he had left his pretty boy,
Last his sorrow, first his joy.
Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;
When thou art old, there 's grief enough for thee.

The wanton smiled, father wept,
Mother cried, baby leapt;
More he crowed, more he cried,
Nature could not sorrow hide;
He must go, he must kiss
Child and mother, baby bless;
For he left his pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy.
Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;
When thou art old, there 's grief enough for thee.

### *The Shepherd and his Wife.*

It was near a thicky shade,
That broad leaves of beech had made,
Joining all their tops so nigh,
That scarce Phœbus in could pry;
Where sat the swain and his wife,
Sporting in that pleasing life,
That Corydon commendeth so,
All other lives to over-go.
He and she did sit and keep
Flocks of kids and flocks of sheep:
He upon his pipe did play,
She tuned voice unto his lay.
And, for you might her housewife know,
Voice did sing and fingers sew.
He was young, his coat was green,
With welts of white seamed between,
Turned over with a flap,
That breast and bosom in did wrap,
Skirts side and plighted free,
Seemly hanging to his knee,
A whittle with a silver chape;
Cloak was russet, and the cape
Served for a bonnet oft,
To shroud him from the wet aloft:
A leather scrip of colour red,
With a button on the head;
A bottle full of country whig,
By the shepherd's side did lig;
And in a little bush hard by,
There the shepherd's dog did lie,
Who, while his master 'gan to sleep,
Well could watch both kids and sheep.
The shepherd was a frolic swain,
For, though his 'parel was but plain,
Yet do the authors soothly say,
His colour was both fresh and gay;
And in their writs plain discuss,
Fairer was not Tityrus,
Nor Menalcas, whom they call
The alderleefest[1] swain of all!
Seeming him was his wife,
Both in line and in life.
Fair she was, as fair might be,
Like the roses on the tree;

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[1] *Alder*, of all; *alderleefest*, or *alderlievest*, dearest of all.

Buxom, blithe, and young, I ween,
Beauteous, like a summer's queen;
For her cheeks were ruddy hued,
As if lilies were imbrued
With drops of blood, to make the white
Please the eye with more delight.
Love did lie within her eyes,
In ambush for some wanton prize;
A leefer lass than this had been,
Corydon had never seen.
Nor was Phillis, that fair May,
Half so gaudy or so gay.
She wore a chaplet on her head;
Her cassock was of scarlet red,
Long and large, as straight as bent;
Her middle was both small and gent.
A neck as white as whales' bone,
Compast with a lace of stone;
Fine she was, and fair she was,
Brighter than the brightest glass;
Such a shepherd's wife as she
Was not more in Thessaly.

Philador, seeing this couple sitting thus lovingly, noted the concord of country amity, and began to conjecture with himself, what a sweet kind of life those men use, who were by their birth too low for dignity, and by their fortunes too simple for envy; well, he thought to fall in prattle with them, had not the shepherd taken his pipe in hand, and begun to play, and his wife to sing out, this roundelay.

Ah! what is love? It is a pretty thing,
As sweet unto a shepherd as a king,
And sweeter too:
For kings have cares that wait upon a crown,
And cares can make the sweetest cares to frown:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

His flocks are folded; he comes home at night
As merry as a king in his delight,
And merrier too:
For kings bethink them what the state require,
Where shepherds, careless, carol by the fire:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

He kisseth first, then sits as blithe to eat
His cream and curd, as doth the king his meat,
And blither too:
For kings have often fears when they sup,
Where shepherds dread no poison in their cup:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

Upon his couch of straw he sleeps as sound
As doth the king upon his beds of down,
More sounder too:
For cares cause kings full oft their sleep to spill,
Where weary shepherds lie and snort their fill:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

Thus with his wife he spends the year as blithe
As doth the king at every tide or syth,[1]
And blither too:
For kings have wars and broils to take in hand,
When shepherds laugh, and love upon the land:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

## THOMAS LODGE.

THOMAS LODGE is usually classed among the precursors of Shakspeare; he was a poor dramatist. He wrote one tragedy, ***The Wounds of Civil War, lively set forth in the True Tragedies of Marius and Sylla***, 1594. This is in blank verse, but without modulation, and the play is heavy and uninteresting. The 'mystery-play,' ***A Looking-glass for London and England***, written by Lodge and Greene, is directed to the defence of the stage. It applies the scriptural story of Nineveh to the city of London, and amidst drunken buffoonery and clownish mirth, contains some powerful satirical writing.

## CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

The greatest of Shakspeare's precursors in the drama was CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE—a fiery imaginative spirit, who first imparted consistent character and energy to the stage, in connection with a high-sounding and varied blank verse. Marlowe was born at Canterbury, and baptised on the 26th of February 1563-4. He was the son of a shoemaker, but through the aid of some local patron—supposed to be Sir Roger Manwood, chief baron of the Exchequer, on whom he wrote a Latin epitaph—he was admitted into the King's School of Canterbury, founded for the education of fifty scholars, who received each a stipend of £4 per annum, and retained their scholarships for five years. From this institution, Marlowe was enabled to proceed, in 1581, to Bennet College, Cambridge, where he took the degree of B.A. in 1583, and that of M.A. in 1587. Previous to this, he is supposed to have written his tragedy of ***Tamburlaine the Great***, which was successfully brought out on the stage, and long continued a favourite. Shakspeare makes ancient Pistol quote, in ridicule, part of this play:

Holla, ye pampered jades of Asia, &c.

But, amidst the rant and fustian of ***Tamburlaine***, there are passages of great beauty and wild grandeur, and the versification justifies the compliment afterwards paid by Ben Jonson, in the words, 'Marlowe's mighty line.' His lofty blank verse is one of his most characteristic features. His second play, the ***Life and Death of Dr Faustus***, exhibits a far wider range of dramatic power than his first tragedy. The hero studies necromancy, and makes a solemn disposal of his soul to Lucifer, on condition of having a familiar spirit at his command, and unlimited enjoyment for twenty-four years; during which period Faustus visits different countries, 'calls up spirits from the vasty deep,' and revels in luxury and splendour. At length the time expires, the bond becomes due, and a party of evil spirits enter, amidst thunder and lightning, to claim his forfeited life and person. Such a plot afforded scope for deep passion and variety of adventure, and Marlowe has constructed from it a powerful though irregular play. Scenes and passages of terrific grandeur and the most thrilling agony, are intermixed with low humour and preternatural machinery, often ludicrous and grotesque. The ambition of Faustus is a sensual, not a lofty ambition. A feeling of curiosity and wonder is excited by his necromancy and his strange compact with Lucifer; but we do not fairly sympathise with him till all his disguises are stripped off, and his meretricious splendour is succeeded by horror and despair. Then, when he stands on the brink of everlasting ruin, waiting for the fatal moment, imploring, yet distrusting repentance, a scene of enchaining interest, fervid passion, and overwhelming pathos, carries captive the sternest heart, and proclaims the full triumph of the tragic poet.

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[1] *Syth*, or *sithe*, Sax. time.

### *Scenes from Marlowe's Faustus.*

Faustus.—Wagner, his Servant.

*Faustus.* Say, Wagner, thou hast perused my will.
How dost thou like it?
*Wagner.* Sir, so wondrous well,
As in all humble duty I do yield
My life and lasting service for your love. [*Exit.*

Three Scholars enter.

*Faust.* Gramercy, Wagner.
Welcome, gentlemen.

*First Scholar.* Now, worthy Faustus, methinks your looks are changed.

*Faust.* O gentlemen.

*Second Scholar.* What ails Faustus?

*Faust.* Ah, my sweet chamber-fellow, had I lived with thee, then had I lived still, but now must die eternally. Look, sirs, comes he not? comes he not?

*First Sch.* O my dear Faustus, what imports this fear?

*Sec. Sch.* Is all our pleasure turned to melancholy?

*Third Scholar.* He is not well with being over-solitary.

*Sec. Sch.* If it be so, we will have physicians, and Faustus shall be cured.

*First Sch.* 'Tis but a surfeit, sir; fear nothing.

*Faust.* A surfeit of a deadly sin, that hath damned both body and soul.

*Sec. Sch.* Yet, Faustus, look up to Heaven, and remember mercy is infinite.

*Faust.* But Faustus's offence can ne'er be pardoned. The serpent that tempted Eve may be saved, but not Faustus. O gentlemen, hear me with patience, and tremble not at my speeches. Though my heart pant and quiver to remember that I have been a student here these thirty years, oh, would I had ne'er seen Wittemberg, never read book! and what wonders have I done, all Germany can witness, yea, all the world: for which Faustus hath lost both Germany and the world; yea, heaven itself—heaven the seat of God, the throne of the blessed, the kingdom of joy—and must remain in hell for ever. Hell, O hell, for ever. Sweet friends, what shall become of Faustus being in hell for ever?

*Sec. Sch.* Yet, Faustus, call on God.

*Faust.* On God, whom Faustus hath abjured? on God, whom Faustus hath blasphemed? O my God, I would weep, but the devil draws in my tears. Gush forth blood instead of tears, yea, life and soul! Oh, he stays my tongue: I would lift up my hands, but see, they hold 'em, they hold 'em!

*Scholars.* Who, Faustus?

*Faust.* Why, Lucifer and Mephistophilis. O gentlemen, I gave them my soul for my cunning.

*Scholars.* O God forbid!

*Faust.* God forbid it indeed, but Faustus hath done it: for the vain pleasure of four-and-twenty years hath Faustus lost eternal joy and felicity. I writ them a bill with mine own blood; the date is expired: this is the time, and he will fetch me.

*First Sch.* Why did not Faustus tell of this before, that divines might have prayed for thee?

*Faust.* Oft have I thought to have done so; but the devil threatened to tear me in pieces if I named God; to fetch me body and soul if I once gave ear to divinity; and now it is too late. Gentlemen, away, lest you perish with me.

*Sec. Sch.* Oh, what may we do to save Faustus!

*Faust.* Talk not of me, but save yourselves, and depart.

*Third Sch.* God will strengthen me; I will stay with Faustus.

*First Sch.* Tempt not God, sweet friend, but let us into the next room and pray for him.

*Faust.* Ay, pray for me, pray for me; and what noise soever you hear, come not unto me, for nothing can rescue me.

*Sec. Sch.* Pray thou, and we will pray, that God may have mercy upon thee.

*Faust.* Gentlemen, farewell; if I live till morning, I'll visit you: if not, Faustus is gone to hell.

*Scholars.* Faustus, farewell.

Faustus alone.—The Clock strikes Eleven.

*Faust.* O Faustus,
Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
And then thou must be damned perpetually.
Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven,
That time may cease and midnight never come.
Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make
Perpetual day! or let this hour be but
A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
That Faustus may repent and save his soul.
*O lente lente currite, noctis equi.*
The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,
The devil will come, and Faustus must be damned.
Oh, I will leap to heaven: who pulls me down?
See where Christ's blood streams in the firmament:
One drop of blood will save me: Oh, my Christ,
Rend not my heart for naming of my Christ.
Yet will I call on him: O spare me, Lucifer.
Where is it now? 'tis gone!
And see a threatening arm and angry brow.
Mountains and hills, come, come, and fall on me,
And hide me from the heavy wrath of Heaven.
No? then I will headlong run into the earth:
Gape, earth! O no, it will not harbour me.
You stars that reigned at my nativity,
Whose influence have allotted death and hell,
Now draw up Faustus like a foggy mist
Into the entrails of yon labouring cloud;
That when you vomit forth into the air,
My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths,
But let my soul mount and ascend to heaven.

The Watch strikes.

Oh, half the hour is past: 'twill all be past anon.
Oh, if my soul must suffer for my sin,
Impose some end to my incessant pain.
Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,
A hundred thousand, and at the last be saved:
No end is limited to damned souls.
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
Or why is this immortal that thou hast?
Oh, Pythagoras' metempsychosis, were that true,
This soul should fly from me, and I be changed
Into some brutish beast.
All beasts are happy, for when they die,
Their souls are soon dissolved in elements;
But mine must live still to be plagued in hell.
Cursed be the parents that engendered me!
No, Faustus, curse thyself, curse Lucifer,
That hath deprived thee of the joys of heaven.

The Clock strikes Twelve.

It strikes, it strikes; now, body, turn to air,
Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell.

Thunder, and enter the Devils.

O soul, be changed into small water-drops,
And fall into the ocean: ne'er be found.
O mercy, Heaven, look not so fierce on me.
Adders and serpents, let me breathe a while:

Ugly hell, gape not; come not, Lucifer:
I 'll burn my books: O Mephistophilis! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Scholars.

*First Sch.* Come, gentlemen, let us go visit Faustus,
For such a dreadful night was never seen
Since first the world's creation did begin;
Such fearful shrieks and cries were never heard;
Pray Heaven the Doctor have escaped the danger.
*Sec. Sch.* O help us, heavens! see, here are Faustus' limbs,
All torn asunder by the hand of death.
*Third Sch.* The devil whom Faustus served hath torn him thus:
For 'twixt the hours of twelve and one, methought
I heard him shriek and call aloud for help;
At which same time the house seemed all on fire
With dreadful horror of these damned fiends.
*Sec. Sch.* Well, gentlemen, though Faustus' end be such
As every Christian heart laments to think on;
Yet, for he was a scholar once admired
For wondrous knowledge in our German schools,
We 'll give his mangled limbs due burial:
And all the scholars, clothed in mourning black,
Shall wait upon his heavy funeral. [*Exeunt.*
*Chorus.* Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burned is Apollo's laurel bough
That sometime grew within this learned man:
Faustus is gone! Regard his hellish fall,
Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the wise
Only to wonder at unlawful things;
Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits
To practise more than heavenly power permits.

The classical taste of Marlowe is evinced in the fine apostrophe to Helen of Greece, whom the spirit Mephistophilis conjures up 'between two Cupids,' to gratify the sensual gaze of Faustus:

Was this the face that launched a thousand ships
And burned the topless towers of Ilium?
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss!
Her lips suck forth my soul—see where it flies.
Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again:
Here will I dwell, for heaven is in these lips,
And all is dross that is not Helena.
I will be Paris, and for love of thee,
Instead of Troy shall Wittenberg be sacked;
And I will combat with weak Menelaus,
And wear thy colours on my plumed crest:
Yea, I will wound Achilles in the heel,
And then return to Helen for a kiss.
Oh, thou art fairer than the evening air,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars!
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter
When he appeared to hapless Semele;
More lovely than the monarch of the sky
In wanton Arethusa's azure arms;
And none but thou shalt be my paramour.

Before 1593, Marlowe produced three other dramas—the *Jew of Malta*, the *Massacre at Paris*, and a historical play, *Edward II.* The more malignant passions of the human breast have rarely been represented with such force as they are in the Jew.

### *Passages from the 'Jew of Malta.'*

In one of the early scenes, Barabas the Jew is deprived of his wealth by the governor of Malta. While being comforted in his distress by two Jewish friends, he thus denounces his oppressors:

The plagues of Egypt, and the curse of heaven,
Earth's barrenness, and all men's hatred
Inflict upon them, thou great *Primus Motor!*
And here, upon my knees, striking the earth,
I ban their souls to everlasting pains
And extreme tortures of the fiery deep,
That thus have dealt with me in my distress.

So deeply have his misfortunes imbittered his life, that he would have it appear he is tired of it:

And henceforth wish for an eternal night,
That clouds of darkness may inclose my flesh,
And hide these extreme sorrows from mine eyes.

But when his comforters are gone, he throws off the mask of sorrow to shew his real feelings, which suggest to him schemes of the subtlest vengeance. With the fulfilment of these, the rest of the play is occupied, and when, having taken terrible vengeance on his enemies, he is overmatched himself, he thus confesses his crimes, and closes his career.

Then, Barabas, breathe forth thy latest fate,
And in the fury of thy torments, strive
To end thy life with resolution:
Know, governor, 'tis I that slew thy son;
I framed the challenge that did make them meet.
Know, Calymath, I aimed thy overthrow;
And had I but escaped this stratagem,
I would have brought confusion on you all,
Damned Christian dogs, and Turkish infidels.
But now begins the extremity of heat
To pinch me with intolerable pangs.
Die, life; fly, soul; tongue, curse thy fill, and die.
[*Dies.*

*Edward II.* is greatly superior to the two plays mentioned in connection with it: it is a noble drama, with ably drawn characters and splendid scenes. Another tragedy, *Lust's Dominion*, was published long after Marlowe's death, with his name, as author, on the title-page. Mr Collier has shewn that this play, as it was then printed, was a much later production, and was probably written by Dekker and others. It contains passages and characters, however, characteristic of Marlowe's style, and he may have written the original outline. The old play of *Taming of a Shrew*, printed in 1594, contains numerous lines to be found also in Marlowe's acknowledged works, and hence it has been conjectured that he was its author. Great uncertainty hangs over many of the old dramas, from the common practice of managers of theatres employing different authors, at subsequent periods, to furnish additional matter for established plays. Even *Faustus* was dressed up in this manner: In 1597—four years after Marlowe's death—Dekker was paid 20s. for making additions to this tragedy; and in other five years, Birde and Rowley were paid £4 for further additions to it. Another source of uncertainty as to the paternity of old plays, was the unscrupulous manner in which booksellers appropriated any popular name of the day, and affixed it to their publications. In addition to the above dramatic productions, Marlowe joined with Nash in writing the tragedy of *Dido, Queen of Carthage*, and translated part of *Hero and Leander*—afterwards completed by Chapman—and the *Elegies* of Ovid. The latter was so licentious as to be burned by order of the Archbishop of Canterbury, yet they were often reprinted, in defiance of the ecclesiastical interdict. Poor Marlowe lived, as he wrote, wildly: he was accused of entertaining atheistical opinions, a charge brought against him equally by his associates and by rigid moral censors. He evidently felt what he makes his own *Tamburlaine* express:

Nature that formed us of four elements,
Warring within our breasts for regiment,
Doth teach us all to have aspiring minds:
Our souls, whose faculties can comprehend
The wondrous architecture of the world,
And measure every wandering planet's course,
Still climbing after knowledge infinite,
And always moving as the restless spheres,
Will us to wear ourselves, and never rest
Until we reach the ripest fruit of all.

Marlowe came to an early and singularly unhappy end. He was stabbed in an affray in a tavern at Deptford, and buried on the 1st of June 1593, the parish register recording that he was 'slain by Francis Archer.' Marlowe had raised his poniard against his antagonist—whom Meres and Anthony Wood describe as 'a serving-man, a rival of his lewd love'—when the other seized him by the wrist, and turned the dagger, so that it entered Marlowe's own head, 'in such sort that, notwithstanding all the means of surgery that could be brought, he shortly after died of his wound.' Thus, condemned by the serious and puritanical, and stained with follies, while his genius was rapidly maturing and developing its magnificent resources, Marlowe fell a victim to an obscure and disgraceful brawl. The last words of Greene's address to him a year or two before are somewhat ominous: 'Refuse not (with me) till this last point of extremity; for little knowest thou how in the end thou shalt be visited.' The warning was

Like the sad presaging raven, that tolls
The sick man's passport in her hollow beak,
And in the shadow of the silent night
Doth shake contagion from her sable wings.
*Jew of Malta.*

The finest compliment paid to the genius of this unfortunate poet, was by his contemporary and fellow-dramatist, Michael Drayton:

Next Marlowe, bathed in the Thespian springs,
Had in him those brave translunary things
That the first poets had: his raptures were
All air and fire, which made his verses clear;
For that fine madness still he did retain,
Which rightly should possess a poet's brain.

The great success of Marlowe's plays, and the popularity of Alleyn, the principal actor in them, must have influenced Shakspeare in no small degree; and he fortunately possessed in Burbage a tragic performer capable of embodying his finest conceptions and dividing the applause of the town. Marlowe's Jew was, in a certain sense, the prototype of Shylock, and his historical plays the foundation of Shakspeare's first efforts in the same popular walk of the drama. There could never have been any serious or continued rivalry between the poets, even if death had not prevented it; but there may have been a short period when Shakspeare looked with envy and admiration on the wild, irregular, and towering genius that, 'with no middle flight,' successfully soared

Above the Aonian mount, while it pursued
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.

Originality, that first attribute of genius, belongs, in an eminent degree, to the ill-fated Marlowe. We subjoin part of the death-scene of Edward II. in his historical drama, a scene which, Charles Lamb says, 'moves pity and terror beyond any scene, ancient or modern.' It may challenge comparison with Shakspeare's death of Richard II.; but Marlowe could not interest us in his hero as the great dramatist does in the gentle Richard.

### *Scene from Marlowe's Edward II.*

*Scene*—Berkeley Castle. The KING is left alone with LIGHTBORN, a murderer.

*Edward.* Who's there? what light is that? wherefore com'st thou?
*Lightborn.* To comfort you, and bring you joyful news.
*Edw.* Small comfort finds poor Edward in thy looks!
Villain, I know thou com'st to murder me.
*Light.* To murder you, my most gracious lord!
Far is it from my heart to do you harm.
The queen sent me to see how you were used,
For she relents at this your misery:
And what eyes can refrain from shedding tears,
To see a king in this most piteous state.
*Edw.* Weep'st thou already? list a while to me,
And then thy heart, were it as Gurney's[1] is,
Or as Matrevis',[1] hewn from the Caucasus,
Yet will it melt, ere I have done my tale.
This dungeon where they keep me is a sink
Wherein the filth of all the castle falls.
*Light.* O villains!
*Edw.* And there, in mire and puddle, have I stood
This ten days' space; and lest that I should sleep,
One plays continually upon a drum.
They give me bread and water, being a king;
So that, for want of sleep and sustenance,
My mind's distempered, and my body's numbed,
And whether I have limbs or no, I know not.
O would my blood drop out from every vein,
As doth this water from my tattered robes!
Tell Isabel, the queen, I looked not thus,
When for her sake I ran at tilt in France,
And there unhorsed the Duke of Clermont.
*Light.* O speak no more, my lord! this breaks my heart.
Lie on this bed, and rest yourself a while.
*Edw.* These looks of thine can harbour nought but death:
I see my tragedy written in thy brows.
Yet stay a while, forbear thy bloody hand,
And let me see the stroke before it comes,
That even then, when I shall lose my life,
My mind may be more steadfast on my God.
*Light.* What means your highness to mistrust me thus?
*Edw.* What mean'st thou to dissemble with me thus?
*Light.* These hands were never stained with innocent blood,
Nor shall they now be tainted with a king's.
*Edw.* Forgive my thought, for having such a thought.
One jewel have I left, receive thou this.
Still fear I, and I know not what's the cause,
But every joint shakes as I give it thee.
Oh, if thou harbour'st murder in thy heart,
Let the gift change thy mind, and save thy soul.
Know that I am a king: Oh, at that name
I feel a hell of grief. Where is my crown?
Gone, gone; and do I still remain alive?
*Light.* You're overwatched, my lord; lie down and rest.
*Edw.* But that grief keeps me waken, I should sleep;
For not these ten days have these eyelids closed.
Now as I speak they fall, and yet with fear
Open again. O wherefore sitt'st thou here?
*Light.* If you mistrust me, I'll be gone, my lord.
*Edw.* No, no; for if thou mean'st to murder me,
Thou wilt return again; and therefore stay.

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[1] His keepers.

*Light.* He sleeps.
*Edw.* O let me not die ; yet stay, O stay a while.
*Light.* How now, my lord?
*Edw.* Something still buzzeth in mine ears,
And tells me if I sleep, I never wake ;
This fear is that which makes me tremble thus.
And therefore tell me wherefore art thou come?
*Light.* To rid thee of thy life. Matrevis, come.
*Edw.* I am too weak and feeble to resist :
Assist me, sweet God, and receive my soul.

The following may be taken as a specimen of Marlowe's sonorous exaggerated style :

*Description of Tamburlaine.*

Of stature tall, and straightly fashioned ;
Like his desire, lift upwards and divine.
So large of limbs, his joints so strongly knit,
Such breadth of shoulders, as might mainly bear
Old Atlas' burthen. 'Twixt his manly pitch
A pearl more worth than all the world is placed :
Wherein by curious sovereignty of art
Are fixed his piercing instruments of sight :
Whose fiery circles bear encompassed
A heaven of heavenly bodies in their spheres,
That guides his steps and actions to the throne
Where Honour sits invested royally.
Pale of complexion, wrought in him with passion,
Thirsting with sovereignty and love of arms.
His lofty brows in folds do figure death ;
And in their smoothness amity and life.
About them hangs a knot of amber hair,
Wrapped in curls, as fierce Achilles' was ;
On which the breath of heaven delights to play,
Making it dance with wanton majesty.
His arms and fingers long and sinewy,
Betokening valour and excess of strength ;
In every part proportioned like the man
Should make the world subdued to Tamburlaine. . . .

The first day when he pitched down his tents,
White is their hue ; and on his silver crest
A snowy feather spangled white he bears ;
To signify the mildness of his mind,
That, satiate with spoil, refuseth blood :
But when Aurora mounts the second time,
As red as scarlet is his furniture ;
Then must his kindled wrath be quenched with blood,
Not sparing any that can manage arms :
But if these threats move not submission,
Black are his colours, black pavilion,
His spear, his shield, his horse, his armour, plumes,
And jetty feathers, menace death and hell ;
Without respect of sex, degree or age,
He razeth all his foes with fire and sword.

Detached lines and passages in *Edward II.* possess much poetical beauty. Thus, in answer to Leicester, the king says :

Leicester, if gentle words might comfort me,
Thy speeches long ago had eased my sorrows ;
For kind and loving hast thou always been.
The griefs of private men are soon allayed,
But not of kings. The forest deer being struck,
Runs to an herb that closeth up the wounds ;
But when the imperial lion's flesh is gored,
He rends and tears it with his wrathful paw,
And highly scorning that the lowly earth
Should drink his blood, mounts up to the air.

Or Mortimer's device for the royal pageant :

A lofty cedar tree fair flourishing,
On whose top branches kingly eagles perch,
And by the bark a canker creeps me up,
And gets unto the highest bough of all.

The following is exactly like a scene from Shakspeare :

*The Nobles Remonstrate with Edward II.*

Edward.—Kent.—Young Mortimer.—Lancaster.

*Young Mortimer.* Nay, stay my lord : I come to bring you news :
Mine uncle 's taken prisoner by the Scots.
*Edward.* Then ransom him.
*Lancaster.* 'Twas in *your* wars ; you should ransom him.
*Y. Mor.* And you *shall* ransom him, or else——
*Kent.* What ! Mortimer, you will not threaten him ?
*Edw.* Quiet yourself ; you shall have the broad seal
To gather for him through the realm.
*Lanc.* Your minion, Gaveston, hath taught you this.
*Y. Mor.* My lord, the family of the Mortimers
Are not so poor, but would they sell their land,
Could levy men enough to anger you.
We never beg, but use such prayers as these.
*Edw.* Shall I still be taunted thus?
*Y. Mor.* Nay, now you 're here alone, I 'll speak my mind.
*Lanc.* And so will I, and then, my lord, farewell.
*Y. Mor.* The idle triumphs, masques, lascivious shows,
And prodigal gifts bestowed on Gaveston,
Have drawn thy treasury dry, and made thee weak :
The murmuring commons, overstretched, break.
*Lanc.* Look for rebellion, look to be deposed ;
Thy garrisons are beaten out of France,
And, lame and poor, lie groaning at the gates.
The wild O'Neil, with swarms of Irish kernes,
Lives uncontrolled within the English pale.
Unto the walls of York the Scots make road,
And unresisted draw away rich spoils.
*Y. Mor.* The haughty Dane commands the narrow seas,
While in the harbour ride thy ships unrigged.
*Lanc.* What foreign prince sends thee ambassadors?
*Y. Mor.* Who loves thee but a sort of flatterers?
*Lanc.* Thy gentle queen, sole sister to Valois,
Complains that thou hast left her all forlorn.
*Y. Mor.* Thy court is naked, being bereft of those
That make a king seem glorious to the world ;
I mean the Peers, whom thou shouldst dearly love :
Libels are cast against thee in the street—
Ballads and rhymes made of thy overthrow.
*Lanc.* The northern borderers seeing their houses burned,
Their wives and children slain, run up and down
Cursing the name of thee and Gaveston.
*Y. Mor.* When wert thou in the field with banners spread?
But once ; and then thy soldiers marched like players
With garish robes, not armour ; and thyself
Bedaubed with gold, rode laughing at the rest,
Nodding and shaking of thy spangled crest,
Where women's favours hung like labels down.
*Lanc.* And therefore came it that the fleering Scots
To England's high disgrace have made this jig :
'*Maids of England, sore may you mourn*
*For your lemans you have lost at Bannocksbourn,*
*With a heave and a ho.*
*What weened the king of England*
*So soon to have won Scotland*
*With a rombelow?*'
*Y. Mor.* Wigmore shall fly to set my uncle free.
*Lanc.* And when 'tis gone, our swords shall purchase more.
If ye be moved, revenge it if you can ;
Look next to see us with our ensigns spread.
[*Exeunt nobles.*

The works of Marlowe have been edited by the Rev. Alex. Dyce (1859), and by Lieutenant-colonel Francis Cunningham (1869). The latter has added some excellent illustrative and explanatory notes.

The taste of the public for the romantic drama, in preference to the classical, seems now to have been confirmed. An attempt was made, towards the close of Elizabeth's reign, to revive the forms of the classic stage, by **Daniel**, who wrote two plays, *Cleopatra* and *Philotas*, which are smoothly versified, but undramatic in their character. **Lady Pembroke** co-operated in a tragedy called *Antony*, written in 1590; and **Samuel Brandon** produced, in 1598, a tame and feeble Roman play, *Virtuous Octavia.*

### ANTHONY MUNDAY—HENRY CHETTLE.

In the throng of dramatic authors, the names of **Anthony Munday** (1554-1633) and **Henry Chettle** (known as author between 1592 and 1602) frequently occur. Munday was an author as early as 1579, and he was concerned in fourteen plays. Francis Meres, in 1598, calls him the 'best plotter' among the writers for the stage. One of his dramas, *Sir John Oldcastle*, was written in conjunction with Michael Drayton and others, and was printed in 1600, with the name of Shakspeare on the title-page. *The Death of Robert, Earl of Huntington*, printed in 1601, was a popular play by Munday, assisted by Chettle, though sometimes ascribed to Thomas Heywood. The pranks of Robin Hood and Maid Marian in merry Sherwood are thus gaily set forth:

*Sport in Sherwood.*

Wind once more, jolly huntsmen, all your horns,
Whose shrill sound, with the echoing woods' assist,
Shall ring a sad knell for the fearful deer,
Before our feathered shafts, death's winged darts,
Bring sudden summons for their fatal ends. . . .
Give me thy hand: now God's curse on me light,
If I forsake not grief in grief's despite.
Now make a cry, and yeomen, stand ye round:
I charge ye, never more let woful sound
Be heard among ye; but whatever fall,
Laugh grief to scorn, and so make sorrow small. . . .
Marian, thou seest, though courtly pleasures want,
Yet country sport in Sherwood is not scant.
For the soul-ravishing delicious sound
Of instrumental music, we have found
The winged quiristers, with divers notes,
Sent from their quaint recording pretty throats,
On every branch that compasseth our bower,
Without command contenting us each hour.
For arras hangings and rich tapestry,
We have sweet nature's best embroidery.
For thy steel glass, wherein thou wont'st to look,
Thy crystal eyes gaze in a crystal brook.
At court, a flower or two did deck thy head,
Now, with whole garlands it is circled;
For what in wealth we want, we have in flowers,
And what we lose in halls, we find in bowers.

Chettle was engaged in no less than thirty-eight plays between the years 1597 and 1603, four of which have been printed. Mr Collier thinks he had written for the stage before 1592, when he published Greene's posthumous work, *A Groat's Worth of Wit.* Among his plays the *names* of which have descended to us, is one on the subject of Cardinal Wolsey, which probably was the original of Shakspeare's *Henry VIII.* The best drama of this prolific author which we now possess is a comedy called *Patient Grissell*, taken from Boccaccio. The humble charms of the heroine are thus finely described:

See where my Grissell and her father is;
Methinks her beauty, shining through those weeds,
Seems like a bright star in the sullen night.
How lovely poverty dwells on her back!
Did but the proud world note her as I do,
She would cast off rich robes, forswear rich state,
To clothe her in such poor habiliments.

The names of Haughton, Antony Brewer, Porter, Smith, Hathaway—probably some relation of Shakspeare's wife—Wilson, &c. also occur as dramatic writers. From the diary of Henslowe, it appears that, between 1591 and 1597, upwards of a hundred different plays were performed by *four* of the *ten or eleven* theatrical companies which then existed. Henslowe was originally a pawnbroker, who advanced money and dresses to the players, and he ultimately possessed a large share of the wardrobe and properties of the playhouses with which he was concerned. The name of Shakspeare does not once occur in his diary.

Several good dramas of this golden age have descended to us, the authors of which are unknown. A few of these possess merit enough to have been considered first sketches of Shakspeare, but this opinion has been gradually abandoned by all but one or two German critics. Most of them have been published in Dodsley's *Collection of Old Plays.* The best are—the *Merry Devil of Edmonton*, the *London Prodigal*, the *Yorkshire Tragedy*, *Lord Cromwell*, the *Birth of Merlin*, the *Collier of Croydon*, *Mucedorus*, *Locrine*, *Arden of Feversham*, the *Misfortunes of Arthur*, *Edward III.* &c. The most correct and regular of these anonymous dramas is *Arden of Feversham*, a domestic tragedy, founded on a murder which took place in 1551. Alice, the wife of Arden, proves unfaithful, and joins with her paramour Mosbie, and some assassins, in murdering her husband. Tieck has translated this play into German, as a genuine production of Shakspeare, but the style is different. In the earliest acknowledged works of the Warwickshire bard, there is a play of wit, and of what Hallam calls 'analogical imagery,' which is not seen in *Arden of Feversham*, though it exhibits a strong picture of the passions, and indicates freedom of versification and dramatic art. We subjoin one touching scene between Alice and her paramour—a scene of mutual recrimination, guilt, and tenderness:

*Scene from Arden of Feversham.*

Alice Arden.—Mosbie.

*Mosbie.* How now, Alice? What! sad and passionate?
Make me partaker of thy pensiveness;
Fire divided burns with lesser force.
*Alice.* But I will dam that fire in my breast,
Till by the force thereof my part consume.
Ah, Mosbie!
*Mos.* Such deep pathaires, like to a cannon's burst,
Discharged against a ruinated wall,
Breaks my relenting heart in thousand pieces.
Ungentle Alice, thy sorrow is my sore;
Thou knowest it well, and 'tis thy policy
To forge distressful looks, to wound a breast
Where lies a heart which dies when thou art sad.
It is not love that loves to anger love.
*Al.* It is not love that loves to murder love.
*Mos.* How mean you that?

*Al.* Thou know'st how dearly Arden loved me.
*Mos.* And then——
*Al.* And then—conceal the rest, for 'tis too bad,
Lest that my words be carried to the wind,
And published in the world to both our shames.
I pray thee, Mosbie, let our spring-time wither;
Our harvest else will yield but loathsome weeds.
Forget, I pray thee, what has passed betwixt us:
For now I blush and tremble at the thoughts.
*Mos.* What! are you changed?
*Al.* Ay, to my former happy life again;
From title of an odious strumpet's name
To honest Arden's wife, not Arden's honest wife—
Ha, Mosbie! 'tis thou hast rifled me of that,
And made me slanderous to all my kin.
Even in my forehead is thy name engraven,
A mean artificer, that low-born name!
I was bewitched; woe-worth the hapless hour
And all the causes that enchanted me.
*Mos.* Nay, if thou ban, let me breathe curses forth;
And if you stand so nicely at your fame,
Let me repent the credit I have lost.
I have neglected matters of import,
That would have 'stated me above thy state;
For-slowed advantages, and spurned-at time;
Ay, fortune's right hand Mosbie hath forsook,
To take a wanton giglot by the left.
I left the marriage of an honest maid,
Whose dowry would have weighed down all thy wealth;
Whose beauty and demeanour far exceeded thee.
This certain good I lost for changing bad,
And wrapt my credit in thy company.
I was bewitched; that is no theme of thine;
And thou unhallowed hast enchanted me.
But I will break thy spells and exorcisms,
And put another sight upon these eyes,
That shewed my heart a raven for a dove.
Thou art not fair; I viewed thee not till now:
Thou art not kind; till now I knew thee not:
And now the rain hath beaten off thy gilt,
Thy worthless copper shews thee counterfeit.
It grieves me not to see how foul thou art,
But mads me that ever I thought thee fair.
Go, get thee gone, a copesmate for thy hinds;
I am too good to be thy favourite.
*Al.* Ay, now I see, and too soon find it true,
Which often hath been told me by my friends,
That Mosbie loves me not but for my wealth;
Which too incredulous I ne'er believed.
Nay, hear me speak, Mosbie, a word or two;
I 'll bite my tongue if I speak bitterly.
Look on me, Mosbie, or else I 'll kill myself.
Nothing shall hide me from thy stormy look;
If thou cry war, there is no peace for me.
I will do penance for offending thee;
And burn this prayer-book, which I here use,
The holy word that has converted me.
See, Mosbie, I will tear away the leaves,
And all the leaves; and in this golden cover
Shall thy sweet phrases and thy letters dwell,
And thereon will I chiefly meditate,
And hold no other sect but such devotion.
Wilt thou not look? is all thy love o'erwhelmed?
Wilt thou not hear? what malice stops thy ears?
Why speak'st thou not? what silence ties thy tongue?
Thou hast been sighted as the eagle is,
And heard as quickly as the fearful hare,
And spoke as smoothly as an orator,
When I have bid thee hear, or see, or speak:
And art thou sensible in none of these?
Weigh all thy good turns with this little fault,
And I deserve not Mosbie's muddy looks.
A fence of trouble is not thickened still;
Be clear again; I 'll ne'er more trouble thee.
*Mos.* O fie, no; I 'm a base artificer;
My wings are feathered for a lowly flight.
Mosbie, fie, no; not for a thousand pound
Make love to you; why, 'tis unpardonable.
We beggars must not breathe where gentles are.
*Al.* Sweet Mosbie is as gentle as a king,
And I too blind to judge him otherwise.
Flowers sometimes spring in fallow lands,
Weeds in gardens, roses grow on thorns;
So whatsoe'er my Mosbie's father was,
Himself is valued gentle by his worth.
*Mos.* Ah, how you women can insinuate,
And clear a trespass with your sweet set tongue.
I will forget this quarrel, gentle Alice,
Provided I 'll be tempted so no more.

*Arden of Feversham* was first printed in 1592. The *Yorkshire Tragedy*, another play of the same kind, but apparently more hastily written, was performed in 1604, and four years afterwards printed with Shakspeare's name. Both Dyce and Collier, able dramatic antiquaries and students, are inclined to the opinion that this drama contains passages which only Shakspeare could have written. But in lines like the following—though smooth and natural, and quoted as the most Shakspearian in the play—we miss the music of the great dramatist's thoughts and numbers. It is, however, a forcible picture of a luckless, reckless gambler:

### *Picture of a Gambler.*

What will become of us? All will away!
My husband never ceases in expense,
Both to consume his credit and his house;
And 'tis set down by Heaven's just decree,
That Riot's child must needs be Beggary.
Are these the virtues that his youth did promise?
Dice and voluptuous meetings, midnight revels,
Taking his bed with surfeits, ill beseeming
The ancient honour of his house and name?
And this not all, but that which kills me most,
When he recounts his losses and false fortunes,
The weakness of his state, so much dejected,
Not as a man repentant, but half mad.
His fortunes cannot answer his expense.
He sits and sullenly locks up his arms,
Forgetting Heaven, looks downward, which makes him
Appear so dreadful, that he frights my heart:
Walks heavily, as if his soul were earth;
Not penitent for those his sins are past,
But vexed his money cannot make them last.
A fearful melancholy, ungodly sorrow!

## WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

We have seen that Greene, Peele, and Marlowe prepared in some degree the way for Shakspeare. They had given a more settled and scholastic form to the drama, and assigned it a permanent place in the national literature. They adorned the stage with more variety of character and action, with deep passion, and true poetry. The latter, indeed, was tinged with incoherence and extravagance, but the sterling ore of genius was, in Marlowe at least, abundant. Above all, they had familiarised the public ear to the use of blank verse. The last improvement was the greatest; for even the genius of Shakspeare would have been cramped and confined, if it had been condemned to move only in the fetters of rhyme. The quick interchange of dialogue, and the various nice shades and alternations of character and feeling, could not have been evolved in dramatic action, except in that admirable form of verse which unites rhythmical harmony with the utmost freedom, grace, and flexibility.

When Shakspeare, therefore, appeared conspicuously on the horizon, the scene may be said to have been prepared for his reception. The Genius of the Drama had accumulated materials for the use of the great poet, who was to extend her empire over limits not yet recognised, and invest it with a splendour which the world had never seen before.

The few incidents known of Shakspeare's life are chiefly derived from legal documents. The fond idolatry with which he is now regarded was only turned to his personal history at a late period, when little could be gathered even by the most enthusiastic collector. WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE was born at Stratford-on-Avon, in the county of Warwick, in April 1564. There is a pleasant and poetical tradition, that he was born on the 23d of the month, the anniversary of St George, the tutelar saint of England; but all we know with certainty is, that he was baptised on the 26th. His father, John Shakspeare, is traced to a family occupying land at Snitterfield, near Warwick. He settled in the town of Stratford, became a wool-comber or glover, and elevated his social position by marriage with a rustic heiress, Mary Arden, possessed of an estate worth about £120 per annum of our present money. The poet's father rose to be high-bailiff and chief alderman of Stratford; but in 1578, he is found mortgaging his wife's inheritance, and, from entries in the town-books, is supposed to have fallen into comparative poverty. William was the eldest of six surviving children, and after some education at the grammar-school, he is said to have been brought home to assist at his father's business. There is a blank in his history for some years; but doubtless he was engaged, whatever might be his circumstances or employment, in treasuring up materials for his future poetry. The study of man and of nature, facts in natural history, the country, the fields, and the woods, would be gleaned by familiar intercourse and observation among his fellow-townsmen, and in rambling over the beautiful valley of the Avon. It has been conjectured that he was some time in a lawyer's office, as his works abound in technical legal phrases and illustrations. This has always seemed to us highly probable. The London players were also then in the habit of visiting Stratford; Thomas Green, an actor, was a native of the town; and Burbage, the greatest performer of his day—the future Richard, Hamlet, and Othello—was originally from Warwickshire. Who can doubt, then, that the high-bailiff's son, from the years of twelve to twenty, was a frequent and welcome visitant *behind the scenes*—that he there imbibed the tastes and feelings which coloured all his future life—and that he there felt the first stirrings of his immortal dramatic genius. We are persuaded that he had begun to write long before he left Stratford, and had most probably sketched, if not completed, his *Venus and Adonis*, and the *Lucrece*. The amount of his education at the grammar-school has been made a question of eager scrutiny and controversy. Ben Jonson says he had 'little Latin, and less Greek.' This is not denying that he had some. Many Latinised idioms and expressions are to be found in his plays. The choice of two classical subjects for his early poetry, and the numerous felicitous allusions in his dramas to the mythology of the ancients, shew that he was imbued with the spirit and taste of classical literature, and was a happy student, if not a critical scholar. His mind was too comprehensive to degenerate into pedantry; but when, at the age of four or five and twenty, he took the field of original dramatic composition, in company with the university-bred authors and wits of his times, he soon distanced them all, in correctness as well as facility, in the intellectual richness of his thoughts and diction, and in the wide range of his acquired knowledge. It may be safely assumed, therefore, that at Stratford he was a hard, though perhaps an irregular student. The precocious maturity of Shakspeare's passions hurried him into a premature marriage. On the 28th of November 1582, he obtained a licence at Worcester, legalising his union with Anne Hathaway, *with once asking of the bans*. Two of his neighbours became security in the sum of £40, that the poet would fulfil his matrimonial engagement, he being a minor, and unable, legally, to contract for himself. Anne Hathaway was seven years older than her husband. She was the daughter of a 'substantial yeoman' of the village of Shottery, about a mile from Stratford. The poet's daughter, Susanna, was christened on the 26th of May 1583, six months after the marriage. In a year and a half, two other children, twins, were born to Shakspeare, who had no family afterwards. We may readily suppose that the small town of Stratford did not offer scope for the ambition of the poet, now arrived at early manhood, and feeling the ties of a husband and a father. He removed to London in 1586 or 1587. It has been said that his departure was hastened by the effects of a lampoon he had written on a neighbouring squire, Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote, in revenge for Sir Thomas prosecuting him for deer-stealing. The story is inconsistent in its details. Part of it must be untrue; it was never recorded against him in his lifetime; and the whole may have been built upon the opening scene in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*—not written till after Sir Thomas Lucy's death—in which there is some wanton wit on the armorial bearings of the Lucy family.[*] As an actor, Shakspeare is spoken favourably of by Lodge; and in

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[*] Mr Washington Irving, in his *Sketch-book*, thus adverts to Charlecote and the deer-stealing affair:

'I had a desire to see the old family seat of the Lucys at Charlecote, and to ramble through the park where Shakspeare, in company with some of the roysters of Stratford, committed his youthful offence of deer-stealing. In this hare-brained exploit, we are told that he was taken prisoner, and carried to the keeper's lodge, where he remained all night in doleful captivity. When brought into the presence of Sir Thomas Lucy, his treatment must have been galling and humiliating; for it so wrought upon his spirit, as to produce a rough pasquinade, which was affixed to the park-gate at Charlecote.

'This flagitious attack upon the dignity of the knight so incensed him, that he applied to a lawyer at Warwick to put the severity of the laws in force against the rhyming deer-stalker. Shakspeare did not wait to brave the united puissance of a knight of the shire and a country attorney. . . .

'I now found myself among noble avenues of oaks and elms, whose vast size bespoke the growth of centuries. . . . It was from wandering in early life among this rich scenery, and about the romantic solitudes of the adjoining park of Fulbroke, which then formed a part of the Lucy estate, that some of Shakspeare's commentators have supposed he derived his noble forest meditations of Jaques, and the enchanting woodland pictures in *As You Like It*. . . . [The house] is a large building of brick, with stone quoins, and is in the Gothic style of Queen Elizabeth's day, having been built in the first year of her reign. The exterior remains very nearly in its original state, and may be considered a fair specimen of the residence of a wealthy country gentleman of those days. . . . The front of the house is completely in the old style—with stone-shafted casements, a great bow-window of heavy stone-work, and a portal with armorial bearings over it, 1603, when a new patent was granted to the Blackfriars Company by King James, the poet's name appears second in the list; but the source of his unexampled success was his immortal dramas, the delight and wonder of his age—

That so did take Eliza and our James,

as Ben Jonson has recorded, and as is confirmed by various authorities. Up to 1611, the whole of Shakspeare's plays—thirty-seven in number, according to the first folio edition—are supposed to have been produced. With the nobles, the wits, and poets of his day, he was in familiar intercourse. The 'gentle Shakspeare,' as he was usually styled, was throned in all hearts. But notwithstanding his brilliant success in the metropolis, the poet early looked forward to a permanent retirement to the country. He visited Stratford once a year; and when wealth flowed in upon him, he purchased property in his native town and its vicinity. In 1597, he paid £60 for New Place, the principal house in Stratford; in 1602, he gave £320 for 107 acres of land adjoining to his purchase; and in 1605, he paid £440 for the lease of the tithes of Stratford. The produce of his lands he no doubt disposed of like the ordinary lords of the soil, and Mr Halliwell, in his life of Shakspeare (1848), shews that in 1604 the poet brought an action against Philip Rogers for £1, 15s. 10d. for malt sold and delivered to him. The latest entry of his name among the king's players is in 1604, but he was living in London in 1609. The year 1612 has been assigned as the date of his final retirement to the country. In the fulness of his fame, with a handsome competency, and before age had chilled the enjoyment of life, the poet returned to his native town, to spend the remainder of his days among the quiet scenes and the friends of his youth. His parents were both dead, but their declining years had been gladdened by the prosperity of their illustrious son. His family appears to have had a leaning towards the Puritans, and in the town-chamberlain's accounts for 1614, there is a record of a present of sack and claret, 'given to a preacher at New Place.' Preachers of all sects, if good men, would be welcome to the poet's hospitality! Four years were spent by Shakspeare in this dignified retirement, and the history of literature scarcely presents another such picture of calm felicity and satisfied ambition. He died on the 23d of April 1616, having just completed his fifty-second year. His widow survived him seven years. His two daughters were both married—his only son Hamnet had died in 1596—and one of them had three sons; but all these died without issue, and there now remains no lineal representative of the great poet.

Of the recent Shakspearian researches, we must say with regret, in the words of Mr Hallam, 'no letter of his writing, no record of his conversation, no character of him drawn with any fulness by a contemporary, has been produced.' The *Calendars of the State Papers*, published under the authority of the Master of the Rolls, shew that in the list of trained soldiers of the hundred of Barlichway, in Warwickshire, in September 1605, was a William Shakspeare.* The militia bands were at that time—the agitated year of the Gunpowder Plot—formed in order to repress an expected rising in the midland shires, and as the poet was then a considerable landholder in his native county, he may have been enrolled as one of its military defenders. To know positively that the 'gentle Shakspeare' had borne arms, and, like Ben Jonson, 'shouldered a pike,' as one of the Warwickshire public force, would be a curious and suggestive fact in his personal history. In June 1858, an autograph signature of the poet to a mortgage deed of a house in Blackfriars, dated March 11, 1612–13, was sold in London to the curators of the British Museum for three hundred guineas—unquestionably the largest sum ever given for a mere autograph. From none of the few signatures of the poet can we ascertain with any degree of certainty how he spelled his surname. The three signatures in the will are all indistinct. Neither of his parents, it is now proved, could write, as deeds are extant to which John and Mary Shakspeare affix their marks.

In 1852, Mr Collier published a volume of *Notes and Emendations* of the plays of Shakspeare, derived from a corrected copy of the second edition in 1632, which had apparently belonged to one Thomas Perkins. Certain other documents relating to the dramatist and his plays, purporting to be found in the library at Bridgewater House, in the Audit Office, and at Dulwich College, have also been published. But it seems to be satisfactorily proved that all these are modern fabrications, executed, in some respects, with ingenuity and skill.

Shakspeare, it is believed, like his contemporary dramatists, began his career as an author by altering the works of others, and adapting them for the stage. The extract from Greene's *Groat's Worth of Wit*, which we have given in the life of that unhappy author, shews that he had been engaged in this subordinate literary labour before 1592. Three years previous to this, Nash had published an address to the students of the two universities, in which there is a remarkable passage: 'It is,' he says, 'a common practice now-a-days, among a sort of shifting companions, that run through every art, and thrive by none, to leave the trade of *Noverint*, whereto they were born, and busy themselves with the endeavours of art, that could scarce Latinise their neck-verse if they should have need; yet English Seneca, read by candle-light, yields many good sentences, as *blood is a beggar*, and so forth; and if you entreat him far in a frosty morning, he will afford you whole *Hamlets*, I should say handfuls, of tragical speeches.' The term *Noverint* was applied to lawyers' clerks, so called from the first word of a Latin deed of those times, equivalent to the modern commencement of 'Know all men,' &c. It appears from the title-page to the first edition of *Hamlet*, in 1604, that, like *Romeo and Juliet*, and the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, it had been enlarged to almost twice its original size. It seems scarcely probable that the great dramatist should not have commenced writing before he was twenty-seven.

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carved in stone. . . . The Avon, which winds through the park, makes a bend just at the foot of a gently sloping bank, which sweeps round the rear of the house. Large herds of deer were reposing upon its borders.'

* See *Calendar of State Papers, Domestic Series, of the Reign of James I.* 1603 to 1610, preserved in the State Paper Department of H.M.'s Public Record Office. Edited by Mary Anne Everett Green (1857). The publication of these calendars will be invaluable to future historians and biographers.

Some of his first drafts, as we have seen, he subsequently enlarged and completed; others may have sunk into oblivion, as being judged unworthy of resuscitation or improvement in his riper years. *Pericles* is supposed to be one of his earliest adaptations. Dryden, indeed, expressly states it to be the first birth of his muse; but two if not three styles are distinctly traceable in this play, and the first two acts look like the work of Greene or Peele. *Titus Andronicus* resembles the style of Marlowe, and if written by Shakspeare, as distinct contemporary testimony affirms, it must have been a very youthful production. The *Taming of the Shrew* is greatly indebted to an old play on the same subject, and must also be referred to the same period. It is doubtful whether Shakspeare wrote any of the first part of *Henry VI.* The second and third parts are modelled on two older plays, the *Contention of York and Lancaster*, and the *True Tragedy of the Duke of York*. Whether these old dramas were early sketches of Shakspeare's own, cannot now be ascertained; they contain the death-scene of Cardinal Beaufort, the last speech of the Duke of York, and the germs of that vigorous delineation of character and passion completed in *Richard III.* We know no other dramatist of that early period, excepting Marlowe, who could have written those powerful sketches. From the old plays, Shakspeare borrowed no less than 1771 entire lines, and nearly double that number are merely alterations. Hence it has been supposed that Shakspeare's property in the second and third parts of *Henry VI.* was only in the additions and alterations he introduced. Whole lines in the old plays are identical with passages in Marlowe's *Edward II.*; and there seems no reason to doubt that Marlowe and Greene were the original authors, and that Shakspeare had remodelled their plays, to fit them for his theatre, retaining what was popular, and improving what was defective. Thus the charge of plagiarism brought by Greene against our great dramatist stands explained and reconciled with probability, if not with fact, though we must remember that it was Shakspeare's first editors, not himself, that claimed for him the sole authorship of *Henry VI.* as of the other plays.

The gradual progress of Shakspeare's genius is supposed to have been not unobserved by Spenser. In 1594 or 1595, the venerable poet wrote his pastoral, entitled *Colin Clout's Come Home Again*, in which he commemorates his brother-poets under feigned names. The gallant Raleigh is the Shepherd of the Ocean, Sir Philip Sidney is Astrophel, and other living authors are characterised by fictitious appellations. He concludes as follows:

> And then, though last, not least, is Aëtion;
>   A *gentler* shepherd may nowhere be found,
> Whose muse, full of high thoughts' invention,
>   Doth, *like himself, heroically sound.*

The sonorous and chivalrous-like name of Shakspeare seems here designated. The poet had then published his two classical poems, and probably most of his English historical plays had been acted. The supposition that Shakspeare was meant, is at least a pleasing one. We love to figure Spenser and Raleigh sitting under the 'shady alders' on the banks of Mulla, reading the manuscript of the *Faery Queen*; but it is not less interesting to consider the great poet watching the dawn of that mighty mind which was to eclipse all its contemporaries. A few years afterwards, in 1598, we meet with an important notice of Shakspeare by Francis Meres, a contemporary author. 'As Plautus and Seneca,' he says, 'are accounted the best for comedy and tragedy among the Latins, so Shakspeare, among the English, is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage; for comedy, witness his *Gentlemen of Verona*, his *Errors*, his *Love's Labour Lost*, his *Love's Labour Won* (or *All's Well that Ends Well*), his *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and his *Merchant of Venice*; for tragedy, his *Richard II. Richard III. Henry IV. King John*, *Titus Andronicus*, and his *Romeo and Juliet*.' This was indeed a brilliant contribution to the English drama, throwing Greene, Peele, and Marlowe immeasurably into shade, and far transcending all the previous productions of the English stage. The harvest, however, was not yet half reaped—the glorious intellect of Shakspeare was still forming, and his imagination nursing those magnificent conceptions which were afterwards embodied in the *Lear*, the *Macbeth*, *Othello*, and *Tempest* of his tragic muse.

The chronology of Shakspeare's plays has been arbitrarily fixed by Malone and others, without adequate authority. *Macbeth* is put down to 1606, though we only know that it existed in 1610. *Henry VIII.* is assigned to 1603, yet it is mentioned by Sir Henry Wotton as a *new play* in 1613, and we know that it was produced with unusual scenic decoration and splendour in that year. The Roman plays were undoubtedly among his latest works. The *Tempest* has been usually considered the last, but on no decisive authority. Adopting this popular belief, Campbell has remarked, that the *Tempest* has a 'sort of sacredness' as the last drama of the great poet, who, as if conscious that this was to be the case, has 'been inspired to typify himself as a wise, potent, and benevolent magician.'

There seems no good reason for believing that Shakspeare did not continue writing on to the period of his death in 1616; and such a supposition is countenanced by a tradition thus recorded in the diary of the Rev. John Ward, A.M. vicar of Stratford-on-Avon, extending from 1648 to 1679. 'I have heard,' says the careless and incurious vicar, who might have added largely to our stock of Shakspearian facts, had he possessed taste, acuteness, or industry—'I have heard that Mr Shakspeare was a natural wit, without any art at all. He frequented the plays all his younger time, but in his elder days lived at Stratford, and supplied the stage with two plays every year, and for it had an allowance so large, that he spent at the rate of one thousand pounds a year, as I have heard. Shakspeare, Drayton, and Ben Jonson had a merry-meeting, and, it seems, drank too hard, for Shakspeare died of a fever there contracted.' We place no great reliance on this testimony, either as to facts literary or personal. Those who have studied the works of the great dramatist, and marked his successive approaches to perfection, must see that he united the closest study to the keenest observation; that he attained to the highest pitch of dramatic art, and the most accurate philosophy of the human mind; and that he was, as Schlegel has happily remarked, 'a profound artist, and not a blind and wildly luxuriant genius.' Coleridge boasted of being the first in time who publicly demonstrated to the full extent of the position, that the supposed irregularity and extravagances of Shakspeare were 'the mere dreams of a pedantry that arraigned the eagle because it had not the dimensions of the swan.' He maintains, with his usual fine poetical appreciation and feeling, that that law of unity which has its foundations, not in the factitious necessity of custom, but in nature itself, *the unity of feeling*, is everywhere, and at all times, observed by Shakspeare in his plays. 'Read *Romeo and Juliet*—all is youth and spring; youth with its follies, its virtues, its precipitancies; spring with its odours, its flowers, and its transiency; it is one and the same feeling that commences, goes through, and ends the play.' This unity of action, or of character and interest, conspicuous in Shakspeare, Coleridge illustrates by an image drawn, with the taste of a poet, from external nature. 'Whence arises the harmony that strikes us in the wildest natural landscapes—in the relative shapes of rocks—the harmony of colours in the heaths, ferns, and lichens—the leaves of the beech and the oak—the stems and rich brown branches of the birch and other mountain trees, varying from verging autumn to returning spring—compared with the visual effect from the greater number of artificial plantations? From this—that the natural landscape is effected, as it were, by a single energy modified *ab intra* in each component part.' In working out his conceptions, either of character or passion, we conceive Shakspeare to have laboured for ultimate and lasting fame, not immediate theatrical effect. His audiences must often have been unable to follow his philosophy, his subtile distinctions, and his imagery. The actors must have been equally unable to give effect to many of his personations. He was apparently indifferent to both—at least in his great works—and wrote for the mind of the universe. There was, however, always enough of ordinary nature, of pomp, or variety of action, for the multitude; and the English historical plays, connected with national pride and glory, must have rendered their author popular.

Eleven of the dramas were printed during Shakspeare's life, probably from copies piratically obtained. It was the interest of the managers that new and popular pieces should not be published; but we entertain the most perfect conviction, that the poet intended all his original works, as he had revised some, for publication. The *Merry Wives of Windsor* is said to have been written in fourteen days, by command of Queen Elizabeth, who wished to see Falstaff in love. Shakspeare, however, was anxious for his fame, as well as eager to gratify the queen: when the temporary occasion was served, he returned to his play, filled up his first imperfect outline, and heightened the humour of the dialogue and character. Let not the example of this greatest name in English literature be ever quoted to support the false opinion, that excellence can be attained without study and labour!

In 1623 appeared the first collected edition of Shakspeare's dramatic works—seven years after his own death, and six months after that of his widow, who may have had a life-interest in the plays. The whole were contained in one folio volume, and a preface and dedication were supplied by the poet's fellow-comedians, Hemming and Condell.

The plots of Shakspeare's dramas were nearly all borrowed, some from novels and romances, others from legendary tales, and some from older plays. In his Roman subjects, he followed North's translation of Plutarch's *Lives*; his English historical plays are chiefly taken from Holinshed's *Chronicle*. From the latter source he also derived the plot of *Macbeth*. A very cursory perusal will display the gradual progress and elevation of his art. In the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and the earlier comedies, we see the timidity and immaturity of youthful genius; a half-formed style, bearing frequent traces of that of his predecessors; fantastic quibbles and conceits—which he never wholly abandoned; only a partial development of character; a romantic and playful fancy; but no great strength of imagination, energy, or passion. In *Richards II.* and *III.* the creative and master mind are visible in the delineation of character. In the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, the *Merchant of Venice*, *Romeo and Juliet*, &c. we find the ripened poetical imagination, prodigality of invention, and a searching, meditative spirit. These qualities, with a finer vein of morality and contemplative philosophy, pervade *As You Like It* and the *Twelfth Night*. In *Henry IV.* the *Merry Wives*, and *Measure for Measure*, we see his inimitable powers of comedy, full formed, revelling in an atmosphere of joyous life, and fresh as if from the hand of nature. He took a loftier flight in his classical dramas, conceived and finished with consummate taste and freedom. In his later tragedies—*Lear*, *Hamlet* (in its improved form), *Othello*, *Macbeth*, and the *Tempest*—all his wonderful faculties and acquirements are found combined—his wit, pathos, passion, and sublimity—his profound knowledge and observation of mankind, mellowed by a refined humanity and benevolence—his imagination richer from skilful culture and added stores of information—his unrivalled language (like 'light from heaven')—his imagery and versification.

That Shakspeare deviated from the dramatic unities of time, place, and action laid down by the ancients, and adopted by the French theatre, is well known, and needs no defence. In his tragedies, he amply fulfils what Aristotle admits to be the end and object of tragedy, to beget admiration, terror, or sympathy. His mixture of comic with tragic scenes is sometimes a blemish, but it was the fault of his age; and if he had lived to edit his works, some of these incongruities would doubtless have been expunged. But, on the whole, such blending of opposite qualities and characters is accordant with the actual experience and vicissitudes of life. No course of events, however tragic in its results, moves on in measured, unvaried solemnity, nor would the English taste tolerate this stately French style. The great preceptress of Shakspeare was Nature: he spoke from her inspired dictates, 'warm from the heart, and faithful to its fires;' and in his disregard of classic rules, pursued at will his winged way through all the labyrinths of fancy and of the human heart. These celestial flights, however, were regulated, as we have said, by knowledge and taste. Mere poetical imagination might have created a Caliban, or evoked the airy spirits of the enchanted island and the Midsummer Dream; but to delineate a Desdemona or Imogen, a Miranda or Viola, the influence of a pure and refined spirit, cultivated and disciplined by 'gentle arts,' and familiar by habit, thought, and example, with the better parts of wisdom and humanity, were indispensably requisite. Peele or Marlowe might have drawn the forest of Arden, with its woodland glades, but who but Shakspeare could have supplied the *moral beauty* of the scene—the refined simplicity and gaiety of Rosalind, the philosophic meditations of Jaques, the true wisdom, tenderness, and grace, diffused over the whole of that antique half-courtly and half-pastoral drama. These and similar personations, such as Benedict and Beatrice, Mercutio, &c. seem to us even more wonderful than the loftier characters of Shakspeare. No types of them could have existed but in his own mind. The old drama and the chroniclers furnished the outlines of his historical personages, though destitute of the heroic ardour and elevation which he breathed into them. Plutarch and the poets kindled his classic enthusiasm and taste; old Chapman's Homer perhaps rolled its majestic cadences over his ear and imagination; but characters in which polished manners and easy grace are as predominant as wit, reflection, or fancy, were then unknown to the stage, as to actual life. They are among the most perfect creations of his genius, and, in reference to his taste and habits, they are valuable materials for his biography.

In judgment, Shakspeare excels his contemporary dramatists as much as in genius, but at the same time it must be confessed that he also partakes of their errors. To be unwilling to acknowledge any faults in his plays, is, as Hallam remarks, 'an extravagance rather derogatory to the critic than honourable to the poet.' Fresh from the perusal of any of his works, and under the immediate effects of his inspirations—walking, as it were, in a world of his creating, with beings familiar to us almost from infancy—it seems like sacrilege to breathe one word of censure. Yet truth must admit that some of his plays are hastily and ill constructed as to plot; that his proneness to quibble and play with words is brought forward in scenes where this peculiarity constitutes a positive defect; that he is sometimes indelicate where indelicacy is least pardonable, and where it jars most painfully with the associations of the scene; and that his style is occasionally stiff, turgid, and obscure, chiefly because it is at once highly figurative and condensed in expression. Ben Jonson has touched freely, but with manliness and fairness, on these defects:

'I remember,' he says, 'the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakspeare, that in his writing—whatsoever he penned—he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, would he had blotted a thousand! which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance who chose that circumstance to commend their friend by wherein he most faulted, and to justify mine own candour; for I loved the man, and do honour his memory on this side idolatry as much as any. He was indeed honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent phantasy, brave notions, and gentle expressions, wherein he flowed with that facility, that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped, *sufflimandus erat*, as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was in his own power; would the rule of it had been so too! Many times he fell into those things could not escape laughter, as when he said, in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him: "Cæsar, thou dost me wrong," he replied: "Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause," and such like, which were ridiculous.* But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned.'

The first edition of Shakspeare was published, as already stated, in 1623. A second edition was published in 1632, the same as the first, excepting that it was more disfigured with errors of the press. A third edition was published in 1644, and a fourth in 1685. The public admiration of this great English classic now demanded that he should receive the honours of a commentary; and Rowe, the poet, gave an improved edition in 1709. Pope, Warburton, Johnson, Chalmers, Steevens, and others successively published editions of the poet, with copious notes. In our own day, editions by Collier, Knight, Singer, Halliwell, Dyce, and others have appeared. The critics of the great poet are innumerable, and they bid fair, like Banquo's progeny, to 'stretch to the crack of doom.' The scholars of Germany have distinguished themselves by their philosophical and critical dissertations on the genius of Shakspeare. There never was an author, ancient or modern, whose works have been so carefully analysed and illustrated, so eloquently expounded, or so universally admired.

> He so sepulchred in such pomp does lie,
> That kings, for such a tomb, would wish to die.
>
> *Milton on Shakspeare*, 1630.

The difficulty of making selections from Shakspeare must be obvious. If of character, his characters are as numerous and diversified as those in human life; if of style, he has exhausted all styles, and has one for each description of poetry and action; if of wit, humour, satire, or pathos, where shall our choice fall, where all are so abundant? We have felt our task to be something like being deputed to search in some magnificent forest for a handful of the finest leaves or plants, and as if we were diligently exploring the world of woodland beauty to accomplish faithfully this hopeless adventure. Happily, Shakspeare is in all hands, and a single leaf will recall the fertile and majestic scenes of his inspiration.

### *Garden Scene in Romeo and Juliet.*

*Romeo.* He jests at scars that never felt a wound.—
[*Juliet appears above, at a window.*
But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks!
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!—
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she;

---

* Jonson's allusion is to the following line in the third act of *Julius Cæsar*:

> Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause
> Will he be satisfied.

The passage was probably altered by Ben's suggestion, or, still more likely, it was corrupted by the blunder of the player. But Mr Halliwell's remark on the point is worthy of notice: 'If *wrong* is taken in the sense of *injury* or *harm*, as Shakspeare sometimes uses it, there is no absurdity in the line.'

Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.—
It is my lady; O! it is my love;
O that she knew she were!—
She speaks, yet she says nothing. What of that?
Her eye discourses; I will answer it.—
I am too bold; 'tis not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars of all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!
*Juliet.* Ah me!
*Rom.* She speaks.
Oh, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this sight, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned, wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.
*Jul.* O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I 'll no longer be a Capulet.
*Rom.* Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?
*Jul.* 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy:
Thou art thyself though, not a Montague.
What 's Montague? It is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face—nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What 's in a name? That which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet.
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo called,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name;
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself!
*Rom.* I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I 'll be new baptised;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.
*Jul.* What man art thou, that thus, bescreened in night,
So stumblest on my counsel?
*Rom.* By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee.
Had I it written, I would tear the word.
*Jul.* My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?
*Rom.* Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.
*Jul.* How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb;
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.
*Rom.* With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls,
For stony limits cannot hold love out;
And what love can do, that dares love attempt:
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.
*Jul.* If they do see thee, they will murder thee.
*Rom.* Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.
*Jul.* I would not for the world they saw thee here.
*Rom.* I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes;
And but thou love me, let them find me here;
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.
*Jul.* By whose direction found'st thou out this place?
*Rom.* By love, that first did prompt me to inquire;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore washed with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.
*Jul.* Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form; fain, fain deny
What I have spoke—but farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say—Ay;
And I will take thy word. Yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou may'st prove false: at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo!
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully;
Or, if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I 'll frown and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but, else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,
And therefore thou may'st think my 'haviour light;
But trust me, gentleman, I 'll prove more true
Than those that have more coying to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was 'ware,
My true love's passion; therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.
*Rom.* Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops——
*Jul.* O swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb:
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.
*Rom.* What shall I swear by?
*Jul.* Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I 'll believe thee.
*Rom.* If my heart's dear love——
*Jul.* Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night;
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say, It lightens! Sweet, good-night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower, when next we meet.
Good-night, good-night—as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!
Act II. sc. 2.

### *Moonlight, with Fine Music.*

*Lorenzo.* The moon shines bright: in such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise; in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
And sighed his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.
*Jessica.* In such a night
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew;
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismayed away.
*Lor.* In such a night
Stood Dido, with a willow in her hand,
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waft her love
To come again to Carthage.
*Jes.* In such a night
Medea gathered the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.
*Lor.* In such a night
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.
*Jes.* In such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well;
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

*Lor.* In such a night
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her. . . .
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There 's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

Enter Musicians.

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn:
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music.
*Jes.* I 'm never merry when I hear sweet music.
*Lor.* The reason is, your spirits are attentive;
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud—
Which is the hot condition of their blood—
If they perchance but hear a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of music. Therefore, the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.
*Merchant of Venice*, Act V. sc. 1.

### *Ghost-scene in Hamlet.*

*Hamlet.* The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.
*Horatio.* It is a nipping and an eager air.
*Ham.* What hour now?
*Hor.* I think it lacks of twelve.
*Marcellus.* No, it is struck.
*Hor.* Indeed? I heard it not. It then draws near the season
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.
[*Noise of warlike music within.*
What does this mean, my lord?
*Ham.* The king doth wake to-night, and takes his rouse,
Keeps wassail, and the swaggering up-spring reels;
And as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.
*Hor.* Is it a custom?
*Ham.* Ay, marry, is 't:
But to my mind—though I am native here,
And to the manner born—it is a custom
More honoured in the breach than the observance.
This heavy-headed revel, east and west,
Makes us traduced, and taxed of other nations;
They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition; and, indeed, it takes
From our achievements, though performed at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So, oft it chances in particular men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As in their birth (wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin),
By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;
Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plausive manners; that these men,
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect;
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,
Their virtues else, be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo,
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault: The dram of base
Doth all the noble substance often dout,
To his own scandal.

Enter Ghost.

*Hor.* Look, my lord, it comes!
*Ham.* Angels and ministers of grace defend us!—
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damned,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee. I 'll call thee, Hamlet,
King, Father, Royal Dane; Oh, answer me;
Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell
Why thy canonised bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements! why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurned,
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again! What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature,
So horribly to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? Wherefore? What should we do?
[*Ghost beckons Hamlet.*
*Hor.* It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.
*Mar.* Look, with what courteous action
It waves you off to a removed ground:
But do not go with it.
*Hor.* No, by no means. [*Holding Hamlet.*
*Ham.* It will not speak: then I will follow it.
*Hor.* Do not, my lord.
*Ham.* Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?
It waves me forth again.—I 'll follow it.
*Hor.* What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,
That beetles o'er his base into the sea;
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,
And draw you into madness? Think of it.
The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain,
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
And hears it roar beneath.
*Ham.* It waves me still.—Go on, I 'll follow thee.
Act I. sc. 4.

### *Hamlet's Soliloquy on Death.*

To be, or not to be, that is the question—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them? To die—to sleep—
No more; and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to!—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die—to sleep—
To sleep!—perchance to dream!—ay, there 's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There 's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,

The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To groan and sweat under a weary life;
But that the dread of something after death—
That undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to other that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action. Act III. sc. 1.

### *Mark Antony over Cæsar's Body.*

*Antony.* Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears.
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones:
So let it be with Cæsar. Noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious;
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest—
For Brutus is an honourable man,
So are they all, all honourable men—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me;
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill.
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke;
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause:
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me:
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.
*1st Cit.* Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.
*2d Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.
*3d Cit.* Has he, masters? I fear there will a worse come in his place.
*4th Cit.* Marked ye his words? He would not take the crown;
Therefore, 'tis certain he was not ambitious.
*1st Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.
*2d Cit.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.
*3d Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.
*4th Cit.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.
*Ant.* But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
Oh, masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men.
I will not do them wrong: I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar:
I found it in his closet; 'tis his will.
Let but the commons hear this testament—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.
*4th Cit.* We'll hear the will; read it, Mark Antony.
*All.* The will! the will! We will hear Cæsar's will!
*Ant.* Have patience, gentle friends! I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, oh, what would come of it!
*4th Cit.* Read the will! we will hear it, Antony:
You shall read us the will; Cæsar's will!
*Ant.* Will you be patient? will you stay a while?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.
I fear I wrong the honourable men
Whose daggers have stabbed Cæsar. I do fear it.
*4th Cit.* They were traitors. Honourable men!
*All.* The will! the testament!
*2d Cit.* They were villains, murderers! The will! Read the will!
*Ant.* You will compel me, then, to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me shew you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?
*All.* Come down.
*2d Cit.* Descend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*
*3d Cit.* You shall have leave.
*4th Cit.* A ring! Stand round.
*1st Cit.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.
*2d Cit.* Room for Antony—most noble Antony!
*Ant.* Nay, press not so upon me: stand far off.
*All.* Stand back! room! bear back!
*Ant.* If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent;
That day he overcame the Nervii.
Look! In this place ran Cassius' dagger through;
See, what a rent the envious Casca made!
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabbed;
And, as he plucked his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it!
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
Oh, now you weep; and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls! What! weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here!
Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.
*1st Cit.* O piteous spectacle!
*2d Cit.* O noble Cæsar!

*3d Cit.* O woful day!
*4th Cit.* O traitors! villains!
*1st Cit.* O most bloody sight!
*2d Cit.* We will be revenged! Revenge! About—seek—burn—fire—kill—slay! Let not a traitor live!

*Julius Cæsar*, Act III. sc. 2.

### *Bolingbroke's Entry into London.*

DUKE OF YORK and the DUCHESS.

*Duch.* My lord, you told me you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you break the story off
Of our two cousins coming into London.
*York.* Where did I leave?
*Duch.* At that stop, my lord,
Where rude misgoverned hands, from windows' tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head.
*York.* Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke—
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seemed to know—
With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course,
While all tongues cried: God save thee, Bolingbroke!
You would have thought the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage; and that all the walls,
With painted imagery, had said at once:
Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespake them thus: I thank you, countrymen.
And thus still doing, thus he passed along.
*Duch.* Alas, poor Richard! where rode he the whilst?
*York.* As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on Richard; no man cried: God save him;
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home:
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off—
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience—
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steeled
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied him.

*King Richard II.* Act V. sc. 2.

### *Fear of Death.*

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling: 'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

*Measure for Measure*, Act III. sc. 1.

### *Perseverance.*

Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for Oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingratitudes:
Those scraps are good deeds past, which are devoured
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done. Perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright: to have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way,
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast: Keep, then, the path;
For Emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue: if you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an entered tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost;——
Or, like a gallant horse, fall'n in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'er-run and trampled on: then what they do in present,
Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours;
For Time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,
And with his arms outstretched, as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer: Welcome ever smiles,
And Farewell goes out sighing. O! let not Virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was; for beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating Time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin—
That all with one consent praise new-born gawds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past,
And give to dust that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'erdusted:
The present eye praises the present object.

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act III. sc. 3.

### *Mercy.*

The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shews the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings.
But mercy is above the sceptred sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then shew likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

*Merchant of Venice*, Act IV. sc. 1.

### *The Forest of Arden.*

DUKE, senior, AMIENS, and other Lords.

*Duke.* Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference; as, the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind;
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say:
This is no flattery; these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.
I would not change it!

*Amiens.* Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style!
*Duke.* Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads,
Have their round haunches gored.
*First Lord.* Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banished you.
To-day, my lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;
To the which place a poor sequestered stag,
That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish: and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heaved forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Coursed one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.
*Duke.* But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralise this spectacle?
*First Lord.* O yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping in the needless stream—
'Poor deer,' quoth he, 'thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much.' Then, being alone,
Left and abandoned of his velvet friends;
''Tis right,' quoth he; 'thus misery doth part
The flux of company.' Anon, a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him: 'Ay,' quoth Jaques,
'Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'Tis just the fashion: Wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?'
*As You Like It*, Act II. sc. 1.

### *The World Compared to a Stage.*

All the world 's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in his nurse's arms:
And then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then, the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then, the soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel;
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the justice,
In fair round belly, with good capon lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shanks; and his big manly voice,
Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion:
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.
*Ibid.* Act II. sc. 7.

### *Oberon's Vision.*

*Oberon.* My gentle Puck, come hither: Thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.
*Puck.* I remember.
*Obe.* That very time I saw (but thou couldst not),
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all armed; a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal, throned by the west;
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quenched in the chaste beams of the watery moon;
And the imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet marked I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower—
Before, milk-white; now, purple with love's wound—
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower; the herb I shewed thee once;
The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb: and be thou here again,
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.
*Puck.* I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes.
*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act II. sc. 2.

## BEN JONSON.

The second name in the dramatic literature of this period has been generally assigned to **BEN JONSON**, though some may be disposed to claim it for the more Shakspearian genius of Beaumont and Fletcher. Jonson was born nine years after Shakspeare—in 1573—and appeared as a writer for the stage in his twentieth year. His early life was full of hardship and vicissitude. His father, a clergyman in Westminster—a member of a Scottish family from Annandale—died before the poet's birth, and his mother marrying again, Ben was brought from Westminster School, and put to the employment of his stepfather, which was that of a bricklayer. Disliking the occupation, Jonson enlisted as a soldier, and served in the Low Countries. He is reported to have killed one of the enemy in single combat, in the view of both armies, and to have otherwise distinguished himself for his youthful bravery. As a poet, Jonson afterwards reverted with pride to his conduct as a soldier. On his return, he is said to have entered St John's College, Cambridge; but his stay there must have been short—if he ever was enrolled of the university—for, about the age of twenty, he is found married, and an actor in London. Ben made his *début* at a low theatre near Clerkenwell, and, as his opponents afterwards reminded him, failed completely as an actor. At the same time, he was engaged in writing for the stage, either by himself or conjointly with others. He quarrelled with another performer, and on their fighting a duel with swords, Jonson had the misfortune to kill his antagonist, and was severely wounded himself. He was committed to prison on a charge of murder, but was released without a trial. On regaining his liberty, he commenced writing for the stage, and produced, in 1596, his *Every Man in his Humour*. The scene was laid in Italy, but the characters and manners depicted in the piece were English; and Jonson afterwards recast the whole, and transferred the scene to England. In its revised form, *Every Man in his Humour* was brought out at the Globe Theatre in 1598, and Shakspeare was one of the performers in the play. He had himself produced some of his finest comedies by this time, but Jonson was no imitator of his great rival, who blended a spirit of poetical romance with his comic sketches, and made no attempt to delineate the domestic manners of his countrymen. Jonson opened a new walk in the drama: he felt his strength, and the public cheered him on with its plaudits. Queen Elizabeth patronised the new poet, and ever afterwards he was 'a man of mark and likelihood.' In 1599, appeared his *Every Man out of his Humour*, a less able performance than its predecessor. *Cynthia's Revels* and the *Poetaster* followed, and the fierce rivalry and contention which clouded Jonson's after-life seem to have begun about this time. He had attacked Marston and Dekker, two of his brother-dramatists, in the *Poetaster*. Dekker replied with spirit in his *Satiromastix*, and Ben was silent for two years, 'living upon one Townsend, and scorning the world,' as is recorded in the diary of a contemporary. In 1603, he tried 'if tragedy had a more kind aspect,' and produced his classic drama of *Sejanus*. Shortly after the accession of King James, a comedy called *Eastward Hoe* was written conjointly by Jonson, Chapman, and Marston. Some passages in this piece reflected on the Scottish nation; and the matter was represented to the king by one of his courtiers—Sir James Murray—in so strong a light, that the authors were thrown into prison, and threatened with the loss of their ears and noses. They were not tried; and when Ben was set at liberty, he gave an entertainment to his friends—Selden and Camden being of the number. His mother was present on this joyous occasion, and she produced a paper of poison, which, she said, she intended to have given her son in his liquor, rather than he should submit to personal mutilation and disgrace, and another dose which she intended afterwards to have taken herself. The old lady must, as Whalley remarks, have been more of an antique Roman than a Briton. Jonson's own conduct in this affair was noble and spirited. He had no considerable share in the composition of the piece, and was, besides, in such favour, that he would not have been molested; 'but this did not satisfy him,' says Gifford; 'and he, therefore, with a high sense of honour, voluntarily accompanied his two friends to prison, determined to share their fate.' We cannot now ascertain what was the mighty satire that moved the patriotic indignation of James; it was doubtless softened before publication; but in some copies of *Eastward Hoe* (1605), there is a passage in which the Scots are said to be 'dispersed over the face of the whole earth;' and the dramatist sarcastically adds: 'But as for them, there are no greater friends to Englishmen and England, *when they are out on't*, in the world, than they are; and, for my part, I would a hundred thousand of them were there [in Virginia], for we are all one countrymen now, you know, and we should find ten times more comfort of them there than we do here.' The offended nationality of James must have been laid to rest by the subsequent adulation of Jonson in his court-masks, for he eulogised the vain and feeble monarch as one that would raise the glory of England more than Elizabeth! Jonson's three great comedies—*Volpone, or the Fox; Epicene, or the Silent Woman;* and the *Alchemist*—were his next serious labours; his second classical tragedy, *Catiline*, appeared in 1611. His fame had now reached its highest elevation; but he produced several other comedies, and a vast number of court entertainments, ere his star began sensibly to decline. In 1618, Jonson made a journey *on foot* to Scotland, where he had many friends. He was well received by the Scottish gentry, and was so pleased with the country, that he meditated a poem, or drama, on the beauties of Loch Lomond. The last of his visits was made to Drummond of Hawthornden, with whom he lived three weeks; and Drummond kept notes of his conversation, which, in a subsequent age, were communicated to the world. In conclusion, Drummond entered on his journal the following character of Ben himself:

'He is a great lover and praiser of himself; a contemner and scorner of others; given rather to lose a friend than a jest; jealous of every word and action of those about him, especially after drink, which is one of the elements in which he liveth; a dissembler of ill parts which reign in him; a bragger of some good that he wanteth; thinketh nothing well but what either he himself or some of his friends and countrymen hath said or done; he is passionately kind and angry; careless either to gain or keep; vindictive, but, if well answered, at himself; for any religion, as being versed in both;[*] interpreteth best sayings and deeds often to the worst; oppressed with fantasy, which hath ever mastered his reason, a general disease in many poets.'

This character, it must be confessed, is far from being a flattering one; and probably it was, unconsciously, overcharged, owing to the recluse habits and staid demeanour of Drummond. We believe it, however, to be substantially correct. Inured to hardships and to a free, boisterous life in his early days, Jonson seems to have contracted a roughness of manner and habits of intemperance which never wholly left him. Priding himself immoderately on his classical acquirements, he was apt to slight and condemn his less learned associates; while the conflict between his limited means and his love of social pleasures, rendered him too often severe and saturnine in his temper. Whatever he did was done with labour, and hence was highly prized. His contemporaries seemed fond of mortifying his pride, and he was often at war with actors and authors. With the celebrated Inigo Jones, who was joined with him in the preparation of the court-masks, Jonson waged a long and bitter feud, in which both parties were to blame. When his better nature prevailed, and exorcised the demon of envy or spleen, Jonson was capable of a generous warmth of friendship, and of just discrimination of genius and character.

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[*] Drummond here alludes to Jonson having been at one period of his life a Roman Catholic. When in prison, after killing the actor, a priest converted him to the Church of Rome, and he continued a member of it for twelve years. At the expiration of that time, he returned to the Protestant communion. As a proof of his enthusiastic temperament, it is mentioned that Jonson drank out the full cup of wine at the communion-table, in token of his reconciliation with the Church of England.

In 1619, on the death of Daniel, Jonson was appointed poet-laureate, and received a pension of a hundred merks. His literary reputation, his love of conviviality, and his high colloquial powers, rendered his society much courted, and he became the centre of a band of wits and revellers. Sir Walter Raleigh had founded a club, known to all posterity as the Mermaid Club, at which Jonson, Shakspeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, and other poets, exercised themselves with 'wit-combats' more bright and genial than their wine.* One of the favourite haunts of these bright-minded men was the Falcon Tavern, near the theatre in Bankside, Southwark, of which a sketch has been preserved. The latter days of Jonson were dark and painful. Attacks of palsy confined him to his house, and his necessities compelled him to write for the stage when his pen had lost its vigour, and wanted the charm of novelty. In 1630, he produced his comedy, the *New Inn*, which was unsuccessful on the stage. The king sent him a present of £100, and raised his laureate pension to the same sum per annum, adding a yearly tierce of Canary wine. Next year, however, we find Jonson, in an *Epistle Mendicant*, soliciting assistance from the lord-treasurer. He continued writing to the last. Dryden has styled the later works of Jonson his *dotages;* some are certainly unworthy of him, but the *Sad Shepherd*, which he left unfinished, exhibits the poetical fancy of a youthful composition. He died in 1637, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a square stone, marking the spot where the poet's body was disposed vertically, was long afterwards shewn, inscribed only with the words, 'O RARE BEN JONSON !'

Jonson founded a style of regular English comedy, massive, well compacted, and fitted to endure, yet not very attractive in its materials. His works, altogether, consist of about fifty dramatic pieces, but by far the greater part are masks and interludes. His principal comedies are: *Every Man in his Humour*, *Volpone*, the *Silent Woman*, and the *Alchemist*. His Roman tragedies may be considered literal impersonations of classic antiquity, 'robust and richly graced,' yet stiff and unnatural in style and construction. They seem to bear about the same resemblance to Shakspeare's classic dramas that sculpture does to actual life. The strong delineation of character is the most striking feature in Jonson's comedies. The voluptuous Volpone is drawn with great *breadth* and freedom; and generally his portraits of eccentric characters—men in whom some peculiarity has grown to an egregious excess—are ludicrous and impressive. His scenes and characters shew the labour of the artist, but still an artist possessing rich resources; an acute and vigorous intellect; great knowledge of life, down to its lowest descents; wit, lofty declamation, and a power of dramatising his knowledge and observation with singular skill and effect. His pedantry is often misplaced and ridiculous: when he wishes to satirise his opponents of the drama, he lays the scene in the court of Augustus, and makes himself speak as Horace. In one of his Roman tragedies, he prescribes for the composition of a *mucus*, or wash for the face! His comic theatre is a gallery of strange, clever, original portraits, powerfully drawn, and skilfully disposed, but many of them repulsive in expression, or so exaggerated as to look like caricatures or libels on humanity. We have little deep passion or winning tenderness to link the beings of his drama with those we love or admire, or to make us sympathise with them as with existing mortals. The charm of reality is generally wanting, or, when found, is not a pleasing reality. When the great artist escapes entirely from his elaborate wit and personified humours into the region of fancy—as in the lyrical passages of *Cynthia*, *Epicene*, and the whole drama of the *Sad Shepherd*—we are struck with the contrast it exhibits to his ordinary manner. He thus presents two natures: one hard, rugged, gross, and sarcastic—'a mountain belly and a rocky face,' as he described his own person; the other, airy, fanciful, and graceful, as if its possessor had never combated with the world and its bad passions, but nursed his understanding and his fancy in poetical seclusion and contemplation.

### *The Fall of Catiline.*

*Petreius.* The straits and needs of Catiline being such
As he must fight with one of the two armies
That then had near inclosed him, it pleased Fate
To make us the object of his desperate choice,
Wherein the danger almost poised the honour:
And, as he rose, the day grew black with him,
And Fate descended nearer to the earth,
As if she meant to hide the name of things
Under her wings, and make the world her quarry.
At this we roused, lest one small minute's stay
Had left it to be inquired what Rome was;
And (as we ought) armed in the confidence
Of our great cause, in form of battle stood,
Whilst Catiline came on, not with the face
Of any man, but of a public ruin:
His countenance was a civil war itself;
And all his host had, standing in their looks,
The paleness of the death that was to come;
Yet cried they out like vultures, and urged on,
As if they would precipitate our fates.
Nor stayed we longer for 'em, but himself
Struck the first stroke, and with it fled a life,
Which out, it seemed a narrow neck of land
Had broke between two mighty seas, and either
Flowed into other; for so did the slaughter;
And whirled about, as when two violent tides
Meet and not yield. The Furies stood on hills,
Circling the place, and trembling to see men
Do more than they; whilst Pity left the field,
Grieved for that side, that in so bad a cause
They knew not what a crime their valour was.
The Sun stood still, and was, behind the cloud
The battle made, seen sweating, to drive up
His frighted horse, whom still the noise drove backward:
And now had fierce Enyo, like a flame,
Consumed all it could reach, and then itself,

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* 'Many were the wit-combats betwixt Shakspeare and Ben Jonson, which two I behold like a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war: Master Jonson, like the former, was built far higher in learning; solid, but slow in his performances. Shakspeare, with the English man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention.'—*Fuller's Worthies*.

Besides the Mermaid, Jonson was a great frequenter of a club called the Apollo, at the Old Devil Tavern, Temple Bar, for which he wrote rules—*Leges Conviviales*—and penned a welcome over the door of the room to all those who approved of the 'true Phœbian liquor.' Ben's rules, it must be said, discountenanced excess.

Had not the fortune of the commonwealth
Come, Pallas-like, to every Roman thought;
Which Catiline seeing, and that now his troops
Covered the earth they'd fought on with their trunks,
Ambitious of great fame, to crown his ill,
Collected all his fury, and ran in—
Armed with a glory high as his despair—
Into our battle, like a Libyan lion
Upon his hunters, scornful of our weapons,
Careless of wounds, plucking down lives about him,
Till he had circled in himself with Death:
Then fell he too, t' embrace it where it lay.
And as in that rebellion 'gainst the gods,
Minerva holding forth Medusa's head,
One of the giant brethren felt himself
Grow marble at the killing sight; and now,
Almost made stone, began to inquire what flint,
What rock, it was that crept through all his limbs;
And, ere he could think more, was that he feared:
So Catiline, at the sight of Rome in us,
Became his tomb; yet did his look retain
Some of his fierceness, and his hands still moved,
As if he laboured yet to grasp the state
With those rebellious parts.
*Cato.* A brave bad death!
Had this been honest now, and for his country,
As 'twas against it, who had e'er fallen greater?

*Catiline*, Act V. sc. 6.

### *Love.—From the 'New Inn.'*

LOVEL and HOST of the New Inn.

*Lovel.* There is no life on earth but being in love!
There are no studies, no delights, no business,
No intercourse, or trade of sense, or soul,
But what is love! I was the laziest creature,
The most unprofitable sign of nothing,
The veriest drone, and slept away my life
Beyond the dormouse, till I was in love!
And now I can outwake the nightingale,
Outwatch an usurer, and outwalk him too,
Stalk like a ghost that haunted 'bout a treasure;
And all that fancied treasure, it is love!
*Host.* But is your name Love-ill, sir, or Love-well?
I would know that.
*Lov.* I do not know 't myself
Whether it is. But it is love hath been
The hereditary passion of our house,
My gentle host, and, as I guess, my friend;
The truth is, I have loved this lady long,
And impotently, with desire enough,
But no success: for I have still forborne
To express it in my person to her.
*Host.* How then?
*Lov.* I have sent her toys, verses, and anagrams,
Trials of wit, mere trifles, she has commended,
But knew not whence they came, nor could she guess.
*Host.* This was a pretty riddling way of wooing!
*Lov.* I oft have been, too, in her company,
And looked upon her a whole day, admired her,
Loved her, and did not tell her so; loved still,
Looked still, and loved; and loved, and looked, and sighed;
But, as a man neglected, I came off,
And unregarded.
*Host.* Could you blame her, sir,
When you were silent, and not said a word?
*Lov.* Oh, but I loved the more; and she might read it
Best in my silence, had she been——
*Host.* As melancholic
As you are! Pray you, why would you stand mute, sir?
*Lov.* O thereon hangs a history, mine host.
Did you e'er know or hear of the Lord Beaufort,
Who served so bravely in France? I was his page,
And, ere he died, his friend: I followed him
First in the wars, and in the times of peace
I waited on his studies; which were right.
He had no Arthurs, nor no Rosicleers,
No Knights of the Sun, nor Amadis de Gauls,
Primalions, and Pantagruels, public nothings;
Abortives of the fabulous dark cloister,
Sent out to poison courts, and infest manners:
But great Achilles', Agamemnon's acts,
Sage Nestor's counsels, and Ulysses' sleights,
Tydides' fortitude, as Homer wrought them
In his immortal phant'sy, for examples
Of the heroic virtue. Or, as Virgil,
That master of the Epic poem, limned
Pious Æneas, his religious prince,
Bearing his aged parent on his shoulders,
Rapt from the flames of Troy, with his young son.
And these he brought to practice and to use.
He gave me first my breeding, I acknowledge,
Then showered his bounties on me, like the Hours,
That open-handed sit upon the clouds,
And press the liberality of Heaven
Down to the laps of thankful men! But then,
The trust committed to me at his death
Was above all, and left so strong a tie
On all my powers, as Time shall not dissolve,
Till it dissolve itself, and bury all!
The care of his brave heir and only son:
Who, being a virtuous, sweet, young, hopeful lord,
Hath cast his first affections on this lady.
And though I know, and may presume her such,
As out of humour, will return no love,
And therefore might indifferently be made
The courting stock for all to practise on,
As she doth practise on us all to scorn:
Yet out of a religion to my charge,
And debt professed, I have made a self-decree,
Ne'er to express my person, though my passion
Burn me to cinders.

*The New Inn*, Act I. sc. 1.

### *A Simpleton and a Braggadocio.*

Bobadil, the braggadocio, in his mean and obscure lodging, is visited by Matthew, the simpleton.

*Matthew.* Save you, sir; save you, captain.

*Bobadil.* Gentle Master Matthew! Is it you, sir? Please you to sit down.

*Mat.* Thank you, good captain; you may see I am somewhat audacious.

*Bob.* Not so, sir. I was requested to supper last night by a sort of gallants, where you were wished for, and drunk to, I assure you.

*Mat.* Vouchsafe me, by whom, good captain?

*Bob.* Marry, by young Wellbred and others.—Why, hostess, a stool here for this gentleman.

*Mat.* No haste, sir; 'tis very well.

*Bob.* Body o' me!—it was so late ere we parted last night, I can scarce open my eyes yet; I was but new risen, as you came. How passes the day abroad, sir?—you can tell.

*Mat.* Faith, some half hour to seven. Now, trust me, you have an exceeding fine lodging here, very neat and private!

*Bob.* Ay, sir. Sit down, I pray you. Master Matthew, in any case, possess no gentleman of our acquaintance with notice of my lodging.

*Mat.* Who! I, sir?—no.

*Bob.* Not that I need to care who know it, for the cabin is convenient, but in regard I would not be too popular, and generally visited as some are.

*Mat.* True, captain; I conceive you.

*Bob.* For, do you see, sir, by the heart of valour in me (except it be to some peculiar and choice spirits, to whom I am extraordinarily engaged, as yourself, or so), I could not extend thus far.

*Mat.* O Lord, sir! I resolve so.

*Bob.* I confess I love a cleanly and quiet privacy, above all the tumult and roar of fortune. What new book ha' you there? What! Go by, Hieronymo![1]

*Mat.* Ay; did you ever see it acted? Is 't not well penned?

*Bob.* Well penned! I would fain see all the poets of these times pen such another play as that was!—they 'll prate and swagger, and keep a stir of art and devices, when (as I am a gentleman), read 'em, they are the most shallow, pitiful, barren fellows that live upon the face of the earth again. [*While* MASTER MATTHEW *reads*, BOBADIL *makes himself ready*.

*Mat.* Indeed; here are a number of fine speeches in this book. 'O eyes, no eyes, but fountains fraught with tears!' There 's a conceit!—fountains fraught with tears! 'O life, no life, but lively form of death!' another. 'O world, no world, but mass of public wrongs!' a third. 'Confused and filled with murder and misdeeds!' a fourth. O the Muses! Is 't not excellent? Is 't not simply the best that ever you heard, captain? Ha! how do you like it?

*Bob.* 'Tis good.

*Mat.* 'To thee, the purest object to my sense,
The most refined essence heaven covers,
Send I these lines, wherein I do commence
The happy state of turtle-billing lovers.
If they prove rough, unpolished, harsh, and rude,
Haste made the waste. Thus mildly I conclude.'

*Bob.* Nay, proceed, proceed. Where 's this?

*Mat.* This, sir? a toy o' mine own, in my nonage; the infancy of my Muses. But when will you come and see my study? Good faith, I can shew you some very good things I have done of late.—That boot becomes your leg passing well, captain, methinks.

*Bob.* So, so; it 's the fashion gentlemen now use.

*Mat.* Troth, captain, and now you speak o' the fashion, Master Wellbred's elder brother and I are fallen out exceedingly. This other day, I happened to enter into some discourse of a hanger, which, I assure you, both for fashion and workmanship, was most peremptory beautiful and gentleman-like; yet he condemned and cried it down for the most pied and ridiculous that ever he saw.

*Bob.* Squire Downright, the half-brother, was 't not?

*Mat.* Ay, sir, he.

*Bob.* Hang him, rook! he! why, he has no more judgment than a malt-horse. By St George, I wonder you 'd lose a thought upon such an animal; the most peremptory absurd clown of Christendom, this day, he is holden. I protest to you, as I am a gentleman and a soldier, I ne'er changed words with his like. By his discourse, he should eat nothing but hay: he was born for the manger, pannier, or pack-saddle! He has not so much as a good phrase in his belly, but all old iron and rusty proverbs!—a good commodity for some smith to make hobnails of.

*Mat.* Ay, and he thinks to carry it away with his manhood still, where he comes: he brags he will gi' me the bastinado, as I hear.

*Bob.* How? he the bastinado? How came he by that word, trow?

*Mat.* Nay, indeed, he said cudgel me; I termed it so for my more grace.

*Bob.* That may be, for I was sure it was none of his word. But when? when said he so?

*Mat.* Faith, yesterday, they say; a young gallant, a friend of mine, told me so.

*Bob.* By the foot of Pharaoh, an 'twere my case now, I should send him a chartel presently. The bastinado! A most proper and sufficient dependence, warranted by the great Caranza. Come hither; you shall chartel him; I 'll shew you a trick or two, you shall kill him with at pleasure; the first stoccata, if you will, by this air.

*Mat.* Indeed; you have absolute knowledge i' the mystery, I have heard, sir.

*Bob.* Of whom?—of whom ha' you heard it, I beseech you?

*Mat.* Troth, I have heard it spoken of divers, that you have very rare, and un-in-one-breath-utter-able skill, sir.

*Bob.* By Heaven! no, not I; no skill i' the earth; some small rudiments i' the science, as to know my time, distance, or so: I have profest it more for noblemen and gentlemen's use than mine own practice, I assure you.—Hostess, accommodate us with another bed-staff here quickly: lend us another bed-staff: the woman does not understand the words of action.—Look you, sir, exalt not your point above this state, at any hand, and let your poniard maintain your defence, thus (Give it the gentleman, and leave us); so, sir. Come on. O twine your body more about, that you may fall to a more sweet, comely, gentleman-like guard; so, indifferent: hollow your body more, sir, thus; now, stand fast o' your left leg, note your distance, keep your due proportion of time. Oh, you disorder your point most irregularly!

*Mat.* How is the bearing of it now, sir?

*Bob.* Oh, out of measure ill: a well-experienced hand would pass upon you at pleasure.

*Mat.* How mean you, sir, pass upon me?

*Bob.* Why, thus, sir (make a thrust at me)—[MASTER MATTHEW *pushes at* BOBADIL]; come in upon the answer, control your point, and make a full career at the body; the best practised gallants of the time name it the passado; a most desperate thrust, believe it!

*Mat.* Well, come, sir.

*Bob.* Why, you do not manage your weapon with any facility or grace to invite me! I have no spirit to play with you; your dearth of judgment renders you tedious.

*Mat.* But one venue, sir.

*Bob.* Venue! fie; most gross denomination as ever I heard. Oh, the stoccata, while you live, sir, note that. Come, put on your cloak, and we 'll go to some private place where you are acquainted—some tavern or so—and have a bit. I 'll send for one of these fencers, and he shall breathe you, by my direction, and then I will teach you your trick; you shall kill him with it at the first, if you please. Why, I will learn you by the true judgment of the eye, hand, and foot, to control any enemy's point i' the world. Should your adversary confront you with a pistol, 'twere nothing, by this hand; you should, by the same rule, control his bullet, in a line, except it were hail-shot, and spread.—What money ha' you about you, Master Matthew?

*Mat.* Faith, I ha' not past a two shillings, or so.

*Bob.* 'Tis somewhat with the least; but come; we will have a bunch of radish, and salt to taste our wine, and a pipe of tobacco, to close the orifice of the stomach; and then we 'll call upon young Wellbred: perhaps we shall meet the Corydon his brother there, and put him to the question.

*Every Man in his Humour*, Act I. sc. 1.

### *Bobadil's Plan for Saving the Expense of an Army.*

*Bobadil.* I will tell you, sir, by the way of private, and under seal, I am a gentleman, and live here obscure, and to myself; but were I known to her majesty and the lords (observe me), I would undertake, upon this poor head and life, for the public benefit of the state, not only to spare the entire lives of her subjects in general, but to save the one-half, nay, three parts of her yearly charge in holding war, and against what enemy soever. And how would I do it, think you?

*E. Knowell.* Nay, I know not, nor can I conceive.

*Bob.* Why, thus, sir. I would select nineteen more, to myself, throughout the land; gentlemen they should be of good spirit, strong and able constitution; I would choose them by an instinct, a character that I have: and I would teach these nineteen the special rules—as your punto, your reverso, your stoccata, your imbroccato, your passado, your montanto—till they could all play very near, or altogether as well as myself. This done, say the enemy were forty thousand strong, we twenty would come into the field the tenth of March, or thereabouts;

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[1] Or *Jeronimo*, an old play by Kyd.

and we would challenge twenty of the enemy; they could not in their honour refuse us; well, we would kill them: challenge twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them too; and thus would we kill every man his twenty a day, that 's twenty score; twenty score, that 's two hundred; two hundred a day, five days a thousand; forty thousand; forty times five, five times forty, two hundred days kills them all up by computation. And this will I venture my poor gentleman-like carcass to perform, provided there be no treason practised upon us, by fair and discreet manhood; that is, civilly by the sword.

*Ibid.* Act IV. sc. 5.

### *Advice to a Reckless Youth.*

What would I have you do? I 'll tell you, kinsman:
Learn to be wise, and practise how to thrive;
That would I have you do; and not to spend
Your coin on every bauble that you fancy,
Or every foolish brain that humours you.
I would not have you to invade each place,
Nor thrust yourself on all societies,
Till men's affections, or your own desert,
Should worthily invite you to your rank.
He that is so respectless in his courses,
Oft sells his reputation at cheap market.
Nor would I you should melt away yourself
In flashing bravery, lest, while you affect
To make a blaze of gentry to the world,
A little puff of scorn extinguish it,
And you be left like an unsavoury snuff,
Whose property is only to offend.
I 'd ha' you sober, and contain yourself;
Not that your sail be bigger than your boat;
But moderate your expenses now (at first)
As you may keep the same proportion still.
Nor stand so much on your gentility,
Which is an airy and mere borrowed thing,
From dead men's dust and bones; and none of yours,
Except you make, or hold it.

*Ibid.* Act I. sc. 1.

### *The Alchemist.*

Sir Epicure Mammon.—Surly, his Friend.

*Mammon.* Come on, sir. Now you set your foot on shore
In *novo orbe*. Here 's the rich Peru:
And there within, sir, are the golden mines,
Great Solomon's Ophir! He was sailing to 't
Three years, but we have reached it in ten months.
This is the day wherein to all my friends
I will pronounce the happy word, Be rich.
This day you shall be *spectatissimi*.
You shall no more deal with the hollow die
Or the frail card. No more be at charge of keeping
The livery punk for the young heir, that must
Seal at all hours in his shirt. No more,
If he deny, ha' him beaten to 't, as he is
That brings him the commodity. No more
Shall thirst of satin, or the covetous hunger
Of velvet entrails for a rude-spun cloak
To be displayed at Madam Augusta's, make
The sons of Sword and Hazard fall before
The golden calf, and on their knees whole nights
Commit idolatry with wine and trumpets;
Or go a-feasting after drum and ensign.
No more of this. You shall start up young viceroys,
And have your punks and punketees, my Surly:
And unto thee I speak it first, Be rich.—
Where is my Subtle there? within, ho!
*Face* (*answers from within*). Sir, he 'll come to you by and by.
*Mam.* That 's his fire-drake,
His Lungs, his Zephyrus, he that puffs his coals
Till he firk Nature up in her own centre.
You are not faithful, sir. This night I 'll change
All that is metal in thy house to gold:
And early in the morning will I send
To all the plumbers and the pewterers,
And buy their tin and lead up; and to Lothbury,
For all the copper.
*Surly.* What, and turn that too?
*Mam.* Yes, and I 'll purchase Devonshire and Cornwall,
And make them perfect Indies! You admire now?
*Sur.* No, faith.
*Mam.* But when you see the effects of the great medicine—
Of which one part projected on a hundred
Of Mercury, or Venus, or the Moon,
Shall turn it to as many of the Sun,
Nay, to a thousand, so *ad infinitum*—
You will believe me.
*Sur.* Yes, when I see 't, I will. . . .
*Mam.* Ha! why,
Do you think I fable with you? I assure you,
He that has once the flower of the Sun,
The perfect Ruby, which we call Elixir,
Not only can do that, but by its virtue
Can confer honour, love, respect, long life,
Give safety, valour, yea, and victory,
To whom he will. In eight-and-twenty days
I 'll make an old man of fourscore a child.
*Sur.* No doubt; he 's that already.
*Mam.* Nay, I mean,
Restore his years, renew him like an eagle,
To the fifth age; make him get sons and daughters,
Young giants, as our philosophers have done—
The ancient patriarchs afore the flood—
By taking, once a week, on a knife's point,
The quantity of a grain of mustard of it,
Become stout Marses, and beget young Cupids.
*Sur.* The decayed vestals of Pickt-hatch would thank you,
That keep the fire alive there.
*Mam.* 'Tis the secret
Of nature naturised 'gainst all infections,
Cures all diseases, coming of all causes;
A month's grief in a day; a year's in twelve;
And of what age soever, in a month:
Past all the doses of your drugging doctors.
I 'll undertake withal to fright the plague
Out o' the kingdom in three months.
*Sur.* And I 'll
Be bound the players shall sing your praises, then,
Without their poets.
*Mam.* Sir, I 'll do 't. Meantime,
I 'll give away so much unto my man,
Shall serve the whole city with preservative
Weekly; each house his dose, and at the rate——
*Sur.* As he that built the water-work does with water!
*Mam.* You are incredulous.
*Sur.* Faith, I have a humour,
I would not willingly be gulled. Your Stone
Cannot transmute me.
*Mam.* Pertinax Surly,
Will you believe antiquity? records?
I 'll shew you a book, where Moses, and his sister,
And Solomon, have written of the art;
Ay, and a treatise penned by Adam.
*Sur.* How?
*Mam.* Of the Philosopher's Stone, and in High Dutch.
*Sur.* Did Adam write, sir, in High Dutch?
*Mam.* He did;
Which proves it was the primitive tongue.
*Sur.* What paper?
*Mam.* On cedar-board.
*Sur.* O that, indeed, they say,
Will last 'gainst worms.
*Mam.* 'Tis like your Irish wood
'Gainst cobwebs. I have a piece of Jason's fleece too,
Which was no other than a book of Alchemy,

Writ in large sheepskin, a good fat ram-vellum.
Such was Pythagoras' thigh, Pandora's tub,
And all that fable of Medea's charms,
The manner of our work: the bulls, our furnace,
Still breathing fire: our *Argent-vive*, the Dragon:
The Dragon's teeth, Mercury sublimate,
That keeps the whiteness, hardness, and the biting:
And they are gathered into Jason's helm
(Th' alembic), and then sowed in Mars his field,
And thence sublimed so often, till they are fixed.
Both this, the Hesperian garden, Cadmus' story,
Jove's shower, the boon of Midas, Argus' eyes,
Boccace his Demogorgon, thousands more,
All abstract riddles of our Stone.

*The Alchemist*, Act II. sc. 1.

### THE COURT-MASKS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

The courts of Elizabeth and James I. were long enlivened by the peculiar theatrical entertainment called the mask—a combination of scenery, music, and poetry. The origin of the mask is to be looked for in the 'revels' and 'shows' which, during the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, were presented on high festive occasions at court, in the inns of the lawyers, and at the universities, and in those mysteries and moralities which were the precursors of the legitimate drama. Henry VIII. in his earlier and better days had frequent entertainments, consisting of a set of masked and gaily dressed characters, or of such representations as the following: In the hall of the palace at Greenwich, a castle was reared, with numerous towers and gates, and every appearance of preparation for a long siege, and inscribed, *La Forteresse Dangereuse;* it was defended by six richly dressed ladies; the king and five of his courtiers then entered in the disguise of knights, and attacked the castle, which the ladies, after a gallant resistance, surrendered, the affair concluding with a dance of the ladies and knights. Here there was nothing but scenery and pantomime; by and by, poetical dialogue, song, and music, were added; and when the mask had reached its height in the reigns of James and the First Charles, it employed the finest talent of the country in its composition, and, as Bacon remarks, being designed for princes, was by princes played.

Masks were generally prepared for some remarkable occasion, as a coronation, the birth of a young prince or noble, a peer's marriage, or the visit of some royal personage of foreign countries; and they usually took place in the hall of the palace. Many of them were enacted in that banqueting-room at Whitehall through which a prince, who often took part in them, afterwards walked to the scaffold. Allegory and mythology were the taste of the age: we must allow for the novelty of classical imagery and characters at that period, and it may be only a kind of prejudice, or the effect of fashion, which makes us so rigorously banish from our literature allusions to the poetic creations of Grecian antiquity; while we contentedly solace ourselves in contemplating, through what are called historical novels, the much ruder, and perhaps not more truly represented, personages of the middle ages. The *action* of a mask was always something short and simple; and it is easy to see that, excepting where very high poetical and musical talent was engaged, the principal charm must have lain in the elegance of the dresses and decorations, and the piquancy of a constant reference from the actors in their assumed, to the actors in their real characters. Usually, besides gods, goddesses, and nymphs from classical antiquity, there were such personages as Night, Day, Beauty, Fortitude, and so forth; but though the persons of the drama were thus removed from common life, the reference of the whole business of the scene to the occasion which had called it forth, was as direct as it could well be, and even ludicrously so, particularly when the object was to pay a compliment to any of the courtly audience. This, however, was partly justified by the private character of the entertainment; and it is easy to conceive that, when a gipsy stepped from the scene, and, taking the king's hand, assigned him all the good-fortune which a loyal subject should wish to a sovereign, there would be such a marked increase of *sensation* in the audience, as to convince the poet that there lay the happiest stroke of his art.

Mr Collier, in his *Annals of the Stage*, has printed a document which gives a very distinct account of the court-mask, as it was about the time when the drama arose in England—namely, in the early years of Elizabeth. That princess, as is well known, designed an amicable meeting with Mary Queen of Scots, which was to have taken place at Nottingham Castle, in May 1562, but was given up in consequence, as is believed, of the jealousy of Elizabeth regarding the superior beauty of Mary. A mask was devised to celebrate the meeting and entertain the united courts, and it is the poet's scheme of this entertainment, docketed by Lord Burleigh, to which reference is now made. The mask seems to have been simply an *acted allegory, relating to the circumstances of the two queens;* and it throws a curious light not only upon the taste, but upon the political history of the period. We give the programme of the first night.

'First, a prison to be made in the hall, the name whereof is *Extreme Oblivion*, and the keeper's name thereof *Argus*, otherwise called *Circumspection:* then a mask of ladies to come in after this sort:

'First, Pallas, riding upon an unicorn, having in her hand a standard, on which is to be painted two ladies' hands, knit in one fast within the other, and over the hands, written in letters of gold, *Fides*.

'Then two ladies riding together—the one upon a golden lion, with a crown of gold on his head; the other upon a red lion, with the like crown of gold; signifying two virtues; that is to say, the lady on the golden lion is to be called *Prudentia*, and the lady on the red lion *Temperantia*.

'After this, to follow six or eight ladies, maskers, bringing in captive *Discord* and *False Report*, with ropes of gold about their necks. When these have marched about the hall, then Pallas to declare before the queen's majesty, in verse, that the goddess, understanding the noble meeting of these two queens, hath willed her to declare unto them that those two virtues, Prudentia and Temperantia, have made great and long suit unto Jupiter that it would please him to give unto them False Report and Discord, to be punished as they think good; and that those ladies have now in their presence determined to commit them fast bound unto the aforesaid prison of Extreme Oblivion, there to be kept by the aforesaid jailer Argus, otherwise Circumspection, for ever, unto whom Prudentia shall deliver a lock, whereupon shall be written *In Eternum*. Then Temperantia shall likewise deliver unto Argus a key, whose name shall be *Nunquam*, signifying that, when False Report and Discord are committed to the prison of Extreme Oblivion, and locked there everlastingly, he should put in the key to let them out *nunquam* [never]; and when he hath so done, then the trumpets to blow, and the English ladies to take the nobility of the strangers, and dance.'

On the second night, a castle is presented in the hall, and *Peace* comes in riding in a chariot drawn by an elephant, on which sits *Friendship*. The latter pronounces a speech on the event of the preceding evening, and Peace is left to dwell with Prudence and Temperance. The third night shewed Disdain on a wild boar, accompanied by Prepensed Malice, as a serpent, striving to procure the liberation of Discord and False Report, but opposed successfully by Courage and Discretion. At the end of the fight, 'Disdain shall run his ways, and escape with life, but Prepensed Malice shall be slain; signifying that some ungodly men may still disdain the perpetual peace made between these two virtues; but as for their prepensed malice, it is easy trodden under these ladies' feet.' The second night ends with a flowing of wine from conduits, 'during which time the English lords shall mask with the Scottish ladies:' the third night terminates by the six or eight lady-maskers singing a song 'as full of harmony as may be devised.' The whole entertainment indicates a sincere desire of reconciliation on the part of Elizabeth; but the first scene—a prison—seems strangely ominous of the events which followed six years after.

The mask, as has been stated, attained the zenith of its glory in the reign of James I.—the most festive reign in England between those of Henry VIII. and Charles II. The queen, the princess, and nobles and ladies of the highest rank, took parts in them, and they engaged the genius of Jonson and Inigo Jones, one as poet, and the other as machinist, while no expense was spared to render them worthy of the place, the occasion, and the audience. It appears from the accounts of the Master of the Revels, that no less than £4215 was lavished on these entertainments in the first six years of the king's reign. Jonson himself composed twenty-three masks; and Dekker, Middleton, and others of the leading dramatic authors, Shakspeare alone excepted, were glad to contribute in this manner to the pleasures of a court from which they derived their best patronage and support.

The marriage of Lord James Hay to Anne, daughter and heir of Lord Denny (January 6, 1607), was distinguished at court (Whitehall) by what was called the *Memorable Mask*, the production of Dr Thomas Campion, an admired musician as well as poet of that day, now forgotten. On this occasion, the great hall of the palace was fitted up in a way that shews the mysteries of theatrical scenery and decoration to have been better understood, and carried to a greater height, in that age than is generally supposed. One end of the hall was set apart for the audience, having the king's seat in the centre; next to it was a space for ten concerted musicians—base and mean lutes, a bandora, a double sackbut, a harpsichord, and two treble violins—besides whom there were nine violins, three lutes, six cornets, and six chapel-singers. The stage was concealed by a curtain resembling dark clouds, which being withdrawn, disclosed a green valley with green round about it, and in the midst of them nine golden clouds of fifteen feet high. The bower of Flora was on their right, the house of Night on the left; between them a hill hanging like a cliff over the grove. The bower of Flora was spacious, garnished with flowers and flowery branches, with lights among them; the house of Night, ample and stately, with black columns studded with golden stars; while about it were placed, on wires, artificial bats and owls continually moving. As soon as the king entered the great hall, the hautboys were heard from the top of the hill and from the wood, till Flora and Zephyrus were seen busily gathering flowers from the bower, throwing them into baskets which two sylvans held, attired in changeable taffety. Besides two other allegorical characters, *Night* and *Hesperus*, there were nine maskers, representing Apollo's knights, and personated by young men of rank.

After songs and recitative, the whole vale was suddenly withdrawn, and a hill with Diana's tree discovered. *Night* appeared in her house with *Nine Hours*, apparelled in large robes of black taffety, painted thick with stars; their hair long, black, and spangled with gold; on their heads, coronets of stars, and their faces black. Every Hour bore in his hand a black torch painted with stars, and lighted.

*Night*. Vanish, dark vales; let Night in glory shine,
As she doth burn in rage; come, leave our shrine,
You black-haired Hours, and guide us with your lights;
Flora hath wakened wide our drowsy sprites.
See where she triumphs, see her flowers are thrown,
And all about the seeds of malice sown.
Despiteful Flora, is't not enough of grief,
That Cynthia's robbed, but thou must grace the thief?
Or didst not hear Night's sovereign queen[1] complain
Hymen had stolen a nymph out of her train,
And matched her here, plighted henceforth to be
Love's friend and stranger to virginity?
And mak'st thou sport for this?
*Flora*. Be mild, stern Night;
Flora doth honour Cynthia and her right; . . .
The nymph was Cynthia's while she was her own,
But now another claims in her a right,
By fate reserved thereto, and wise foresight.
*Zephyrus*. Can Cynthia one kind virgin's loss bemoan?
How, if perhaps she brings her ten for one?

After some more such dialogue, in which Hesperus takes part, Cynthia is reconciled to the loss of her nymph; the trees sink, by means of machinery, under the stage, and the maskers come out of their tops to fine music. Dances, processions, speeches, and songs follow, the last being a duet between a Sylvan and an Hour, by the way of tenor and bass.

*Sylvan*. Tell me, gentle Hour of Night,
Wherein dost thou most delight?
*Hour*. Not in sleep. *Syl*. Wherein, then?
*Hour*. In the frolic view of men.
*Syl*. Lov'st thou music? *Hour*. Oh, 'tis sweet!
*Syl*. What's dancing? *Hour*. Even the mirth of feet.
*Syl*. Joy you in fairies and in elves?

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[1] Diana.

*Hour.* We are of that sort ourselves.
But, Sylvan, say, why do you love
Only to frequent the grove?
*Syl.* Life is fullest of content,
Where delight is innocent.
*Hour.* Pleasure must vary, not be long;
Come, then, let's close and end our song.

Then the maskers made an obeisance to the king, and attended him to the banqueting-room.

The masks of Jonson contain a great deal of fine poetry, and even the prose descriptive parts are remarkable for grace and delicacy of language—as, for instance, where he speaks of a sea at the back of a scene catching 'the eye afar off with a wandering beauty.' In that which was produced at the marriage of Ramsay, Lord Haddington, to Lady Elizabeth Ratcliff, the scene presented a steep red cliff, topped by clouds, allusive to the red cliff from which the lady's name was said to be derived; before which were two pillars charged with spoils of love, 'amongst which were old and young persons bound with roses, wedding-garments, rocks, and spindles, hearts transfixed with arrows, others flaming, virgins' girdles, garlands, and worlds of such like.' Enter Venus in her chariot, attended by the Graces, and delivers a speech expressive of her anxiety to recover her son Cupid, who has run away from her. The Graces then make proclamation as follows:

First Grace.

Beauties, have you seen this toy,
Called Love, a little boy,
Almost naked, wanton, blind;
Cruel now, and then as kind?
If he be amongst ye, say;
He is Venus' runaway.

Second Grace.

She that will but now discover
Where the winged wag doth hover,
Shall to-night receive a kiss,
How or where herself would wish;
But who brings him to his mother,
Shall have that kiss, and another.

Third Grace.

He hath marks about him plenty;
You shall know him among twenty.
All his body is a fire,
And his breath a flame entire,
That, being shot like lightning in,
Wounds the heart, but not the skin.

First Grace.

At his sight the sun hath turned,
Neptune in the waters burned;
Hell hath felt a greater heat;
Jove himself forsook his seat;
From the centre to the sky
Are his trophies reared high.

Second Grace.

Wings he hath, which, though ye clip,
He will leap from lip to lip,
Over liver, lights, and heart,
But not stay in any part;
And if chance his arrow misses,
He will shoot himself in kisses.

Third Grace.

He doth bear a golden bow,
And a quiver hanging low,
Full of arrows, that outbrave
Dian's shafts; where, if he have
Any head more sharp than other,
With that first he strikes his mother.

First Grace.

Still the fairest are his fuel.
When his days are to be cruel,
Lovers' hearts are all his food,
And his baths their warmest blood;
Nought but wounds his hand doth season,
And he hates none like to Reason.

Second Grace.

Trust him not; his words, though sweet,
Seldom with his heart do meet.
All his practice is deceit;
Every gift it is a bait;
Not a kiss but poison bears;
And most treason in his tears.

Third Grace.

Idle minutes are his reign;
Then the straggler makes his gain,
By presenting maids with toys,
And would have ye think them joys;
'Tis the ambition of the elf
To have all childish as himself.

First Grace.

If by these ye please to know him,
Beauties, be not nice, but shew him.

Second Grace.

Though ye had a will to hide him,
Now, we hope, ye'll not abide him.

Third Grace.

Since you hear his falser play,
And that he's Venus' runaway.

Cupid enters, attended by twelve boys, representing 'the Sports and pretty Lightnesses that accompany Love,' who dance; and then Venus apprehends her son; and a dialogue ensues between them and Hymen. Vulcan afterwards appears, and, claiming the pillars as his workmanship, strikes the red cliff, which opens, and shews a large luminous sphere containing the astronomical lines and signs of the zodiac. He makes a quaint speech, and presents the sphere as his gift to Venus on the triumph of her son. The Lesbian god and his consort retire amicably to their chariot, and the piece ends by the singing of an epithalamium, interspersed with dances of maskers:

Up, youths and virgins, up, and praise
The god, whose nights outshine his days;
Hymen, whose hallowed rites
Could never boast of brighter lights;
  Whose bands pass liberty.
Two of your troop, that with the morn were free,
  Are now waged to his war:
  And what they are,
  If you'll perfection see,
  Yourselves must be.
Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wished star!

What joy, what honours can compare
With holy nuptials, when they are
Made out of equal parts
Of years, of states, of hands, of hearts!
  When in the happy choice
The spouse and spoused have foremost voice!

Such, glad of Hymen's war,
Live what they are,
And long perfection see;
And such ours be.
Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wished star!

## FRANCIS BEAUMONT—JOHN FLETCHER.

The literary partnerships of the drama which we have had occasion to notice were generally brief and incidental, confined to a few scenes or a single play. In **BEAUMONT** and **FLETCHER**, we have the interesting spectacle of two young men of high genius, of good birth and connections, living together for ten years, and writing in union a series of dramas, passionate, romantic, and comic, thus blending together their genius and their fame in indissoluble connection. Shakspeare was undoubtedly the inspirer of these kindred spirits. They appeared when his genius was in its meridian splendour, and they were completely subdued by its overpowering influence. They reflected its leading characteristics, not as slavish copyists, but as men of high powers and attainments, proud of borrowing inspiration from a source which they could so well appreciate, and which was at once ennobling and inexhaustible. Francis Beaumont was the son of Judge Beaumont, a member of an ancient family settled at Grace Dieu, in Leicestershire. He was born in 1586, and educated at Cambridge. He became a student of the Inner Temple, probably to gratify his father, but does not seem to have prosecuted the study of the law. He was married to the daughter and co-heiress of Sir Henry Isley of Kent, by whom he had two daughters. He died before he had completed his thirtieth year, and was buried March 9, 1615-16, at the entrance to St Benedict's Chapel, Westminster Abbey.—John Fletcher was the son of Dr Richard Fletcher, bishop of Bristol, and afterwards of Worcester. He was born ten years before his friend, in 1576, and he survived him ten years, dying of the Great Plague in 1625, and was buried in St Mary Overy's Church, Southwark, on the 19th of August.

The dramas of Beaumont and Fletcher are fifty-two in number. The greater part of them were not printed till 1647, and it is impossible to assign the respective dates to each. Dryden mentions that *Philaster* was the first play that brought them into esteem with the public, though they had written two or three before. It is improbable in plot, but interesting in character and situations. The jealousy of Philaster is forced and unnatural; the character of Euphrasia, disguised as Bellario, the page, is a copy from Viola, yet there is something peculiarly delicate in the following account of her hopeless attachment to Philaster:

### *Extracts from 'Philaster.'*

My father oft would speak
Your worth and virtue; and, as I did grow
More and more apprehensive, I did thirst
To see the man so praised; but yet all this
Was but a maiden longing, to be lost
As soon as found; till, sitting in my window,
Printing my thoughts in lawn, I saw a god,
I thought—but it was you—enter our gates.
My blood flew out, and back again as fast
As I had puffed it forth and sucked it in
Like breath. Then was I called away in haste
To entertain you. Never was a man
Heaved from a sheep-cote to a sceptre raised
So high in thoughts as I: you left a kiss
Upon these lips then, which I mean to keep
From you for ever. I did hear you talk,
Far above singing! After you were gone,
I grew acquainted with my heart, and searched
What stirred it so. Alas! I found it love;
Yet far from lust; for could I but have lived
In presence of you, I had had my end.
For this I did delude my noble father
With a feigned pilgrimage, and dressed myself
In habit of a boy; and for I knew
My birth no match for you, I was past hope
Of having you. And, understanding well
That when I made discovery of my sex,
I could not stay with you, I made a vow,
By all the most religious things a maid
Could call together, never to be known,
Whilst there was hope to hide me from men's eyes,
For other than I seemed, that I might ever
Abide with you: then sat I by the fount
Where first you took me up.
Act V. sc. 5.

Philaster had previously described his finding the disguised maiden by the fount, and the description is highly poetical and picturesque:

Hunting the buck,
I found him sitting by a fountain-side,
Of which he borrowed some to quench his thirst,
And paid the nymph again as much in tears.
A garland lay him by, made by himself,
Of many several flowers, bred in the bay,
Stuck in that mystic order, that the rareness
Delighted me: But ever when he turned
His tender eyes upon them he would weep,
As if he meant to make them grow again.
Seeing such pretty helpless innocence
Dwell in his face, I asked him all his story.
He told me that his parents gentle died,
Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,
Which gave him roots: and of the crystal springs,
Which did not stop their courses; and the sun,
Which still, he thanked him, yielded him his light.
Then took he up his garland, and did shew
What every flower, as country people hold,
Did signify; and how all, ordered thus,
Expressed his grief; and to my thoughts did read
The prettiest lecture of his country art
That could be wished; so that methought I could
Have studied it. I gladly entertained him,
Who was as glad to follow.
Act I. sc. 2.

The *Maid's Tragedy*, supposed to be written about the same time, is a drama of a powerful but unpleasing character. The purity of female virtue in Amintor and Aspatia, is well contrasted with the guilty boldness of Evadne; and the rough soldier-like bearing and manly feeling of Melantius, render the selfish sensuality of the king more hateful and disgusting. Unfortunately, there is much licentiousness in this fine play—whole scenes and dialogues are disfigured by this master-vice of the theatre of Beaumont and Fletcher. Their dramas are 'a rank unweeded garden,' which grew only the more disorderly and vicious as it advanced to maturity. Fletcher must bear the chief blame of this defect, for he wrote longer than his associate, and is generally understood to have been the most copious and fertile composer. Before Beaumont's death, they had, in addition to *Philaster* and the *Maid's Tragedy*, produced *King and no King*, *Bonduca*, the *Laws of Candy* (tragedies); and the *Woman-hater*, the *Knight of the Burning*

*Pestle*, the *Honest Man's Fortune*, the *Coxcomb*, and the *Captain* (comedies). Fletcher afterwards produced three tragic dramas and nine comedies, the best of which are: the *Chances*, the *Spanish Curate*, the *Beggar's Bush*, and *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*. He also wrote an exquisite pastoral drama, the *Faithful Shepherdess*, which Milton followed pretty closely in the design, and partly in the language and imagery, of *Comus*. A higher, though more doubtful honour has been assigned to the twin authors; for Shakspeare is said to have assisted them in the composition of one of their works, the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, and his name is joined with Fletcher's on the title-page of the first edition. The bookseller's authority in such matters is of no weight; and it seems unlikely that our great poet, after the production of some of his best dramas, should enter into a partnership of this description. The *Two Noble Kinsmen* is certainly not superior to some of the other plays of Beaumont and Fletcher.

The genius of Beaumont is said to have been more correct, and more strongly inclined to tragedy, than that of his friend. The later works of Fletcher are chiefly of a comic character. His plots are sometimes inartificial and loosely connected, but he is always lively and entertaining. There is a rapid succession of incidents, and the dialogue is witty, elegant, and amusing. Yet no one ever recollects the plots of their dramas. Shakspeare's are ineffaceably stamped on the memory, but those of Beaumont and Fletcher seem 'writ in water.' Dryden considered that they understood and imitated the conversation of gentlemen much better than Shakspeare; and he states that their plays were, in his day, the most pleasant and frequent entertainments of the stage —'two of theirs being acted through the year, for one of Shakspeare's or Jonson's.' It was different some forty years previous to this. In 1627, the King's Company *bribed* the Master of the Revels with £5, to interfere in preventing the players of the theatre called the Red Bull from performing the dramas of Shakspeare. One cause of the preference of Beaumont and Fletcher may have been the licence of their dramas (suited to the perverted taste of the court of Charles II.), and the spirit of intrigue which they adopted from the Spanish stage, and naturalised on the English. 'We cannot deny,' remarks Hallam, 'that the depths of Shakspeare's mind were often unfathomable by an audience; the bow was drawn by a matchless hand, but the shaft went out of sight. All might listen to Fletcher's pleasing, though not profound or vigorous language; his thoughts are noble, and tinged with the ideality of romance; his metaphors vivid, though sometimes too forced; he possesses the idiom of English without much pedantry, though in many passages he strains it beyond common use; his versification, though studiously irregular, is often rhythmical and sweet; yet we are seldom arrested by striking beauties. Good lines occur in every page, fine ones but rarely. We lay down the volume with a sense of admiration of what we have read, but little of it remains distinctly in the memory. Fletcher is not much quoted, and has not even afforded copious materials to those who cull the beauties of ancient lore.' His comic powers are certainly far superior to his tragic. Massinger impresses the reader more deeply, and has a moral beauty not possessed by Beaumont and Fletcher, but in comedy he falls infinitely below them. Though their characters are deficient in variety, their knowledge of stage-effect and contrivance, their fertility of invention, and the airy liveliness of their dialogue, give the charm of novelty and interest to their scenes. Macaulay considers that the models which Fletcher had principally in his eye, even for his most serious and elevated compositions, were not Shakspeare's tragedies, but his comedies. 'It was these, with their idealised truth of character, their poetic beauty of imagery, their mixture of the grave with the playful in thought, their rapid yet skilful transitions from the tragic to the comic in feeling; it was these, the pictures in which Shakspeare had made his nearest approach to portraying actual life, and not those pieces in which he transports the imagination into his own vast and awful world of tragic action, and suffering, and emotion—that attracted Fletcher's fancy, and proved congenial to his cast of feeling.' This observation is strikingly just, applied to Shakspeare's mixed comedies or plays, like the *Twelfth Night*, the *Winter's Tale*, *As You Like It*, &c. The rich and genial comedy of Falstaff, Shallow, and Slender was not imitated by Fletcher. His *Knight of the Burning Pestle* is an admirable burlesque of the false taste of the citizens of London for chivalrous and romantic adventures, without regard to situation or probability. On the whole, the dramas of Beaumont and Fletcher impress us with a high idea of their powers as poets and dramatists. The vast variety and luxuriance of their genius seem to elevate them above Jonson, though they were destitute of his regularity and solidity, and to place them on the borders of the 'magic circle' of Shakspeare. The confidence and buoyancy of youth are visible in their productions. They had not tasted of adversity, like Jonson or Massinger; and they had not the profoundly meditative spirit of their great master, cognizant of all human feelings and sympathies; life was to them a scene of enjoyment and pleasure, and the exercise of their genius a source of refined delight and ambition. They were gentlemen who wrote for the stage as gentlemen have rarely done before or since.

### *Generosity of Cæsar.*

Ptolemy, king of Egypt, having secured the head of Pompey, comes with his friends Achoreus and Photinus to present it to Cæsar, as a means of gaining his favour. To them enter Cæsar, Antony, Dolabella, and Sceva.

*Photinus.* Do not shun me, Cæsar.
From kingly Ptolemy I bring this present,
The crown and sweat of thy Pharsalian labour,
The goal and mark of high ambitious honour.
Before, thy victory had no name, Cæsar;
Thy travel, and thy loss of blood, no recompense;
Thou dream'dst of being worthy, and of war,
And all thy furious conflicts were but slumbers:
Here they take life; here they inherit honour,
Grow fixed, and shoot up everlasting triumphs.
Take it, and look upon thy humble servant,
With noble eyes look on the princely Ptolemy,
That offers with this head, most mighty Cæsar,
What thou wouldst once have given for 't—all Egypt.
*Achoreus.* Nor do not question it, most royal conqueror,
Nor disesteem the benefit that meets thee,
Because 'tis easily got, it comes the safer:
Yet, let me tell thee, most imperious Cæsar,
Though he opposed no strength of swords to win this,
Nor laboured through no showers of darts and lances,

Yet here he found a fort, that faced him strongly,
An inward war: He was his grandsire's guest,
Friend to his father, and when he was expelled
And beaten from this kingdom by strong hand,
And had none left him to restore his honour,
No hope to find a friend in such a misery,
Then in stept Pompey, took his feeble fortune,
Strengthened and cherished it, and set it right again:
This was a love to Cæsar.
*Sceva.* Give me hate, gods!
*Pho.* This Cæsar may account a little wicked;
But yet remember, if thine own hands, conqueror,
Had fallen upon him, what it had been then;
If thine own sword had touched his throat, what that way!
He was thy son-in-law; there to be tainted
Had been most terrible! Let the worst be rendered,
We have deserved for keeping thy hands innocent.
*Cæsar.* O Sceva, Sceva, see that head! See, captains,
The head of godlike Pompey!
*Sce.* He was basely ruined;
But let the gods be grieved that suffered it,
And be you Cæsar.
*Cæsar.* O thou conqueror,
Thou glory of the world once, now the pity;
Thou awe of nations, wherefore didst thou fall thus?
What poor fate followed thee and plucked thee on
To trust thy sacred life to an Egyptian?
The life and light of Rome to a blind stranger,
That honourable war ne'er taught a nobleness,
Nor worthy circumstance shewed what a man was?
That never heard thy name sung but in banquets,
And loose lascivious pleasures? to a boy,
That had no faith to comprehend thy greatness,
No study of thy life to know thy goodness?
And leave thy nation, nay, thy noble friend,
Leave him distrusted, that in tears falls with thee,
In soft relenting tears? Hear me, great Pompey;
If thy great spirit can hear, I must task thee!
Thou hast most unnobly robbed me of my victory,
My love and mercy.
*Antony.* Oh, how brave these tears shew!
How excellent is sorrow in an enemy!
*Dolabella.* Glory appears not greater than this goodness.
*Cæsar.* Egyptians, dare ye think your highest pyramids,
Built to outdure the sun, as you suppose,
Where your unworthy kings lie raked in ashes,
Are monuments fit for him? No, brood of Nilus,
Nothing can cover his high fame but heaven;
No pyramids set off his memories,
But the eternal substance of his greatness,
To which I leave him. Take the head away,
And, with the body, give it noble burial:
Your earth shall now be blessed to hold a Roman,
Whose braveries all the world's earth cannot balance.
*Sce.* [*Aside.*] If thou be'st thus loving, I shall honour thee:
But great men may dissemble, 'tis held possible,
And be right glad of what they seem to weep for;
There are such kind of philosophers. Now do I wonder
How he would look if Pompey were alive again;
But how he'd set his face.
*Cæsar.* You look now, king,
And you that have been agents in this glory,
For our especial favour?
*Ptolemy.* We desire it.
*Cæsar.* And doubtless you expect rewards?
*Sce.* Let me give 'em.
I'll give 'em such as Nature never dreamed of;
I'll beat him and his agents in a mortar,
Into one man, and that one man I'll bake then.
*Cæsar.* Peace!—I forgive you all; that's recompense.
You're young and ignorant; that pleads your pardon;
And fear, it may be, more than hate, provoked you.
Your ministers, I must think, wanted judgment,
And so they erred: I'm bountiful to think this,
Believe me, most bountiful. Be you most thankful;
That bounty share amongst ye. If I knew what
To send you for a present, king of Egypt,
I mean a head of equal reputation,
And that you loved, though 'twere your brightest sister's—
But her you hate—I would not be behind you.
*Ptol.* Hear me, great Cæsar!
*Cæsar.* I have heard too much;
And study not with smooth shows to invade
My noble mind, as you have done my conquest:
You're poor and open. I must tell you roundly,
That man that could not recompense the benefits,
The great and bounteous services of Pompey,
Can never dote upon the name of Cæsar.
Though I had hated Pompey, and allowed his ruin,
I gave you no commission to perform it.
Hasty to please in blood are seldom trusty;
And, but I stand environed with my victories,
My fortune never failing to befriend me,
My noble strengths, and friends about my person,
I durst not try you, nor expect a courtesy,
Above the pious love you shewed to Pompey.
You've found me merciful in arguing with ye;
Swords, hangmen, fires, destructions of all natures,
Demolishments of kingdoms, and whole ruins,
Are wont to be my orators. Turn to tears,
You wretched and poor reeds of sunburnt Egypt,
And now you've found the nature of a conqueror,
That you cannot decline, with all your flatteries,
That where the day gives light, will be himself still;
Know how to meet his worth with humane courtesies!
Go, and embalm those bones of that great soldier,
Howl round about his pile, fling on your spices,
Make a Sabæan bed, and place this phœnix
Where the hot sun may emulate his virtues,
And draw another Pompey from his ashes
Divinely great, and fix him 'mongst the worthies!
*Ptol.* We will do all.
*Cæsar.* You've robbed him of those tears
His kindred and his friends kept sacred for him,
The virgins of their funeral lamentations;
And that kind earth that thought to cover him—
His country's earth—will cry out 'gainst your cruelty,
And weep unto the ocean for revenge,
Till Nilus raise his seven heads and devour ye!
My grief has stopt the rest! When Pompey lived,
He used you nobly; now he's dead, use him so.

*The False One*, Act II. sc. 1.

## *Grief of Aspatia for the Marriage of Amintor and Evadne.*

EVADNE, ASPATIA, DULA, and other Ladies.

*Evadne.* Would thou couldst instil [*To Dula.*
Some of thy mirth into Aspatia.
*Aspatia.* It were a timeless smile should prove my cheek;
It were a fitter hour for me to laugh,
When at the altar the religious priest
Were pacifying the offended powers
With sacrifice, than now. This should have been
My night, and all your hands have been employed
In giving me a spotless offering
To young Amintor's bed, as we are now
For you: pardon, Evadne; would my worth
Were great as yours, or that the king, or he,
Or both thought so! Perhaps he found me worthless;
But till he did so, in these ears of mine—
These credulous ears—he poured the sweetest words
That art or love could frame.
*Evad.* Nay, leave this sad talk, madam.
*Asp.* Would I could, then should I leave the cause.
*Lay a garland on my hearse of the dismal yew.*
*Evad.* That's one of your sad songs, madam.
*Asp.* Believe me, 'tis a very pretty one.
*Evad.* How is it, madam?

### SONG.

*Asp.* Lay a garland on my hearse
Of the dismal yew;
Maidens, willow branches bear;
Say I died true.
My love was false, but I was firm,
From my hour of birth;
Upon my buried body, lie
Lightly, gentle earth!

Madam, good-night; may no discontent
Grow 'twixt your love and you; but if there do,
Inquire of me, and I will guide your moan;
Teach you an artificial way to grieve,
To keep your sorrow waking. Love your lord
No worse than I; but if you love so well,
Alas! you may displease him; so did I.
This is the last time you shall look on me:
Ladies, farewell; as soon as I am dead,
Come all, and watch one night about my hearse;
Bring each a mournful story and a tear
To offer at it when I go to earth:
With flattering ivy clasp my coffin round,
Write on my brow my fortune, let my bier
Be borne by virgins that shall sing by course
The truth of maids and perjuries of men.
*Evad.* Alas! I pity thee. [*Amintor enters.*
*Asp.* Go, and be happy in your lady's love;
[*To Amintor.*
May all the wrongs that you have done to me
Be utterly forgotten in my death.
I'll trouble you no more, yet I will take
A parting kiss, and will not be denied.
You'll come, my lord, and see the virgins weep
When I am laid in earth, though you yourself
Can know no pity: thus I wind myself
Into this willow garland, and am prouder
That I was once your love—though now refused—
Than to have had another true to me.
*The Maid's Tragedy*, Act II. sc. 1.

### *Palamon and Arcite, Captives in Greece.*

*Palamon.* How do you, noble cousin?
*Arcite.* How do you, sir?
*Pal.* Why, strong enough to laugh at misery,
And bear the chance of war yet; we are prisoners,
I fear for ever, cousin.
*Arc.* I believe it,
And to that destiny have patiently
Laid up my hour to come.
*Pal.* Oh, cousin Arcite,
Where is Thebes now? where is our noble country?
Where are our friends and kindreds? Never more
Must we behold those comforts, never see
The hardy youths strive for the games of honour,
Hung with the painted favours of their ladies,
Like tall ships under sail; then start amongst them,
And as an east wind leave them all behind us
Like lazy clouds, whilst Palamon and Arcite,
Even in the wagging of a wanton leg,
Outstript the people's praises, won the garlands
Ere they have time to wish them ours. Oh, never
Shall we two exercise, like twins of honour,
Our arms again, and feel our fiery horses
Like proud seas under us; our good swords now—
Better the red-eyed god of war ne'er wore—
Ravished our sides, like age, must run to rust,
And deck the temples of those gods that hate us;
These hands shall never draw them out like lightning
To blast whole armies more!
*Arc.* No, Palamon,
Those hopes are prisoners with us; here we are,
And here the graces of our youths must wither
Like a too timely spring; here age must find us,
And—which is heaviest—Palamon, unmarried;
The sweet embraces of a loving wife
Loaden with kisses, armed with thousand Cupids,
Shall never clasp our necks! no issue know us,
No figures of ourselves shall we e'er see,
To glad our age, and like young eagles teach them
Boldly to gaze against bright arms, and say,
'Remember what your fathers were, and conquer!'
The fair-eyed maids shall weep our banishments,
And in their songs curse ever-blinded Fortune,
Till she for shame see what a wrong she has done
To youth and nature. This is all our world:
We shall know nothing here but one another;
Hear nothing but the clock that tells our woes.
The vine shall grow, but we shall never see it:
Summer shall come, and with her all delights,
But dead-cold winter must inhabit here still.
*Pal.* 'Tis too true, Arcite. To our Theban hounds,
That shook the aged forest with their echoes,
No more now must we halloo; no more shake
Our pointed javelins, whilst the angry swine
Flies like a Parthian quiver from our rages,
Struck with our well-steeled darts! All valiant uses—
The food and nourishment of noble minds—
In us two here shall perish: we shall die—
Which is the curse of honour—lastly,
Children of grief and ignorance.
*Arc.* Yet, cousin,
Even from the bottom of these miseries,
From all that fortune can inflict upon us,
I see two comforts rising, two mere blessings,
If the gods please to hold here: a brave patience,
And the enjoying of our griefs together.
Whilst Palamon is with me, let me perish
If I think this our prison!
*Pal.* Certainly
'Tis a main goodness, cousin, that our fortunes
Were twined together; 'tis most true, two souls
Put in two noble bodies, let them suffer
The gall of hazard, so they grow together,
Will never sink; they must not; say they could,
A willing man dies sleeping, and all 's done.
*Arc.* Shall we make worthy uses of this place
That all men hate so much?
*Pal.* How, gentle cousin?
*Arc.* Let 's think this prison a holy sanctuary,
To keep us from corruption of worse men!
We are young, and yet desire the ways of honour,
That liberty and common conversation,
The poison of pure spirits, might—like women—
Woo us to wander from. What worthy blessing
Can be, but our imaginations
May make it ours? And here being thus together,
We are an endless mine to one another;
We are one another's wife, ever begetting
New births of love; we are father, friends, acquaintance;
We are, in one another, families;
I am your heir, and you are mine; this place
Is our inheritance; no hard oppressor
Dare take this from us: here, with a little patience,
We shall live long, and loving; no surfeits seek us;
The hand of war hurts none here, nor the seas
Swallow their youth. Were we at liberty,
A wife might part us lawfully, or business;
Quarrels consume us; envy of ill men
Crave our acquaintance; I might sicken, cousin,
Where you should never know it, and so perish
Without your noble hand to close mine eyes,
Or prayers to the gods: a thousand chances,
Were we from hence, would sever us.
*Pal.* You have made me—
I thank you, cousin Arcite!—almost wanton
With my captivity: what a misery
It is to live abroad, and everywhere!
'Tis like a beast, methinks! I find the court here,
I'm sure, a more content; and all those pleasures,
That woo the wills of men to vanity,
I see through now; and am sufficient
To tell the world, 'Tis but a gaudy shadow,

That old Time, as he passes by, takes with him.
What had we been, old in the court of Creon,
Where sin is justice, lust and ignorance
The virtues of the great ones? Cousin Arcite,
Had not the loving gods found this place for us,
We had died, as they do, ill old men, unwept,
And had their epitaphs, the people's curses.
Shall I say more?
*Arc.* I would hear you still.
*Pal.* You shall.
Is there record of any two that loved
Better than we do, Arcite?
*Arc.* Sure there cannot.
*Pal.* I do not think it possible our friendship
Should ever leave us.
*Arc.* Till our deaths it cannot;
And after death our spirits shall be led
To those that love eternally.

*The Two Noble Kinsmen*, Act II. sc. 1.

### *Pastoral Love.—From the 'Faithful Shepherdess.'*

CLORIN and a SATYR with basket of fruit.

*Satyr.* Through yon same bending plain
That flings his arms down to the main,
And through these thick woods, have I run,
Whose bottom never kissed the sun,
Since the lusty spring began.
All to please my master Pan,
Have I trotted without rest,
To get him fruit; for at a feast
He entertains, this coming night,
His paramour the Syrinx bright:
But behold a fairer sight! [*Seeing* CLORIN.
By that heavenly form of thine,
Brightest fair, thou art divine,
Sprung from great immortal race
Of the gods; for in thy face
Shines more awful majesty
Than dull weak mortality
Dare with misty eyes behold,
And live: therefore, on this mould
Lowly do I bend my knee,
In worship of thy deity.
Deign it, goddess, from my hand
To receive whate'er this land
From her fertile womb doth send
Of her choice fruits; and but lend
Belief to that the Satyr tells,
Fairer by the famous wells,
To this present day ne'er grew,
Never better, nor more true.
Here be grapes whose lusty blood
Is the learned poets' good,
Sweeter yet did never crown
The head of Bacchus; nuts more brown
Than the squirrel whose teeth crack them;
Deign, O fairest fair, to take them:
For these, black-eyed Driope
Hath oftentimes commanded me
With my clasped knee to climb:
See how well the lusty time
Hath decked their rising cheeks in red,
Such as on your lips is spread.
Here be berries for a queen,
Some be red, some be green;
These are of that luscious meat
The great god Pan himself doth eat:
All these, and what the woods can yield,
The hanging mountain or the field,
I freely offer, and ere long
Will bring you more, more sweet and strong;
Till when, humbly leave I take,
Lest the great Pan do awake,
That sleeping lies in a deep glade,
Under a broad beech's shade.
I must go, I must run,
Swifter than the fiery sun. [*Exit.*
*Clorin.* And all my fears go with thee.
What greatness, or what private hidden power,
Is there in me to draw submission
From this rude man and beast?—sure I am mortal;
The daughter of a shepherd; he was mortal,
And she that bore me mortal; prick my hand
And it will bleed; a fever shakes me, and
The self-same wind that makes the young lambs shrink,
Makes me a-cold: my fear says I am mortal:
Yet I have heard—my mother told it me—
And now I do believe it, if I keep
My virgin flower uncropt, pure, chaste, and fair,
No goblin, wood-god, fairy, elf, or fiend,
Satyr, or other power that haunts the groves,
Shall hurt my body, or by vain illusion
Draw me to wander after idle fires,
Or voices calling me in dead of night
To make me follow, and so tole me on
Through mire and standing pools, to find my ruin.
Else why should this rough thing, who never knew
Manners nor smooth humanity, whose heats
Are rougher than himself, and more misshapen,
Thus mildly kneel to me? Sure there 's a power
In that great name of Virgin, that binds fast
All rude uncivil bloods, all appetites
That break their confines. Then, strong Chastity,
Be thou my strongest guard; for here I 'll dwell
In opposition against fate and hell!

PERIGOT and AMORET appoint to meet at the Virtuous Well.

*Perigot.* Stay, gentle Amoret, thou fair-browed maid.
Thy shepherd prays thee stay, that holds thee dear,
Equal with his soul's good.
*Amoret.* Speak, I give
Thee freedom, shepherd, and thy tongue be still
The same it ever was, as free from ill
As he whose conversation never knew
The court or city: be thou ever true.
*Peri.* When I fall off from my affection,
Or mingle my clean thoughts with ill desires,
First let our great God cease to keep my flocks,
That being left alone without a guard,
The wolf, or winter's rage, summer's great heat,
And want of water, rots, or what to us
Of ill is yet unknown, fall speedily,
And in their general ruin let me go.
*Amo.* I pray thee, gentle shepherd, wish not so:
I do believe thee, 'tis as hard for me
To think thee false, and harder than for thee
To hold me foul.
*Peri.* Oh, you are fairer far
Than the chaste blushing morn, or that fair star
That guides the wandering seamen through the deep,
Straighter than straightest pine upon the steep
Head of an aged mountain, and more white
Than the new milk we strip before daylight
From the full-freighted bags of our fair flocks.
Your hair more beauteous than those hanging locks
Of young Apollo.
*Amo.* Shepherd, be not lost,
Y' are sailed too far already from the coast
Of our discourse.
*Peri.* Did you not tell me once
I should not love alone, I should not lose
Those many passions, vows, and holy oaths,
I 've sent to heaven? Did you not give your hand,
Even that fair hand, in hostage? Do not then
Give back again those sweets to other men
You yourself vowed were mine.
*Amo.* Shepherd, so far as maiden's modesty
May give assurance, I am once more thine.
Once more I give my hand; be ever free
From that great foe to faith, foul jealousy.
*Peri.* I take it as my best good; and desire,

For stronger confirmation of our love,
To meet this happy night in that fair grove,
Where all true shepherds have rewarded been
For their long service. Say, sweet, shall it hold?
*Amo.* Dear friend, you must not blame me if I make
A doubt of what the silent night may do—
Maids must be fearful.
*Peri.* Oh, do not wrong my honest simple truth;
Myself and my affections are as pure
As those chaste flames that burn before the shrine
Of the great Dian: only my intent
To draw you thither was to plight our troths,
With interchange of mutual chaste embraces,
And ceremonious tying of ourselves.
For to that holy wood is consecrate
A Virtuous Well, about whose flowery banks
The nimble-footed fairies dance their rounds
By the pale moonshine, dipping oftentimes
Their stolen children, so to make them free
From dying flesh and dull mortality.
By this fair fount hath many a shepherd sworn
And given away his freedom, many a troth
Been plight, which neither Envy nor old Time
Could ever break, with many a chaste kiss given
In hope of coming happiness: by this
Fresh fountain many a blushing maid
Hath crowned the head of her long-loved shepherd
With gaudy flowers, whilst he happy sung
Lays of his love and dear captivity.
Act I. sc. 2.

The lyrical pieces scattered throughout Beaumont and Fletcher's plays are generally in the same graceful and fanciful style as the poetry of the *Faithful Shepherdess.* Some are here subjoined:

*Melancholy.—From 'Nice Valour.'*

Hence, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly!
There 's nought in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see 't,
But only melancholy!

Welcome, folded arms, and fixed eyes,
A sigh that piercing mortifies,
A look that 's fastened to the ground,
A tongue chained up, without a sound!

Fountain heads, and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves!
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly housed, save bats and owls!
A midnight bell, a parting groan!
These are the sounds we feed upon;
Then stretch your bones in a still gloomy valley:
Nothing 's so dainty-sweet as lovely melancholy.

*Song.—From the 'False One.'*

Look out, bright eyes, and bless the air!
Even in shadows you are fair.
Shut-up beauty is like fire,
That breaks out clearer still and higher.
Though your beauty be confined,
And soft Love a prisoner bound,
Yet the beauty of your mind
Neither check nor chain hath found.
Look out nobly, then, and dare
Even the fetters that you wear!

*The Power of Love.—From 'Valentinian.'*

Hear ye, ladies that despise
What the mighty Love has done;
Fear examples, and be wise:
Fair Calisto was a nun:
Leda, sailing on the stream,
To deceive the hopes of man,
Love accounting but a dream,
Doted on a silver swan;
Danae in a brazen tower,
Where no love was, loved a shower.

Hear ye, ladies that are coy,
What the mighty Love can do;
Fear the fierceness of the boy;
The chaste moon he makes to woo;
Vesta, kindling holy fires,
Circled round about with spies,
Never dreaming loose desires,
Doting at the altar dies;
Ilion, in a short hour, higher
He can build, and once more fire.

*To Sleep.—From the same.*

Care-charming Sleep, thou easer of all woes,
Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose
On this afflicted prince: fall like a cloud
In gentle showers; give nothing that is loud
Or painful to his slumbers; easy, sweet [light?],
And as a purling stream, thou son of Night,
Pass by his troubled senses, sing his pain
Like hollow murmuring wind, or silver rain.
Into this prince, gently, oh, gently slide,
And kiss him into slumbers like a bride!

*Song to Pan, at the Conclusion of the Faithful Shepherdess.*

All ye woods, and trees, and bowers,
All ye virtues and ye powers
That inhabit in the lakes,
In the pleasant springs or brakes,
Move your feet
To our sound,
Whilst we greet
All this ground,
With his honour and his name
That defends our flocks from blame.

He is great, and he is just,
He is ever good, and must
Thus be honoured. Daffodilies,
Roses, pinks, and loved lilies,
Let us fling,
Whilst we sing,
Ever holy,
Ever holy,
Ever honoured, ever young!
Thus great Pan is ever sung.

*From 'Rollo.'*

Take, O take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn;
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, though sealed in vain.

Hide, O hide those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are yet of those that April wears;
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

### GEORGE CHAPMAN.

GEORGE CHAPMAN, the translator of Homer, wrote early and copiously for the stage. His first play, the *Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, was printed in 1598, the same year that witnessed Ben Jonson's first and masterly dramatic effort. Previous to this, Chapman had translated part of the *Iliad*; and his lofty fourteen-syllable rhyme, with such lines as the following, would seem to have promised a great tragic poet:

From his bright helm and shield did burn a most unwearied fire,
Like rich Autumnus' golden lamp, whose brightness men admire,
Past all the other host of stars, when with his cheerful face,
Fresh washed in lofty ocean waves, he doth the sky enchase.

The beauty of Chapman's compound Homeric epithets, as *far-shooting* Phœbus, the *ever-living* gods, the *many-headed* hill, *silver-footed* Thetis, the *triple-feathered* helm, the *fair-haired* boy, *high-walled* Thebes, the *strong-winged* lance, &c. bear the impress of a poetical imagination, chaste yet luxuriant. But however spirited and lofty as a translator, Chapman proved but a heavy and cumbrous dramatic writer. He continued to supply the theatre with tragedies and comedies up to 1620, or later; yet of the sixteen that have descended to us, not one possesses the creative and vivifying power of dramatic genius. In didactic observation and description he is sometimes happy, and hence he has been praised for possessing 'more thinking' than most of his contemporaries of the buskined muse. His judgment, however, vanished in action, for his plots are unnatural, and his style was too hard and artificial to admit of any nice delineation of character. His extravagances are also as bad as those of Marlowe, and are seldom relieved by poetic thoughts or fancy. The best known plays of Chapman are *Eastward Hoe*—written in conjunction with Jonson and Marston—*Bussy d'Ambois*, *Byron's Conspiracy*, *All Fools*, and the *Gentleman Usher*. In a sonnet prefixed to *All Fools*, addressed to Sir T. Walsingham, Chapman states that he was 'marked by age for aims of greater weight.' This play was printed in 1605. It contains the following fanciful lines:

I tell thee love is Nature's second sun,
Causing a spring of virtues where he shines:
And as without the sun, the world's great eye,
All colours, beauties both of art and nature,
Are given in vain to men; so, without love,
All beauties bred in women are in vain,
All virtues bred in men lie buried;
For love informs them as the sun doth colours.

In *Bussy d'Ambois* is the following invocation to a Spirit of Intelligence, which has been highly lauded by Charles Lamb:

I long to know
How my dear mistress fares, and be informed
What hand she now holds on the troubled blood
Of her incensed lord. Methought the spirit,
When he had uttered his perplexed presage,
Threw his changed count'nance headlong into clouds:
His forehead bent, as he would hide his face:
He knocked his chin against his darkened breast,
And struck a churlish silence through his powers.
Terror of darkness! O thou king of flames!
That with thy music-footed horse dost strike
The clear light out of crystal on dark earth;
And hurl'st instinctive fire about the world:
Wake, wake the drowsy and enchanted night
That sleeps with dead eyes in this heavy riddle.
Or thou, great prince of shades, where never sun
Sticks his far-darted beams; whose eyes are made
To see in darkness, and see ever best
Where sense is blindest: open now the heart
Of thy abashed oracle, that, for fear
Of some ill it includes, would fain lie hid:
And rise thou with it in thy greater light.

In the same play are the following lines:

*False Greatness.*

As cedars beaten with continual storms,
So great men flourish; and do imitate
Unskilful statuaries, who suppose,
In forming a Colossus, if they make him
Straddle enough, strut, and look big, and gape,
Their work is goodly: so men merely great,
In their affected gravity of voice,
Sourness of countenance, manners' cruelty,
Authority, wealth, and all the spawn of fortune,
Think they bear all the kingdom's worth before them;
Yet differ not from those colossic statues,
Which, with heroic forms without o'erspread,
Within are nought but mortar, flint, and lead.

The life of Chapman was a scene of content and prosperity. He was born at Hitching Hill, in Hertfordshire, in 1557; was educated both at Oxford and Cambridge; enjoyed the royal patronage of King James and Prince Henry, and the friendship of Spenser, Jonson, and Shakspeare. He was temperate and pious, and, according to Oldys, 'preserved in his conduct the true dignity of poetry, which he compared to the flower of the sun, that disdains to open its leaves to the eye of a smoking taper.' The life of this venerable scholar and poet closed in 1634, at the ripe age of seventy-seven.

Chapman's Homer is a wonderful work, considering the time when it was produced, and the continued spirit which is kept up. Chapman had a vast field to traverse, and though he trod it hurriedly and negligently, he preserved the fire and freedom of his great original. Pope and Waller both praised his translation, and perhaps it is now more frequently in the hands of scholars and poetical students than the more polished and musical version of Pope. Chapman's translations consist of the *Iliad* (which he dedicated to Prince Henry), the *Odyssey* (dedicated to the royal favourite, Carr, Earl of Somerset), and the *Georgics* of Hesiod, which he inscribed to Lord Bacon. A version of *Hero and Leander*, left unfinished by Marlowe, was completed by Chapman, and published in 1606.

### THOMAS DEKKER.

THOMAS DEKKER appears to have been an industrious author, and Collier gives the names of above twenty plays which he produced, either wholly or in part. He was connected with Jonson in writing for the Lord Admiral's theatre, conducted by Henslowe; but Ben and he became bitter enemies; and the former, in his *Poetaster*, performed in 1601, has satirised Dekker under the character of Crispinus, representing himself as Horace! Jonson's charges against his adversary are 'his arrogancy and impudence in commending his own things, and for his translating.' The origin of the quarrel does not appear, but in an apologetic dialogue added to the *Poetaster*, Jonson says:

> Whether of malice, or of ignorance,
> Or itch to have me their adversary, I know not,
> Or all these mixed; but sure I am, three years
> They did provoke me with their petulant styles
> On every stage.

Dekker replied by another drama, *Satiromastix, or the Untrussing the Humorous Poet*, in which Jonson appears as Horace junior. There is more raillery and abuse in Dekker's answer than wit or poetry, but it was well received by the play-going public. Jonson had complained that his lines were often maliciously misconstrued and misapplied, complacently remarking:

> The error is not mine, but in their eye
> That cannot take proportions.

Dekker replies happily to this querulous display of egotism:

> Horace! to stand within the shot of galling tongues
> Proves not your guilt; for could we write on paper
> Made of these turning leaves of heaven, the clouds,
> Or speak with angels' tongues, yet wise men know
> That some would shake the head, though saints should sing:
> Some snakes must hiss, because they're born with stings.
> Be not you grieved
> If that which you mould fair, upright, and smooth,
> Be screwed awry, made crooked, lame, and vile,
> By racking comments.
> So to be bit it rankles not, for Innocence
> May with a feather brush off the foul wrong.
> But when your dastard wit will strike at men
> In corners, and in riddles fold the vices
> Of your best friends, you must not take to heart
> If they take off all gilding from their pills,
> And only offer you the bitter core.

Dekker's *Fortunatus, or the Wishing-cap*, and the *Honest Whore*, are his best. The latter was a great favourite with Hazlitt, who says it unites 'the simplicity of prose with the graces of poetry.' The poetic diction of Dekker is choice and elegant, but he often wanders into absurdity. Passages like the following would do honour to any dramatist. Of Patience:

> Patience! why, 'tis the soul of peace:
> Of all the virtues, 'tis nearest kin to heaven:
> It makes men look like gods. The best of men
> That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer,
> A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit;
> The first true gentleman that ever breathed.

The contrast between female honour and shame:

> Nothing did make me, when I loved them best,
> To loathe them more than this: when in the street
> A fair, young, modest damsel I did meet;
> She seemed to all a dove when I passed by,
> And I to all a raven: every eye
> That followed her, went with a bashful glance:
> At me each bold and jeering countenance
> Darted forth scorn: to her, as if she had been
> Some tower unvanquished, would they all vail:
> 'Gainst me swoln Rumour hoisted every sail;
> She, crowned with reverend praises, passed by them;
> I, though with face masked, could not 'scape the hem;
> For, as if heaven had set strange marks on such,
> Because they should be pointing-stocks to man,
> Drest up in civilest shape, a courtesan,
> Let her walk saint-like, noteless, and unknown,
> Yet she's betrayed by some trick of her own.

The picture of a lady seen by her lover:

> My Infelice's face, her brow, her eye,
> The dimple on her cheek: and such sweet skill
> Hath from the cunning workman's pencil flown,
> These lips look fresh and lively as her own;
> Seeming to move and speak. Alas! now I see
> The reason why fond women love to buy
> Adulterate complexion: here 'tis read;
> False colours last after the true be dead.
> Of all the roses grafted on her cheeks,
> Of all the graces dancing in her eyes,
> Of all the music set upon her tongue,
> Of all that was past woman's excellence,
> In her white bosom; look, a painted board
> Circumscribes all! Earth can no bliss afford;
> Nothing of her but this! This cannot speak;
> It has no lap for me to rest upon;
> No lip worth tasting. Here the worms will feed,
> As in her coffin. Hence, then, idle art,
> True love's best pictured in a true love's heart.
> Here art thou drawn, sweet maid, till this be dead,
> So that thou livest twice, twice art buried.
> Thou figure of my friend, lie there!

*Picture of Court-life.—From 'Old Fortunatus.'*

> For still in all the regions I have seen,
> I scorned to crowd among the muddy throng
> Of the rank multitude, whose thickened breath—
> Like to condensed fogs—do choke that beauty,
> Which else would dwell in every kingdom's cheek.
> No; I still boldly stept into their courts:
> For there to live 'tis rare, O 'tis divine!
> There shall you see faces angelical;
> There shall you see troops of chaste goddesses,
> Whose starlike eyes have power—might they still shine—
> To make night day, and day more crystalline.
> Near these you shall behold great heroes,
> White-headed councillors, and jovial spirits,
> Standing like fiery cherubim to guard
> The monarch, who in godlike glory sits
> In midst of these, as if this deity
> Had with a look created a new world,
> The standers-by being the fair workmanship.
> *And.* Oh, how my soul is rapt to a third heaven!
> I'll travel sure, and live with none but kings.
> *Amp.* But tell me, father, have you in all courts
> Beheld such glory, so majestical,
> In all perfection, no way blemished?
> *Fort.* In some courts shall you see Ambition
> Sit, piecing Dædalus's old waxen wings;
> But being clapt on, and they about to fly,
> Even when their hopes are busied in the clouds,
> They melt against the sun of Majesty,
> And down they tumble to destruction.
> By travel, boys, I have seen all these things.
> Fantastic Compliment stalks up and down,
> Trickt in outlandish feathers; all his words,
> His looks, his oaths, are all ridiculous,
> All apish, childish, and Italianate.

Dekker is supposed to have died about the year 1641. His life seems to have been spent in irregularity and poverty. According to Oldys, he was three years in the King's Bench prison. In one of his own beautiful lines, he says:

> We ne'er are angels till our passions die.

But the old dramatists lived in a world of passion, of wild revelry, alternating with want and despair.

### JOHN WEBSTER.

JOHN WEBSTER, the 'noble-minded,' as Hazlitt designates him, lived and died about the same time as Dekker, with whom he wrote in the conjunct authorship then so common. His original dramas are the *Duchess of Malfi*; *Guise, or the Massacre of France;* the *Devil's Law-case; Appius and Virginia;* and the *White Devil, or Vittoria Corombona.* Webster, it has been said, was clerk of St Andrew's Church, Holborn; but Mr Dyce, his editor and biographer, searched the registers of the parish for his name without success. The *White Devil* and the *Duchess of Malfi* have divided the opinion of critics as to their relative merits. They are both powerful dramas, though filled with 'supernumerary horrors.' The former was not successful on the stage, and the author published it with a dedication, in which he states, that 'most of the people that come to the playhouse resemble those ignorant asses who, visiting stationers' shops, their use is not to inquire for good books, but new books.' He was accused, like Jonson, of being a slow writer, but he consoles himself with the example of Euripides, and confesses that he did not write with a goose-quill winged with two feathers. In this slighted play there are some exquisite touches of pathos and natural feeling. The grief of a group of mourners over a dead body is thus described:

I found them winding of Marcello's corse,
And there is such a solemn melody
'Tween doleful songs, tears, and sad elegies,
Such as old grandames watching by the dead
Were wont to outwear the nights with; that, believe me,
I had no eyes to guide me forth the room,
They were so overcharged with water.

The funeral dirge for Marcello, sung by his mother, possesses, says Charles Lamb, 'that intenseness of feeling which seems to resolve itself into the elements which it contemplates:'

Call for the robin-redbreast and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.
Call unto his funeral dole
The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,
To raise him hillocks that shall keep him warm,
And, when gay tombs are robbed, sustain no harm;
But keep the wolf far thence, that 's foe to men,
For with his nails he 'll dig them up again.

The *Duchess of Malfi* abounds more in the *terrible* graces. It turns on the mortal offence which the lady gives to her two proud brothers, Ferdinand, Duke of Calabria, and a cardinal, by indulging in a generous though infatuated passion for Antonio, her steward.

'This passion,' Mr Dyce justly remarks, 'a subject most difficult to treat, is managed with infinite delicacy; and, in a situation of great peril for the author, she condescends without being degraded, and declares the affection with which her dependent had inspired her without losing anything of dignity and respect.' The last scenes of the play are conceived in a spirit which every intimate student of our elder dramatic literature must feel to be peculiar to Webster. The duchess, captured by Bosola, is brought into the presence of her brother in an imperfect light, and is taught to believe that he wishes to be reconciled to her.

#### *Scene from the Duchess of Malfi.*

*Ferdinand.* Where are you?
*Duchess.* Here, sir.
*Ferd.* This darkness suits you well.
*Duch.* I would ask you pardon.
*Ferd.* You have it;
For I account it the honourablest revenge,
Where I may kill, to pardon. Where are your cubs?
*Duch.* Whom?
*Ferd.* Call them your children,
For, though our national law distinguish bastards
From true legitimate issue, compassionate nature
Makes them all equal.
*Duch.* Do you visit me for this?
You violate a sacrament o' th' church,
Will make you howl in hell for 't.
*Ferd.* It had been well
Could you have lived thus always: for, indeed,
You were too much i' th' light—but no more;
I come to seal my peace with you. Here 's a hand
[*Gives her a dead man's hand.*
To which you have vowed much love: the ring upon 't
You gave.
*Duch.* I affectionately kiss it.
*Ferd.* Pray, do, and bury the print of it in your heart.
I will leave this ring with you for a love-token;
And the hand, as sure as the ring; and do not doubt
But you shall have the heart too: when you need a friend,
Send to him that owed it, and you shall see
Whether he can aid you.
*Duch.* You are very cold:
I fear you are not well after your travel.
Ha! lights! O horrible!
*Ferd.* Let her have lights enough. [*Exit.*
*Duch.* What witchcraft doth he practise, that he hath left
A dead man's hand here?

Here is discovered, behind a traverse, the artificial figures of Antonio and his children, appearing as if they were dead.

*Bosola.* Look you, here 's the piece from which 'twas ta'en.
He doth present you this sad spectacle,
That, now you know directly they are dead,
Hereafter you may wisely cease to grieve
For that which cannot be recovered.
*Duch.* There is not between heaven and earth one wish
I stay for after this.

Afterwards, by a refinement of cruelty, the brother sends a troop of madmen from the hospital to make a concert round the duchess in prison. After they have danced and sung, Bosola enters, disguised as an old man.

#### *Death of the Duchess.*

*Duch.* Is he mad too?
*Bos.* I am come to make thy tomb.
*Duch.* Ha! my tomb?
Thou speak'st as if I lay upon my death-bed,
Gasping for breath: Dost thou perceive me sick?
*Bos.* Yes, and the more dangerously, since thy sickness is insensible.
*Duch.* Thou art not mad sure: dost know me?
*Bos.* Yes.
*Duch.* Who am I?

*Bos.* Thou art a box of wormseed; at best but a salvatory of green mummy. What 's this flesh? a little crudded milk, fantastical puff-paste. Our bodies are weaker than those paper-prisons boys use to keep flies in; more contemptible, since ours is to preserve earth-worms. Didst thou ever see a lark in a cage? Such is the soul in the body: this world is like her little turf of grass; and the heaven o'er our heads, like her looking-glass, only gives us a miserable knowledge of the small compass of our prison.

*Duch.* Am not I thy duchess?

*Bos.* Thou art some great woman, sure, for riot begins to sit on thy forehead—clad in gray hairs—twenty years sooner than on a merry milkmaid's. Thou sleepest worse, than if a mouse should be forced to take up her lodging in a cat's ear: a little infant that breeds its teeth, should it lie with thee, would cry out, as if thou wert the more unquiet bedfellow.

*Duch.* I am Duchess of Malfi still.
*Bos.* That makes thy sleeps so broken.
Glories, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright;
But, looked to near, have neither heat nor light.
*Duch.* Thou art very plain.
*Bos.* My trade is to flatter the dead, not the living.
I am a tomb-maker.
*Duch.* And thou comest to make my tomb?
*Bos.* Yes.
*Duch.* Let me be a little merry.
Of what stuff wilt thou make it?
*Bos.* Nay, resolve me first; of what fashion?
*Duch.* Why, do we grow fantastical in our death-bed?
Do we affect fashion in the grave?

*Bos.* Most ambitiously. Princes' images on their tombs do not lie as they were wont, seeming to pray up to heaven; but with their hands under their cheeks (as if they died of the toothache): they are not carved with their eyes fixed upon the stars; but as their minds were wholly bent upon the world, the selfsame way they seem to turn their faces.

*Duch.* Let me know fully, therefore, the effect
Of this thy dismal preparation,
This talk, fit for a charnel.
*Bos.* Now I shall.
[*A coffin, cords, and a bell produced.*
Here is a present from your princely brothers;
And may it arrive welcome, for it brings
Last benefit, last sorrow.
*Duch.* Let me see it.
I have so much obedience in my blood,
I wish it in their veins to do them good.
*Bos.* This is your last presence-chamber.
*Cariola.* O my sweet lady.
*Duch.* Peace! it affrights not me.
*Bos.* I am the common bellman,
That usually is sent to condemned persons
The night before they suffer.
*Duch.* Even now thou saidst
Thou wast a tomb-maker.
*Bos.* 'Twas to bring you
By degrees to mortification: Listen.

DIRGE.

Hark! now every thing is still;
This screech-owl, and the whistler shrill,
Call upon our dame aloud,
And bid her quickly don her shroud.
Much you had of land and rent;
Your length in clay 's now competent.
A long war disturbed your mind;
Here your perfect peace is signed.
Of what is 't fools make such vain keeping?
Sin, their conception: their birth, weeping:
Their life, a general mist of error;
Their death, a hideous storm of terror.
Strew your hair with powder sweet,
Don clean linen, bathe your feet:
And—the foul fiend more to check—
A crucifix let bless your neck.
'Tis now full tide 'tween night and day:
End your groan, and come away.

*Car.* Hence, villains, tyrants, murderers! Alas!
What will you do with my lady? Call for help.
*Duch.* To whom; to our next neighbours? They are mad folks.
Farewell, Cariola.
I pray thee look thou giv'st my little boy
Some syrup for his cold; and let the girl
Say her prayers ere she sleep.—Now what you please.
What death?
*Bos.* Strangling. Here are your executioners.
*Duch.* I forgive them.
The apoplexy, catarrh, or cough o' the lungs,
Would do as much as they do.
*Bos.* Doth not death fright you?
*Duch.* Who would be afraid on 't,
Knowing to meet such excellent company
In th' other world.
*Bos.* Yet, methinks,
The manner of your death should much afflict you:
This cord should terrify you.
*Duch.* Not a whit.
What would it pleasure me to have my throat cut
With diamonds? or to be smothered
With cassia? or to be shot to death with pearls?
I know death hath ten thousand several doors
For men to take their exits: and 'tis found
They go on such strange geometrical hinges,
You may open them both ways: any way—for heaven sake—
So I were out of your whispering. Tell my brothers
That I perceive death—now I 'm well awake—
Best gift is they can give or I can take.
I would fain put off my last woman's fault;
I 'd not be tedious to you.
Pull, and pull strongly, for your able strength
Must pull down heaven upon me.
Yet stay; heaven gates are not so highly arched
As princes' palaces; they that enter there
Must go upon their knees. Come, violent death,
Serve for mandragora to make me sleep.
Go, tell my brothers, when I am laid out,
They then may feed in quiet.
[*They strangle her, kneeling.*

FERDINAND enters.

*Ferd.* Is she dead?
*Bos.* She is what you would have her.
Fix your eye here.
*Ferd.* Constantly.
*Bos.* Do you not weep?
Other sins only speak; murder shrieks out.
The element of water moistens the earth,
But blood flies upwards, and bedews the heavens.
*Ferd.* Cover her face: mine eyes dazzle: she died young.
*Bos.* I think not so: her infelicity
Seemed to have years too many.
*Ferd.* She and I were twins:
And should I die this instant, I had lived
Her time to a minute.

## THOMAS MIDDLETON.

A conjecture that an old neglected drama by THOMAS MIDDLETON supplied the witchcraft scenery and part of the lyrical incantations of *Macbeth*, has kept alive the name of this poet. So late as 1778, Middleton's play, the *Witch*, was first published by Reed from the author's manuscript. It is possible that the *Witch* may have preceded *Macbeth*; but as the latter was written in the fulness of Shakspeare's fame and genius, we think it is more probable that the inferior author was the borrower. He may have seen the play performed, and thus caught the spirit and words of the scenes in question; or, for aught we know, the *Witch* may not have been written till after 1623, when Shakspeare's first folio appeared. We know that after this date Middleton was writing for the stage, as, in 1624, his play, *A Game at Chess*, was brought out, and gave great offence at court, by bringing on the stage the king of Spain, and his ambassador, Gondomar. The latter complained to King James of the insult, and Middleton—who at first 'shifted out of the way'—and the poor players were brought before the privy-council. They were only reprimanded for their audacity in 'bringing modern Christian kings upon the stage.' If the dramatic sovereign had been James himself, nothing less than the loss of ears and noses would have appeased offended royalty! Middleton wrote about twenty plays: in 1603, we find him assisting Dekker at a court-pageant, and he was afterwards concerned in different pieces with Rowley, Webster, and other authors. He would seem to have been well-known as a dramatic writer. On Shrove-Tuesday, 1617, the London apprentices, in an idle riot, demolished the Cockpit Theatre; and an old ballad, describing the circumstance, states:

Books old and young on heap they flung,
And burned them in the blazes—
Tom Dekker, Heywood, Middleton,
And other wandering crazys.

In 1620, Middleton was made chronologer, or city poet, of London, an office afterwards held by Ben Jonson, and which expired with Settle in 1724.[*] He died in July 1627. The dramas of Middleton have no strongly marked character; his best is *Women, beware of Women*, a tale of love and jealousy, from the Italian. The following sketch of married happiness is delicate, and finely expressed:

### *Happiness of Married Life.*

How near am I now to a happiness
That earth exceeds not! not another like it:
The treasures of the deep are not so precious,
As are the concealed comforts of a man
Locked up in woman's love. I scent the air
Of blessings when I come but near the house.
What a delicious breath marriage sends forth!
The violet bed 's not sweeter. Honest wedlock
Is like a banqueting-house built in a garden,
On which the spring's chaste flowers take delight
To cast their modest odours; when base lust,
With all her powders, paintings, and best pride,
Is but a fair house built by a ditch-side.
Now for a welcome,
Able to draw men's envies upon man;
A kiss now that will hang upon my lip
As sweet as morning-dew upon a rose,
And full as long!

The *Witch* is also an Italian plot; but the supernatural agents of Middleton are the old witches of legendary story, not the dim, mysterious, unearthly beings that accost Macbeth on the blasted heath. The 'Charm-song' is much the same in both:

The Witches going about the Caldron.

Black spirits and white; red spirits and gray;
Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may.
Titty, Tiffin, keep it stiff in;
Firedrake, Puckey, make it lucky;
Liard, Robin, you must bob in;
Round, around, around, about, about;
All ill come running in; all good keep out!
*1st Witch.* Here 's the blood of a bat.
*Hecate.* Put in that; oh, put in that.
*2d Witch.* Here 's libbard's bane.
*Hec.* Put in again.
*1st Witch.* The juice of toad, the oil of adder.
*2d Witch.* Those will make the younker madder.
*All.* Round, around, around, &c.

The flight of the witches by moonlight is described with a wild *gusto* and delight: if the scene was written before *Macbeth*, Middleton deserves the credit of true poetical imagination:

Enter Hecate, Stadlin, Hoppo, and other Witches.

*Hec.* The moon 's a gallant; see how brisk she rides!
*Stadlin.* Here 's a rich evening, Hecate.
*Hec.* Ay, is 't not, wenches,
To take a journey of five thousand miles?
*Hoppo.* Ours will be more to-night.
*Hec.* Oh, it will be precious. Heard you the owl yet?
*Stad.* Briefly in the copse,
As we came through now.
*Hec.* 'Tis high time for us then.
*Stad.* There was a bat hung at my lips three times
As we came through the woods, and drank her fill:
Old Puckle saw her.
*Hec.* You are fortunate still.
The very screech-owl lights upon your shoulder,
And woos you like a pigeon. Are you furnished?
Have you your ointments?
*Stad.* All.
*Hec.* Prepare to flight then:
I 'll overtake you swiftly.
*Stad.* Hie, then, Hecate:
We shall be up betimes.
*Hec.* I 'll reach you quickly. [*They ascend.*

Enter Firestone.

*Firestone:* They are all going a-birding to-night. They talk of fowls i' th' air that fly by day; I 'm sure they 'll be a company of foul sluts there to-night. If we have not mortality afeared, I 'll be hanged, for they are able to putrefy it to infect a whole region. She spies me now.
*Hec.* What! Firestone, our sweet son?
*Fire.* A little sweeter than some of you; or a dunghill were too good for one.
*Hec.* How much hast there?
*Fire.* Nineteen, and all brave plump ones; besides six lizards and three serpentine eggs.
*Hec.* Dear and sweet boy! What herbs hast thou?
*Fire.* I have some mar-martin and mandragon.
*Hec.* Mar-maritin and mandragora thou wouldst say.
*Fire.* Here 's pamnax too. I thank thee; my pan aches, I am sure, with kneeling down to cut 'em.
*Hec.* And selago.
Hedge hyssop too! How near he goes my cuttings!
Were they all cropt by moonlight?
*Fire.* Every blade of 'em, or I 'm a mooncalf, mother.
*Hec.* Hie thee home with 'em.
Look well to th' house to-night; I am for aloft.
*Fire.* Aloft, quoth you? I would you would break your neck once, that I might have all quickly. [*Aside.*]
—Hark, hark, mother! they are above the steeple already, flying over your head with a noise of musicians.

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[*] The salary given to the city poet is incidentally mentioned by Jonson in a letter soliciting assistance from the Earl of Newcastle in 1631. 'Yesterday the barbarous Court of Aldermen have withdrawn their chandlery pension for verjuice and mustard—£33, 6s. 8d.'

*Hec.* They are, indeed. Help me! help me! I'm too late else.

*Song.*

In the air above.

Come away, come away,
Hecate, Hecate, come away.
*Hec.* I come, I come, I come, I come;
With all the speed I may;
With all the speed I may.
Where's Stadlin?
[*Above.*] Here.
*Hec.* Where's Puckle?
[*Above.*] Here.
And Hoppo too, and Hellwain too:
We lack but you, we lack but you.
Come away, make up the count.
*Hec.* I will but 'noint, and then I mount.
[*A Spirit descends in the shape of a cat.*
[*Above.*] There's one come down to fetch his dues;
A kiss, a coll, a sip of blood;
And why thou stay'st so long, I muse, I muse,
Since th' air's so sweet and good.
*Hec.* Oh, art thou come.
What news, what news?
*Spirit.* All goes still to our delight.
Either come, or else
Refuse, refuse.
*Hec.* Now, I am furnished for the flight.
*Fire.* Hark, hark! The cat sings a brave treble in her own language.
*Hec.* [*Ascending with the Spirit.*] Now I go, now I fly,
Malkin, my sweet spirit, and I.
Oh, what dainty pleasure 'tis
To ride in the air,
When the moon shines fair,
And sing and dance, and toy and kiss!
Over woods, high rocks, and mountains,
Over seas, our mistress' fountains,
Over steep towers and turrets,
We fly by night, 'mongst troops of spirits.
No ring of bells to our ears sounds;
No howls of wolves, no yelp of hounds;
No, not the noise of waters' breach,
Or cannon's roar our height can reach.
[*Above.*] No ring of bells, &c.

## JOHN MARSTON.

JOHN MARSTON, a rough and vigorous satirist and dramatic writer, of whom little is known, produced his ***Malcontent***, a comedy, prior to 1600; his ***Antonio and Mellida***, a tragedy, in 1602; the ***Insatiate Countess***, ***What You Will***, and other plays, written between the latter date and 1634, when he died. He was also connected with Jonson and Chapman in the composition of the unfortunate comedy, ***Eastward Hoe***. In his subsequent quarrel with Jonson, Marston was satirised by Ben in his ***Poetaster***, under the name of Demetrius. Marston was author of two volumes of miscellaneous poetry, translations, and satires, one of which (***Pigmalion's Image***) was ordered to be burned for its licentiousness. Mr Collier, who states that Marston seems to have attracted a good deal of attention in his own day, quotes from a contemporary diary the following anecdote: 'Nov. 21, 1602.—Jo. Marston, the last Christmas, when he danced with Alderman More's wife's daughter, a Spaniard born, fell into a strange commendation of her wit and beauty. When he had done, she thought to pay him home, and told him she thought he was a poet. "'Tis true," said he, "for poets feign and lie; and so did I when I commended your beauty, for you are exceeding foul."' This coarseness seems to have been characteristic of Marston: his comedies contain strong, biting satires; but he is far from being a moral writer. Hazlitt says his *forte* was not sympathy either with the stronger or softer emotions, but an impatient scorn and bitter indignation against the vices and follies of men, which vented itself either in comic irony or in lofty invective. The following humorous sketch of a scholar and his dog is worthy of Shakspeare:

I was a scholar: seven useful springs
Did I deflower in quotations
Of crossed opinions 'bout the soul of man;
The more I learnt, the more I learnt to doubt.
*Delight*, my spaniel, slept whilst I baused leaves,
Tossed o'er the dunces, pored on the old print
Of titled words: and still my spaniel slept.
Whilst I wasted lamp-oil, baited my flesh,
Shrunk up my veins: and still my spaniel slept.
And still I held converse with Zabarell,
Aquinas, Scotus, and the musty saw
Of Antick Donate: still my spaniel slept.
Still on went I; first, *an sit anima;*
Then, an it were mortal. O hold, hold; at that
They're at brain buffets, fell by the ears amain
Pell-mell together: still my spaniel slept.
Then, whether 'twere corporeal, local, fixt,
*Ex traduce*, but whether 't had free-will
Or no, hot philosophers
Stood banding factions, all so strongly propt;
I staggered, knew not which was firmer part,
But thought, quoted, read, observed, and pried,
Stufft noting-books: and still my spaniel slept.
At length he waked, and yawned; and, by yon sky,
For aught I know, he knew as much as I.

### *From 'Antonio and Mellida.'*

*The Prologue.**

The rawish dank of clumsy winter ramps
The fluent summer's vein; and drizzling sleet
Chilleth the wan, bleak cheek of the numbed earth,
While snarling gusts nibble the juiceless leaves
From the naked shudd'ring branch, and peels the skin
From off the soft and delicate aspects.
O now methinks a sullen tragic scene
Would suit the time with pleasing congruence.
May we be happy in our weak devoir,
And all part pleased in most wished content.
But sweat of Hercules can ne'er beget
So blest an issue. Therefore we proclaim,
If any spirit breathes within this round
Uncapable of weighty passion—
As from his birth being hugged in the arms,
And nuzzled 'twixt the breasts of Happiness—
Who winks and shuts his apprehension up
From common sense of what men were, and are;
Who would not know what men must be: let such
Hurry amain from our black-visaged shows;
We shall affright their eyes. But if a breast,
Nailed to the earth with grief; if any heart,
Pierced through with anguish, pant within this ring;
If there be any blood, whose heat is choked
And stifled with true sense of misery:
If aught of these strains fill this consort up,
They arrive most welcome. O that our power

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* 'This prologue, for its passionate earnestness, and for the tragic note of preparation which it sounds, might have preceded one of those old tales of Thebes, or Pelops' line, which Milton has so highly commended, as free from the common error of the poets in his days, "of intermixing comic stuff with tragic sadness and gravity, brought in without discretion corruptly to gratify the people."—It is as solemn a preparative as the "warning voice which he who saw th' Apocalypse heard cry."'—CHARLES LAMB.

Could lacquey or keep wing with our desires;
That with unused poize of stile and sense
We might weigh massy in judicious scale!
Yet here 's the prop that doth support our hopes:
When our scenes faulter, or invention halts,
Your favour will give crutches to our faults.

ANTONIO, *son to* ANDRUGIO, *Duke of Genoa, whom* PIERO, *the Venetian prince, and father-in-law to* ANTONIO, *has cruelly murdered, kills* PIERO'S *little son*, JULIO, *as a sacrifice to the ghost of* ANDRUGIO.—*The scene, a Church-yard: the time, Midnight.*

JULIO.—ANTONIO.

*Julio.* Brother Antonio, are you here i' faith?
Why do you frown? Indeed my sister said,
That I should call you brother, that she did,
When you were married to her. Buss me: good truth,
I love you better than my father, 'deed.
*Antonio.* Thy father? gracious, O bounteous heaven,
I do adore thy justice. *Venit in nostras manus*
*Tandem vindicta, venit et tota quidem.*
*Jul.* Truth, since my mother died, I loved you best.
Something hath angered you: pray you, look merrily.
*Ant.* I will laugh, and dimple my thin cheek
With capering joy; chuck, my heart doth leap
To grasp thy bosom. Time, place, and blood,
How fit you close together! heaven's tones
Strike not such music to immortal souls,
As your accordance sweets my breast withal.
Methinks I pace upon the front of Jove,
And kick corruption with a scornful heel,
Griping this flesh, disdain mortality.
O that I knew which joint, which side, which limb
Were father all, and had no mother in it;
That I might rip it vein by vein, and carve revenge
In bleeding traces: but since 'tis mixed together,
Have at adventure, pell-mell, no reverse.
Come hither, boy; this is Andrugio's hearse.
*Jul.* O God, you 'll hurt me. For my sister's sake,
Pray, you don't hurt me. And you kill me, 'deed
I 'll tell my father.
*Ant.* Oh, for thy sister's sake, I flag revenge.
[ANDRUGIO'S *ghost cries* 'Revenge.'
*Ant.* Stay, stay, dear father, fright mine eyes no more.
Revenge as swift as lightning, bursteth forth
And clears his heart. Come, pretty, tender child,
It is not thee I hate, or thee I kill.
Thy father's blood that flows within thy veins,
Is it I loathe; is that, revenge must suck.
I love thy soul: and were thy heart lapt up
In any flesh but in Piero's blood,
I would thus kiss it: but, being his, thus, thus,
And thus I 'll punch it. Abandon fears:
Whilst thy wounds bleed, my brows shall gush out tears.
*Jul.* So you will love me, do even what you will.
[*Dies.*
*Ant.* Now barks the wolf against the full-cheekt moon;
Now lions' half-clamed entrails roar for food;
Now croaks the toad, and night-crows screech aloud,
Fluttering 'bout casements of departing souls!
Now gape the graves, and through their yawns let loose
Imprisoned spirits to revisit earth:
And now, swart Night, to swell thy hour out,
Behold I spurt warm blood in thy black eyes.
[*From under the earth a groan.*
Howl not, thou putry mould; groan not, ye graves;
Be dumb, all breath. Here stands Andrugio's son,
Worthy his father. So; I feel no breath;
His jaws are fallen, his dislodged soul is fled.
And now there 's nothing but Piero left.
He is all Piero, father all. This blood,
This breast, this heart, Piero all:
Whom thus I mangle, sprite of Julio,
Forget this was thy trunk. I live thy friend.
Mayst thou be twined with the soft'st embrace
Of clear eternity: but thy father's blood
I thus make incense of to Vengeance.

### *Day Breaking.*

See, the dapple gray coursers of the morn
Beat up the light with their bright silver hoofs,
And chase it through the sky.

### *One who Died, Slandered.*

Look on those lips,
Those now lawn pillows, on whose tender softness
Chaste modest Speech, stealing from out his breast,
Had wont to rest itself, as loath to post
From out so fair an inn: look, look, they seem
To stir,
And breathe defiance to black obloquy.

### *Wherein Fools are Happy.*

Even in that, note a fool's beatitude;
He is not capable of passion;
Wanting the power of distinction,
He bears an unturned sail with every wind:
Blow east, blow west, he steers his course alike.
I never saw a fool lean: the chub-faced fop
Shines sleek with full-crammed fat of happiness:
Whilst studious contemplation sucks the juice
From wizard's cheeks, who, making curious search
For nature's secrets, the First Innating Cause
Laughs them to scorn, as man doth busy apes
When they will zany men.

## ROBERT TAYLOR—WILLIAM ROWLEY—CYRIL TOURNEUR.

Among the other dramatists at this time may be mentioned ROBERT TAYLOR, author of the *Hog hath Lost his Pearl;* WILLIAM ROWLEY, an actor and joint-writer with Middleton and Dekker, who produced several plays; CYRIL TOURNEUR, author of two good dramas, the *Atheist's Tragedy* and the *Revenger's Tragedy.* A tragi-comedy, the *Witch of Edmonton,* is remarkable as having been the work of at least three authors—Rowley, Dekker, and Ford. It embodies, in a striking form, the vulgar superstitions respecting witchcraft, which so long debased the popular mind in England:

### *Scene from the Witch of Edmonton.*

MOTHER SAWYER alone.

*Sawyer.* And why on me? why should the envious world
Throw all their scandalous malice upon me?
'Cause I am poor, deformed, and ignorant,
And like a bow buckled and bent together
By some more strong in mischiefs than myself;
Must I for that be made a common sink
For all the filth and rubbish of men's tongues
To fall and run into? Some call me witch,
And being ignorant of myself, they go
About to teach me how to be one: urging
That my bad tongue—by their bad usage made so—
Forespeaks their cattle, doth bewitch their corn,
Themselves, their servants, and their babes at nurse:
This they enforce upon me; and in part
Make me to credit it.

BANKS, a Farmer, enters.

*Banks.* Out, out upon thee, witch!
*Saw.* Dost call me witch?

*Banks.* I do, witch; I do:
And worse I would, knew I a name more hateful.
What makest thou upon my ground?
*Saw.* Gather a few rotten sticks to warm me.
*Banks.* Down with them when I bid thee, quickly;
I 'll make thy bones rattle in thy skin else.
*Saw.* You won't! churl, cut-throat, miser! there they be. Would they stuck 'cross thy throat, thy bowels, thy maw, thy midriff——
*Banks.* Say'st thou me so? Hag, out of my ground.
*Saw.* Dost strike me, slave, curmudgeon? Now thy bones ache, thy joints cramp,
And convulsions stretch and crack thy sinews.
*Banks.* Cursing, thou hag? take that, and that. [*Exit.*
*Saw.* Strike, do: and withered may that hand and arm,
Whose blows have lamed me, drop from the rotten trunk.
Abuse me! beat me! call me hag and witch!
What is the name? where, and by what art learned?
What spells, or charms, or invocations,
May the thing called Familiar be purchased?
I am shunned
And hated like a sickness; made a scorn
To all degrees and sexes. I have heard old beldams
Talk of familiars in the shape of mice,
Rats, ferrets, weasels, and I wot not what,
That have appeared; and sucked, some say, their blood.
But by what means they came acquainted with them,
I 'm now ignorant. Would some power, good or bad,
Instruct me which way I might be revenged
Upon this churl, I 'd go out of myself,
And give this fury leave to dwell within
This ruined cottage, ready to fall with age:
Abjure all goodness, be at hate with prayer,
And study curses, imprecations,
Blasphemous speeches, oaths, detested oaths,
Or anything that 's ill; so I might work
Revenge upon this miser, this black cur,
That barks, and bites, and sucks the very blood
Of me, and of my credit. 'Tis all one
To be a witch as to be counted one.

### *A Drowned Soldier.*

From Tourneur's *Atheist's Tragedy.*

Walking upon the fatal shore,
Among the slaughtered bodies of their men,
Which the full stomached sea had cast upon
The sands, it was my unhappy chance to light
Upon a face, whose favour, when it lived,
My astonished mind informed me I had seen.
He lay in his armour, as if that had been
His coffin; and the weeping sea—like one
Whose milder temper doth lament the death
Of him whom in his rage he slew—runs up
The shore, embraces him, kisses his cheek;
Goes back again, and forces up the sands
To bury him; and every time it parts,
Sheds tears upon him; till at last—as if
It could no longer endure to see the man
Whom it had slain, yet loath to leave him—with
A kind of unresolved unwilling pace,
Winding her waves one in another—like
A man that folds his arms, or wrings his hands,
For grief—ebbed from the body, and descends;
As if it would sink down into the earth,
And hide itself for shame of such a deed.

An anonymous play, the *Return from Parnassus*, was acted by the students of St John's College, Cambridge, about the year 1602: it is remarkable for containing criticisms on contemporary authors, all poets. Each author is summoned up for judgment, and dismissed after a few words of commendation or censure. Some of these poetical criticisms are finely written, as well as curious. Of Spenser:

A sweeter swan than ever sung in Po;
A shriller nightingale than ever blest
The prouder groves of self-admiring Rome.
Blithe was each valley, and each shepherd proud
While he did chant his rural minstrelsy.
Attentive was full many a dainty ear;
Nay, hearers hung upon his melting tongue,
While sweetly of the Faery Queen he sung;
While to the water's fall he tuned her fame,
And in each bark engraved Eliza's name.

The following extract introduces us to Marlowe, Jonson, and Shakspeare; but to the last only as the author of the *Venus* and *Lucrece*. Ingenioso reads out the names, and Judicio pronounces judgment:

*Ingenioso.* Christopher Marlowe.
*Judicio.* Marlowe was happy in his buskined muse;
Alas! unhappy in his life and end.
Pity it is that wit so ill should well,
Wit lent from heaven, but vices sent from hell.
*Ing.* Our theatre hath lost, Pluto hath got,
A tragic penman for a dreary plot.——
Benjamin Jonson.
*Jud.* The wittiest fellow of a bricklayer in England.
*Ing.* A mere empiric, one that gets what he hath by observation, and makes only nature privy to what he indites; so slow an inventor, that he were better betake himself to his old trade of bricklaying; a blood whoreson, as confident now in making of a book, as he was in times past in laying of a brick.——
William Shakspeare.
*Jud.* Who loves Adonis' love or Lucrece' rape;
His sweeter verse contains heart-robbing life,
Could but a graver subject him content,
Without love's lazy foolish languishment.

The author afterwards introduces Kempe and Burbage, the actors, and makes the former state, in reference to the university dramatists: 'Why, here's our fellow Shakspeare puts them all down; ay, and Ben Jonson too.' Posterity has confirmed this *Return from Parnassus.*

### GEORGE COOKE—THOMAS NABBES—NATHANIEL FIELD—JOHN DAY—HENRY GLAPTHORNE—THOMAS RANDOLPH—RICHARD BROME.

A lively comedy, called *Green's Tu Quoque*, was written by George Cooke, a contemporary of Shakspeare.—Thomas Nabbes (died about 1645) was the author of *Microcosmus*, a mask, and of several other plays. In *Microcosmus* is the following fine song of love:

Welcome, welcome, happy pair,
To these abodes where spicy air
Breathes perfumes, and every sense
Doth find his object's excellence;
Where 's no heat, nor cold extreme,
No winter's ice, no summer's scorching beam;
Where 's no sun, yet never night,
Day always springing from eternal light.
*Chorus.* All mortal sufferings laid aside,
Here in endless bliss abide.

—Nathaniel Field (who was one of the actors in Ben Jonson's *Poetaster*) began to write for the stage about 1609 or 1610, and produced *Woman is a Weathercock*, *Amends for Ladies*, &c. He had the honour of being associated with Massinger in the composition of the *Fatal Dowry.*—John Day, in conjunction with Chettle, wrote the *Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green*, a popular comedy, and was also author of two or three other plays, and some miscellaneous poems.—**Henry Glapthorne** is mentioned as 'one of the chiefest dramatic poets of the reign of Charles I.' Five of his plays are printed—*Albertus Wallenstein*, the *Hollander*, *Argalus and Parthenia*, *Wit in a Constable*, the *Lady's Privilege*, &c. There is a certain smoothness and prettiness of expression about Glapthorne, particularly in his *Albertus*, but he is deficient in passion and energy.—**Thomas Randolph** (1605–34) wrote the *Muses' Looking-glass*, the *Jealous Lovers*, &c. In an anonymous play, *Sweetman the Woman-hater*, is the following happy simile:

> Justice, like lightning, ever should appear
> To few men's ruin, but to all men's fear.

—**Richard Brome** (died 1652), one of the best of the secondary dramatists, produced several plays, the *Antipodes*, the *City Wit*, the *Court Beggar*, &c. Little is known of the personal history of these authors: a few scattered dates usually make up the whole amount of their biography. The public demand for theatrical novelties called forth a succession of writers in this popular and profitable walk of literature, who seem to have discharged their ephemeral tasks, and sunk with their works into oblivion. The glory of Shakspeare has revived some of the number, like halos round his name; and the rich stamp of the age, in style and thought, is visible on the pages of most of them.

### PHILIP MASSINGER.

The reign of James produced no other tragic poet equal to **Philip Massinger**, an unfortunate author, whose life was spent in obscurity and poverty, and who, dying almost unknown, was buried with no other inscription than the note in the parish register, 'Philip Massinger, *a stranger*'—meaning he did not belong to the parish. This poet was born about the year 1584, and it is supposed at Salisbury. His father, as appears from the dedication of one of his plays, was in the service of the Earl of Pembroke; and as he was at one time intrusted with letters to Queen Elizabeth, and employed in delicate negotiations by Lord Pembroke, the situation of the elder Massinger must have been a confidential one. Whether Philip ever 'wandered in the marble halls and pictured galleries of Wilton, that princely seat of old magnificence, where Sir Philip Sidney composed his *Arcadia*,' is not known: in 1602, he was entered of Alban Hall, Oxford. He is supposed to have quitted the university abruptly in 1606, and to have commenced writing for the stage. The first notice of him is in Henslowe's diary, about 1614, where he makes a joint application, with N. Field and R. Daborne, for a loan of £5, without which, they say, they *could not be bailed*. Field and Daborne were both actors and dramatic authors. The sequel of Massinger's history is only an enumeration of his plays. He wrote a great number of pieces, of which nineteen have been preserved. The manuscripts of eight of his plays were in existence in the middle of the last century, but they fell into the hands of a certain John Warburton, Somerset herald, who had collected no less than fifty-five genuine unpublished English dramas of the golden period, all of which were destroyed by his cook for culinary purposes. Massinger was found dead in his bed, at his house on the Bankside, one morning in March 1639. The *Virgin Martyr* (about 1620), the *Bondman* (1623), the *Fatal Dowry* (about 1620), the *New Way to Pay Old Debts* (about 1623), and the *City Madam* (1632), are his best-known productions. The *New Way to Pay Old Debts* has kept possession of the stage, chiefly on account of the effective and original character of Sir Giles Overreach, which has been a favourite with great English actors. A tragedy of Massinger's, entitled *Believe as you List*, which had been long lost, was discovered in 1844, and was included in the poet's works, by his latest editor, Lieutenant-colonel Cunningham (1868). Massinger's comedy resembles Ben Jonson's, in its eccentric strength and wayward exhibitions of human nature. The greediness of avarice, the tyranny of unjust laws, and the miseries of poverty, are drawn with a powerful hand. The luxuries and vices of a city-life, also, afford Massinger scope for his indignant and forcible invective. Genuine humour or sprightliness he had none. His dialogue is often coarse and indelicate, and his characters in low life too depraved. The tragedies of Massinger have a calm and dignified seriousness, a lofty pride, that impresses the imagination very strongly. His genius was more eloquent and descriptive than impassioned or inventive; yet his pictures of suffering virtue, its struggles and its trials, are calculated to touch the heart, as well as gratify the taste. His versification is smooth and mellifluous. Owing, perhaps, to the sedate and dignified tone of Massinger's plays, they were not revived after the Restoration. Even Dryden did not think him worthy of mention, or had forgot his works, when he wrote his *Essay on Dramatic Poesy*.

#### *A Midnight Scene.—From the 'Virgin Martyr.'*

Angelo, an Angel, attends Dorothea as a Page.

*Dorothea*. My book and taper.
*Angelo*. Here, most holy mistress.
*Dor*. Thy voice sends forth such music, that I never
Was ravished with a more celestial sound.
Were every servant in the world like thee,
So full of goodness, angels would come down
To dwell with us: thy name is Angelo,
And like that name thou art. Get thee to rest;
Thy youth with too much watching is opprest.
*Ang*. No, my dear lady. I could weary stars,
And force the wakeful moon to lose her eyes,
By my late watching, but to wait on you.
When at your prayers you kneel before the altar,
Methinks I'm singing with some quire in heaven,
So blest I hold me in your company.
Therefore, my most loved mistress, do not bid
Your boy, so serviceable, to get hence;
For then you break his heart.
*Dor*. Be nigh me still, then.
In golden letters down I'll set that day
Which gave thee to me. Little did I hope
To meet such worlds of comfort in thyself,
This little, pretty body, when I, coming
Forth of the temple, heard my beggar-boy,
My sweet-faced, godly beggar-boy, crave an alms,
Which with glad hand I gave, with lucky hand;
And when I took thee home, my most chaste bosom,
Methought, was filled with no hot wanton fire,
But with a holy flame, mounting since higher,
On wings of cherubims, than it did before.

*Ang.* Proud am I that my lady's modest eye
So likes so poor a servant.
*Dor.* I have offered
Handfuls of gold but to behold thy parents.
I would leave kingdoms, were I queen of some,
To dwell with thy good father; for, the son
Bewitching me so deeply with his presence,
He that begot him must do't ten times more.
I pray thee, my sweet boy, shew me thy parents;
Be not ashamed.
*Ang.* I am not: I did never
Know who my mother was; but, by yon palace,
Filled with bright heavenly courtiers, I dare assure you,
And pawn these eyes upon it, and this hand,
My father is in heaven; and, pretty mistress,
If your illustrious hour-glass spend his sand
No worse, than yet it doth, upon my life,
You and I both shall meet my father there,
And he shall bid you welcome.
*Dor.* A blessed day!

### *Pride of Sir Giles Overreach in his Daughter.*

From the *New Way to Pay Old Debts.*

LOVEL.—OVERREACH.

*Overreach.* To my wish: we are private.
I come not to make offer with my daughter
A certain portion; that were poor and trivial:
In one word, I pronounce all that is mine,
In lands or leases, ready coin or goods,
With her, my lord, comes to you; nor shall you have
One motive to induce you to believe
I live too long, since every year I'll add
Something unto the heap, which shall be yours too.
*Lovel.* You are a right kind father.
*Over.* You shall have reason
To think me such. How do you like this seat?
It is well wooded and well watered, the acres
Fertile and rich: would it not serve for change,
To entertain your friends in a summer's progress?
What thinks my noble lord?
*Lov.* 'Tis a wholesome air,
And well built pile; and she that's mistress of it,
Worthy the large revenue.
*Over.* She the mistress!
It may be so for a time; but let my lord
Say only that he but like it, and would have it;
I say, ere long 'tis his.
*Lov.* Impossible.
*Over.* You do conclude too fast; not knowing me,
Nor the engines that I work by. 'Tis not alone
The Lady Allworth's lands, for those once Wellborn's
(As by her dotage on him I know they will be)
Shall soon be mine; but point out any man's
In all the shire, and say they lie convenient
And useful for your lordship, and once more,
I say aloud, they are yours.
*Lov.* I dare not own
What's by unjust and cruel means extorted:
My fame and credit are more dear to me
Than so to expose 'em to be censured by
The public voice.
*Over.* You run, my lord, no hazard:
Your reputation shall stand as fair
In all good men's opinions as now:
Nor can my actions, though condemned for ill,
Cast any foul aspersion upon yours.
For though I do contemn report myself
As a mere sound, I still will be so tender
Of what concerns you in all points of honour,
That the immaculate whiteness of your fame,
Nor your unquestioned integrity,
Shall e'er be sullied with one taint or spot
That may take from your innocence and candour.
All my ambition is to have my daughter
Right honourable; which my lord can make her:
And might I live to dance upon my knee
A young Lord Lovel, born by her unto you,
I write *nil ultra* to my proudest hopes.
As for possessions and annual rents,
Equivalent to maintain you in the port
Your noble birth and present state require,
I do remove that burden from your shoulders,
And take it on mine own; for though I ruin
The country to supply your riotous waste,
The scourge of prodigals (want) shall never find you.
*Lov.* Are you not frighted with the imprecations
And curses of whole families, made wretched
By your sinister practices?
*Over.* Yes, as rocks are
When foamy billows split themselves against
Their flinty ribs; or as the moon is moved
When wolves, with hunger pined, howl at her brightness.
I am of a solid temper, and, like these,
Steer on a constant course: with mine own sword,
If called into the field, I can make that right
Which fearful enemies murmured at as wrong.
Now, for those other piddling complaints,
Breathed out in bitterness; as, when they call me
Extortioner, tyrant, cormorant, or intruder
On my poor neighbour's right, or grand incloser
Of what was common to my private use;
Nay, when my ears are pierced with widows' cries,
And undone orphans wash with tears my threshold,
I only think what 'tis to have my daughter
Right honourable; and 'tis a powerful charm,
Makes me insensible of remorse or pity,
Or the least sting of conscience.
*Lov.* I admire
The toughness of your nature.
*Over.* 'Tis for you,
My lord, and for my daughter, I am marble.

### *Compassion for Misfortune.—From the 'City Madam.'*

SIR JOHN FRUGAL.—LUKE FRUGAL.—LORD LACY.

*Luke.* No word, sir,
I hope, shall give offence: nor let it relish
Of flattery, though I proclaim aloud,
I glory in the bravery of your mind,
To which your wealth's a servant. Not that riches
Is, or should be, contemned, it being a blessing
Derived from heaven, and by your industry
Pulled down upon you; but in this, dear sir,
You have many equals: such a man's possessions
Extend as far as yours; a second hath
His bags as full; a third in credit flies
As high in the popular voice: but the distinction
And noble difference by which you are
Divided from them, is, that you are styled
Gentle in your abundance, good in plenty;
And that you feel compassion in your bowels
Of other's miseries—I have found it, sir;
Heaven keep me thankful for't!—while they are cursed
As rigid and inexorable.
*Sir John.* I delight not
To hear this spoke to my face.
*Luke.* That shall not grieve you.
Your affability and mildness, clothed
In the garments of your thankful debtors' breath,
Shall everywhere, though you strive to conceal it,
Be seen and wondered at, and in the act
With a prodigal hand rewarded. Whereas, such
As are born only for themselves, and live so,
Though prosperous in worldly understandings,
Are but like beasts of rapine, that, by odds
Of strength, usurp and tyrannise o'er others
Brought under their subjection. . . .
Can you think, sir,
In your unquestioned wisdom, I beseech you,
The goods of this poor man sold at an outcry,
His wife turned out of doors, his children forced

To beg their bread; this gentleman's estate
By wrong extorted, can advantage you?
Or that the ruin of this once brave merchant,
For such he was esteemed, though now decayed,
Will raise your reputation with good men?
But you may urge—pray you, pardon me, my zeal
Makes me thus bold and vehement—in this
You satisfy your anger, and revenge
For being defeated. Suppose this, it will not
Repair your loss, and there was never yet
But shame and scandal in a victory,
When the rebels unto reason, passions, fought it.
Then for revenge, by great souls it was ever
Contemned, though offered; entertained by none
But cowards, base and abject spirits, strangers
To moral honesty, and never yet
Acquainted with religion.
*Lord Lacy.* Our divines
Cannot speak more effectually.
*Sir John.* Shall I be
Talked out of my money?
*Luke.* No, sir, but entreated
To do yourself a benefit, and preserve
What you possess entire.
*Sir John.* How, my good brother?
*Luke.* By making these your beadsmen. When they eat,
Their thanks, next heaven, will be paid to your mercy;
When your ships are at sea, their prayers will swell
The sails with prosperous winds, and guard them from
Tempests and pirates; keep your warehouses
From fire, or quench them with their tears.
*Sir John.* No more.
*Luke.* Write you a good man in the people's hearts,
Follow you everywhere.
*Sir John.* If this could be——
*Luke.* It must, or our devotions are but words.
I see a gentle promise in your eye,
Make it a blessed act, and poor me rich
In being the instrument.
*Sir John.* You shall prevail;
Give them longer day: but, do you hear? no talk of 't.
Should this arrive at twelve on the Exchange,
I shall be laughed at for my foolish pity,
Which money-men hate deadly.

### *Unequal Love.—From the 'Great Duke of Florence.'*

GIOVANNI, nephew to the Grand-duke, taking leave of LIDIA, daughter of his Tutor.

*Lidia.* Must you go, then,
So suddenly?
*Giovanni.* There 's no evasion, Lidia,
To gain the least delay, though I would buy it
At any rate. Greatness, with private men
Esteemed a blessing, is to me a curse;
And we, whom, for our high births, they conclude
The only freemen, are the only slaves:
Happy the golden mean! Had I been born
In a poor sordid cottage, not nursed up
With expectation to command a court,
I might, like such of your condition, sweetest,
Have ta'en a safe and middle course, and not,
As I am now, against my choice, compelled
Or to lie grovelling on the earth, or raised
So high upon the pinnacles of state,
That I must either keep my height with danger,
Or fall with certain ruin.
*Lidia.* Your own goodness
Will be your faithful guard.
*Giov.* O Lidia! For had I been your equal,
I might have seen and liked with mine own eyes,
And not, as now, with others. I might still,
And without observation or envy,
As I have done, continued my delights
With you, that are alone, in my esteem,
The abstract of society: we might walk
In solitary groves, or in choice gardens;
From the variety of curious flowers
Contemplate nature's workmanship and wonders:
And then, for change, near to the murmur of
Some bubbling fountain, I might hear you sing,
And, from the well-tuned accents of your tongue,
In my imagination conceive
With what melodious harmony a choir
Of angels sing above their Maker's praises.
And then, with chaste discourse, as we returned,
Imp feathers to the broken wings of Time:
And all this I must part from.
*Contarini.* You forget
The haste imposed upon us.
*Giov.* One word more,
And then I come. And after this, when, with
Continued innocence of love and service,
I had grown ripe for hymeneal joys,
Embracing you, but with a lawful flame,
I might have been your husband.
*Lidia.* Sir, I was,
And ever am, your servant; but it was,
And 'tis far from me in a thought to cherish,
Such saucy hopes. If I had been the heir
Of all the globes and sceptres mankind bows to,
At my best you had deserved me; as I am,
Howe'er unworthy, in my virgin zeal,
I wish you, as a partner of your bed,
A princess equal to you; such a one
That may make it the study of her life,
With all the obedience of a wife, to please you;
May you have happy issue, and I live
To be their humblest handmaid!
*Giov.* I am dumb, and can make no reply;
This kiss, bathed in tears,
May learn you what I should say.

## JOHN FORD.

Contemporary with Massinger, and possessing kindred tastes and powers, was **JOHN FORD** (1586–1639). This author wisely trusted to a regular profession, not to dramatic literature, for his support. He was of a good Devonshire family, and bred to the law. His first efforts as a writer for the stage were made in unison with Webster and Dekker. He also joined with the latter, and with Rowley, in composing the ***Witch of Edmonton***, already mentioned, the last act of which seems to be Ford's. In 1628 appeared the ***Lover's Melancholy***, dedicated to his friends of the Society of Gray's Inn. In 1633 were printed his three tragedies, the ***Brother and Sister***, the ***Broken Heart***, and ***Love's Sacrifice***. He next wrote ***Perkin Warbeck***, a correct and spirited historical drama. Two other pieces, ***Fancies Chaste and Noble***, and the ***Lady's Trial***, produced in 1638 and 1639, complete the list of Ford's works. He is supposed to have died shortly after the production of his last play.

A tone of pensive tenderness and pathos, with a peculiarly soft and musical style of blank verse, characterise this poet. The choice of his subjects was unhappy, for he has devoted to incestuous passion the noblest offerings of his muse. The scenes in his ***Brother and Sister***, descriptive of the criminal loves of Annabella and Giovanni, are painfully interesting and harrowing to the feelings, but contain his finest poetry and expression. The old dramatists loved to sport and dally with such forbidden themes, which tempted the imagination, and awoke those slumbering fires of pride, passion, and wickedness that lurk in the recesses of the human heart. They lived in an age of excitement—the newly awakened intellect warring with the senses—the baser parts of humanity with its noblest qualities. In this struggle the dramatic poets were plunged, and they depicted forcibly what they saw and felt. Much as they wrote, their time was not spent in shady retirement; they flung themselves into the full tide of the passions, sounded its depths, wrestled with its difficulties and defilements, and were borne onwards in headlong career. A few, like poor Marlowe and Greene, sunk early in undeplored misery, and nearly all were unhappy. This very recklessness and daring, however, gave a mighty impulse and freedom to their genius. They were emancipated from ordinary restraints; they were strong in their sceptic pride and self-will; they surveyed the whole of life, and gave expression to those wild half-shaped thoughts and unnatural promptings, which wiser conduct and reflection would have instantly repressed and condemned. With them, the passion of love was an all-pervading fire, that consumed the decencies of life; sometimes it was gross and sensual, but in other moments imbued with a wild preternatural sweetness and fervour. Anger, pity, jealousy, revenge, remorse, and the other primary feelings and elements of our nature, were crowded into their short existence as into their scenes. Nor was the light of religion quenched: there were glimpses of heaven in the midst of the darkest vice and debauchery. The better genius of Shakspeare lifted him above this agitated region; yet his *Venus and Adonis*, and the *Sonnets*, shew that he had been at one time soiled by some of its impurities. Ford was apparently of regular deportment, but of morbid diseased imagination.* His latest biographer (Mr Hartley Coleridge) suggests, that the choice of horrible stories for his two best plays may have been merely an exercise of intellectual power. 'His moral sense was gratified by indignation at the dark possibilities of sin, and by compassion for rare extremes of suffering.' Ford was destitute of the fire and grandeur of the heroic drama. Charles Lamb ranks him with the first order of poets; but this praise is excessive. Admitting his sway over the tender passions, and the occasional beauty of his language and conceptions, he wants the elevation of great genius. He has, as Hallam remarks, the power over tears; for he makes his readers sympathise even with his vicious characters.'

### *A Dying Bequest.—From the 'Broken Heart.'*

CALANTHA.—PENTHEA.

*Calantha.* Being alone, Penthea, you have granted
The opportunity you sought, and might
At all times have commanded.
*Penthea.* 'Tis a benefit
Which I shall owe your goodness even in death for.
My glass of life, sweet princess, hath few minutes
Remaining to run down; the sands are spent:
For, by an inward messenger, I feel
The summons of departure short and certain.
*Cal.* You feed too much your melancholy.
*Pen.* Glories
Of human greatness are but pleasing dreams,
And shadows soon decaying: on the stage
Of my mortality my youth hath acted
Some scenes of vanity, drawn out at length;
By varied pleasures sweetened in the mixture,
But tragical in issue.
*Cal.* Contemn not your condition for the proof
Of bare opinion only: to what end
Reach all these moral texts?
*Pen.* To place before ye
A perfect mirror, wherein you may see
How weary I am of a lingering life,
Who count the best a misery.
*Cal.* Indeed,
You have no little cause; yet none so great
As to distrust a remedy.
*Pen.* That remedy
Must be a winding-sheet, a fold of lead,
And some untrod-on corner in the earth.
Not to detain your expectation, princess,
I have an humble suit.
*Cal.* Speak, and enjoy it.
*Pen.* Vouchsafe, then, to be my executrix;
And take that trouble on ye, to dispose
Such legacies as I bequeath impartially:
I have not much to give, the pains are easy;
Heaven will reward your piety and thank it,
When I am dead: for sure I must not live;
I hope I cannot.
*Cal.* Now beshrew thy sadness;
Thou turn'st me too much woman.
*Pen.* Her fair eyes
Melt into passion: then I have assurance
Encouraging my boldness. In this paper
My will was charactered; which you, with pardon,
Shall now know from mine own mouth.
*Cal.* Talk on, prithee;
It is a pretty earnest.
*Pen.* I have left me
But three poor jewels to bequeath. The first is
My youth; for though I am much old in griefs,
In years I am a child.
*Cal.* To whom that?
*Pen.* To virgin wives; such as abuse not wedlock
By freedom of desires, but covet chiefly
The pledges of chaste beds, for ties of love
Rather than ranging of their blood: and next,
To married maids; such as prefer the number
Of honourable issue in their virtues,
Before the flattery of delights by marriage;
May those be ever young.
*Cal.* A second jewel
You mean to part with?
*Pen.* 'Tis my fame; I trust
By scandal yet untouched: this I bequeath
To Memory and Time's old daughter, Truth.
If ever my unhappy name find mention,
When I am fallen to dust, may it deserve
Beseeming charity without dishonour.
*Cal.* How handsomely thou play'st with harmless sport
Of mere imagination! Speak the last.
I strangely like thy will.
*Pen.* This jewel, madam,
Is dearly precious to me; you must use
The best of your discretion, to employ
This gift as I intend it.
*Cal.* Do not doubt me.
*Pen.* 'Tis long ago, since first I lost my heart;
Long I have lived without it: but instead
Of it, to great Calantha, Sparta's heir,
By service bound, and by affection vowed,
I do bequeath in holiest rites of love
Mine only brother Ithocles.
*Cal.* What saidst thou?
*Pen.* Impute not, heaven-blest lady, to ambition,
A faith as humbly perfect as the prayers
Of a devoted suppliant can endow it:

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* Some unknown contemporary has preserved a graphic trait of Ford's appearance and reserved deportment:

Deep in a dump John Ford alone was got,
With folded arms and melancholy hat.

Look on him, princess, with an eye of pity;
How like the ghost of what he late appeared
He moves before you!
*Cal.* Shall I answer here,
Or lend my ear too grossly?
*Pen.* First his heart
Shall fall in cinders, scorched by your disdain,
Ere he will dare, poor man, to ope an eye
On these divine looks, but with low-bent thoughts
Accusing such presumption: as for words,
He dares not utter any but of service;
Yet this lost creature loves you. Be a princess
In sweetness as in blood; give him his doom,
Or raise him up to comfort.
*Cal.* What new change
Appears in my behaviour that thou darest
Tempt my displeasure?
*Pen.* I must leave the world,
To revel in Elysium; and 'tis just
To wish my brother some advantage here.
Yet by my best hopes, Ithocles is ignorant
Of this pursuit. But if you please to kill him,
Lend him one angry look, or one harsh word,
And you shall soon conclude how strong a power
Your absolute authority holds over
His life and end.
*Cal.* You have forgot, Penthea,
How still I have a father.
*Pen.* But remember
I am sister: though to me this brother
Hath been, you know, unkind, O most unkind.
*Cal.* Christalla, Philema, where are ye?—Lady,
Your check lies in my silence.

### *Contention of a Bird and a Musician.*[*]

From the *Lover's Melancholy.*

MENAPHON and AMETHUS.

*Menaphon.* Passing from Italy to Greece, the tales
Which poets of an elder time have feigned
To glorify their Tempe, bred in me
Desire of visiting that paradise.
To Thessaly I came; and living private,
Without acquaintance of more sweet companions
Than the old inmates to my love, my thoughts,
I day by day frequented silent groves,
And solitary walks. One morning early
This accident encountered me: I heard
The sweetest and most ravishing contention,
That art [and] nature ever were at strife in.
*Amethus.* I cannot yet conceive what you infer
By art and nature.
*Men.* I shall soon resolve you.
A sound of music touched mine ears, or rather,
Indeed, entranced my soul: As I stole nearer,
Invited by the melody, I saw
This youth, this fair-faced youth, upon his lute,
With strains of strange variety and harmony,
Proclaiming, as it seemed, so bold a challenge
To the clear choristers of the woods, the birds,
That, as they flocked about him, all stood silent,
Wondering at what they heard. I wondered too.
*Amet.* And so do I; good! on.
*Men.* A nightingale,
Nature's best skilled musician, undertakes
The challenge, and for every several strain
The well-shaped youth could touch, she sung her own;
He could not run division with more art
Upon his quaking instrument, than she,
The nightingale, did with her various notes
Reply to: for a voice, and for a sound,
Amethus, 'tis much easier to believe
That such they were, than hope to hear again.
*Amet.* How did the rivals part?
*Men.* You term them rightly;
For they were rivals, and their mistress, Harmony.
Some time thus spent, the young man grew at last
Into a pretty anger, that a bird
Whom art had never taught cliffs, moods, or notes,
Should vie with him for mastery, whose study
Had busied many hours to perfect practice:
To end the controversy, in a rapture
Upon his instrument he plays so swiftly,
So many voluntaries, and so quick,
That there was curiosity and cunning,
Concord in discord, lines of differing method
Meeting in one full centre of delight.
*Amet.* Now for the bird.
*Men.* The bird, ordained to be
Music's first martyr, strove to imitate
These several sounds: which, when her warbling
throat
Failed in, for grief, down dropped she on his lute,
And brake her heart! It was the quaintest sadness,
To see the conqueror upon her hearse,
To weep a funeral elegy of tears;
That, trust me, my Amethus, I could chide
Mine own unmanly weakness, that made me
A fellow-mourner with him.
*Amet.* I believe thee.
*Men.* He looked upon the trophies of his art,
Then sighed, then wiped his eyes, then sighed and
cried:
'Alas, poor creature! I will soon revenge
This cruelty upon the author of it:
Henceforth, this lute, guilty of innocent blood,
Shall never more betray a harmless peace
To an untimely end:' and in that sorrow,
As he was pashing it against a tree,
I suddenly stepped in.
*Amet.* Thou hast discoursed
A truth of mirth and pity.

## THOMAS HEYWOOD.

THOMAS HEYWOOD was one of the most indefatigable of dramatic writers. He had, as he informs his readers, 'an entire hand, or at least a main finger,' in two hundred and twenty plays. He wrote also several prose works, besides attending to his business as an actor. Of his huge dramatic library, only twenty-three plays have come down to us, the best of which are: *A Woman Killed with Kindness*, the *English Traveller*, *A Challenge for Beauty*, the *Royal King and Loyal Subject*, the *Lancashire Witches*, the *Rape of Lucrece*, *Love's Mistress*, &c. The few particulars respecting Heywood's life and history have been gleaned from his own writings and the dates of his plays. The time of his birth is not known; but he was a native of Lincolnshire, and was a fellow of Peter-House, Cambridge: he is found writing for the stage in 1596, and he continued to exercise his ready pen down to the year 1640. In one of his prologues, he thus adverts to the various sources of his multifarious labours:

To give content to this most curious age,
The gods themselves we 've brought down to the stage,
And figured them in planets; made even hell
Deliver up the Furies, by no spell
Saving the Muse's rapture—further we
Have trafficked by their help; no history
We have left unrifled; our pens have been dipped
As well in opening each hid manuscript
As tracks more vulgar, whether read or sung
In our domestic or more foreign tongue:

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[*] For an amplification of the subject of this extract, see notice of RICHARD CRASHAW.

Of fairies, elves, nymphs of the sea and land,
The lawns, the groves, no number can be scanned
Which we have not given feet to.

This was written in 1637, and it shews how eager the playgoing public were then for novelties, though they possessed the theatre of Shakspeare and his contemporaries. The death of Heywood is equally unknown with the date of his birth. As a dramatist, he had a poetical fancy and abundance of classical imagery; but his taste was defective; and scenes of low buffoonery, 'merry accidents, intermixed with apt and witty jests,' deform his pieces. His humour, however, is more pure and moral than that of most of his contemporaries. 'There is a natural repose in his scenes,' says a dramatic critic, 'which contrasts pleasingly with the excitement that reigns in most of his contemporaries. Middleton looks upon his characters with the feverish anxiety with which we listen to the trial of great criminals, or watch their behaviour upon the scaffold. Webster lays out their corpses in the prison, and sings the dirge over them when they are buried at midnight in unhallowed ground. Heywood leaves his characters before they come into these situations. He walks quietly to and fro among them while they are yet at large as members of society; contenting himself with a sad smile at their follies, or with a frequent warning to them on the consequences of their crimes.'* The following description of Psyche, from *Love's Mistress*, is in his best manner:

Admetus.—Astioche.—Petrea.

*Admetus.* Welcome to both in one! Oh, can you tell
What fate your sister hath?
*Both.* Psyche is well.
*Adm.* So among mortals it is often said,
Children and friends are well when they are dead.
*Astioche.* But Psyche lives, and on her breath attend
Delights that far surmount all earthly joy;
Music, sweet voices, and ambrosian fare;
Winds, and the light-winged creatures of the air;
Clear channeled rivers, springs, and flowery meads,
Are proud when Psyche wantons on their streams,
When Psyche on their rich embroidery treads,
When Psyche gilds their crystal with her beams.
We have but seen our sister, and, behold!
She sends us with our laps full brimmed with gold.

In 1635, Heywood published a poem entitled the *Hierarchy of Angels*. In this piece he tells us how the names of his dramatic contemporaries were shortened or corrupted in familiar conversation:

Mellifluous Shakspeare, whose enchanting quill
Commanded mirth or passion, was but Will;
And famous Jonson, though his learned pen
Be dipped in Castaly, is still but Ben.
Fletcher and Webster, of that learned pack
None of the meanest, was but Jack;
Dekker but Tom, nor May, nor Middleton,
And he 's but now Jack Ford that once was John.

Various songs are scattered through Heywood's neglected plays, some of them easy and flowing:

*Song.*

Pack, clouds, away, and welcome day;
With night we banish sorrow:
Sweet air, blow soft; mount, lark, aloft,
To give my love good-morrow:
Wings from the wind to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I 'll borrow:
Bird, prune thy wing; nightingale, sing,
To give my love good-morrow.
To give my love good-morrow,
Notes from them all I 'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin-redbreast;
Sing, birds, in every furrow;
And from each bill let music shrill
Give my fair love good-morrow.
Blackbird and thrush in every bush—
Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow—
You pretty elves, amongst yourselves,
Sing my fair love good-morrow.
To give my love good-morrow,
Sing, birds, in every furrow.

*Shepherds' Song.*

We that have known no greater state
Than this we live in, praise our fate;
For courtly silks in cares are spent,
When country's russet breeds content.
The power of sceptres we admire,
But sheep-hooks for our use desire.
Simple and low is our condition,
For here with us is no ambition:
We with the sun our flocks unfold,
Whose rising makes their fleeces gold;
Our music from the birds we borrow,
They bidding us, we, them, good-morrow.
Our habits are but coarse and plain,
Yet they defend from wind and rain;
As warm too, in an equal eye,
As those be-stained in scarlet dye.
The shepherd, with his home-spun lass,
As many merry hours doth pass,
As courtiers with their costly girls,
Though richly decked in gold and pearls;
And, though but plain, to purpose woo,
Nay, often with less danger too.
Those that delight in dainties' store,
One stomach feed at once, no more;
And, when with homely fare we feast,
With us it doth as well digest;
And many times we better speed,
For our wild fruits no surfeits breed.
If we sometimes the willow wear,
By subtle swains that dare forswear,
We wonder whence it comes, and fear
They 've been at court, and learnt it there.

## JAMES SHIRLEY.

The last of these dramatists—'a great race,' says Charles Lamb, 'all of whom spoke nearly the same language, and had a set of moral feelings and notions in common'—was **JAMES SHIRLEY** (1594–1666). Though chronologically belonging to a later period than that of James I. Shirley's plays are of the same general character as those of his predecessors, with perhaps a dash of the gay cavalier spirit, which was reviving. This dramatist was a native of London. Designed for holy orders, he was educated first at Oxford, where Archbishop Laud refused to ordain him, on account of his appearance being disfigured by a mole on his left cheek. He afterwards took the degree of A.M. at Cambridge, and officiated as curate near St Albans. Like his brother divine and poet, Crashaw, Shirley embraced the communion of the Church of Rome. He lived as a schoolmaster in St Albans, but afterwards settled in London, and became a voluminous dramatic writer. Thirty-nine plays proceeded from his prolific pen; and a modern edition of his works (1833), edited by Gifford, with additions by Dyce, is in six octavo volumes. When the Master of the Revels, in 1633, licensed Shirley's play of the *Young Admiral*, he entered on his books an expression of his admiration of the drama, because it was free from oaths, profaneness, or obsceneness; trusting that his approbation would encourage the poet 'to pursue this beneficial and cleanly way of poetry.' Shirley is certainly less impure than most of his contemporaries, but he is far from faultless in this respect. His dramas seem to have been tolerably successful. When the civil wars broke out, the poet exchanged the pen for the sword, and took the field under his patron, the Earl of Newcastle. After the cessation of this struggle, a still worse misfortune befell our author in the shutting of the theatres, and he was forced to betake himself to his former occupation of a teacher. The Restoration does not seem to have mended his fortunes. In 1666, the Great Fire of London drove the poet and his family from their house in Whitefriars; and shortly after this event, both he and his wife died on the same day. A life of various labours and reverses thus found a sudden and tragic termination. Shirley's plays have less force and dignity than those of Massinger; less pathos than those of Ford. His comedies have the tone and manner of good society. Campbell has praised his 'polished and refined dialect, the airy touches of his expression, the delicacy of his sentiments, and the beauty of his similes.' He admits, however, what every reader *feels*, the want in Shirley of any strong passion or engrossing interest. Hallam more justly and comprehensively states: 'Shirley has no originality, no force in conceiving or delineating character, little of pathos, and less, perhaps, of wit; his dramas produce no deep impression in reading, and, of course, can leave none in the memory. But his mind was poetical; his better characters, especially females, express pure thoughts in pure language; he is never tumid or affected, and seldom obscure; the incidents succeed rapidly, the personages are numerous, and there is a general animation in the scenes, which causes us to read him with some pleasure. No very good play, nor possibly any very good scene, could be found in Shirley; but he has many lines of considerable beauty.' Of these fine lines, Dr Farmer, in his *Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare*, quoted perhaps the most beautiful, being part of Fernando's description, in the *Brothers*, of the charms of his mistress:

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* Henry Mackenzie in *Edinburgh Review*, vol. lxiii.

Her eye did seem to labour with a tear,
Which suddenly took birth, but overweighed
With its own swelling, dropt upon her bosom,
Which, by reflection of her light, appeared
As nature meant her sorrow for an ornament.
After, her looks grew cheerful, and I saw
A smile shoot graceful upward from her eyes,
As if they had gained a victory o'er grief;
And with it many beams twisted themselves,
Upon whose golden threads the angels walk
To and again from heaven.

In the same vein of delicate fancy and feeling is the following passage in the *Grateful Servant*, where Cleona learns of the existence of Foscari, from her page, Dulcino:

*Cleona.* The day breaks glorious to my darkened thoughts.
He lives, he lives yet! Cease, ye amorous fears,
More to perplex me.—Prithee, speak, sweet youth.
How fares my lord? Upon my virgin heart
I 'll build a flaming altar, to offer up
A thankful sacrifice for his return
To life and me. Speak, and increase my comforts.
Is he in perfect health?
*Dulcino.* Not perfect, madam,
Until you bless him with the knowledge of
Your constancy.
*Cle.* O get thee wings, and fly, then;
Tell him my love doth burn like vestal fire,
Which, with his memory richer than all spices,
Disperses odours round about my soul,
And did refresh it when 'twas dull and sad,
With thinking of his absence.
Yet stay,
Thou goest away too soon. Where is he? speak.
*Dul.* He gave me no commission for that, lady;
He will soon save that question by his presence.
*Cle.* Time has no feathers; he walks now on crutches.
Relate his gestures when he gave thee this.
What other words? Did mirth smile on his brow?
I would not for the wealth of this great world
He should suspect my faith. What said he, prithee?
*Dul.* He said what a warm lover, when desire
Makes eloquent, could speak; he said you were
Both star and pilot.
*Cle.* The sun's loved flower, that shuts his yellow curtain
When he declineth, opens it again
At his fair rising: with my parting lord
I closed all my delight; till his approach
It shall not spread itself.

### *The Prodigal Lady.—From the 'Lady of Pleasure.'*

ARETINA and the STEWARD.

*Steward.* Be patient, madam; you may have your pleasure.
*Aretina.* 'Tis that I came to town for; I would not
Endure again the country conversation
To be the lady of six shires! The men,
So near the primitive making, they retain
A sense of nothing but the earth; their brains
And barren heads standing as much in want
Of ploughing as their ground: to hear a fellow
Make himself merry and his horse with whistling
Sellinger's round;[1] t' observe with what solemnity
They keep their wakes, and throw for pewter candlesticks;
How they become the morris, with whose bells
They ring all into Whitsun-ales, and swear
Through twenty scarfs and napkins, till the hobbyhorse
Tire, and the Maid-Marian, dissolved to a jelly,
Be kept for spoon-meat.
*Stew.* These, with your pardon, are no argument
To make the country life appear so hateful;
At least to your particular, who enjoyed
A blessing in that calm, would you be pleased
To think so, and the pleasure of a kingdom:
While your own will commanded what should move
Delights, your husband's love and power joined
To give your life more harmony. You lived there
Secure and innocent, beloved of all;
Praised for your hospitality, and prayed for:
You might be envied, but malice knew
Not where you dwelt.—I would not prophesy,
But leave to your own apprehension
What may succeed your change.

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[1] A favourite though homely dance of those days, taking its title from an actor named St Leger.

*Aret.* You do imagine,
No doubt, you have talked wisely, and confuted
London past all defence. Your master should
Do well to send you back into the country,
With title of superintendent bailie.

Enter Sir Thomas Bornwell.

*Bornwell.* How now, what 's the matter?
Angry, sweetheart?
*Aret.* I am angry with myself,
To be so miserably restrained in things
Wherein it doth concern your love and honour
To see me satisfied.
*Born.* In what, Aretina,
Dost thou accuse me? Have I not obeyed
All thy desires against mine own opinion?
Quitted the country, and removed the hope
Of our return by sale of that fair lordship
We lived in; changed a calm and retired life
For this wild town, composed of noise and charge?
*Aret.* What charge more than is necessary
For a lady of my birth and education?
*Born.* I am not ignorant how much nobility
Flows in your blood; your kinsmen, great and powerful
I' th' state; but with this lose not your memory
Of being my wife. I shall be studious,
Madam, to give the dignity of your birth
All the best ornaments which become my fortune;
But would not flatter it, to ruin both,
And be the fable of the town, to teach
Other men loss of wit by mine, employed
To serve your vast expenses.
*Aret.* Am I then
Brought in the balance so, sir?
*Born.* Though you weigh
Me in a partial scale, my heart is honest,
And must take liberty to think you have
Obeyed no modest counsel to effect,
Nay, study, ways of pride and costly ceremony.
Your change of gaudy furniture, and pictures
Of this Italian master, and that Dutchman's;
Your mighty looking-glasses, like artillery,
Brought home on engines; the superfluous plate;
Antique and novel; vanities of tires;
Fourscore pound suppers for my lord, your kinsman;
Banquets for t' other lady, aunt, and cousins;
And perfumes that exceed all: train of servants,
To stifle us at home and shew abroad,
More motley than the French or the Venetian,
About your coach, whose rude postilion
Must pester every narrow lane, till passengers
And tradesmen curse your choking up their stalls,
And common cries pursue your ladyship
For hindering o' their market.
*Aret.* Have you done, sir?
*Born.* I could accuse the gaiety of your wardrobe
And prodigal embroideries, under which
Rich satins, plushes, cloth of silver, dare
Not shew their own complexions; your jewels,
Able to burn out the spectator's eyes,
And shew like bonfires on you by the tapers:
Something might here be spared, with safety of
Your birth and honour, since the truest wealth
Shines from the soul, and draws up just admirers.
I could urge something more.
*Aret.* Pray, do; I like
Your homily of thrift.
*Born.* I could wish, madam,
You would not game so much.
*Aret.* A gamester too!
*Born.* But are not come to that repentance yet
Should teach you skill enough to raise your profit;
You look not through the subtlety of cards
And mysteries of dice, nor can you save
Charge with the box, buy petticoats and pearls,
And keep your family by the precious income;
Nor do I wish you should. My poorest servant
Shall not upbraid my tables, nor his hire,
Purchased beneath my honour. You make play,
Not a pastime, but a tyranny, and vex
Yourself and my estate by 't.
*Aret.* Good; proceed.
*Born.* Another game you have, which consumes more
Your fame than purse; your revels in the night,
Your meetings called the ball, to which appear,
As to the court of pleasure, all your gallants
And ladies, thither bound by a subpœna
Of Venus and small Cupid's high displeasure;
'Tis but the Family of Love translated
Into more costly sin. There was a play on 't,
And had the poet not been bribed to a modest
Expression of your antic gambols in 't,
Some darks had been discovered, and the deeds too;
In time he may repent, and make some blush
To see the second part danced on the stage.
My thoughts acquit you for dishonouring me
By any foul act, but the virtuous know
'Tis not enough to clear ourselves, but the
Suspicions of our shame.
*Aret.* Have you concluded
Your lecture?
*Born.* I have done; and howsoever
My language may appear to you, it carries
No other than my fair and just intent
To your delights, without curb to their modest
And noble freedom.

In the *Ball*, a comedy partly by Chapman, but chiefly by Shirley, a coxcomb (Bostock), crazed on the point of family, is shewn up in the most admirable manner. Sir Marmaduke Travers, by way of fooling him, tells him that he is rivalled in his suit of a particular lady by Sir Ambrose Lamount.

### *Scene from the 'Ball.'*

Bostock and Sir Marmaduke.

*Bostock.* Does she love anybody else?
*Marmaduke.* I know not;
But she has half a score upon my knowledge,
Are suitors for her favour.
*Bos.* Name but one,
And if he cannot shew as many coats——
*Mar.* He thinks he has good cards for her, and likes
His game well.
*Bos.* Be an understanding knight,
And take my meaning; if he cannot shew
As much in heraldry——
*Mar.* I do not know how rich he is in fields,
But he is a gentleman.
*Bos.* Is he a branch of the nobility?
How many lords can he call cousin?—else
He must be taught to know he has presumed
To stand in competition with me.
*Mar.* You will not kill him?
*Bos.* You shall pardon me;
I have that within me must not be provoked;
There be some living now that have been killed
For lesser matters.
*Mar.* Some living that have been killed?
*Bos.* I mean some living that have seen examples,
Not to confront nobility; and I
Am sensible of my honour.
*Mar.* His name is
Sir Ambrose.
*Bos.* Lamount; a knight of yesterday,
And he shall die to-morrow; name another.
*Mar.* Not so fast, sir; you must take some breath.
*Bos.* I care no more for killing half-a-dozen
Knights of the lower house—I mean that are not
Descended from nobility—than I do
To kick any footman; an Sir Ambrose were

Knight of the Sun, king Oberon should not save him,
Nor his queen Mab.

ENTER SIR AMBROSE LAMOUNT.

*Mar.* Unluckily, he 's here, sir.
*Bos.* Sir Ambrose,
How does thy knighthood? ha!
*Ambrose.* My nymph of honour, well; I joy to see thee.
*Bos.* Sir Marmaduke tells me thou art suitor to
Lady Lucina.
*Amb.* I have ambition
To be her servant.
*Bos.* Hast? thou 'rt a brave knight, and I commend
Thy judgment.
*Amb.* Sir Marmaduke himself leans that way too.
*Bos.* Why didst conceal it? Come, the more the merrier.
But I could never see you there.
*Mar.* I hope,
Sir, we may live.
*Bos.* I 'll tell you, gentlemen,
Cupid has given us all one livery;
I serve that lady too; you understand me?
But who shall carry her, the Fates determine;
I could be knighted too.
*Amb.* That would be no addition to
Your blood.
*Bos.* I think it would not; so my lord told me;
Thou know'st my lord?—not the earl, my other
Cousin—there 's a spark his predecessors
Have matched into the blood; you understand
He put me upon this lady; I proclaim
No hopes; pray let 's together, gentlemen;
If she be wise—I say no more; she shall not
Cost me a sigh, nor shall her love engage me
To draw a sword; I have vowed that.
*Mar.* You did but jest before.
*Amb.* 'Twere pity that one drop
Of your heroic blood should fall to th' ground:
Who knows but all your cousin lords may die.
*Mar.* As I believe them not immortal, sir.
*Amb.* Then you are gulf of honour, swallow all,
May marry some queen yourself, and get princes
To furnish the barren parts of Christendom.

The finest verses of Shirley occur in his play, the *Contention of Ajax and Ulysses*. They are said to have been greatly admired by Charles II. The thoughts are elevated, and the expression highly poetical.

### *Death's Final Conquest.*

The glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate:
Death lays his icy hands on kings;
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield,
They tame but one another still;
Early or late,
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon Death's purple altar, now,
See where the victor victim bleeds:
All heads must come
To the cold tomb;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

There was a long cessation of the drama during the Civil War and the Commonwealth.

## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

In Puttenham's *Art of English Poesy* (1589), is the following 'ditty of Her Majesty's own making, passing sweet and harmonical:'

### *Verses by Queen Elisabeth.*

The doubt of future foes exiles my present joy,
And wit me warns to shun such snares as threaten mine annoy;
For falsehood now doth flow, and subject faith doth ebb,
Which would not be if reason ruled, or wisdom weaved the web.
But clouds of toys untried do cloak aspiring minds,
Which turn to rain, of late repent, by course of changed winds.
The top of hope supposed, the root of ruth will be,
And fruitless all their graffed guiles, as shortly ye shall see;
Then dazzled eyes with pride which great ambition blinds,
Shall be unsealed by worthy wights, whose foresight falsehood finds,
The daughter of debate, that eke discord doth sow,
Shall reap no grain where former rule hath taught still peace to grow.
No foreign banished wight shall anchor in this port;
Our realm it brooks no stranger's force—let them elsewhere resort.
Our rusty sword with rest shall first his edge employ,
To poll their tops that seek such change, and gape for future joy.

### *The Old and Young Courtier.*

An old song made by an aged old pate,
Of an old worshipful gentleman, who had a great estate,
That kept a brave old house at a bountiful rate,
And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate;
Like an old courtier of the queen's,
And the queen's old courtier.

With an old lady, whose anger one word assuages;
They every quarter paid their old servants their wages,
And never knew what belonged to coachmen, footmen, nor pages,
But kept twenty old fellows with blue coats and badges;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old study filled with learned old books;
With an old reverend chaplain—you might know him by his looks;
With an old buttery hatch worn quite off the hooks;
And an old kitchen, that maintained half-a-dozen old cooks;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old hall, hung about with pikes, guns, and bows,
With old swords and bucklers, that had borne many shrewd blows;
And an old frieze coat, to cover his worship's trunk hose;
And a cup of old sherry, to comfort his copper nose;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With a good old fashion, when Christmas was come,
To call in all his old neighbours with bagpipe and drum,
With good cheer enough to furnish every old room,
And old liquor enough to make a cat speak, and a man dumb;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old falconer, huntsmen, and a kennel full of hounds,
That never hawked nor hunted but on his own grounds;
Who, like a wise man, kept himself within his own bounds,
And when he died, gave every child a thousand good pounds;
Like an old courtier, &c.

But to his eldest son his house and lands he assigned,
Charging him in his will to keep the old bountiful mind,
To be good to his old tenants, and to his neighbours to be kind:
But in the ensuing ditty you shall hear how he was inclined;
Like a young courtier of the king's,
And the king's young courtier.

Like a flourishing young gallant, newly come to his land,
Who keeps a brace of painted madams at his command,
And takes up a thousand pounds upon his father's land,
And gets drunk in a tavern till he can neither go nor stand;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a newfangled lady, that is dainty, nice, and spare,
Who never knew what belonged to good housekeeping or care,
Who buys gaudy-coloured fans to play with wanton air,
And seven or eight different dressings of other women's hair;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new-fashioned hall, built where the old one stood,
Hung round with new pictures that do the poor no good,
With a fine marble chimney, wherein burns neither coal nor wood,
And a new smooth shovel-board, whereon no victuals ne'er stood;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new study, stuffed full of pamphlets and plays;
And a new chaplain, that swears faster than he prays;
With a new buttery hatch, that opens once in four or five days;
And a new French cook, to devise kickshaws and toys;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new fashion, when Christmas is drawing on,
On a new journey to London straight we all must begone,
And leave none to keep house but our new porter John,
Who relieves the poor with a thump on the back with a stone;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new gentleman-usher, whose carriage is complete;
With a new coachman, footmen, and pages to carry up the meat;
With a waiting-gentlewoman, whose dressing is very neat,
Who, when her lady has dined, lets the servants not eat;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With new titles of honour,* bought with his father's old gold,
For which sundry of his ancestors' old manors are sold;
And this is the course most of our new gallants hold,
Which makes that good housekeeping is now grown so cold
Among the young courtiers of the king,
Or the king's young courtiers.

### *Time's Alteration.*

When this old cap was new,
'Tis since two hundred year;
No malice then we knew,
But all things plenty were:
All friendship now decays
(Believe me, this is true);
Which was not in those days
When this old cap was new.

The nobles of our land
Were much delighted then
To have at their command
A crew of lusty men,
Which by their coats were known,
Of tawny, red, or blue,
With crests on their sleeves shewn,
When this old cap was new.

Now pride hath banished all,
Unto our land's reproach,
When he whose means is small,
Maintains both horse and coach:
Instead of a hundred men,
The coach allows but two;
This was not thought on then,
When this old cap was new.

Good hospitality
Was cherished then of many;
Now poor men starve and die,
And are not helped by any:
For charity waxeth cold,
And love is found in few;
This was not in time of old,
When this old cap was new.

Where'er you travelled then,
You might meet on the way
Brave knights and gentlemen,
Clad in their country gray;
That courteous would appear,
And kindly welcome you;
No Puritans then were,
When this old cap was new.

Our ladies in those days
In civil habit went;
Broad cloth was then worth praise,
And gave the best content,
French fashions then were scorned;
Fond fangles then none knew;
Then modesty women adorned,
When this old cap was new.

A man might then behold,
At Christmas, in each hall,
Good fires to curb the cold,
And meat for great and small:
The neighbours were friendly bidden,
And all had welcome true;
The poor from the gates were not chidden,
When this old cap was new.

Black jacks to every man
Were filled with wine and beer;
No pewter pot nor can
In those days did appear:
Good cheer in a nobleman's house
Was counted a seemly show;
We wanted no brawn nor souse,
When this old cap was new.

We took not such delight
In cups of silver fine;
None under the degree of a knight
In plate drank beer or wine:

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* This is supposed to refer to the creation of baronets by King James in 1611.

Now each mechanical man
Hath a cupboard of plate for a show;
Which was a rare thing then,
When this old cap was new.

Then bribery was unborn,
No simony men did use;
Christians did usury scorn,
Devised among the Jews.
The lawyers to be fee'd
At that time hardly knew;
For man with man agreed,
When this old cap was new.

No captain then caroused,
Nor spent poor soldiers' pay;
They were not so abused
As they are at this day:
Of seven days they make eight,
To keep from them their due;
Poor soldiers had their right,
When this old cap was new:

Which made them forward still
To go, although not prest;
And going with good-will,
Their fortunes were the best.
Our English then in fight
Did foreign foes subdue,
And forced them all to flight,
When this old cap was new.

God save our gracious king,
And send him long to live:
Lord, mischief on them bring
That will not their alms give,
But seek to rob the poor
Of that which is their due:
This was not in time of yore,
When this old cap was new.

### *There is a Garden in her Face.*

From *An Hour's Recreation in Music*, by Rich. Alison (1606).

There is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies grow;
A heavenly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow;
There cherries grow that none may buy,
Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do inclose
Of orient pearl a double row,
Which when her lovely laughter shews,
They look like rose-buds filled with snow:
Yet them no peer nor prince may buy,
Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still;
Her brows like bended bows do stand,
Threatening with piercing frowns to kill
All that approach with eye or hand
These sacred cherries to come nigh,
Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

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## PROSE LITERATURE.

The prose writers of this age rank high in philosophy and solid learning, forming a noble background to the brilliant file of poets. The name of Bacon alone would render it illustrious in the world's history; but we have also the massive intellect and eloquence of Hooker and Raleigh—the graceful romance of Sir Philip Sidney—the quaint erudition and fancy of Burton—the first valuable fruits of foreign travel and geographical discovery—and the researches of a host of annalists and antiquaries, the careful transmitters of national and legendary lore. Never was the popular mind more pregnant or fertile, though as yet the lighter graces of ease and elegance had not crowned our prose literature.

### JOHN FOX.

JOHN FOX, a distinguished English divine and historian, was born at Boston in 1517. He studied at Oxford, where he applied himself with extreme industry and ardour to the study of divinity, and in particular to the investigation of those controverted points which were then engaging so much of the public attention. He became a convert to Protestantism, and, in 1545, was in consequence expelled from his college. After this, being deserted by his friends, he was reduced to great poverty, till a Warwickshire knight engaged him as tutor to his family. Towards the end of the reign of Henry VIII. he went to London, where he might have perished for want, had not relief been administered to him by some unknown person, who seems to have been struck with his wretched appearance when sitting in St Paul's Cathedral. Soon after, he was fortunate enough to obtain employment as tutor in the Duchess of Richmond's family at Reigate, in Surrey, where he continued till the persecutions of Mary's reign made him flee for safety to the continent. Proceeding through Antwerp and Strasburg to Basel, he there supported himself by correcting the press for Oporinus, a celebrated printer. At the accession of Queen Elizabeth, he returned to England, and was kindly received and provided for by the Duke of Norfolk, who had been his pupil at Reigate. Through other powerful friends, he might now have obtained considerable preferment; but, entertaining conscientious scruples as to the articles which it was necessary to subscribe, and disapproving of some of the ceremonies of the church, he declined the offers made to him, except that of a prebend in the church of Salisbury, which he accepted with some reluctance. He died in 1587. Fox was the author of a number of Latin treatises, chiefly on theological subjects; but the work on which his fame rests is his History of the Acts and Monuments of the Church, popularly denominated Fox's Book of Martyrs. This celebrated production, on which the author laboured for eleven years, was published in 1563, under the title of *Acts and Monuments of these Latter Perillous Days, touching Matters of the Church, wherein are comprehended and described the Great Persecutions and Horrible Troubles that have been wrought and practised by the Romish Prelates, specially in this Realm of England and Scotland, from the Year of our Lord a Thousand, unto the Time now present*, &c. It was received with great favour by the Protestants, but was bitterly assailed by the Roman Catholics, and charged with gross misstatements. That the author has frequently erred, and, like other controversial writers of the time, sometimes lost his temper, and sullied his pages with coarse language, cannot be denied; he was also extremely credulous; but that he wilfully or malignantly misrepresented facts, no one has been able to prove. As to what he derived from written documents, Bishop Burnet bears strong testimony in his favour, by declaring that, 'having compared those Acts and Monuments with the records, he had never been able to discover any errors or prevarications in them, but the utmost fidelity and exactness.'

### *The Death of Queen Anne Boleyn.*

In certain records thus we find, that the king, being in his justs at Greenwich, suddenly, with a few persons, departed to Westminster; and the next day after, Queen Anne, his wife, was had to the Tower, with the Lord Rochford, her brother, and certain other, and the nineteenth day after, was beheaded. The words of this worthy and Christian lady, at her death, were these: 'Good Christian people, I am come hither to die; for, according to the law, and by the law, I am judged to death, and therefore I will speak nothing against it. I am come hither to accuse no man, nor to speak anything of that whereof I am accused, and condemned to die; but I pray God save the king, and send him long to reign over you, for a gentler or a more merciful prince was there never; and to me he was a very good, a gentle, and a sovereign lord. And if any person will meddle of my cause, I require them to judge the best. And thus I take my leave of the world, and of you all; and I heartily desire you all to pray for me. The Lord have mercy on me; to God I recommend my soul.' And so she kneeled down, saying: 'To Christ I commend my soul; Jesus, receive my soul,' repeating the same divers times, till at length the stroke was given, and her head was stricken off.

And this was the end of that godly lady and queen. Godly I call her, for sundry respects, whatsoever the cause was, or quarrel objected against her. First, her last words, spoken at her death, declared no less her sincere faith and trust in Christ than did her quiet modesty utter forth the goodness of the cause and matter, whatsoever it was. Besides that, to such as wisely can judge upon cases occurrent, this also may seem to give a great clearing unto her, that the king, the third day after, was married in his whites unto another. Certain this was, that for the rare and singular gifts of her mind, so well instructed, and given toward God, with such a fervent desire unto the truth, and setting forth of sincere religion, joined with like gentleness, modesty, and pity toward all men, there have not many such queens before her borne the crown of England. Principally, this one commendation she left behind her, that, during her life, the religion of Christ most happily flourished, and had a right prosperous course.

Many things might be written more of the manifold virtues, and the quiet moderation of her mild nature; how lowly she would bear, not only to be admonished, but also of her own accord would require her chaplains plainly and freely to tell whatsoever they saw in her amiss. Also, how bountiful she was to the poor, passing not only the poor example of other queens, but also the revenues almost of her estate: insomuch that the alms which she gave in three quarters of a year, in distribution, is summed to the number of fourteen or fifteen thousand pounds; besides the great piece of money which Her Grace intended to impart into four sundry quarters of the realm, as for a stock, there to be employed to the behoof of poor artificers and occupiers. Again, what a zealous defender she was of Christ's gospel all the world doth know, and her acts do and will declare to the world's end. Amongst which other her acts, this is one, that she placed Master Hugh Latimer in the bishopric of Worcester, and also preferred Dr Sharton to his bishopric, being then accounted a good man. Furthermore, what a true faith she bore unto the Lord, this one example may stand for many: for that, when King Henry was with her at Woodstock, and there being afraid of an old blind prophecy, for the which neither he nor other kings before him durst hunt in the said park of Woodstock, nor enter into the town of Oxford, at last, through the Christian and faithful counsel of that queen, he was so armed against all infidelity, that both he hunted in the foresaid park, and also entered into the town of Oxford, and had no harm. But because touching the memorable virtues of this worthy queen, partly we have said something before, partly because more also is promised to be declared of her virtuous life (the Lord so permitting), by other who then were about her, I will cease in this matter further to proceed.

### *A Notable History of William Hunter, a Young Man of 19 years, pursued to Death by Justice Brown, for the Gospel's Sake, worthy of all Young Men and Parents to be read.*

In the first year of Queen Mary, William Hunter, apprentice to a silk-weaver in London, was discharged from his master's employment, in consequence of his refusing to attend mass. Having returned to the house of his father at Bruntwood, he attracted the attention of the spiritual authorities by his reading a copy of the Scriptures. He was finally condemned to die for heresy.

In the meantime, William's father and mother came to him, and desired heartily of God that he might continue to the end in that good way which he had begun; and his mother said to him that she was glad that ever she was so happy to bear such a child, which could find in his heart to lose his life for Christ's name sake.

Then William said to his mother: 'For my little pain which I shall suffer, which is but a short braid, Christ hath promised me, mother,' said he, 'a crown of joy: may you not be glad of that, mother?' With that, his mother kneeled down on her knees, saying: 'I pray God strengthen thee, my son, to the end: yea, I think thee as well bestowed as any child that ever I bare.'

At the which words, Master Higbed took her in his arms, saying: 'I rejoice' (and so said the others) 'to see you in this mind, and you have a good cause to rejoice.' And his father and mother both said that they were never of other mind, but prayed for him, that as he had begun to confess Christ before men, he likewise might so continue to the end. William's father said: 'I was afraid of nothing, but that my son should have been killed in the prison for hunger and cold, the bishop was so hard to him.' But William confessed, after a month that his father was charged with his board, that he lacked nothing, but had meat and clothing enough, yea, even out of the court, both money, meat, clothes, wood, and coals, and all things necessary.

Thus they continued in their inn, being the Swan in Bruntwood, in a parlour, whither resorted many people of the country, to see those good men which were there; and many of William's acquaintance came to him, and reasoned with him, and he with them, exhorting them to come away from the abomination of popish superstition and idolatry.

Thus passing away Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, on Monday, at night, it happened that William had a dream about two of the clock in the morning, which was this: how that he was at the place where the stake was pight, where he should be burned, which (as he thought in his dream) was at the town's end where the butts[1] stood, which was so indeed; and also he dreamed that he met with his father, as he went to the stake, and also that there was a priest at the stake, which went about to have him recant. To whom he said (as he thought in his dream), how that he bade him away false prophet, and how that he exhorted the people to beware of him and such as he was; which things came to pass indeed. It happened that William made a noise to himself in his dream, which caused M. Higbed and the others to wake him out of his sleep, to know what he lacked. When he awaked, he told them his dream in order as is said.

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[1] Archery butts.

Now, when it was day, the sheriff, M. Brocket, called on to set forward to the burning of William Hunter. Then came the sheriff's son to William Hunter, and embraced him in his right arm, saying; 'William, be not afraid of these men, which are here present with bows, bills, and weapons, ready prepared to bring you to the place where you shall be burned.' To whom William answered: 'I thank God I am not afraid; for I have cast my count what it will cost me, already.' Then the sheriff's son could speak no more to him for weeping.

Then William Hunter plucked up his gown, and stepped over the parlour grounsel, and went forward cheerfully, the sheriff's servant taking him by one arm, and his brother by another; and thus going in the way, he met with his father, according to his dream, and he spake to his son, weeping, and saying: 'God be with thee, son William;' and William said: 'God be with you, good father, and be of good comfort, for I hope we shall meet again, when we shall be merry.' His father said: 'I hope so, William,' and so departed. So William went to the place where the stake stood, even according to his dream, whereas all things were very unready. Then William took a wet broom fagot, and kneeled down thereon, and read the 51st psalm, till he came to these words: 'The sacrifice of God is a contrite spirit; a contrite and a broken heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.'

Then said Master Tyrell of the Bratches, called William Tyrell: 'Thou liest,' said he; 'thou readest false, for the words are, "an humble spirit."' But William said: 'The translation saith "a contrite heart."' 'Yea,' quoth Mr Tyrell, 'the translation is false; ye translate books as ye list yourselves, like heretics.' 'Well,' quoth William, 'there is no great difference in those words.' Then said the sheriff: 'Here is a letter from the queen: if thou wilt recant, thou shalt live; if not, thou shalt be burned.' 'No,' quoth William, 'I will not recant, God willing.' Then William rose, and went to the stake, and stood upright to it. Then came one Richard Pond, a bailiff, and made fast the chain about William.

Then said Master Brown: 'Here is not wood enough to burn a leg of him.' Then said William: 'Good people, pray for me; and make speed, and despatch quickly; and pray for me while ye see me alive, good people, and I will pray for you likewise.' 'How!' quoth Master Brown, 'pray for thee? I will pray no more for thee than I will pray for a dog.' To whom William answered: 'Master Brown, now you have that which you sought for, and I pray God it be not laid to your charge in the last day; howbeit, I forgive you.' Then said Master Brown: 'I ask no forgiveness of thee.' 'Well,' said William, 'if God forgive you not, I shall require my blood at your hands.'

Then said William: 'Son of God, shine upon me!' and immediately the sun in the element shone out of a dark cloud so full in his face that he was constrained to look another way; whereat the people mused, because it was so dark a little time afore. Then William took up a fagot of broom, and embraced it in his arms.

Then this priest which William dreamed of came to his brother Robert with a popish book to carry to William, that he might recant; which book his brother would not meddle withal. Then William, seeing the priest, and perceiving how he would have shewed him the book, said: 'Away, thou false prophet! Beware of them, good people, and come away from their abominations, lest that you be partakers of their plagues.' Then quoth the priest: 'Look how thou burnest here; so shalt thou burn in hell.' William answered: 'Thou liest, thou false prophet! Away, thou false prophet! away!'

Then there was a gentleman which said: 'I pray God have mercy upon his soul.' The people said: 'Amen, Amen.'

Immediately fire was made. Then William cast his psalter right into his brother's hand, who said: 'William, think on the holy passion of Christ, and be not afraid of death.' And William answered: 'I am not afraid.' Then lift he up his hands to heaven, and said: 'Lord, Lord, Lord, receive my spirit!' And casting down his head again into the smothering smoke, he yielded up his life for the truth, sealing it with his blood to the praise of God.

## SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

Sir Philip Sidney was born in 1554, at Penshurst, in Kent; and during his studies at Shrewsbury and Oxford, displayed remarkable acuteness of intellect and desire for knowledge. After spending three years on the continent, he returned to England in 1575, and was introduced to the court by his uncle, the Earl of Leicester. At the famous reception given by Leicester to the queen at Kenilworth, in the summer of that year, Sidney was present. In the year 1580, in consequence of a quarrel with the Earl of Oxford, he retired from the court to the seat of his brother-in-law, the Earl of Pembroke, at Wilton, and there composed a pastoral romance, to which, as it was written chiefly for his sister's amusement, he gave the title of *The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia*. This production was never finished, and, not having been intended for the press, appeared only in 1590, four years after the author's death. A more complete edition, differently arranged, was published in 1593. His next work was a tract, entitled *An Apologie for Poetrie*, first published in 1595, and afterwards reprinted with the title of *The Defence of Poesie*. In this short treatise Sidney repelled the objections brought by the Puritans of his age against the poets, whom they called 'caterpillars of the commonwealth!' This production, though written with the partiality of a poet, has been deservedly admired for the beauty of its style and general soundness of its reasoning. In 1584, the character of his uncle, the celebrated Earl of Leicester, having been attacked in a publication called *Leicester's Commonwealth*, Sidney wrote a reply, in which, although the heaviest accusations were passed over in silence, he did not scruple to address his opponent in such terms as the following: 'But to thee I say, thou therein liest in thy throat, which I will be ready to justify upon thee in any place of Europe, where thou wilt assign me a free place of coming, as within three months after the publishing hereof I may understand thy mind.' This performance seems to have proved unsatisfactory to Leicester and his friends, as it was not printed till near the middle of the eighteenth century. In 1583 he was knighted by Queen Elizabeth. Desirous of active employment, Sidney next contemplated an expedition, with Sir Francis Drake, against the Spanish settlements in America; but this intention was frustrated by a peremptory mandate from the queen. In 1585, it is said, he was named one of the candidates for the crown of Poland, at that time vacant; on which occasion Elizabeth again threw obstacles in the way, being afraid 'to lose the jewel of her times.' He was not, however, long permitted to remain unemployed; for, in the same year, Elizabeth having determined to send military assistance to the Protestant inhabitants of the

Netherlands, then suffering under the oppressive measures of the Spaniards, he was appointed governor of Flushing, one of the towns ceded to the English in return for this aid. Soon afterwards, the Earl of Leicester, with an army of 6000 men, went over to the Netherlands, where he was joined by Sir Philip as general of the horse. The conduct of the earl in this war was highly imprudent, and such as to call forth repeated expressions of dissatisfaction from his nephew Philip. The military exploits of the latter were highly honourable to him; in particular, he succeeded in taking the town of Axel in 1586. His career, however, was destined to be short; for having, in September of the same year, accidentally encountered a detachment of the Spanish army at Zutphen, he received a wound, which in a few weeks proved mortal. As he was carried from the field, a well-known incident occurred, by which the generosity of his nature was strongly displayed. Being overcome with thirst from excessive bleeding and fatigue, he called for water, which was accordingly brought to him. At the moment he was lifting it to his mouth, a poor soldier was carried by desperately wounded, who fixed his eyes eagerly on the cup. Sidney, observing this, instantly delivered the beverage to him, saying: 'Thy necessity is yet greater than mine.' His death, which took place on the 19th of October 1586, at the early age of thirty-two, was deeply and extensively lamented, both at home and abroad. His bravery and chivalrous magnanimity—his grace and polish of manner—the purity of his morals—his learning and refinement of taste—had procured for him love and esteem wherever he was known. By the direction of Elizabeth, his remains were conveyed to London, and honoured with a public funeral in the cathedral of St Paul's.

Of the poetry of Sir Philip Sidney, we have spoken in a former page. It is almost exclusively as a prose writer that he deserves honourable mention in a history of English literature; and in judging of his merits, we ought to bear in mind the early age at which he was cut off. His romance of *Arcadia* was so universally read and admired in the reigns of Elizabeth and her successor, that in 1633 it had reached an eighth edition. Subsequently, however, it fell into comparative neglect, which, during the last century, the contemptuous terms in which it was spoken of by Horace Walpole contributed not a little to perpetuate. By Walpole the work is characterised as 'a tedious, lamentable, pedantic, pastoral romance, which the patience of a young virgin in love cannot now wade through.' And the judgment more recently pronounced by Dr Drake and Hazlitt is almost equally unfavourable. On the other hand, Sidney has found a fervent admirer in another modern writer, who highly extols the *Arcadia* in the second volume of the *Retrospective Review*. A middle course is steered by Dr Zouch, who, in his Memoirs of Sidney, published in 1808, while he admits that changes in taste, manners, and opinions, have rendered the *Arcadia* unsuitable to modern readers, maintains that 'there are passages in this work exquisitely beautiful—useful observations on life and manners—a variety and accurate discrimination of characters—fine sentiments expressed in strong and adequate terms—animated descriptions, equal to any that occur in the ancient or modern poets—sage lessons of morality, and judicious reflections on government and policy.' This does more than justice to the *Arcadia*, and its former high reputation is, doubtless, in a great degree attributable to the personal popularity of its author, and to the scarcity of works of prose fiction in the days of Elizabeth. But to whatever cause the admiration with which it was received may be ascribed, there can hardly be a question, that a work so extensively perused must have contributed not a little to fix the English tongue, and to form that vigorous and imaginative style which characterises the literature of the beginning and middle of the seventeenth century. Notwithstanding the occasional over-inflation and pedantry of his style, Sidney was, what Cowper felicitously calls him, a 'warbler of poetic prose.'

In his personal character, Sidney, like most men of high sensibility and poetic feeling, shewed a tendency to melancholy and solitude. His chief fault seems to have been impetuosity of temper, an illustration of which has already been given from his reply to *Leicester's Commonwealth*. The same trait appears in the following letter—containing what proved to be a groundless accusation—which he wrote in 1578 to the secretary of his father, then Lord-deputy of Ireland:

'MR MOLYNEUX—Few words are best. My letters to my father have come to the eyes of some. Neither can I condemn any but you for it. If it be so, you have played the very knave with me; and so I will make you know, if I have good proof of it. But that for so much as is past. For that is to come, I assure you before God, that if ever I know you do so much as read any letter I write to my father, without his commandment, or my consent, I will thrust my dagger into you. And trust to it, for I speak it in earnest. In the meantime, farewell.'

Of this 'jewel of Queen Elizabeth's reign,' a relic was exhibited before the Wilts Archæological Society at Salisbury in September 1854. Between the leaves of a copy of the *Arcadia*—unopened perhaps for a century and a half—in the library at Wilton House, were found wrapped up a lock of Queen Elizabeth's hair, and some complimentary lines addressed by Sidney when very young—if we may rely on the date given—to the Maiden Queen. The hair was soft and bright, of a light-brown colour, inclining to red, and on the paper inclosing it was written: 'This lock of Queen Elizabeth's own hair was presented to Sir Philip Sidney by Her Majesty's owne faire hands, on which he made these verses, and gave them to the queen on his bended knee. *Anno Domini* 1573.' And pinned to this was another paper, on which, written in a different hand—said to be Sidney's own—were the verses:

Her inward worth all outward show transcends,
Envy her merits with regret commends;
Like sparkling gems her virtues draw the sight,
And in her conduct she is alwaies bright.
When she imparts her thoughts, her words have force,
And sense and wisdom flow in sweet discourse.

Of the following extracts, three are from Sidney's *Arcadia*, and the fourth from his *Defence of Poesie*:

### *A Tempest.*

There arose even with the sun a veil of dark clouds before his face, which shortly, like ink poured into water, had blacked over all the face of heaven, preparing, as it were, a mournful stage for a tragedy to be played on. For, forthwith the winds began to speak louder, and, as in a tumultuous kingdom, to think themselves fittest instruments of commandment; and blowing whole storms of hail and rain upon them, they were sooner in danger than they could almost bethink themselves of change. For then the traitorous sea began to swell in pride against the afflicted navy, under which, while the heaven favoured them, it had lain so calmly; making mountains of itself, over which the tossed and tottering ship should climb, to be straight carried down again to a pit of hellish darkness, with such cruel blows against the sides of the ship, that, which way soever it went, was still in his malice, that there was left neither power to stay nor way to escape. And shortly had it so dissevered the loving company, which the day before had tarried together, that most of them never met again, but were swallowed up in his never-satisfied mouth.

### *Description of Arcadia.*

There were hills which garnished their proud heights with stately trees; humble valleys, whose base estate seemed comforted with the refreshing of silver rivers; meadows, enamelled with all sorts of eye-pleasing flowers; thickets, which being lined with most pleasant shade, were witnessed so too, by the cheerful disposition of many well-tuned birds; each pasture stored with sheep, feeding with sober security; while the pretty lambs, with bleating oratory, craved the dam's comfort; here a shepherd's boy piping, as though he should never be old; there a young shepherdess knitting, and withal singing; and it seemed that her voice comforted her hands to work, and her hands kept time to her voice-music.

### *A Stag-hunt.*

Then went they together abroad, the good Kalander entertaining them with pleasant discoursing—how well he loved the sport of hunting when he was a young man, how much in the comparison thereof he disdained all chamber delights, that the sun (how great a journey soever he had to make) could never prevent him with earliness, nor the moon, with her sober countenance, dissuade him from watching till midnight for the deer's feeding. O, said he, you will never live to my age, without you keep yourselves in breath with exercise, and in heart with joyfulness; too much thinking doth consume the spirits; and oft it falls out, that, while one thinks too much of his doing, he leaves to do the effect of his thinking. Then spared he not to remember, how much Arcadia was changed since his youth; activity and good fellowship being nothing in the price it was then held in; but, according to the nature of the old-growing world, still worse and worse. Then would he tell them stories of such gallants as he had known; and so, with pleasant company, beguiled the time's haste, and shortened the way's length, till they came to the side of the wood, where the hounds were in couples, staying their coming, but with a whining accent craving liberty; many of them in colour and marks so resembling, that it shewed they were of one kind. The huntsmen handsomely attired in their green liveries, as though they were children of summer, with staves in their hands to beat the guiltless earth, when the hounds were at a fault; and with horns about their necks, to sound an alarum upon a silly fugitive: the hounds were straight uncoupled, and ere long the stag thought it better to trust to the nimbleness of his feet than to the slender fortification of his lodging; but even his feet betrayed him; for, howsoever they went, they themselves uttered themselves to the scent of their enemies, who, one taking it of another, and sometimes believing the wind's advertisement, sometimes the view of their faithful counsellors the huntsmen, with open mouths, then denounced war, when the war was already begun. Their cry being composed of so well-sorted mouths, that any man would perceive therein some kind of proportion, but the skilful woodmen did find a music. Then delight and variety of opinion drew the horsemen sundry ways, yet cheering their hounds with voice and horn, kept still as it were together. The wood seemed to conspire with them against his own citizens, dispersing their noise through all his quarters; and even the nymph Echo left to bewail the loss of Narcissus, and became a hunter. But the stag was in the end so hotly pursued, that, leaving his flight, he was driven to make courage of despair; and so turning his head, made the hounds, with change of speech, to testify that he was at a bay: as if from hot pursuit of their enemy, they were suddenly come to a parley.

### *Praise of Poetry.*

The philosopher sheweth you the way, he informeth you of the particularities, as well of the tediousness of the way, as of the pleasant lodging you shall have when your journey is ended, as of the many by-turnings that may divert you from your way; but this is to no man, but to him that will read him, and read him with attentive studious painfulness; which constant desire whosoever hath in him, hath already passed half the hardness of the way, and therefore is beholden to the philosopher but for the other half. Nay, truly, learned men have learnedly thought, that where once reason hath so much overmastered passion, as that the mind hath a free desire to do well, the inward light each man hath in itself is as good as a philosopher's book; since in nature we know it is well to do well, and what is well and what is evil, although not in the words of art which philosophers bestow upon us; for out of natural conceit the philosophers drew it. But to be moved to do that which we know, or to be moved with desire to know, *hoc opus hic labor est* [' this is the grand difficulty'].

Now, therein, of all sciences—I speak still of human, and according to the human conceit—is our poet the monarch. For he doth not only shew the way, but giveth so sweet a prospect into the way, as will entice any man to enter into it. Nay, he doth, as if your journey should lie through a fair vineyard, at the very first, give you a cluster of grapes; that, full of that taste, you may long to pass further. He beginneth not with obscure definitions; which must blur the margin with interpretations, and load the memory with doubtfulness; but he cometh to you with words set in delightful proportion, either accompanied with, or prepared for, the well-enchanting skill of music; and with a tale, forsooth, he cometh unto you, with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney-corner; and pretending no more, doth intend the winning of the mind from wickedness to virtue; even as the child is often brought to take most wholesome things, by hiding them in such other as have a pleasant taste; which, if one should begin to tell them the nature of the aloes or rhubarbarum they should receive, would sooner take their physic at their ears than their mouth. So is it in men—most of whom are childish in the best things, till they be cradled in their graves. Glad they will be to hear the tales of Hercules, Achilles, Cyrus, Æneas; and hearing them, must needs hear the right description of wisdom, valour, and justice; which, if they had been barely—that is to say, philosophically—set out, they would swear they be brought to school again.

### LORD BURLEIGH.

Another of the favourites of Queen Elizabeth was WILLIAM CECIL, LORD BURLEIGH, who, for forty years, ably and faithfully served her in the capacity of secretary of state. He died in 1598, at the age of seventy-eight. As a minister, this celebrated individual was distinguished for wariness, application, sagacity, calmness, and a degree of closeness which sometimes degenerated into hypocrisy. Most of these qualities characterised also what is, properly speaking, his sole literary production; namely, *Precepts or Directions for the Well Ordering and Carriage of a Man's Life.* These precepts were addressed to his son, Robert Cecil, afterwards Earl of Salisbury.

#### *Choice of a Wife.*

When it shall please God to bring thee to man's estate, use great providence and circumspection in choosing thy wife. For from thence will spring all thy future good or evil. And it is an action of life like unto a stratagem of war, wherein a man can err but once. If thy estate be good, match near home and at leisure; if weak, far off and quickly. Inquire diligently of her disposition, and how her parents have been inclined in their youth. Let her not be poor, how generous soever. For a man can buy nothing in the market with gentility. Nor choose a base and uncomely creature altogether for wealth; for it will cause contempt in others, and loathing in thee. Neither make choice of a dwarf, or a fool; for, by the one thou shalt beget a race of pigmies; the other will be thy continual disgrace, and it will *yirke* thee to hear her talk. For thou shalt find it, to thy great grief, that there is nothing more fulsome than a she-fool.

#### *Domestic Economy.*

And touching the guiding of thy house, let thy hospitality be moderate, and, according to the means of thy estate, rather plentiful than sparing, but not costly. For I never knew any man grow poor by keeping an orderly table. But some consume themselves through secret vices, and their hospitality bears the blame. But banish swinish drunkards out of thine house, which is a vice impairing health, consuming much, and makes no show. I never heard praise ascribed to the drunkard, but for the well-bearing of his drink; which is a better commendation for a brewer's horse or a drayman, than for either a gentleman or a serving-man. Beware thou spend not above three of four parts of thy revenues; nor above a third part of that in thy house. For the other two parts will do no more than defray thy extraordinaries, which always surmount the ordinary by much; otherwise thou shalt live like a rich beggar, in continual want. And the needy man can never live happily nor contentedly. For every disaster makes him ready to mortgage or sell. And that gentleman who sells an acre of land, sells an ounce of credit. For gentility is nothing else but ancient riches. So that if the foundation shall at any time sink, the building must needs follow.

### EARL OF ESSEX.

ROBERT DEVEREUX, the gallant and unfortunate Earl of Essex (1567–1601), acquired his fame chiefly as a military commander; but he was a patron of men of letters, and an occasional writer, both in prose and verse. According to Ben Jonson, Essex sent twenty pieces to Spenser on his arrival in London, after his disastrous retreat from Ireland, which the poet refused, saying, 'he was sorry he had no time to spend them.' On the same authority we learn that the preface ('A. B. to the reader') to Sir Henry Savile's *Tacitus*, 1604, was written by Essex.

#### *On the History of Rome.*

There is no treasure so much enriches the mind of man as learning; there is no learning so proper for the direction of the life of man as history; there is no history (I speak only of profane) so well worth the reading as Tacitus. For learning, Nature acknowledgeth a reason, by leaving industry to finish her unperfect work, for without learning, the conceit is like a fruitful soil without tilling, the memory like a store-house without wares, the will like a ship without a rudder. For history, since we are earlier taught by example than by precept, what study can profit us so much, as that which gives patterns either to follow or to fly, of the best and worst men of all estates, countries, and times that ever were? For Tacitus, I may say, without partiality, that he hath written the most matter with best conceit in fewest words of any historiographer, ancient or modern. But he is hard. *Difficilia quæ pulchra:* the second reading over will please thee more than the first, and the third than the second. And if thy stomach be so tender as thou canst not digest Tacitus in his own style, thou art beholding to Savile, who gives thee the same food, but with a pleasant and easy taste. In these four books of the story, thou shalt see all the miseries of a torn and declining state; the empire usurped; the princes murdered; the people wavering; the soldiers tumultuous; nothing unlawful to him that hath power, and nothing so unsafe as to be securely innocent. In Galba thou mayest learn, that a good prince, governed by evil ministers, is as dangerous as if he were evil himself. By Otho, that the fortune of a rash man is *torrenti similis*, which rises at an instant and falls in a moment. By Vitellius, that he that hath no virtue can never be happy; for by his own baseness he will lose all, which either fortune or other men's labours have cast upon him. By Vespasian, that in civil tumults an advised patience, and opportunity well taken, are the only weapons of advantage. In them all, and in the state of Rome under them, thou mayest see the calamities that follow civil wars, where laws lie asleep, and all things are judged by the sword. If thou mislike their wars, be thankful for thine own peace; if thou dost abhor their tyrannies, love and reverence thine own wise, just, and excellent prince. If thou dost detest their anarchy, acknowledge our own happy government, and thank God for her, under whom England enjoys as many benefits as ever Rome did suffer miseries under the greatest tyrant.

#### *A Passion of my Lord of Essex.*

Said to have been inclosed in a letter to the queen from Ireland in 1599.

Happy were he could finish forth his fate
  In some unhaunted desert, most obscure
From all societies, from love and hate
  Of worldly folk; then might he sleep secure;
Then wake again, and ever give God praise,
  Content with hips and haws and bramble-berry;
In contemplation spending all his days,
  And change of holy thoughts to make him merry;
Where, when he dies, his tomb may be a bush,
Where harmless Robin dwells with gentle thrush.

### QUEEN ELIZABETH.

A specimen of the actual composition, style, and orthography of QUEEN ELIZABETH (1533–1603) may be here given from the *Letters of Queen Elizabeth and King James VI. of Scotland*, printed for the Camden Society, 1849. The following was written in August 1588, after the defeat of the Armada. 'This noble letter,' says Mr John Bruce, editor of the volume referred to, 'written by Elizabeth in the very culminating moment of her "greatest glory," is full of that energy which more or less pervades everything that fell from her pen. The persons whom she pretends to believe James cannot have left at liberty were, of course, Huntly and the other Catholic earls, who were continually intriguing with Spain, through the Jesuits. Her ambassador, whom she so highly praises, was Sir Robert Sidney.'

Now may appeare, my deare brother, how malice conioined with might, strivest to make a shameful end to a vilanous beginning; for, by Godz singular fauor, having ther flete wel beaten in our narow seas, and pressing, with all violence, to atcheue some watering-place, to continue ther pretended invation, the windz have carried them to your costes, wher I dout not the shal receaue smal succor and les welcome, vnles thos lordz that, so traitors like, wold belie ther own prince, and promis another king reliefe in your name, be suffred to live at libertye, to dishonor you, peril you, and aduance some other (wiche God forbid you suffer them live to do). Therfor, I send you this gentilman—a rare younge man, and a wise—to declare unto yov my ful opinion in this greate cause, as one that neuer wyl abuse you to serve my own turn; nor wyl you do aught that myselfe wold not perfourme, if I wer in your place. You may assure yourselfe that, for my part, I dout no whit but that all this tirannical, prowd, and brainsick attempt wil be the beginning, thogh not the end, of the ruine of that king that most unkingly, euen in midz of treating peace, begins this wrongful war. He hath procured my greatest glory that ment my sorest wrack, and hath so dimmed the light of his sonshine, that who hathe a wyl to obtaine shame let them kipe his forses companye. But for al this, for yourselfe sake, let not the frendz of Spain be suffred to yeld them forse; for thogh I feare not in the end the sequele, yet if, by leaving them unhelped, you may increase the English hartz unto you, you shal not do the worst dede for your behalfe; for if aught should be done, your excuse wyl play the *boiteux*, if you make not sure worke with the likely men to do hit. Looke wel unto hit, I besiche you.

The necessity of this mattir makes my skribling the more spidye, hoping that you wyl mesure my good affection with the right balance of my actions, wiche to you shalbe euer such as I haue professed, not douting of the reciproque of your behalfe, according as my last messenger unto you hathe at large signefied, for the wiche I rendar you a milion of grateful thankes togither, for the last general prohibition to your subiectz not to fostar nor ayde our general foe, of wiche I dout not the obseruation, if the ringeleaders be safe in your handz; as knoweth God, who euer haue you in his blessed kiping, with many happy yeres of raigne. Your most assured louing sistar and cousin, ELIZABETH R.

To my verey good brother, the king of Scottz.

In a subsequent letter (September 11, 1592), Elizabeth urges James to punish those who disturb him with their reiterated traitorous attempts. The bold, imperious, masculine spirit of the queen is seen in the following passage (spelling modernised):

Must a king be prescribed what councillors he shall take, as if you were their ward? Shall you be obliged to tie or undo what they list make or revoke? O Lord, what strange dreams hear I, that would God they were so, for then at my waking I should find them fables. If you mean, therefore, to reign, I exhort you to shew you worthy the place, which never can be surely settled without a steady course held to make you loved and feared. I assure myself many have escaped your hands more for dread of your remissness than for love of the escaped, so oft they see you cherishing some men for open crimes; and so they mistrust more their revenge than your assurance. My affection for you best lies on this, my plainness, whose patience is too much moved with these like everlasting faults.

And since it so likes you to demand my counsel, I find so many ways your state so unjointed, that it needs a skilfuller bone-setter than I to join each part in his right place. But, to fulfil your will, take in short, these few words: For all whoso you know assailers of your court, the shameful attempters of your sacred decree, if ever you pardon, I will never be the suitor. Who to peril a king were inventors or actors, they should crack a halter, if I were king. Such is my charity. Who, under pretence of bettering your estate, endangers the king, or needs will be his schoolmasters, if I might appoint their university, they should be assigned to learn first to obey; so should they better teach you next. I am not so unskilful of a kingly rule that I would wink at no fault, yet would be open-eyed at public indignity. Neither should all have the whip, though some were scourged. But if, like a toy, of a king's life so oft endangered nought shall follow but a scorn, what sequel I may doubt of such contempt I dread to think, and dare not name. The rest I bequeath to the trust of your faithful servant, and pray the Almighty God to inspire you in time, afore too late, to cut their combs whose crest may danger you. I am void of malice; God is judge; I know them not.

## JOHN LYLY—STEPHEN GOSSON.

Though highly prized as a dramatist, Lyly was even more celebrated in his own day for his romance—*Euphues, the Anatomy of Wit*, 1579; and *Euphues and his England*, 1580. In the first part, the author places his hero, a young Athenian, in Naples; and in the second part, brings him to England, 'his voyage and adventures being mixed with sundry pretty discourses of honest love, the description of the country, the court, and the manners of that isle.' The romance went through five editions in six years, and became a sort of text-book for court ladies and people of fashion, who were fascinated by its curious ornate style, comparisons, and conceits, and, it is said, got many of its peculiar phrases by heart. Ben Jonson ridiculed this Euphuism; and Sir Walter Scott not only condemned it in his *Life of Dryden*, but in his novel of the *Monastery* depicted what he conceived to be a follower of the new style, in his character of Sir Percie Shafton, whose conversation is a tissue of forced conceits, antitheses, and affectation. Scott exaggerated Lyly's defects. There is a vein of good moral feeling and fancy in *Euphues*. The style is neat, and happy in expression; but often, from excess of ornament and antithesis, it becomes tedious. Greene and Lodge wrote tales in the style of Lyly, intended as continuations of *Euphues*, but both are much inferior to the original.

### *How the Life of a Young Man should be Led.*

From *Euphues, the Anatomy of Wit.*

There are three things which cause perfection in a man—nature, reason, use. Reason I call discipline; use, exercise. If any one of these branches want, certainly the tree of virtue must needs wither; for nature without discipline is of small force, and discipline without nature more feeble. If exercise or study be void of any of these, it availeth nothing. For as in tilling of the ground in husbandry there is first chosen a fertile soil, then a cunning sower, then good seed, even so must we compare nature to the fat earth, the expert husbandman to the schoolmaster, the faculties and sciences to the pure seeds. If this order had not been in our predecessors—Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato, and whosoever was renowned in Greece for the glory of wisdom—they had never been eternised for wise men, neither canonised, as it were, for saints, among those that study sciences. It is therefore a most evident sign of God's singular favour towards him, that he is endued with all these qualities, without the which man is most miserable. But if there be any one that thinketh wit not necessary to the obtaining of wisdom, after he hath gotten the way to virtue, and industry, and exercise, he is a heretic, in my opinion, touching the true faith in learning. For if nature play not her part, in vain is labour; and, as it is said before, if study be not employed, in vain is nature. Sloth turneth the edge of wit, study sharpeneth the mind: a thing, be it never so easy, is hard to the idle; a thing, be it never so hard, is easy to wit well employed. And most plainly we may see in many things the efficacy of industry and labour. The little drops of rain pierce the hard marble; iron, with often handling, is worn to nothing. Besides this, industry sheweth herself in other things: the fertile soil, if it be never tilled, doth wax barren; and that which is most noble by nature is made most vile by negligence. What tree, if it be not topped, beareth any fruit? What vine, if it be not pruned, bringeth forth grapes? Is not the strength of the body turned to weakness with too much delicacy? Were not Milo his arms brawnfallen for want of wrestling? Moreover, by labour the fierce unicorn is tamed, the wildest falcon is reclaimed, the greatest bulwark is sacked. It was well answered of that man of Thessaly who, being demanded who among the Thessalians were reputed most vile: 'Those,' he said, 'that live at quiet and ease, never giving themselves to martial affairs.' But why should one use many words in a thing already proved? It is custom, use, and exercise that brings a young man to virtue, and virtue to his perfection. Lycurgus, the lawgiver of the Spartans, did nourish two whelps, both of one sire and one dam, but after a sundry manner; for the one he framed to hunt, and the other to lie always in the chimney's end, at the porridge-pot. Afterward calling the Lacedemonians, he said: 'To the attaining of virtue, ye Lacedemonians, education, industry, and exercise is the most noblest means, the truth of which I will make manifest unto you by trial.' Then, bringing forth the whelps, and setting down there a pot and a hare, the one ran at the hare, the other to the porridge-pot. The Lacedemonians scarce understanding this mystery, he said: 'Both of these be of one sire and one dam, but you see how education altereth nature.'

### *A Father's Grief for the Death of his Daughter.*

Thou weepest for the death of thy daughter, and I laugh at the folly of the father; for greater vanity is there in the mind of the mourner than bitterness in the death of the deceased. 'But she was amiable'—but yet sinful: 'but she was young, and might have lived'—but she was mortal, and must have died. 'Ay, but her youth made thee often merry'—ay, but thine age should once make thee wise. 'Ay, but her green years were unfit for death'—ay, but thy hoary hairs should despise life. Knowest thou not, Eubulus, that life is the gift of God, death is the due of nature; as we receive the one as a benefit, so must we abide the other of necessity. Wise men have found that by learning, which old men should know by experience, that in life there is nothing sweet, in death nothing sour. The philosophers accounted it the chiefest felicity never to be born; the second, soon to die. And what hath death in it so hard that we should take it so heavily? Is it strange to see that cut off which, by nature, is made to be cut off? or that melten which is fit to be melted? or that burnt which is apt to be burnt? or man to pass that is born to perish? But thou grantest that she should have died, and yet art thou grieved that she is dead. Is the death the better if life be the longer? No, truly. For as neither he that singeth most, or prayeth longest, or ruleth the stern oftenest, but he that doth it best, deserveth greatest praise; so he, not that hath most years, but many virtues, nor he that hath grayest hairs, but greatest goodness, liveth longest. The chief beauty of life consisteth not in the numbering of many days, but in the using of virtuous doings. Amongst plants, those be best esteemed that in shortest time bring forth much fruit. Be not the fairest flowers gathered when they be freshest? the youngest beasts killed for sacrifice because they be finest? The measure of life is not length, but honesty; neither do we enter into life to the end we should set down the day of our death; but therefor we do live that we may obey Him that made us, and be willing to die when He shall call us.

### *Continue Not in Anger.*

From *Euphues and his England.*

The sharp north-east wind doth never last three days; tempests have but a short time; and the more violent the thunder is, the less permanent it is. In the like manner, it falleth out with the jars and crossings of friends, which, begun in a minute, are ended in a moment. Necessary it is that among friends there should be some over-thwarting; but to continue in anger, not convenient. The camel first troubleth the water before he drink; the frankincense is burned before it smell; friends are tried before they are trusted, lest, like the carbuncle, as though they had fire they be found, being touched, to be without fire. Friendship should be like the wine which Homer, much commending, calleth Maroneum, whereof one pint being mingled with five quarts of water, yet it keepeth his old strength and virtue, not to be qualified by any discourtesy. Where salt doth grow, nothing else can breed; where friendship is built, no offence can harbour.

Contemporary with Lyly was **STEPHEN GOSSON** (1555–1624), who, having been poet, actor, dramatist, satirist, and preacher, died rector of St Botulph, Bishopsgate. Gosson's satire, the *School of Abuse*, 1579, is supposed to have induced Sidney to write his apology or defence of poetry, as Gosson's short treatise is 'an invective against poets, pipers, players, jesters, and such-like caterpillars of a commonwealth.' Public theatres for dramatic performances had been established about three years before (1576), and were keenly attacked by the clergy. Gosson says:

And because I have been matriculated myself in the school where so many abuses flourish, I will imitate the dogs of Egypt, which, coming to the banks of Nilus to quench their thirst, sip and away, drink running, lest they be snapt short for a prey to crocodiles. I should tell tales out of the school, and be feruled for my fault, or hissed at for a blab, if I laid all the orders open before your eyes. You are no sooner entered, but liberty looseth the reins, and gives you head, placing you with poetry in the lowest form; when his skill is shewn to make his scholar as good as ever twanged. He prefers you to piping, from piping to playing, from play to pleasure, from pleasure to sloth, from sloth to sleep, from sleep to sin, from sin to death, from death to the devil,

> if you take your learning apace and pass through every form without revolting.

Like most satirical writers, he inveighs against the degeneracy of the times, forgetting all the glories of the Elizabethan era. He says:

> Our wrestling at arms is turned to wallowing in ladies' laps, our courage to cowardice, our running to riot, our bows into bowls, and our darts to dishes. We have robbed Greece of gluttony, Italy of wantonness, Spain of pride, France of deceit, and Dutchland of quaffing. Compare London to Rome, and England to Italy, you shall find the theatres of the one, the abuses of the other, to be rife among us. *Experto crede*, I have seen somewhat, and therefore I think may say the more.

### GEORGE PUTTENHAM.

In 1589 appeared anonymously *The Art of English Poesie*, written, as its author states, for the queen, the court, and the educated classes 'desirous to become skilful in their mother tongue, and for their private recreation to make now and then ditties of pleasure.' The author is understood to be George Puttenham (*circa* 1530–1590), who had been a scholar at Oxford, had travelled abroad, and become one of the gentlemen pensioners to Queen Elizabeth. Puttenham's work is a treatise of some length, divided into three books—the first of poets and poesy, the second of proportion, and the third of ornament. The style of the work is clear and regular.

#### *Of Language.*

> This part in our *maker*, or poet, must be heedily looked unto, that it be natural, pure, and the most usual of all his country. And for the same purpose, rather that which is spoken in the king's court or in the good towns and cities within the land, than in the marches and frontiers, or in port towns, where strangers haunt for traffic sake; or yet in universities, where scholars use much peevish affectation of words out of the primitive languages; or, finally, in any uplandish village or corner of a realm, where is no resort but of poor rustical or uncivil people; neither shall he follow the speech of a craftsman or carter, or other of the inferior sort, though he be inhabitant or bred in the best town and city in this realm; for such persons do abuse good speeches by strange accents, or ill-shapen sounds, and false orthography. But he shall follow generally the better brought-up sort, men civil and graciously behavoured and bred. Our *maker*, therefore, at these days, shall not follow Piers Plowman, nor Gower, nor Lydgate, nor yet Chaucer, for their language is now out of use with us. Neither shall he take the terms of northern men such as they use in daily talk, whether they be noblemen or gentlemen, or of their best clerks, all is a matter; nor in effect any speech used beyond the river of Trent, though no man can deny but theirs is the purer English Saxon at this day, yet it is not so courtly nor so current as our southern English is; no more is the far western man's speech. Ye shall therefore take the usual speech of the court, and that of London, and the shires lying about London within sixty miles, and not much above. I say not this but that in every shire of England there be gentlemen and others that speak, but specially write, as good southern as we of Middlesex or Surrey do, but not the common people of every shire, to whom the gentlemen, and also their learned clerks, do for the most part condescend; but herein we are already ruled by the English dictionaries, and other books written by learned men, and therefore it needeth none other direction in that behalf.

### RICHARD HOOKER.

One of the earliest, and also one of the most distinguished prose writers of this period, was Richard Hooker, a learned and gifted theologian, born of poor but respectable parents, near Exeter, about the year 1553. At school he displayed so much aptitude for learning, and gentleness of disposition, that, having been recommended to Jewel, bishop of Salisbury, he was taken under the care of that prelate, who, after a satisfactory examination into his merits, sent him to Oxford, and contributed to his support. At the university, Hooker studied with great ardour and success, and became much respected for modesty, prudence, and piety. After Jewel's death, he was patronised by Sandys, bishop of London, who sent his son to Oxford to enjoy the benefit of Hooker's instructions. Another of his pupils at this time was George Cranmer, a grand-nephew of the famous archbishop of that name; and with both these young men he formed a close and enduring friendship. In 1579, his skill in the oriental languages led to his temporary appointment as deputy-professor of Hebrew; and two years later he entered into holy orders. Not long after this, he had the misfortune to be entrapped into a marriage, which proved a constant source of annoyance to him during life. The circumstances of this union, which place in a strong light the simple and unsuspecting nature of the man, were these: Having been appointed to preach at Paul's Cross in London, he put up at a house set apart for the reception of the preachers. On his arrival there from Oxford, he was wet and weary, but received so much kindness and attention from the hostess, that, according to his biographer (Walton), in his excess of gratitude, 'he thought himself bound in conscience to believe all that she said. So the good man came to be persuaded by her that he was a man of a tender constitution; and that it was best for him to have a wife, that might prove a nurse to him—such a one as might both prolong his life, and make it more comfortable; and such a one she could and would provide for him, if he thought fit to marry.' Hooker, little apt to suspect in others that guile of which he himself was so entirely free, became the dupe of this woman, authorising her to select a wife for him, and promising to marry whomsoever she should choose. The wife she provided was her own daughter, described as 'a silly, clownish woman, and withal a mere Xantippe,' whom, however, he married according to his promise. With this helpmate he led but an uncomfortable life, though apparently in a spirit of resignation. When visited by Sandys and Cranmer at a rectory in Buckinghamshire, to which he had been presented in 1584, he was found by them reading Horace, and tending sheep in the absence of his servant. In his house they received little entertainment, except from his conversation; and even this, Mrs Hooker did not fail to disturb, by calling him away to rock the cradle, and by exhibiting such other samples of good-manners as made them glad to depart on the following morning. In taking leave, Cranmer expressed his regret at the smallness of Hooker's income, and the uncomfortable state of his domestic affairs; to which the worthy man replied: 'My dear George, if saints have usually a double share in the miseries of this life, I, that am none, ought not to repine at what my wise Creator hath appointed for me, but labour—as indeed I do daily—to submit mine to His will, and possess my soul in patience and peace.' On his return to London, Sandys made a strong appeal to his father in behalf of Hooker, the result of which was the appointment of the meek divine, in 1585, to the office of Master of the Temple. He accordingly removed to London, and commenced his labours as forenoon preacher. It happened that the office of afternoon lecturer at the Temple was at this period filled by Walter Travers, a man of great learning and eloquence, but a high Calvinist in his opinions, while the views of Hooker, on the other hand, both on church-government and on points of theology, were moderate. The consequence was, that the doctrines delivered from the pulpit varied very much in their character, according to the preacher from whom they proceeded. Indeed, the two orators sometimes preached avowedly in opposition to each other—a circumstance which gave occasion to the remark, that 'the forenoon sermons spoke Canterbury, and the afternoon Geneva.' This disputation, though conducted with good temper, excited so much attention, that Archbishop Whitgift suspended Travers from preaching. There ensued between him and Hooker a keen controversy, which was found so disagreeable by the latter, that he strongly expressed to the archbishop his wish to retire into the country, where he might be permitted to live in peace, and have leisure to finish his treatise, *Of the Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity*, already begun. A letter which he wrote to the archbishop on this occasion deserves to be quoted, as shewing not only that peacefulness of temper which adhered to him through life, but likewise the object that his great work was intended to accomplish:

> MY LORD—When I lost the freedom of my cell, which was my college, yet I found some degree of it in my quiet country parsonage. But I am weary of the noise and oppositions of this place; and, indeed, God and nature did not intend me for contentions, but for study and quietness. And, my lord, my particular contests here with Mr Travers have proved the more unpleasant to me, because I believe him to be a good man; and that belief hath occasioned me to examine mine own conscience concerning his opinions. And to satisfy that, I have consulted the holy Scripture, and other laws, both human and divine, whether the conscience of him and others of his judgment ought to be so far complied with by us as to alter our frame of church-government, our manner of God's worship, our praising and praying to him, and our established ceremonies, as often as their tender consciences shall require us. And in this examination I have not only satisfied myself, but have begun a treatise in which I intend the satisfaction of others, by a demonstration of the reasonableness of our laws of ecclesiastical polity. But, my lord, I shall never be able to finish what I have begun, unless I be removed into some quiet parsonage, where I may see God's blessings spring out of my mother-earth, and eat my own bread in peace and privacy: a place where I may, without disturbance, meditate my approaching mortality, and that great account which all flesh must give at the last day to the God of all spirits.

In consequence of this appeal, Hooker was presented, in 1591, to the rectory of Boscombe, in Wiltshire, where he finished four books of his treatise, which were printed in 1594. Queen Elizabeth having in the following year presented him to the rectory of Bishopsbourne, in Kent, he removed to that place, where the remainder of his life was spent in the faithful discharge of the duties of his office. Here he wrote the fifth book, published in 1597; and finished other three, which did not appear till 1647. Hooker died in November 1600. A few days previously, his house was robbed, and when the fact was mentioned to him, he anxiously inquired whether his books and papers were safe. The answer being in the affirmative, he exclaimed: 'Then it matters not, for no other loss can trouble me.'

Hooker's treatise on *Ecclesiastical Polity* displays an astonishing amount of learning, sagacity, and industry; and as a master-piece of reasoning and eloquence, is still one of our greatest works. The earlier portion of the treatise, which was the most carefully finished, has never been excelled. 'So stately and graceful is the march of his periods,' says Mr Hallam, 'so various the fall of his musical cadences upon the ear, so rich in images, so condensed in sentences, so grave and noble his diction, so little is there of vulgarity in his racy idiom, of pedantry in his learned phrase, that I know not whether any later writer has more admirably displayed the capacities of our language, or produced passages more worthy of comparison with the splendid monuments of antiquity. If we compare the first book of the *Ecclesiastical Polity* with what bears perhaps most resemblance to it of anything extant, the treatise of Cicero *De Legibus*, it will appear somewhat perhaps inferior, through the imperfection of our language, which, with all its force and dignity, does not equal the Latin in either of these qualities, and certainly more diffuse in some of its reasonings, but by no means less high-toned in sentiment, or less bright in fancy, and far more comprehensive and profound in the foundations of its philosophy.' Similar panegyrics might be cited from Southey, Mackintosh, and other critical authorities, but Hooker must be *studied* to be appreciated. His close reasoning and long sentences require careful perusal.

The argument against the Puritans is conducted by Hooker with rare moderation and candour, and on the broad scale of general principles, not detached texts or interpretations of Scripture. 'It was a kind of maxim among the Puritans, that Scripture was so much the exclusive rule of human actions, that whatever, in matters at least concerning religion, could not be found to have its authority, was unlawful. Hooker devoted the whole second book of his work to the refutation of this principle. He proceeded afterwards to attack its application, more particularly to the episcopal scheme of church-government, and to the various ceremonies or usages which those sectaries treated as either absolutely superstitious, or at least as impositions without authority. It was maintained by this great writer, not only that ritual observances are variable, according to the discretion of ecclesiastical rulers, but that no certain form of polity is set down in Scripture as generally indispensable for a Christian church.'* The work is not to be regarded simply as a

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* Hallam's *Constitutional History*, chap. iv.

**theological treatise; it is still referred to as a great authority upon the whole range of moral and political principles. It also bears a value as the first publication in the English language which observed a strict methodical arrangement, and presented a train of clear logical reasoning.**

### *Scripture and the Law of Nature.*

What the Scripture purposeth, the same in all points it doth perform. Howbeit, that here we swerve not in judgment, one thing especially we must observe; namely, that: the absolute perfection of Scripture is seen by relation unto that end whereto it tendeth. And even hereby it cometh to pass, that, first, such as imagine the general and main drift of the body of sacred Scripture not to be so large as it is, nor that God did thereby intend to deliver, as in truth he doth, a full instruction in all things unto salvation necessary, the knowledge whereof man by nature could not otherwise in this life attain unto; they are by this very mean induced, either still to look for new revelations from heaven, or else dangerously to add to the Word of God uncertain tradition, that so the doctrine of man's salvation may be complete; which doctrine we constantly hold in all respects, without any such things added, to be so complete, that we utterly refuse as much as once to acquaint ourselves with anything further. Whatsoever, to make up the doctrine of man's salvation, is added as in supply of the Scripture's insufficiency, we reject it; Scripture, purposing this, hath perfectly and fully done it. Again, the scope and purpose of God in delivering the holy Scripture, such as do take more largely than behoveth, they, on the contrary, side-racking and stretching it further than by Him was meant, are drawn into sundry as great inconveniences. They, pretending the Scripture's perfection, infer thereupon, that in Scripture all things lawful to be done must needs be contained. We count those things perfect which want nothing requisite for the end whereto they were instituted. As, therefore, God created every part and particle of man exactly perfect—that is to say, in all points sufficient unto that use for which He appointed it—so the Scripture, yea, every sentence thereof, is perfect, and wanteth nothing requisite unto that purpose for which God delivered the same. So that, if hereupon we conclude, that because the Scripture is perfect, therefore all things lawful to be done are comprehended in the Scripture; we may even as well conclude so of every sentence, as of the whole sum and body thereof, unless we first of all prove that it was the drift, scope, and purpose of Almighty God in holy Scripture to comprise all things which man may practise. But admit this, and mark, I beseech you, what would follow. God, in delivering Scripture to His church, should clean have abrogated among them the Law of Nature, which is an infallible knowledge imprinted in the minds of all the children of men, whereby both general principles for directing of human actions are comprehended, and conclusions derived from them; upon which conclusions groweth in particularity the choice of good and evil in the daily affairs of this life. Admit this, and what shall the Scripture be but a snare and a torment to weak consciences, filling them with infinite perplexities, scrupulosities, doubts insoluble, and extreme despairs? Not that the Scripture itself doth cause any such thing—for it tendeth to the clean contrary, and the fruit thereof is resolute assurance and certainty in that it teacheth—but the necessities of this life urging men to do that which the light of nature, common discretion, and judgment of itself directeth them unto; on the other side, this doctrine teaching them that so to do were to sin against their own souls, and that they put forth their hands to iniquity, whatsoever they go about, and have not first the sacred Scripture of God for direction; how can it choose but bring the simple a thousand times to their wits' end; how can it choose but vex and amaze them? For in every action of common life, to find out some sentence clearly and infallibly setting before our eyes what we ought to do—seem we in Scripture never so expert—would trouble us more than we are aware. In weak and tender minds, we little know what misery this strict opinion would breed, besides the stops it would make in the whole course of all men's lives and actions. Make all things sin which we do by direction of nature's light, and by the rule of common discretion, without thinking at all upon Scripture: admit this position, and parents shall cause their children to sin, as oft as they cause them to do anything, before they come to years of capacity, and be ripe for knowledge in the Scripture. Admit this, and it shall not be with masters as it was with him in the gospel; but servants being commanded to go, shall stand still till they have their errand warranted unto them by Scripture. Which, as it standeth with Christian duty in some cases, so in common affairs to require it were most unfit.

### *Defence of Reason.*

But so it is, the name of the light of nature is made hateful with men; the star of reason and learning, and all other such-like helps, beginneth no otherwise to be thought of, than if it were an unlucky comet; or as if God had so accursed it, that it should never shine or give light in things concerning our duty any way towards him, but be esteemed as that star in the Revelation, called Wormwood, which, being fallen from heaven, maketh rivers and waters in which it falleth so bitter, that men tasting them die thereof. A number there are who think they cannot admire as they ought the power and authority of the Word of God, if in things divine they should attribute any force to man's reason; for which cause they never use reason so willingly as to disgrace reason. Their usual and common discourses are unto this effect. First, 'the natural man perceiveth not the things of the spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned,' &c. &c. By these and the like disputes, an opinion hath spread itself very far in the world; as if the way to be ripe in faith were to be raw in wit and judgment; as if reason were an enemy unto religion, childish simplicity the mother of ghostly and divine wisdom. . . . .

To our purpose, it is sufficient that whosoever doth serve, honour, and obey God, whosoever believeth in Him, that man would no more do this than innocents and infants do, but for the light of natural reason that shineth in him, and maketh him apt to apprehend those things of God, which being by grace discovered, are effectual to persuade reasonable minds, and none other, that honour, obedience, and credit belong aright unto God. No man cometh unto God to offer Him sacrifice, to pour out supplications and prayers before Him, or to do Him any service, which doth not first believe Him both to be, and to be a rewarder of them who in such sort seek unto Him. Let men be taught this, either by revelation from heaven, or by instruction upon earth; by labour, study, and meditation, or by the only secret inspiration of the Holy Ghost; whatsoever the mean be they know it by, if the knowledge thereof were possible without discourse of natural reason, why should none be found capable thereof but only men; nor men till such time as they come unto ripe and full ability to work by reasonable understanding? The whole drift of the Scripture of God, what is it, but only to teach theology? Theology, what is it, but the science of things divine? What science can be attained unto, without the help of natural discourse and reason? 'Judge you of that which I speak,' saith the apostle. In vain it were to speak anything of God, but that by reason men are able somewhat to judge of that they hear, and by discourse to discern how consonant it is to truth. Scripture, indeed, teacheth things above nature, things which our reason by itself could not reach unto. Yet those also we believe, knowing by reason that the Scripture is the word of God. . . . .

The thing we have handled according to the question moved about it; which question is, whether the light of reason be so pernicious that, in devising laws for the church, men ought not by it to search what may be fit and convenient? For this cause, therefore, we have endeavoured to make it appear, how, in the nature of reason itself, there is no impediment, but that the self-same spirit which revealeth the things that God hath set down in his law, may also be thought to aid and direct men in finding out, by the light of reason, what laws are expedient to be made for the guiding of his church, over and besides them that are in Scripture.

### *The Nature and Majesty of Law.*

That which hath greatest force in the very things we see, is notwithstanding itself oftentimes not seen. The stateliness of houses, the goodliness of trees, when we behold them, delighteth the eye; but that foundation which beareth up the one, that root which ministereth unto the other nourishment and life, is in the bosom of the earth concealed; and if there be at any time occasion to search into it, such labour is then more necessary than pleasant, both to them which undertake it, and for the lookers on. In like manner the use and benefit of good laws; all that live under them may enjoy with delight and comfort, albeit the grounds and first original causes from whence they have sprung be unknown, as to the greatest part of men they are. But when they who withdraw their obedience pretend that the laws which they should obey are corrupt and vicious, for better examination of their quality, it behoveth the very foundation and root, the highest well-spring and fountain of them, to be discovered. Which, because we are not oftentimes accustomed to do, when we do it, the pains we take are more needful a great deal than acceptable; and the matters which we handle seem, by reason of newness (till the mind grow better acquainted with them), dark, intricate, and unfamiliar.

And because the point about which we strive is the quality of our laws, our first entrance hereinto cannot better be made than with consideration of the nature of law in general.

All things that are have some operation not violent or casual. Neither doth anything ever begin to exercise the same without some fore-conceived end for which it worketh. And the end which it worketh for is not obtained, unless the work be also fit to obtain it by. For unto every end every operation will not serve. That which doth assign unto each thing the kind, that which doth moderate the force and power, that which doth appoint the form and measure of working, the same we term a *Law*. So that no certain end could ever be obtained unless the actions whereby it is obtained were regular, that is to say, made suitable, fit, and correspondent unto their end by some canon, rule, or law.

Moses, in describing the work of creation, attributeth speech unto God: 'God said, let there be light; let there be a firmament; let the waters under the heaven be gathered together into one place; let the earth bring forth; let there be lights in the firmament of heaven.' Was this only the intent of Moses, to signify the infinite greatness of God's power by the easiness of His accomplishing such effects, without travail, pain, or labour? Surely it seemeth that Moses had herein besides this a further purpose, namely, first to teach that God did not work as a necessary, but a voluntary agent, intending beforehand and decreeing with Himself that which did outwardly proceed from Him; secondly, to shew that God did then institute a law natural to be observed by creatures, and therefore, according to the manner of laws, the institution thereof is described as being established by solemn injunction. His commanding those things to be which are, and to be in such sort as they are, to keep that tenure and course which they do, importeth the establishment of nature's law. This world's first creation, and the preservation since of things created, what is it but only so far forth a manifestation by execution, what the eternal law of God is concerning things natural? And as it cometh to pass in a kingdom rightly ordered, that after a law is once published it presently takes effect far and wide, all states framing themselves thereunto; even so let us think it fareth in the natural course of the world: since the time that God did first proclaim the edicts of His law upon it, heaven and earth have hearkened unto His voice, and their labour hath been to do His will. 'He made a law for the rain, he gave his decree unto the sea, that the waters should not pass his commandment.' Now, if nature should intermit her course, and leave altogether, though it were but for a while, the observation of her own laws; if those principal and mother elements of the world, whereof all things in this lower world are made, should lose the qualities which now they have; if the frame of that heavenly arch erected over our heads should loosen and dissolve itself; if celestial spheres should forget their wonted motions, and by irregular volubilities turn themselves any way as it might happen; if the prince of the lights of heaven, which now as a giant doth run its unwearied course, should, as it were through a languishing faintness, begin to stand and to rest himself; if the moon should wander from her beaten way; the times and seasons of the year blend themselves by disordered and confused mixture; the winds breathe out their last gasp; the clouds yield no rain; the earth be defeated of heavenly influence; the fruits of the earth pine away as children at the withered breasts of their mother, no longer able to yield them relief; what would become of man himself, whom these things now do all serve? See we not plainly that obedience of creatures unto the law of nature is the stay of the whole world? . . . .

Of law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God; her voice the harmony of the world. All things in heaven and earth do her homage; the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power. Both angels and men, and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent, admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy.

## LORD BACON.

The greatest of English philosophers, FRANCIS BACON, was born in London on the 22d of January 1561. He was the youngest son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, lord-keeper of the great seal, by Ann, daughter of Sir Anthony Cooke, a lady of great learning and accomplishments, from whom her illustrious son may be said to have inherited his genius. In childhood, Francis Bacon displayed such vivacity of intellect and sedateness of behaviour, that Queen Elizabeth used to call him her young lord-keeper. At the age of thirteen, he was sent to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he early became disgusted with the Aristotelian philosophy, which then held unquestioned sway in the great English schools of learning. This dislike of the philosophy of Aristotle, as Bacon himself declared to his secretary, Dr Rawley, he fell into, 'not for the worthlessness of the author, to whom he would ever ascribe all high attributes, but for the unfruitfulness of the way, being a philosophy, as his lordship used to say, only strong for disputations and contentions, but barren of the production of works for the benefit of the life of man.' After spending three years at Cambridge, he went to France, where he resided about three years, chiefly at Poitiers, pursuing closely his studies. His observations on foreign affairs were afterwards published in a work, entitled *Of the State of Europe*. By the sudden death of his father in 1579, he was compelled to return hastily to England, and engage in some profession. After in vain soliciting his uncle, Lord Burleigh, to procure for him such a provision from government as might allow him to devote his time to literature and philosophy, he spent several years in the study of the law. While engaged in practice as a barrister, however, he did not forget philosophy, as it appears that he sketched at an early period of life his great work, called *The Instauration of the Sciences*. In 1590, he obtained the post of counsel-extraordinary to the queen; and three years afterwards, sat in parliament for the county of Middlesex. As an orator, he is highly extolled by Ben Jonson. In one of his speeches, he distinguished himself by taking the popular side in a question respecting some large subsidies demanded by the court; but finding that he had given great offence to her majesty, he at once altered his tone, and condescended to apologise with that servility which unhappily appeared in too many of his subsequent actions. To Lord Burleigh and his son, Robert Cecil, Bacon continued to pay court, in hope of advancement, till at length, finding himself disappointed in that quarter, he attached himself to Burleigh's rival, Essex, who, with all the ardour of a generous friendship, endeavoured to procure for him, in 1594, the vacant office of solicitor-general. In this attempt he was defeated, through the influence of the Cecils, who were jealous of both him and his friend; but Essex in some degree soothed Bacon's disappointment by presenting him with an estate at Twickenham, which he afterwards sold for £1800. It is painful to relate in what manner Bacon repaid such benefits. When Essex was brought to trial for a conspiracy against the queen, the friend whom he had so greatly obliged and confided in not only deserted him in the hour of need, but unnecessarily appeared as counsel against him, and by every art and ingenuity of a pleader, endeavoured to magnify his offence. He complied, moreover, after the earl's execution, with the queen's request that he should write *A Declaration of the Practices and Treasons attempted and committed by Robert, Earl of Essex*, which was printed by authority. Into this conduct, which indicates a lamentable want of high moral principle, courage, and self-respect, Bacon was in some measure led by pecuniary difficulties, into which his improvident and ostentatious habits, coupled with the relative inadequacy of his income, had plunged him. By maintaining himself in the good graces of the court, he hoped to secure that professional advancement which would at once improve his fortune and gratify his ambition. Such moral obliquity justified the antithesis which characterises him as

The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind.

After the accession of James, the fortunes of Bacon began to improve. He was knighted in 1603, and, in subsequent years, obtained successively the offices of king's counsel, solicitor-general, judge of the Marshalsea Court, and attorney-general. This last appointment he received in 1613. In the execution of his duties, he did not scruple to lend himself to the most arbitrary measures of the court, and even assisted in an attempt to extort from an old clergyman, of the name of Peacham, a confession of treason, by torturing him on the rack.

Although his income had now been greatly enlarged by the emoluments of office and a marriage with the daughter of a wealthy alderman, his extravagance and that of his servants, which he seems to have been too good-natured to check, continued to keep him in difficulties. He cringed before the king and his favourite Villiers; and at length, on the 4th of January 1618–19, he attained the summit of his ambition, by being created Lord High Chancellor of England, and Baron Verulam. This latter title gave place in the following year to that of Viscount St Albans. As chancellor, it cannot be concealed that, both in his political and judicial capacities, he grossly deserted his duty. Not only did he suffer Villiers to interfere with his decisions as a judge, but, by accepting numerous presents or bribes from suitors, gave occasion, in 1621, to a parliamentary inquiry, which ended in his condemnation and disgrace. He fully confessed the twenty-three articles of corruption which were laid to his charge; and when waited on by a committee of the House of Lords, appointed to inquire whether the confession was subscribed by himself, he answered: 'It is my act, my hand, my heart: I beseech your lordships to be merciful to a broken reed.' Banished from public life, he had now ample leisure to attend to his philosophical and literary pursuits. Yet, even while he was engaged in business, these had not been neglected. In 1597, he published *Meditationes Sacræ*, a *Table of the Colours of Good and Evil*, and ten *Essays*. In 1612, he reprinted the *Essays*, increased to thirty-eight; and finally, in 1625, he again issued them, 'newly written,' and now fifty-eight in number. These, as he himself says of them, 'come home to men's business and bosoms; and, like the late new halfpence, the pieces are small, and the silver is good.' From the generally interesting nature of the subjects of the *Essays*, and their intrinsic excellence, the work immediately acquired great popularity, and to the present day continues to be the chosen companion of all students and thinkers. 'It is,' to use the words of Dugald Stewart, 'one of those where the superiority of his genius appears to the greatest advantage, the novelty and depth of his reflections often receiving a strong relief from the triteness of his subject. It may be read from beginning to end in a few hours, and yet, after the twentieth perusal, one seldom fails to remark in it something overlooked before. This, indeed, is a characteristic of all Bacon's writings, and is only to be accounted for by the inexhaustible aliment they furnish to our own thoughts, and the sympathetic activity they impart to our torpid faculties.'* In 1605, he published another work, which still continues to be extensively perused; it is entitled *Of the Proficience and Advancement of Learning, Divine and Human*. This volume, which was afterwards enlarged and published in the Latin language, with the title *De Augmentis Scientiarum*, constitutes the first part of his great work, *Instauratio Scientiarum*, or the *Instauration of the Sciences*. The second part, entitled *Novum*

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* First Preliminary Dissertation to *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

*Organum*, is that on which chiefly his high reputation as a philosopher is grounded, and on the composition of which he bestowed most labour. It is written in Latin, and appeared in 1620. In the first part of the *Advancement of Learning*, after considering the excellence of knowledge, and the means of disseminating it, together with what had already been done for its advancement, and what omitted, he proceeds to divide it into the three branches of history, poetry, and philosophy, these having reference to what he considers 'the three parts of man's understanding'—memory, imagination, and reason. The concluding portion of the volume relates to revealed religion. The *Novum Organum*, which, as already mentioned, is the second and most important part of the *Instauration of the Sciences*, consists of aphorisms, the first of which furnishes a key to the author's leading doctrines: 'Man, who is the servant and interpreter of nature, can act and understand no further than he has, either in operation or in contemplation, observed of the method and order of nature.' His new method—*novum organum*—of employing the understanding in adding to human knowledge, is fully expounded in this work.

After alluding to the little aid which the useful arts had derived from science, and the small improvement which science had received from practical men, he proceeds: 'But whence can arise such vagueness and sterility in all the physical systems which have hitherto existed in the world? It is not certainly from anything in nature itself; for the steadiness and regularity of the laws by which it is governed, clearly mark them out as objects of certain and precise knowledge. Neither can it arise from any want of ability in those who have pursued such inquiries, many of whom have been men of the highest talent and genius of the ages in which they lived; and it can therefore arise from nothing else but the perverseness and insufficiency of the methods that have been pursued. Men have sought to make a world from their own conceptions, and to draw from their own minds all the materials which they employed; but if, instead of doing so, they had consulted experience and observation, they would have had facts, and not opinions, to reason about, and might have ultimately arrived at the knowledge of the laws which govern the material world.' 'As things are at present conducted, a sudden transition is made from sensible objects and particular facts to general propositions, which are accounted principles, and round which, as round so many fixed poles, disputation and argument continually revolve. From the propositions thus hastily assumed, all things are derived, by a process compendious and precipitate, ill suited to discovery, but wonderfully accommodated to debate. The way that promises success is the reverse of this. It requires that we should generalise slowly, going from particular things to those which are but one step more general; from those to others of still greater extent, and so on to such as are universal. By such means we may hope to arrive at principles, not vague and obscure, but luminous and well defined, such as nature herself will not refuse to acknowledge.' After describing the causes which lead the understanding astray in the search after knowledge—the *idols*, as he figuratively terms them, before which it is apt to bow—Bacon, in the second book of the *Novum Organum*, goes on systematically to expound and exemplify his method of philosophising, indicated in the foregoing extracts, and to which the appellation of *the inductive method* is applied. This he does in so masterly a way, that he has earned with posterity the title of the father of experimental science. 'The power and compass,' says Professor Playfair, 'of a mind which could form such a plan beforehand, and trace not merely the outline, but many of the most minute ramifications, of sciences which did not yet exist, must be an object of admiration to all succeeding ages.' It is true that the inductive method had been both practised and even cursorily recommended by more than one philosopher prior to Bacon; but unquestionably he was the first to unfold it completely, to shew its infinite importance, and to induce the great body of scientific inquirers to place themselves under its guidance. In another respect, the benefit conferred by Bacon upon mankind was perhaps still greater. He turned the attention of philosophers from speculations and disputes upon questions remote from use, and fixed it upon inquiries 'productive of works for the benefit of the life of man.' The Aristotelian philosophy was barren; the object of Bacon was 'the amplification of the power and kingdom of mankind over the world'—'the enlargement of the bounds of human empire to the effecting all things possible'—the augmentation, by means of science, of the sum of human happiness, and the alleviation of human suffering. In a word, he was eminently a utilitarian, using that term in its enlarged sense, as comprehending the moral and intellectual, as well as the material welfare of man.

The third part of the *Instauration of the Sciences*, entitled *Sylva Sylvarum*, or *History of Nature*, is devoted to the facts and phenomena of natural science, including original observations made by Bacon himself, which, though sometimes incorrect, are useful in exemplifying the inductive method of searching for truth. The fourth part is called *Scala Intellectus*, from its pointing out a succession of steps by which the understanding may ascend in such investigations. Other two parts, which the author projected, were never executed.

Another celebrated publication of Lord Bacon is his treatise, *Of the Wisdom of the Ancients*, 1610; wherein he attempts, generally with more ingenuity than success, to discover secret meanings in the mythological fables of antiquity. He wrote also *Felicities of Queen Elizabeth's Reign*; a *History of King Henry VII.*; a philosophical romance called the *New Atlantis*; and several minor productions which it is needless to specify.

After retiring from public life, Bacon, though enjoying an annual income of £2500, continued to live in so ostentatious and prodigal a style, that, at his death in 1626, his debts amounted to upwards of £22,000. His devotion to science appears to have been the immediate cause of his death. Travelling in his carriage when there was snow on the ground, he began to consider whether flesh might not be preserved by snow as well as by salt. In order to make the experiment, he alighted at a cottage near Highgate, bought a hen, and stuffed it with snow. This so chilled him, that he was unable to return home, but went to the Earl of Arundel's house in the neighbourhood, where his illness was so much increased by the dampness of a bed into which he was put, that he died in a few days.[*] In a letter to the earl, the last which he wrote, after comparing himself to the elder Pliny, 'who lost his life by trying an experiment about the burning of Mount Vesuvius,' he does not forget to mention his own experiment, which, says he, 'succeeded excellently.' In his will, the following strikingly prophetic passage is found: 'My name and memory I leave to foreign nations, and to mine own country after some time is passed over.'

Bacon, like Sidney, was a 'warbler of poetic prose.' No English writer has surpassed him in fervour and brilliancy of style, in force of expression, or in richness and significance of imagery. Keen in discovering analogies where no resemblance is apparent to common eyes, he has sometimes indulged to excess in the exercise of his talent. Yet, in general, his comparisons are not less clear and apposite than full of imagination and meaning. He has treated of philosophy with all the splendour, yet none of the vagueness, of poetry. At times his style possesses a degree of conciseness, as well as force, rarely to be found in the compositions of the Elizabethan age.

A complete edition of the works of Lord Bacon, by James Spedding and others, in seven volumes, was published in 1870; and Mr Spedding is also author of an elaborate *Life* of the philosopher, with a full collection of his *Letters*.

### *Friendship.*

It had been hard for him that spake it, to have put more truth and untruth together in few words, than in that speech, 'Whosoever is delighted in solitude, is either a wild beast or a god;' for it is most true, that a natural and secret hatred and aversation towards society, in any man, hath somewhat of the savage beast; but it is most untrue, that it should have any character at all of the divine nature, except it proceed, not out of a pleasure in solitude, but out of a love and desire to sequester a man's self for a higher conversation: such as is found to have been falsely and feignedly in some of the heathens—as Epimenides, the Candian; Numa, the Roman; Empedocles, the Sicilian; and Apollonius, of Tyana; and truly, and really, in divers of the ancient hermits and holy fathers of the church. But little do men perceive what solitude is, and how far it extendeth; for a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal where there is no love. The Latin adage meeteth with it a little: *Magna civitas, magna solitudo* ['Great city, great solitude']; because in a great town friends are scattered, so that there is not that fellowship, for the most part, which is in less neighbourhoods; but we may go further, and affirm most truly, that it is a mere and miserable solitude to want true friends, without which the world is but a wilderness; and, even in this sense also of solitude, whosoever, in the frame of his nature and affections, is unfit for friendship, he taketh it of the beast, and not from humanity.

A principal fruit of friendship is the ease and discharge of the fulness and swellings of the heart, which passions of all kinds do cause and induce. We know diseases of stoppings and suffocations are the most dangerous in the body, and it is not much otherwise in the mind: you may take sarza to open the liver, steel to open the spleen, flower of sulphur for the lungs, castoreum for the brain; but no receipt openeth the heart but a true friend, to whom you may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatsoever lieth upon the heart to oppress it, in a kind of civil shrift or confession.

It is a strange thing to observe how high a rate great kings and monarchs do set upon this fruit of friendship whereof we speak—so great, as they purchase it many times at the hazard of their own safety and greatness: for princes, in regard of the distance of their fortune from that of their subjects and servants, cannot gather this fruit, except, to make themselves capable thereof, they raise some persons to be, as it were, companions, and almost equals to themselves, which many times sorteth to inconvenience. The modern languages give unto such persons the name of favourites, or privadoes, as if it were matter of grace or conversation; but the Roman name attaineth the true use and cause thereof, naming them *participes curarum* ['participators in cares']; for it is that which tieth the knot: and we see plainly that this hath been done, not by weak and passionate princes only, but by the wisest and most politic that ever reigned, who have oftentimes joined to themselves some of their servants, whom both themselves have called friends, and allowed others likewise to call them in the same manner, using the word which is received between private men. . . .

It is not to be forgotten what Comineus observeth of his first master, Duke Charles the Hardy—namely, that he would communicate his secrets with none; and, least of all, those secrets which troubled him most. Whereupon he goeth on, and saith, that towards his latter time, that closeness did impair and a little perish his understanding. Surely Comineus might have made the same judgment also, if it had pleased him, of his second master, Louis XI. whose closeness was indeed his tormentor. The parable of Pythagoras is dark, but true, *Cor ne edito*—eat not the heart. Certainly, if a man would give it a hard phrase, those that want friends to open themselves unto are cannibals of their own hearts; but one thing is most admirable—wherewith I will conclude this first fruit of friendship—which is, that this communicating of a man's self to his friend, works two contrary effects, for it redoubleth joys, and cutteth griefs in halves; for there is no man that imparteth his joys to his friend, but he joyeth the more, and no man that imparteth his griefs to his friend, but he grieveth the less. So that it is, in truth, of operation upon a man's mind of like virtue as the alchymists use to attribute to their stone for man's body, that it worketh all contrary effects, but still to the good and benefit of nature; but yet, without praying in aid of alchymists, there is a manifest image of this in the ordinary course of nature; for, in bodies, union strengtheneth and cherisheth any natural action, and, on the other side, weakeneth and dulleth any violent impression—and even so is it of minds.

The second fruit of friendship is healthful and sovereign for the understanding, as the first is for the affections; for friendship maketh indeed a fair day in the affections from storm and tempests, but it maketh daylight in the understanding, out of darkness and confusion of thoughts. Neither is this to be understood only of faithful counsel, which a man receiveth from his friend; but before you come to that, certain it is, that whosoever hath his mind fraught with many thoughts, his wits and understanding do clarify and break up, in the communicating and discoursing with another: he tosseth his thoughts more easily—he marshalleth them more orderly—he seeth how they look when they are turned into words—finally, he waxeth wiser than himself; and that more by an hour's discourse than by a day's meditation. It was well said by Themistocles to the king of Persia, that speech was like cloth of Arras, opened and put abroad; whereby the imagery doth appear in figure, whereas in thoughts they lie but as in packs. Neither is this second fruit of friendship, in opening the understanding, restrained only to such friends as are able to give a man counsel—they indeed are best—but even without that a man learneth of himself, and bringeth his own thoughts to light, and whetteth his wits as against a stone, which itself cuts not. In a word, a man were better relate himself to a statue or picture, than to suffer his thoughts to pass in smother.

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[*] This account is given by Aubrey, who probably obtained it from Hobbes, one of Bacon's intimate friends, and afterwards an acquaintance of Aubrey.—See Aubrey's *Lives of Eminent Persons*, ii. 227. At pages 222 and 602 of the same volume, we learn that Hobbes was a favourite with Bacon, 'who was wont to have him walk with him in his delicate groves, when he did meditate: and when a notion darted into his lordship's mind, Mr Hobbes was presently to write it down, and his lordship was wont to say that he did it better than any one else about him; for that many times, when he read their notes, he scarce understood what they writ, because they understood it not clearly themselves.' 'He assisted his lordship in translating several of his essays into Latin.'

Add now, to make this second fruit of friendship complete, that other point which lieth more open, and falleth within vulgar observation—which is faithful counsel from a friend. Heraclitus saith well, in one of his enigmas, 'Dry light is ever the best;' and certain it is, that the light that a man receiveth by counsel from another, is drier and purer than that which cometh from his own understanding and judgment, which is ever infused and drenched in his affections and customs. So as there is as much difference between the counsel that a friend giveth, and that a man giveth himself, as there is between the counsel of a friend and of a flatterer; for there is no such flatterer as is a man's self, and there is no such remedy against flattery of a man's self as the liberty of a friend.

### *Studies.*

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business: for expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies, is sloth; to use them too much for ornament, is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules, is the humour of a scholar; they perfect nature, and are perfected by experience—for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested: that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are, like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man: and, therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not.

### *Of Discourse.*

Some in their discourse desire rather commendation of wit, in being able to hold all arguments, than of judgment, in discerning what is true; as if it were a praise to know what might be said, and not what should be thought. Some have certain common-places and themes, wherein they are good, and want variety; which kind of poverty is for the most part tedious, and, when it is once perceived, ridiculous. The honourablest part of talk is to give the occasion; and again to moderate and pass to somewhat else, for then a man leads the dance. It is good in discourse, and speech of conversation, to vary and intermingle speech of the present occasion with arguments, tales with reasons, asking of questions with telling of opinions, and jest with earnest; for it is a dull thing to tire, and as we say now, to jade any thing too far. As for jest, there be certain things which ought to be privileged from it; namely, religion, matters of state, great persons, any man's present business of importance, and any case that deserveth pity; yet there be some that think their wits have been asleep, except they dart out somewhat that is piquant, and to the quick; that is a vein which would be bridled;

Parce, puer, stimulis, et fortius utere loris.*

And, generally, men ought to find the difference between saltness and bitterness. Certainly, he that hath a satirical vein, as he maketh others afraid of his wit, so he had need be afraid of others' memory. He that questioneth much, shall learn much, and content much; but especially if he apply his questions to the skill of the persons whom he asketh; for he shall give them occasion to please themselves in speaking, and himself shall continually gather knowledge; but let his questions not be troublesome, for that is fit for a poser; and let him be sure to leave other men their turns to speak: nay, if there be any that would reign and take up all the time, let him find means to take them off, and to bring others on, as musicians use to do with those that dance too long galliards. If you dissemble sometimes your knowledge of that you are thought to know, you shall be thought, another time, to know that you know not. Speech of a man's self ought to be seldom, and well chosen. I knew one was wont to say in scorn, 'He must needs be a wise man, he speaks so much of himself;' and there is but one case wherein a man may commend himself with good grace, and that is in commending virtue in another, especially if it be such a virtue whereunto himself pretendeth. Speech of touch towards others should be sparingly used; for discourse ought to be as a field, without coming home to any man. I knew two noblemen, of the west part of England, whereof the one was given to scoff, but kept ever royal cheer in his house; the other would ask of those that had been at the other's table, 'Tell truly, was there never a flout or dry blow given?' To which the guest would answer, 'Such and such a thing passed.' The lord would say, 'I thought he would mar a good dinner.' Discretion of speech is more than eloquence; and to speak agreeable to him with whom we deal, is more than to speak in good words, or in good order. A good continued speech, without a good speech of interlocution, shews slowness; and a good reply, or second speech, without a good settled speech, sheweth shallowness and weakness. As we see in beasts, that those that are weakest in the course, are yet nimblest in the turn; as it is betwixt the greyhound and the hare. To use too many circumstances, ere one come to the matter, is wearisome; to use none at all, is blunt.

### *Of Beauty.*

Virtue is like a rich stone, best plain set; and surely virtue is best in a body that is comely, though not of delicate features, and that hath rather dignity of presence than beauty of aspect; neither is it almost seen, that very beautiful persons are otherwise of great virtue; as if nature were rather busy not to err, than in labour to produce excellency; and therefore they prove accomplished, but not of great spirit; and study rather behaviour than virtue. But this holds not always: for Augustus Cæsar, Titus Vespasianus, Philip le Bel of France, Edward IV. of England, Alcibiades of Athens, Ismael, the sophy of Persia, were all high and great spirits, and yet the most beautiful men of their times. In beauty, that of favour is more than that of colour; and that of decent and gracious motion more than that of favour. That is the best part of beauty which a picture cannot express; no, nor the first sight of the life. There is no excellent beauty that hath not some strangeness in the proportion. A man cannot tell whether Apelles or Albert Durer were the more trifler; whereof the one would make a personage by geometrical proportions: the other, by taking the best parts out of divers faces to make one excellent. Such personages, I think, would please nobody but the painter that made them: not but I think a painter may make a better face than ever was; but he must do it by a kind of felicity (as a musician that maketh an excellent air in music), and not by rule. A man shall see faces, that, if you examine them part by part, you shall find never a good; and yet altogether do well. If it be true that the principal part of beauty is in decent motion, certainly it is no marvel though persons in years seem many times more amiable; *pulchrorum autumnus pulcher;* for no youth can be comely but by pardon, and considering the youth as to make up the comeliness. Beauty is as summer fruits, which are easy to corrupt and cannot last; and, for the most part, it makes a dissolute youth, and an age a little out of countenance; but yet certainly again, if it light well, it maketh virtues shine, and vices blush.

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* Take this at least, this last advice, my son:
Keep a stiff rein, and move but gently on.—ADDISON.

### *Of Deformity.*

Deformed persons are commonly even with nature; for as nature hath done ill by them, so do they by nature, being for the most part (as the Scripture saith) 'void of natural affection;' and so they have their revenge of nature. Certainly there is a consent between the body and the mind, and where nature erreth in the one, she ventureth in the other: *Ubi peccat in uno, periclitatur in altero:* but because there is in man an election, touching the frame of his mind, and a necessity in the frame of his body, the stars of natural inclination are sometimes obscured by the sun of discipline and virtue; therefore it is good to consider of deformity, not as a sign which is more deceivable, but as a cause which seldom faileth of the effect. Whosoever hath any thing fixed in his person that doth induce contempt, hath also a perpetual spur in himself to rescue and deliver himself from scorn; therefore, all deformed persons are extreme bold; first, as in their own defence, as being exposed to scorn, but in process of time by a general habit. Also it stirreth in them industry, and especially of this kind, to watch and observe the weakness of others, that they may have somewhat to repay. Again, in their superiors, it quencheth jealousy towards them, as persons that they think they may at pleasure despise: and it layeth their competitors and emulators asleep, as never believing they should be in possibility of advancement till they see them in possession: so that upon the matter, in a great wit, deformity is an advantage to rising. Kings, in ancient times (and at this present in some countries), were wont to put great trust in eunuchs, because they that are envious towards all are more obnoxious and officious towards one; but yet their trust towards them hath rather been as to good spials, and good whisperers, than good magistrates and officers: and much like is the reason of deformed persons. Still the ground is, they will, if they be of spirit, seek to free themselves from scorn; which must be either by virtue or malice; and, therefore, let it not be marvelled, if sometimes they prove excellent persons; as was Agesilaus, Zanger the son of Solyman, Æsop, Gasca, president of Peru; and Socrates may go likewise amongst them, with others.

### *Prosperity and Adversity.*

The virtue of prosperity is temperance; the virtue of adversity is fortitude. Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament; adversity is the blessing of the New, which carrieth the greater benediction, and the clearer revelation of God's favour. Yet even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp, you shall hear as many hearse-like airs as carols; and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath laboured more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon. Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes. We see in needle-works and embroideries, it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground: judge, therefore, of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye. Certainly, virtue is like precious odours, most fragrant where they are incensed, or crushed; for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.

### *Universities.*

As water, whether it be the dew of heaven or the springs of the earth, doth scatter and lose itself in the ground, except it be collected into some receptacle, where it may by union comfort and sustain itself; and, for that cause, the industry of man hath framed and made spring-heads, conduits, cisterns, and pools; which men have accustomed likewise to beautify and adorn with accomplishments of magnificence and state, as well as of use and necessity; so knowledge, whether it descend from divine inspiration or spring from human sense, would soon perish and vanish to oblivion, if it were not preserved in books, traditions, conferences, and places appointed, as universities, colleges, and schools, for the receipt and comforting the same.

### *Government.*

In Orpheus's theatre, all beasts and birds assembled; and, forgetting their several appetites, some of prey, some of game, some of quarrel, stood all sociably together, listening unto the airs and accords of the harp; the sound whereof no sooner ceased, or was drowned by some louder noise, but every beast returned to his own nature; wherein is aptly described the nature and condition of men, who are full of savage and unreclaimed desires of profit, of lust, of revenge; which, as long as they give ear to precepts, to laws, to religion, sweetly touched with eloquence and persuasion of books, of sermons, of harangues, so long is society and peace maintained; but if these instruments be silent, or sedition and tumult make them not audible, all things dissolve into anarchy and confusion.

### *Books and Ships Compared.*

If the invention of the ship was thought so noble, which carrieth riches and commodities from place to place, and consociateth the most remote regions in participation of their fruits, how much more are letters to be magnified, which, as ships, pass through the vast seas of time, and make ages so distant participate of the wisdom, illuminations, and inventions, the one of the other!

### *Libraries.*

Libraries are as the shrines where all the relics of the ancient saints, full of true virtue, and that without delusion or imposture, are preserved and reposed.

## SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

During the twelve years of his imprisonment, Sir Walter Raleigh wrote the chief portion of his works, especially the *History of the World*, of which only a part was finished, comprehending the period from the creation to the downfall of the Macedonian empire, about 170 B.C. This was published in 1614. The ability with which he treats the histories of Greece and Rome has excited just regret that so great a portion of the work is devoted to Jewish and Rabbinical learning. The acquirements and genius of Raleigh—who, in the words of Hume, 'being educated amidst naval and military enterprises, had surpassed, in the pursuits of literature, even those of the most recluse and sedentary lives'—have excited much admiration; but the historian was aided by the contributions of his learned friends. Ben Jonson told Drummond that Raleigh 'esteemed more fame than conscience. The best wits in England were employed in making his history.' Ben himself had 'written a piece to him of the Punic war, which he altered, and set in his book.' According to a manuscript in the Lansdowne collection, a still more important helper was a 'Dr Robert Burrel, rector of Northwald, in the county of Norfolk, who was a great favourite of Sir Walter Raleigh, and had been his chaplain. All, or the greatest part of the drudgery of Sir Walter's *History*, for criticisms, chronology, and reading Greek and Hebrew authors, was performed by him' (Burrel); but the design and composition of the work were Raleigh's own. He gave it consistency, energy, and genius.

Both in style and matter, this celebrated work is vastly superior to all the English historical productions which had previously appeared. Its style, though partaking of the faults of the age in being frequently stiff and inverted, has fewer of these defects than the diction of any other writer of the time. Raleigh composed a number of political and other pieces, some of which have never been published. Among those best known are his *Maxims of State*, the *Cabinet Council*, the *Sceptic*, and *Advice to his Son*. The last contains much admirable counsel, sometimes tinctured, indeed, with that worldliness and caution which the writer's hard experience had strengthened in a mind naturally disposed to be mindful of self-interest, and perhaps disposed to duplicity. The subjects on which he advises his son are—the choice of friends and of a wife, deafness to flattery, the avoidance of quarrels, the preservation of estate, the choice of servants, the avoidance of evil means of seeking riches, the bad effects of drunkenness, and the service of God.

### *Uncertainty of Human Happiness.*

From the Preface to the *History*.

If we truly examine the difference of both conditions—to wit, of the rich and mighty, whom we call fortunate, and of the poor and oppressed, whom we count wretched—we shall find the happiness of the one, and the miserable estate of the other, so tied by God to the very instant, and both so subject to interchange (witness the sudden downfall of the greatest princes, and the speedy uprising of the meanest persons), as the one hath nothing so certain whereof to boast, nor the other so uncertain whereof to bewail itself. For there is no man so assured of his honour, of his riches, health, or life but that he may be deprived of either, or all, the very next hour or day to come. *Quid vesper vehat, incertum est;* what the evening will bring with it is uncertain. And yet ye cannot tell, saith St James, what shall be to-morrow. To-day he is set up, and to-morrow he shall not be found, for he is turned into dust, and his purpose perisheth. And although the air which compasseth adversity be very obscure, yet therein we better discern God than in that shining light which environeth worldly glory; through which, for the clearness thereof, there is no vanity which escapeth our sight. And let adversity seem what it will—to happy men, ridiculous, who make themselves merry at other men's misfortunes; and to those under the cross, grievous—yet this is true, that for all that is past, to the very instant, the portions remaining are equal to either. For, be it that we have lived many years (according to Solomon), 'and in them all we have rejoiced;' or be it that we have measured the same length of days, and therein have evermore sorrowed; yet, looking back from our present being, we find both the one and the other—to wit, the joy and the woe—sailed out of sight; and death, which doth pursue us and hold us in chase from our infancy, hath gathered it. *Quicquid ætatis retro est, mors tenet;* whatsoever of our age is past, death holds it. So as, whosoever he be to whom fortune hath been a servant, and the time a friend, let him but take the account of his memory (for we have no other keeper of our pleasures past), and truly examine what it hath reserved, either of beauty and youth, or foregone delights; what it hath saved, that it might last, of his dearest affections, or of whatever else the amorous spring-time gave his thoughts of contentment, then invaluable, and he shall find that all the art which his elder years have can draw no other vapour out of these dissolutions than heavy, secret, and sad sighs. He shall find nothing remaining but those sorrows which grow up after our fast-springing youth, overtake it when it is at a stand, and overtop it utterly when it begins to wither; insomuch as, looking back from the very instant time, and from our now being, the poor, diseased, and captive creature hath as little sense of all his former miseries and pains as he that is most blessed, in common opinion, hath of his forepast pleasures and delights. For whatsoever is cast behind us is just nothing; and what is to come, deceitful hope hath it. *Omniæ quæ eventura sunt in incerto jacent.* Only those few black swans I must except who, having had the grace to value worldly vanities at no more than their own price, do, by retaining the comfortable memory of a well-acted life, behold death without dread, and the grave without fear, and embrace both as necessary guides to endless glory.

### *The Battle of Thermopylæ.*

From the *History*, Book III. Chap. 6.

After such time as Xerxes had transported his army over the Hellespont, and landed in Thrace—leaving the description of his passage alongst that coast, and how the river of Lissus was drunk dry by his multitudes, and the lake near to Pissyrus by his cattle, with other accidents in his marches towards Greece—I will speak of the encounters he had, and the shameful and incredible overthrows which he received. As first at Thermopylæ, a narrow passage of half an acre of ground, lying between the mountains which divide Thessaly from Greece, where sometime the Phocians had raised a wall with gates, which was then for the most part ruined. At this entrance, Leonidas, one of the kings of Sparta, with 300 Lacedæmonians, assisted with 1000 Tegeatæ and Mantineans, and 1000 Arcadians, and other Peloponnesians, to the number of 3100 in the whole; besides 1000 Phocians, 400 Thebans, 700 Thespians, and all the forces—such as they were—of the bordering Locrians, defended the passage two whole days together against that huge army of the Persians. The valour of the Greeks appeared so excellent in this defence, that, in the first day's fight, Xerxes is said to have three times leaped out of his throne, fearing the destruction of his army by one handful of those men, whom, not long before, he had utterly despised: and when the second day's attempt upon the Greeks had proved vain, he was altogether ignorant how to proceed further, and so might have continued, had not a runagate Grecian taught him a secret way, by which part of his army might ascend the ledge of mountains, and set upon the backs of those who kept the straits. But when the most valiant of the Persian army had almost inclosed the small forces of the Greeks, then did Leonidas, king of the Lacedæmonians, with his 300, and 700 Thespians, which were all that abode by him, refuse to quit the place which they had undertaken to make good, and with admirable courage not only resist that world of men which charged them on all sides, but, issuing out of their strength, made so great a slaughter of their enemies, that they might well be called vanquishers, though all of them were slain upon the place. Xerxes having lost in this last fight, together with 20,000 other soldiers and captains, two of his own brethren, began to doubt what inconvenience might befall him by the virtue of such as had not been present at these battles, with whom he knew that he shortly was to deal. Especially of the Spartans he stood in great fear, whose manhood had appeared singular in this trial, which caused him very carefully to inquire what numbers they could bring into the field. It is reported of Dieneces, the Spartan, that when one thought to have terrified him by saying that the flight of the Persian arrows was so thick as would hide the sun, he answered thus: 'It is very good news, for then shall we fight in the cool shade.'

### *English Valour.—From the 'History,' Book V. Chap. 2.*

All that have read of Cressy and Agincourt will bear me witness that I do not allege the battle of Poitiers for lack of other as good examples of the English virtue; the proof whereof hath left many a hundred better marks, in all quarters of France, than ever did the valour of the Romans. If any man impute these victories of ours to the long-bow, as carrying farther, piercing more strongly, and quicker of discharge than the French cross-bow, my answer is ready—that in all these respects it is also (being drawn with a strong arm) superior to the musket; yet is the musket a weapon of more use. The gun and the cross-bow are of like force when discharged by a boy or a woman as when by a strong man; weakness, or sickness, or a sore finger, makes the long bow unserviceable. More particularly, I say that it was the custom of our ancestors to shoot, for the most part, *point-blank;* and so shall he perceive that will note the circumstances of almost any one battle. This takes away all objection, for when two armies are within the distance of a butt's length, one flight of arrows, or two at the most, can be delivered before they close. Neither is it, in general, true that the long-bow reacheth farther, or that it pierceth more strongly than the cross-bow. But this is the rare effect of an extraordinary arm, whereupon can be grounded no common rule. If any man shall ask, how then came it to pass that the English won so many great battles, having no advantage to help him, I may, with best commendation of modesty, refer him to the French historian who, relating the victory of our men at Crevant, where they passed a bridge in face of the enemy, useth these words: 'The English comes with a conquering bravery, as he that was accustomed to gain everywhere without any stay; he forceth our guard, placed upon the bridge to keep the passage' (*John de Serres*). Or I may cite another place of the same author, where he tells us how the Britons, being invaded by Charles VIII. king of France, thought it good policy to apparel twelve hundred of their own men in English cassocks, that the very sight of the English red cross would be enough to terrify the French. But I will not stand to borrow of the French historians (all of which, excepting de Serres and Paulus Æmilius, report wonders of our nation); the proposition which first I undertook to maintain, that the military virtue of the English prevailing against all manner of difficulties ought to be preferred before that of the Romans, which was assisted with all advantages that could be desired. If it be demanded, why, then, did not our kings finish the conquest as Cæsar had done, my answer may be—I hope without offence—that our kings were like to the race of the Æacidæ, of whom the old poet Ennius gave this note: *Belli potentes sunt mage quam sapienti potentes* —They were more warlike than politic. Whoso notes their proceedings may find that none of them went to work like a conqueror, save only King Henry V. the course of whose victories it pleased God to interrupt by his death.

### *Ambition and Death.—Conclusion of the 'History.'*

By this which we have already set down, is seen the beginning and end of the three first monarchies of the world, whereof the founders and erectors thought that they could never have ended. That of Rome, which made the fourth, was also at this time almost at the highest. We have left it flourishing in the middle of the field, having rooted up or cut down all that kept it from the eyes and admiration of the world. But after some continuance, it shall begin to lose the beauty it had; the storms of ambition shall beat her great boughs and branches one against another; her leaves shall fall off, her limbs wither, and a rabble of barbarous nations enter the field, and cut her down. . . .

If we seek a reason of the succession and continuance of boundless ambition in mortal men, we may add, that the kings and princes of the world have always laid before them the actions, but not the ends of those great ones which preceded them. They are always transported with the glory of the one, but they never mind the misery of the other, till they find the experience in themselves. They neglect the advice of God while they enjoy life, or hope it, but they follow the counsel of death upon his first approach. It is he that puts into man all the wisdom of the world without speaking a word, which God, with all the words of his law, promises, or threats, doth not infuse. Death, which hateth and destroyeth man, is believed; God, which hath made him and loves him, is always deferred. 'I have considered,' saith Solomon, 'all the works that are under the sun, and, behold, all is vanity and vexation of spirit;' but who believes it, till death tells it us? It was death, which, opening the conscience of Charles V. made him enjoin his son Philip to restore Navarre, and King Francis I. of France to command that justice should be done upon the murderers of the Protestants in Merindol and Cabrieres, which till then he neglected. It is therefore death alone that can suddenly make man to know himself. He tells the proud and insolent that they are but abjects, and humbles them at the instant, makes them cry, complain, and repent, yea, even to hate their forepassed happiness. He takes the account of the rich, and proves him a beggar, a naked beggar, which hath interest in nothing but in the gravel that fills his mouth. He holds a glass before the eyes of the most beautiful, and makes them see therein their deformity and rottenness, and they acknowledge it.

O eloquent, just, and mighty Death! whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded; what none hath dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised; thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, *Hic jacet!*

In another of his works, Raleigh tells, in the following vigorous language, wherein lies

### *The Strength of Kings.*

They say the goodliest cedars which grow on the high mountains of Libanus thrust their roots between the clefts of hard rocks, the better to bear themselves against the strong storms that blow there. As nature has instructed those kings of trees, so has reason taught the kings of men to root themselves in the hardy hearts of their faithful subjects; and as those kings of trees have large tops, so have the kings of men large crowns, whereof, as the first would soon be broken from their bodies, were they not underborne by many branches, so would the other easily totter, were they not fastened on their heads with the strong chains of civil justice and of martial discipline.

### *Three Rules to be observed for the Preservation of a Man's Estate.*

From Raleigh's *Advice to his Son.*

Amongst all other things of the world, take care of thy estate, which thou shalt ever preserve if thou observe three things: first, that thou know what thou hast, what everything is worth that thou hast, and to see that thou art not wasted by thy servants and officers. The second is, that thou never spend anything before thou have it; for borrowing is the canker and death of every man's estate. The third is, that thou suffer not thyself to be wounded for other men's faults, and scourged for other men's offences; which is, the surety for another, for thereby millions of men have been beggared and destroyed, paying the reckoning of other men's riot, and the charge of other men's folly and prodigality; if thou smart, smart for thine own sins; and, above all things, be not made an ass to carry the burdens of other men: if any friend desire thee to be his surety, give him a part of what thou hast to spare; if he press thee further, he is not thy friend at all, for friendship rather chooseth harm to itself than offereth it. If thou be bound for a stranger, thou art a fool; if for a merchant, thou puttest thy estate to learn to swim; if for a churchman, he hath no inheritance; if for a lawyer, he will find an invasion by a syllable or word to abuse thee; if for a poor man, thou must pay it thyself; if for a rich man, he needs not: therefore from suretyship, as from a manslayer or enchanter, bless thyself; for the best profit and return will be this, that if thou force him for whom thou art bound, to pay it himself, he will become thy enemy; if thou use to pay it thyself, thou wilt be a beggar; and believe thy father in this, and print it in thy thought, that what virtue soever thou hast, be it never so manifold, if thou be poor withal, thou and thy qualities shall be despised. Besides, poverty is ofttimes sent as a curse of God; it is a shame amongst men, an imprisonment of the mind, a vexation of every worthy spirit: thou shalt neither help thyself nor others; thou shalt drown thee in all thy virtues, having no means to shew them; thou shalt be a burden and an eyesore to thy friends; every man will fear thy company; thou shalt be driven basely to beg and depend on others, to flatter unworthy men, to make dishonest shifts: and, to conclude, poverty provokes a man to do infamous and detested deeds; let no vanity, therefore, or persuasion, draw thee to that worst of worldly miseries.

If thou be rich, it will give thee pleasure in health, comfort in sickness, keep thy mind and body free, save thee from many perils, relieve thee in thy elder years, relieve the poor and thy honest friends, and give means to thy posterity to live, and defend themselves and thine own fame. Where it is said in the Proverbs, 'That he shall be sore vexed that is surety for a stranger, and he that hateth suretyship is sure;' it is further said, 'The poor is hated even of his own neighbour, but the rich have many friends.' Lend not to him that is mightier than thyself, for if thou lendest him, count it but lost; be not surety above thy power, for if thou be surety, think to pay it.

## RICHARD KNOLLES.

Next to Raleigh's history may be ranked Knolles's *History of the Turks*, published in 1603, and a second edition in 1610. Dr Johnson, in the 122d number of the *Rambler*, warmly eulogised Knolles's work, and Mr Hallam places its author among the first of our elder writers. Knolles was master of a free school at Sandwich in Kent, where he died in 1610, aged about seventy. His history was continued by Sir Paul Rycaut (1628–1700), an English traveller and diplomatist.

### *The Taking of Constantinople by the Turks.*

A little before day, the Turks approached the walls and began the assault, where shot and stones were delivered upon them from the walls as thick as hail, whereof little fell in vain, by reason of the multitude of the Turks, who, pressing fast unto the walls, could not see in the dark how to defend themselves, but were without number wounded or slain; but these were of the common and worst soldiers, of whom the Turkish king made no more reckoning than to abate the first force of the defendants. Upon the first appearance of the day, Mohammed gave the sign appointed for the general assault, whereupon the city was in a moment, and at one instant, on every side most furiously assaulted by the Turks; for Mohammed, the more to distress the defendants, and the better to see the forwardness of the soldiers, had before appointed which part of the city every colonel with his regiment should assail: which they valiantly performed, delivering their arrows and shot upon the defendants so thick, that the light of the day was therewith darkened; others in the meantime courageously mounting the scaling-ladders, and coming even to handy-strokes with the defendants upon the wall, where the foremost were for the most part violently borne forward by them which followed after. On the other side, the Christians with no less courage withstood the Turkish fury, beating them down again with great stones and weighty pieces of timber, and so overwhelmed them with shot, darts, and arrows, and other hurtful devices from above, that the Turks, dismayed with the terror thereof, were ready to retire.

Mohammed, seeing the great slaughter and discomfiture of his men, sent in fresh supplies of his janissaries and best men of war, whom he had for that purpose reserved as his last hope and refuge; by whose coming on his fainting soldiers were again encouraged, and the terrible assault begun afresh. At which time the barbarous king ceased not to use all possible means to maintain the assault; by name calling upon this and that captain, promising unto some whom he saw forward golden mountains, and unto others in whom he saw any sign of cowardice, threatening most terrible death; by which means the assault became most dreadful, death there raging in the midst of many thousands. And albeit that the Turks lay dead by heaps upon the ground, yet other fresh men pressed on still in their places over their dead bodies, and with divers event either slew or were slain by their enemies.

In this so terrible a conflict, it chanced Justinianus the general to be wounded in the arm, who, losing much blood, cowardly withdrew himself from the place of his charge, not leaving any to supply his room, and so got into the city by the gate called Romana, which he had caused to be opened in the inner wall; pretending the cause of his departure to be for the binding up of his wound, but being, indeed, a man now altogether discouraged.

The soldiers there present, dismayed with the departure of their general, and sore charged by the janissaries, forsook their stations, and in haste fled to the same gate whereby Justinianus was entered; with the sight whereof the other soldiers, dismayed, ran thither by heaps also. But whilst they violently strive altogether to get in at once, they so wedged one another in the entrance of the gate, that few of so great a multitude got in; in which so great a press and confusion of minds, eight hundred persons were there by them that followed trodden under foot, or thrust to death. The emperor himself, for safeguard of his life, flying with the rest in that press as a man not regarded, miserably ended his days together with the Greek empire. His dead body was shortly after found by the Turks among the slain, and known by his rich apparel, whose head being cut off, was forthwith presented to the Turkish tyrant, by whose commandment it was afterwards thrust upon the point of a lance, and in great derision carried about as a trophy of his victory, first in the camp, and afterward up and down the city.

The Turks, encouraged with the flight of the Christians, presently advanced their ensigns upon the top of the uttermost wall, crying Victory; and by the breach entered as if it had been a great flood, which, having once found a breach in the bank, overfloweth, and beareth down all before it; so the Turks, when they had won the utter wall, entered the city by the same gate that was opened for Justinianus, and by a breach which they had before made with their great artillery, and without mercy cutting in pieces all that came in their way, without further resistance became lords of that most famous and imperial city. . . . In this fury of the barbarians perished many thousands of men, women, and children, without respect of age, sex, or condition. Many, for safeguard of their lives, fled into the temple of Sophia, where they were all without pity slain, except some few reserved by the barbarous victors to purposes more grievous than death itself. The rich and beautiful ornaments and jewels of that most sumptuous and magnificent church—the stately building of Justinianus the emperor—were, in the turning of a hand, plucked down and carried away by the Turks; and the church itself, built for God to be honoured in, for the present converted into a stable for their horses, or a place for the execution of their abominable and unspeakable filthiness; the image of the crucifix was also by them taken down, and a Turk's cap put upon the head thereof, and so set up and shot at with their arrows, and afterwards, in great derision, carried about in their camp, as it had been in procession, with drums playing before it, railing and spitting at it, and calling it the God of the Christians, which I note not so much done in contempt of the image, as in despite of Christ and the Christian religion.

Dryden, who rarely borrowed, seems, as Lord Macaulay has pointed out, to have taken a couplet from Knolles's history. Under a portrait of Mustapha I. are these lines:

Greatnesse on goodnesse loves to slide, not stand,
And leaves for Fortune's ice Vertue's firme land.

In *Absalom and Achitophel*, Dryden has:

But wild Ambition loves to slide, not stand,
And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land.

## WILLIAM CAMDEN.

WILLIAM CAMDEN (1551-1623) was eminent as an antiquary, and claims also to be considered as one of the best historians of his age. Camden was born in London, and received his education first at Christ's Hospital and St Paul's School, and afterwards at Oxford. In 1575, he became second master of Westminster School; and while performing the duties of this office, devoted his leisure hours to the study of the antiquities of Britain—a subject to which, from his earliest years, he had been strongly inclined. That he might personally examine ancient remains, he travelled, in 1582, through some of the eastern and northern counties of England; and the fruits of his researches appeared in his most celebrated work, written in Latin, with a title signifying *Britain; or a Chorographical Description of the most Flourishing Kingdom of England, Scotland, Ireland, and the Adjacent Islands, from Remote Antiquity.* This was published in 1586, and immediately brought him into high repute as an antiquary and man of learning. Anxious to improve and enlarge it, he journeyed at several times into different parts of the country, examining archives and relics of antiquity, and collecting, with indefatigable industry, whatever information might contribute to render it more complete. The sixth edition, published in 1607, was that which received his finishing touches; and of this an English translation, executed, probably with the author's assistance, by Dr Philemon Holland, appeared in 1610. From the preface to that translation we extract the following:

### *Camden's Account of his Historical Labours.*

Abraham Ortelius, the worthy restorer of ancient geography, arriving here in England about thirty-four years past, dealt earnestly with me that I would illustrate this isle of Britain, or, as he said, that I would restore antiquity to Britain, and Britain to antiquity; which was, I understood, that I would renew ancientry, enlighten obscurity, clear doubts, and recall home verity, by way of recovery, which the negligence of writers, and credulity of the common sort, had in a manner proscribed and utterly banished from among us. A painful matter, I assure you, and more than difficult; wherein what toil is to be taken, as no man thinketh, so no man believeth but he who hath made the trial. Nevertheless, how much the difficulty discouraged me from it, so much the glory of my country encouraged me to undertake it. So, while at one and the same time I was fearful to undergo the burden, and yet desirous to do some service to my country, I found two different affections, fear and boldness, I know not how, conjoined in one. Notwithstanding, by the most gracious direction of the Almighty, taking industry for my consort, I adventured upon it; and, with all my study, care, cogitation, continual meditation, pain, and travail, I employed myself thereunto when I had any spare time. I made search after the etymology of Britain and the first inhabitants timorously; neither in so doubtful a matter have I affirmed ought confidently. For I am not ignorant that the first originals of nations are obscure, by reason of their profound antiquity, as things which are seen very deep and far remote; like as the courses, the reaches, the confluences, and the outlets of great rivers are well known, yet their first fountains and heads lie commonly unknown. I have succinctly run over the Romans' government in Britain, and the inundation of foreign people thereinto, what they were, and from whence they came. I have traced out the ancient divisions of these kingdoms; I have summarily specified the states and judicial courts of the same. In the several counties, I have compendiously set down the limits—and yet not exactly by perch and pole, to breed questions—what is the nature of the soil, which were places of the greatest antiquity, who have been dukes, marquises, earls, viscounts, barons, and some of the most signal and ancient families therein—for who can particulate all? What I have performed, I leave to men of judgment. But time, the most sound and sincere witness, will give the truest information, when envy, which persecuteth the living, shall have her mouth stopped. Thus much give me leave to say—that I have in nowise neglected such things as are material to search and sift out the truth. I have attained to some skill of the most ancient British and Saxon tongues. I have travelled over all England for the most part; I have conferred with most skilful observers in each country; I have studiously read over our own country writers, old and new, all Greek and Latin authors which have once made mention of Britain; I have had conference with learned men in the other parts of Christendom; I have been diligent in the records of this realm; I have

> looked into most libraries, registers, and memorials of churches, cities, and corporations; I have pored over many an old roll and evidence, and produced their testimony, as beyond all exception, when the cause required, in their very own words—although barbarous they be—that the honour of verity might in nowise be impeached.
>
> For all this I may be censured as unadvised, and scant modest, who, being but of the lowest form in the school of antiquity, where I might well have lurked in obscurity, have adventured as a scribbler upon the stage in this learned age, amidst the diversities of relishes both in wit and judgment. But to tell the truth unfeignedly, the love of my country, which compriseth all love in it, and hath endeared me to it, the glory of the British name, the advice of some judicious friends, hath overmastered my modesty, and—willed I, nilled I—hath enforced me, against mine own judgment, to undergo this burden too heavy for me, and so thrust me forth into the world's view. For I see judgments, prejudices, censures, aspersions, obstructions, detractions, affronts, and confronts, as it were, in battle-array, to environ me on every side; some there are which wholly contemn and avile this study of antiquity as a back-looking curiosity; whose authority, as I do not utterly vilify, so I do not overprize or admire their judgment. Neither am I destitute of reason whereby I might approve this my purpose to well-bred and well-meaning men, which tender the glory of their native country; and, moreover, could give them to understand that, in the study of antiquity—which is always accompanied with dignity, and hath a certain resemblance with eternity—there is a sweet food of the mind well befitting such as are of honest and noble disposition. If any there be which are desirous to be strangers in their own soil, and foreigners in their own city, they may so continue, and therein flatter themselves. For such like I have not written these lines, nor taken these pains.

The *Britannia* has gone through many subsequent editions, and has proved so useful a repository of antiquarian and topographical knowledge, that it has been styled by Bishop Nicolson 'the common sun, whereat our modern writers have all lighted their little torches.' The last edition is that of 1789, in two volumes folio, largely augmented by Mr Gough.

In 1593, Camden became head-master of Westminster School, and, for the use of his pupils, published a Greek Grammar in 1597. In the same year, however, his connection with that seminary came to an end, on his receiving the appointment of Clarencieux king-of-arms, an office which allowed him more leisure for his favourite pursuits. The principal works which he subsequently published are: 1. *An Account of the Monuments and Inscriptions in Westminster Abbey;* 2. *A Collection of Ancient English Historians;* 3. A Latin *Narrative of the Gunpowder Plot,* drawn up at the desire of James VI.; and, 4. *Annals of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth,* also in Latin. The last of these works is praised by Hume as good composition, with respect both to style and matter, and as being 'written with simplicity of expression, very rare in that age, and with a regard to truth.' It is, however, generally considered as too favourable to Elizabeth; and Dr Robertson characterises the account of Scottish affairs under Queen Mary as less accurate than any other. Camden died unmarried in 1623, at the age of seventy-two, and was interred in Westminster Abbey. Not long before his death, he founded and endowed a history lecture at Oxford.

## SIR HENRY SPELMAN—SIR ROBERT COTTON—JOHN SPEED—SAMUEL DANIEL—SIR JOHN HAYWARD.

SIR HENRY SPELMAN, a man of similar tastes, and who was intimate with Camden, was born in 1562 at Congham, in Norfolk, of which county he was high-sheriff in 1604. His works are almost all upon legal and ecclesiastical antiquities. Having, in the course of his investigations, found it necessary to study the Saxon language, he embodied the fruits of his labour in his great work called *Glossarium Archæologicum,* the object of which is the explanation of obsolete words occurring in the laws of England. Another of his productions is *A History of the English Councils,* published partly in 1639, and partly after his death, which took place in 1641. The writings of this author have furnished valuable materials to English historians, and he is considered as the restorer of Saxon literature, both by means of his own studies, and by founding a Saxon professorship at Cambridge.—SIR ROBERT COTTON (1570–1631) is celebrated as an industrious collector of records, charters, and writings of every kind relative to the ancient history of England. In the prosecution of his object he enjoyed unusual facilities, the recent suppression of monasteries having thrown many valuable books and written documents into private hands. In 1600, he accompanied his friend Camden on an excursion to Carlisle, for the purpose of examining the Picts' wall and other relics of former times. It was principally on his suggestion that James I. resorted to the scheme of creating baronets, as a means of supplying the treasury; and he himself was one of those who purchased the distinction. Sir Robert Cotton was the author of various historical, political, and antiquarian works, which are now of little interest, except to men of kindred tastes. His name is remembered chiefly for the benefit which he conferred upon literature, by saving his valuable library of manuscripts from dispersion. After being considerably augmented by his son and grandson, it became, in 1706, the property of the public, and in 1757 was deposited in the British Museum. One hundred and eleven of the manuscripts, many of them highly valuable, had before this time been unfortunately destroyed by fire. During his lifetime, materials were drawn from his library by Raleigh, Bacon, Selden, and Herbert; and he furnished literary assistance to many contemporary authors. Besides aiding Camden in the compilation of the *Britannia,* he materially assisted JOHN SPEED (1552–1629), by revising, correcting, and adding to a *History of Great Britain,* published by that writer in 1614. Speed was indebted also to Spelman and others for contributions. He is characterised by Bishop Nicolson as 'a person of extraordinary industry and attainments in the study of antiquities.' Being a tailor by trade, he enjoyed few advantages from education; yet his history is a highly creditable performance, and was long the best in existence. He was the first to reject the fables of preceding chroniclers concerning the origin of the Britons, and to exercise a just discrimination in the selection of authorities. His history commences with the original inhabitants of the island, and extends to the union of England and Scotland under King James, to whom the work is dedicated. In 1606, he published maps of Great Britain and Ireland, with the English shires, hundreds, cities, and shire-towns. This collection was superior to any other that had appeared.—**Samuel Daniel** (1562–1619), who has already been mentioned as a poet, distinguished himself also as a writer of prose. Besides *A Defence of Rhyme*, published in 1611, he composed *A History of England*, of which only the first and second parts—extending from the Norman Conquest to the end of the reign of Edward III.—were completed by himself. Of these, the first appeared in 1613, and the second about five years later. Being a judicious and tasteful performance, and written in a clear, simple, and agreeable style, the work became very popular, and soon passed through several editions. It was continued, in an inferior manner, to the death of Richard III. by John Trussel, an alderman of Winchester. Like Speed, Daniel was cautious in giving credit to narratives of remote events, as will appear from his remarks, here subjoined:

### *Uncertainty of the Early History of Nations.*

Undertaking to collect the principal affairs of this kingdom, I had a desire to have deduced the same from the beginning of the first British kings, as they are registered in their catalogue; but finding no authentical warrant how they came there, I did put off that desire with these considerations: That a lesser part of time, and better known—which was from William I. surnamed the Bastard—was more than enough for my ability; and how it was but our curiosity to search further back into times past than we might discern, and whereof we could neither have proof nor profit; how the beginnings of all people and states were as uncertain as the heads of great rivers, and could not add to our virtue, and, peradventure, little to our reputation to know them, considering how commonly they rise from the springs of poverty, piracy, robbery, and violence; howsoever fabulous writers, to glorify their nations, strive to abuse the credulity of after-ages with heroical or miraculous beginnings. For states, as men, are ever best seen when they are up, and as they are, not as they were. Besides, it seems, God, in His providence, to check our presumptuous inquisition, wraps up all things in uncertainty, bars us out from long antiquity, and bounds our searches within the compass of a few ages, as if the same were sufficient, both for example and instruction, to the government of men. For had we the particular occurrents of all ages and all nations, it might more stuff, but not better our understanding; we shall find still the same correspondences to hold in the actions of men; virtues and vices the same, though rising and falling, according to the worth or weakness of governors; the causes of the ruins and mutations of states to be alike, and the train of affairs carried by precedent, in a course of succession, under like colours.

**Sir John Hayward**, in 1599, published *The First Part of the Life and Reign of Henry IV.* which he dedicated to the Earl of Essex. Some passages in it gave such offence to the queen, that she caused the author to be imprisoned. He was patronised by James I. however; and at the desire of Prince Henry, composed *Lives of the Three Norman Kings of England* (1613). After his death, which happened in 1627, was published (1630) his *Life and Reign of King Edward VI. with the Beginning of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth.* He writes with considerable smoothness, but in a dramatic style, imitating Livy and other ancient historians in the practice of putting speeches into the mouths of his historic characters. Queen Elizabeth, it is said, ordered Lord Bacon to search Hayward's *Life of Henry IV.* to see if it contained any treason. Bacon reported that there was no *treason*, but that there were many *felonies;* for the author had stolen many of his sentiments and conceits out of Tacitus.

## RICHARD GRAFTON.

We now revert to a useful class of writers, the English chroniclers; a continuous succession of whom appeared during this period. The first was **Richard Grafton**, a printer in London in the reigns of Henry VIII. and three succeeding monarchs. Being employed, after the death of Edward VI. to prepare the proclamation which declared the succession of Lady Jane Grey to the crown, he was, for this simple professional act, deprived of his patent, and committed to prison. While there, he compiled *An Abridgment of the Chronicles of England*, published in 1563; also a *Manuel of the Chronicles of England*, 1565; *A Chronicle at large and Meere History of the Affayres of England*, &c. 1568–69, two volumes. Grafton's works are of little value or authority. His death took place some time after 1572.

## JOHN STOW.

**John Stow** enjoys a much higher reputation as an accurate and impartial recorder of public events. This industrious writer was born in London about the year 1525. He was the son of a tailor, and brought up to the same trade, but early exhibited a decided turn for antiquarian research. About the year 1560, he formed the design of composing annals of English history, and travelled on foot through a considerable part of England, for the purpose of examining the historical manuscripts preserved in cathedrals and other public establishments. He also enlarged, as far as his pecuniary resources allowed, his collection of old books and manuscripts, of which there were many scattered through the country, in consequence of the suppression of monasteries by Henry VIII.[*] Necessity, however, compelled him to resume his trade, and his studies were suspended till the bounty of Dr Parker, archbishop of Canterbury, enabled him again to prosecute them. In 1565, he published his *Summary of English Chronicles*, dedicated to the Earl of Leicester, at whose request the work was undertaken.

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[*] Vast numbers of books were at this period wantonly destroyed; and according to Bishop Bale, the universities were not all clear as to this 'detestable fact.' Bale adds: 'I know a merchantman—which shall at this time be nameless—that bought the contents of two noble libraries for forty shillings price: a shame it is to be spoken. This stuff hath he occupied instead of gray paper, by the space of more than these ten years, and yet hath he store enough for as many years to come.'—*Bale's Declaration*, &c. quoted in Collier's *Eccles. Hist.* ii. 166. Another illustration is given by the editor of *Letters written by Eminent Persons in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries* (London, 1813). 'The splendid and magnificent abbey of Malmesbury,' says he, 'which possessed some of the finest manuscripts in the kingdom, was ransacked, and its treasures either sold or burned to serve the commonest purposes of life. An antiquary who travelled through that town many years after the dissolution, relates that he saw broken windows patched up with remnants of the most valuable manuscripts on vellum, and that the bakers had not even then consumed the stores they had accumulated, in heating their ovens!' The greater part of the manuscripts, we suspect, would be merely missals and charters of the monasteries.

Archbishop Parker's death, in 1575, reduced Stow's income, but he managed to continue his researches, to which his whole time and energies were now devoted. At length, in 1598, appeared his *Survey of London*, the best known of his writings, and which has served as the groundwork of all subsequent histories of the metropolis. There was another work, his large *Chronicle*, or *History of England*, on which forty years' labour had been bestowed, which he was very desirous to publish; but of this he succeeded in printing only an abstract, entitled *Flores Historiarum*, or *Annals of England* (1600). A volume published from his papers after his death, entitled *Stow's Chronicle*, does not contain the large work now mentioned, which, though left by him fit for the press, seems to have somehow gone astray. In his old age, he fell into such poverty as to be driven to solicit charity from the public. Having made application to James I. he received the royal license 'to repair to churches, or other places, to receive the gratuities and charitable benevolence of well-disposed people.' It is little to the honour of the contemporaries of this worthy and meritorious citizen, that he should have been literally reduced to beggary. Under the pressure of want and disease, Stow died in 1605, at the advanced age of eighty years. His works, though possessing few graces of style, have always been esteemed for accuracy and research. He often declared that, in composing them, he had never allowed himself to be swayed either by fear, favour, or malice; but that he had impartially, and to the best of his knowledge, delivered the truth. So highly was his accuracy esteemed by contemporary authors, that Bacon and Camden took statements upon his sole credit.

## RAPHAEL HOLINSHED—WILLIAM HARRISON—JOHN HOOKER—FRANCIS BOTEVILLE.

Among all the old chroniclers, none is more frequently referred to than Raphael Holinshed, of whom, however, almost nothing is known, except that he was a principal writer of the *Chronicles* which bear his name, and that he died about the year 1582. Among his coadjutors were William Harrison, a clergyman, John Hooker, an uncle of the author of the *Ecclesiastical Polity*, and Francis Boteville, of whom nothing has been recorded but that he was 'a man of great learning and judgment, and a wonderful lover of antiquities.' The diligent John Stow, also, was among the contributors. Prefixed to the historical portion of the work is a description of Britain and its inhabitants, by William Harrison, which continues to be highly valued, as affording an interesting picture of the state of the country and manners of the people in the sixteenth century. This is followed by a history of England to the Norman Conquest, by Holinshed; a history and description of Ireland, by Richard Stanihurst; additional chronicles of Ireland, translated or written by Hooker, Holinshed, and Stanihurst; a description and history of Scotland, mostly translated from Hector Boece, by Holinshed or Harrison; and, lastly, a history of England, by Holinshed, from the Norman Conquest to 1577, when the first edition of the *Chronicles* was published. In the second edition, which appeared in 1587, several sheets containing matter offensive to the queen and her ministers were omitted; but these have been restored in the excellent edition in six volumes quarto published in London in 1807–8. It was from Holinshed—who followed Boece—that Shakspeare derived the groundwork of his tragedy of *Macbeth*. As a specimen of these *Chronicles*, we are tempted to quote some of Harrison's sarcastic remarks on the degeneracy of his contemporaries, their extravagance in dress, and the growth of luxury among them.

### *Character of the English.*

An Englishman [Andrew Boord], endeavouring sometime to write of our attire, made sundry platforms for his purpose, supposing by some of them to find out one steadfast ground whereon to build the sum of his discourse. But in the end, when he saw what a difficult piece of work he had taken in hand, he gave over his travel, and only drew the picture of a naked man, unto whom he gave a pair of shears in the one hand, and a piece of cloth in the other, to the end he should shape his apparel after such fashion as himself liked, sith he could find no kind of garment that could please him anywhile together, and this he called an Englishman. Certes this writer (otherwise a lewd popish hypocrite and ungracious priest) shewed himself herein not to be altogether void of judgment, sith the fantastical folly of our nation, even from the courtier to the carter, is such, that no form of apparel liketh us longer than the first garment is in the wearing, if it continue so long and be not laid aside, to receive some other trinket newly devised by the fickle-headed tailors, who covet to have several tricks in cutting, thereby to draw fond customers to more expense of money.

For my part I can tell better how to inveigh against this enormity than describe any certainty of our attire; sithence such is our mutability, that to-day there is none to the Spanish guise, to-morrow the French toys are most fine and delectable, ere long no such apparel as that which is after the high Alman [German] fashion, by-and-by the Turkish manner is generally best liked of, otherwise the Morisco gowns, the Barbarian sleeves, and the short French breeches make such a comely vesture, that except it were a dog in a doublet, you shall not see any so disguised as are my countrymen of England. And as these fashions are diverse, so likewise it is a world to see the costliness and the curiosity, the excess and the vanity, the pomp and the bravery, the change and the variety, and finally, the fickleness and folly that is in all degrees, insomuch that nothing is so constant in England as inconstancy of attire.

O how much cost is bestowed now-a-days upon our bodies, and how little upon our souls! How many suits of apparel hath the one, and how little furniture hath the other! How long time is asked in decking up of the first, and how little space left wherein to feed the latter! How curious, how nice also, are a number of men and women, and how hardly can the tailor please them in making it fit for their bodies! How many times must it be sent back again to him that made it! What chafing! What fretting! What reproachful language doth the poor workman bear away! And many times when he doeth nothing to it at all, yet when it is brought home again, it is very fit and handsome: then must we put it on, then must the long seams of our hose be set by a plumb-line, then we puff, then we blow, and finally sweat till we drop, that our clothes may stand well upon us. I will say nothing of our heads, which sometimes are polled, sometimes curled, or suffered to grow at length like woman's locks, many times cut above or under the ears round as by a wooden dish. Neither will I meddle with our variety of beards, of which some are shaven from the chin like those of Turks, not a few cut short like to the beard of Marquis Otto, some made round like a rubbing-brush, others with a *pique de vent* (O fine fashion !), or now and then suffered to grow long, the barbers being grown to be so cunning in this behalf as the tailors. And therefore, if a man have a lean and straight face, a Marquis Otto's cut will make it broad and large; if it be platter-like, a long slender beard will make it seem the narrower; if he be weasel-beaked, then much hair left on the cheeks will make the owner look big like a bowdled hen, and so grim as a goose; many old men do wear no beards at all. Some lusty courtiers also and gentlemen of courage do wear either rings of gold, stones, or pearl in their ears, whereby they imagine the workmanship of God to be not a little amended. But herein they rather disgrace than adorn their persons, as by their niceness in apparel, for which I say most nations do not unjustly deride us, as also for that we do seem to imitate all nations round about us, wherein we be like to the chameleon. In women also it is most to be lamented, that they do now far exceed the lightness of our men (who nevertheless are transformed from the cap even to the very shoe), and such staring attire, as in time past was supposed meet for none but light housewives only, is now become a habit for chaste and sober matrons. What should I say of their doublets, with pendent pieces on the breast full of jags and cuts, and sleeves of sundry colours? their galligascons to make their attire sit plum round (as they term it) about them? their fardingals, and diversely coloured nether stocks of silk, jersey, and such like, whereby their bodies are rather deformed than commended? I have met with some of them in London so disguised, that it hath passed my skill to discern whether they were men or women. Certes, the commonwealth cannot be said to flourish where these abuses reign, but is rather oppressed by unreasonable exactions made upon rich farmers, and of poor tenants, wherewith to maintain the same. Neither was it ever merrier with England than when an Englishman was known abroad by his own cloth, and contented himself at home with his fine kersey hosen and a mean slop; his coat, gown, and cloak, of brown, blue, or puce, with some pretty furniture of velvet or fur, and a doublet of sad, tawny, or black velvet, or other comely silk, without such cuts and garish colours as are worn in these days, and never brought in but by the consent of the French, who think themselves the gayest men when they have most diversities of jags and change of colours about them.

### RICHARD HAKLUYT.

RICHARD HAKLUYT is another of the laborious compilers of this period, to whom the world is indebted for the preservation, in an accessible form, of narratives which would otherwise, in all probability, have fallen into oblivion. The department of history which he chose was that descriptive of the naval adventures and discoveries of his countrymen. Hakluyt was born in London about the year 1553, and received his elementary education at Westminster School. He afterwards studied at Oxford, where he engaged in an extensive course of reading in various languages, on geographical and maritime subjects, for which he had early displayed a strong liking. So much reputation did his knowledge in those departments acquire for him, that he was appointed to lecture at Oxford on cosmography and the collateral sciences, and carried on a correspondence with those celebrated continental geographers, Ortelius and Mercator. At a subsequent period, he resided for five years in Paris as chaplain to the English ambassador, during which time he cultivated the acquaintance of persons eminent for their knowledge of geography and maritime history. On his return from France in 1588, Sir Walter Raleigh appointed him one of the society of counsellors, assistants, and adventurers, to whom he assigned his patent for the prosecution of discoveries in America. Previously to this, he had published, in 1582 and 1587, two small collections of voyages to America; but these are included in a much larger work in three volumes, which he published in 1598, 1599, and 1600, entitled *The Principal Navigations, Voyages, Traffiques, and Discoveries of the English Nation, made by Sea or over Land, to the Remote and Farthest Distant Quarters of the Earth, within the Compass of these* 1500 *Years.* In the first volume are contained voyages to the north and north-east; the true state of Iceland; the defeat of the Spanish Armada; the expedition under the Earl of Essex to Cadiz; &c. In the second, he relates voyages to the south and south-east; and in the third, expeditions to North America, the West Indies, and round the world. Narratives are given of nearly two hundred and twenty voyages, besides many relative documents, such as patents, instructions, and letters. To this collection all the subsequent compilers in this department have been largely indebted. In the explanatory catalogue prefixed to Churchill's *Collection of Voyages*, and of which Locke has been said to be the author, Hakluyt's collection is spoken of as 'valuable for the good there to be picked out: but it might be wished the author had been less voluminous, delivering what was really authentic and useful, and not stuffing his work with so many stories taken upon trust, so many trading voyages that have nothing new in them, so many warlike exploits not at all pertinent to his undertaking, and such a multitude of articles, charters, privileges, letters, relations, and other things little to the purpose of travels and discoveries.' The work having become very scarce, a new edition, in five volumes quarto, was published in 1809. Hakluyt was the author also of translations of two foreign works on Florida; and when at Paris, published an enlarged edition of a history in the Latin language, entitled *De Rebus Oceanicis et Orbe Novo*, by Martyr, an Italian author; this was afterwards translated into English by a person of the name of Lok, under the title of *The History of the West Indies, containing the Acts and Adventures of the Spaniards, which have conquered and peopled those Countries; enriched with Variety of Pleasant Relation of Manners, Ceremonies, Laws, Governments, and Wars of the Indians.* In 1601, Hakluyt published the *Discoveries of the World, from the First Original to the Year of Our Lord* 1555, translated, with additions, from the Portuguese of Antonio Galvano, governor of Ternate, in the East Indies. At his death in 1616, his papers, which were numerous, came into the hands of

### SAMUEL PURCHAS,

another English clergyman, who made use of them in compiling a history of voyages, in four volumes, entitled *Purchas his Pilgrims.* This appeared in 1625; but the author had already published, in 1613, before Hakluyt's death, a volume called *Purchas his Pilgrimage; or, Relations of the World, and the Religions observed in all Ages and Places discovered from the Creation unto this Present.* These two works—a new edition of the latter of which was published in 1626—form a continuation of Hakluyt's collection, but on a more extended plan.* The writer of the catalogue in Churchill's *Collection* says of Purchas, that 'he has imitated Hakluyt too much, swelling his work into five volumes in folio;' yet, he adds, 'the whole collection is very valuable, as having preserved many considerable voyages that might otherwise have perished. But, like Hakluyt, he has thrown in all that came to hand, to fill up so many volumes, and is excessive full of his own notions, and of mean quibbling and playing upon words; yet for such as can make choice of the best, the collection is very valuable.' Among his peculiarities is that of interlarding theological reflections and discussions with his narratives. Purchas died about 1628, at the age of fifty-one. His other works are: *Microcosmus, or the History of Man* (1619); the *King's Tower and Triumphant Arch of London* (1623); and a *Funeral Sermon* (1619). His quaint eulogy of the sea is here extracted from the *Pilgrimage:*

### *The Sea.*

As God hath combined the sea and land into one globe, so their joint combination and mutual assistance is necessary to secular happiness and glory. The sea covereth one-half of this patrimony of man, whereof God set him in possession when he said: 'Replenish the earth, and subdue it, and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth.' . . . Thus should man at once lose half his inheritance, if the art of navigation did not enable him to manage this untamed beast, and with the bridle of the winds, and saddle of his shipping, to make him serviceable. Now for the services of the sea, they are innumerable: it is the great purveyor of the world's commodities to our use; conveyer of the excess of rivers; uniter, by traffic, of all nations; it presents the eye with diversified colours and motions, and is, as it were with rich brooches, adorned with various islands. It is an open field for merchandise in peace; a pitched field for the most dreadful fights of war; yields diversity of fish and fowl for diet; materials for wealth, medicine for health, simples for medicines, pearls and other jewels for ornament, amber and ambergris for delight, 'the wonders of the Lord in the deep' for instruction, variety of creatures for use, multiplicity of natures for contemplation, diversity of accidents for admiration, compendiousness to the way, to full bodies healthful evacuation, to the thirsty earth fertile moisture, to distant friends pleasant meeting, to weary persons delightful refreshing, to studious and religious minds a map of knowledge, mystery of temperance, exercise of continence; school of prayer, meditation, devotion, and sobriety; refuge to the distressed, portage to the merchant, passage to the traveller, customs to the prince, springs, lakes, rivers to the earth; it hath on it tempests and calms to chastise the sins, to exercise the faith of seamen; manifold affections in itself, to affect and stupefy the subtlest philosopher; sustaineth movable fortresses for the soldier; maintaineth—as in our island—a wall of defence and watery garrison to guard the state; entertains the sun with vapours, the moon with obsequiousness, the stars also with a natural looking-glass, the sky with clouds, the air with temperateness, the soil with suppleness, the rivers with tides, the hills with moisture, the valleys with fertility; containeth most diversified matter for meteors, most multiform shapes, most various, numerous kinds, most immense, difformed [dissimilar], deformed, unformed monsters; once—for why should I longer detain you?—the sea yields action to the body, meditation to the mind, the world to the world, all parts thereof to each part, by this art of arts—navigation.

## JOHN DAVIS.

Among the intrepid navigators of Queen Elizabeth's reign whose adventures are recorded by Hakluyt, one of the most distinguished is **John Davis**, a native of Devonshire, who, in 1585 and the two following years, made three voyages in search of a north-west passage to China, and discovered the well-known strait to which his name has ever since been applied. In 1595, he himself published a small and now exceedingly rare volume, entitled *The World's Hydrographical Description*, 'wherein,' as we are told in the title-page, 'is proued not onely by aucthoritie of writers, but also by late experience of trauellers, and reasons of substantiall probabilitie, that the worlde in all his zones, clymats, and places, is habitable and inhabited, and the seas likewise universally nauigable, without any naturall anoyance to hinder the same; whereby appeares that from England there is a short and speedie passage into the South Seas to China, Malucca, Phillipina, and India, by northerly navigation, to the renowne, honour, and benefit of her maiesties state and communalty.' In corroboration of these positions, he gives a short narrative of his voyages, which, notwithstanding the unsuccessful termination of them all, he considers to afford arguments in favour of the north-west passage. This narrative, with its original spelling, is here inserted, as an interesting specimen of the style of such relations in the age of Elizabeth.

### *Davis's Voyages in Search of the North-west Passage.*

In my first voyage, not experienced of the nature of those clymattes, and having no direction either by Chart, Globe, or other certayne relation in what altitude that passage was to bee searched, I shaped a Northerly course, and so sought the same towards the South, and in that my Northerly course I fell upon the shore which in ancient time was called Groynland, fiue hundred leagues distant from the durseys West Nor West Northerly, the land being very high and full of mightie mountaines all couered with snow, no viewe of wood, grasse, or earth to be seene, and the shore two leages of into the sea so full of yse as that no shipping cold by any meanes come neere the same. The lothsome vewe of the shore, and irksome noyse of the yse was such, as that it bred strange conceipts among us, so that we supposed the place to be wast and voyd of any sencible or vegitable creatures, wherupon I called the same Desolation; so coasting this shore towardes the South in the latitude of sixtie degrees, I found it to trend towardes the west. I still followed the leading thereof in the same height, and after fiftie or sixtie leages, it fayled and lay directly north, which I still followed, and in thirtie leages sayling upon the West side of this coast by me named Desolation, we were past all the yse and found many greene and plesant Ills bordering upon the shore, but the mountains of the maine were still covered with great quantities of snowe. I brought my shippe among those ylls, and there mored to refreshe our selves in our wearie travell, in the latitude of sixtie foure degrees or there about. The people of the country, having espyed our shipps, came down unto us in their canoes, holding up their right hand to the Sunne and crying Yliaout, would stricke their brestes; we doing the like, the people came aborde our shippes, men of good stature, unbearded, small eyed and of tractable conditions; by whom, as signes would permit, we understoode that towardes the North and West there was a great sea, and using the people with kindnesse in geuing them nayles and knifes which of all things they most desired, we departed, and finding the sea free from yse, supposing our selves to be past all daunger, we shaped our course West Nor West, thinking thereby to passe for China, but in the latitude of sixtie sixe degrees, wee fell with an other shore, and there founde an other passage of 20 leages broade directly West into the same, which we supposed to bee our hoped strayght. We intered into the same thirty or fortie leages, finding it neither to wyden nor straighten; then, considering that the yeere was spent, for this was in the fyne of August, and not knowing the length of this straight and dangers thereof, we tooke it our best course to retourne with notice of our good successe for this small time of search. And so retourning in a sharpe fret of Westerly windes, the 29 of September we arrived at Dartmouth.

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* The contents of the different volumes are as follows: Vol. I. of the *Pilgrims* contains Voyages and Travels of Ancient Kings, Patriarchs, Apostles, and Philosophers; Voyages of Circumnavigators of the Globe; and Voyages along the Coasts of Africa to the East Indies, Japan, China, the Philippine Islands, and the Persian and Arabian Gulfs. Vol. II. contains Voyages and Relations of Africa, Ethiopia, Palestine, Arabia, Persia, and other parts of Asia. Vol. III. contains Tartary, China, Russia, North-west America, and the Polar Regions. Vol. IV. contains America and the West Indies. Vol. V. contains the Pilgrimage, a Theological and Geographical History of Asia, Africa, and America.

And acquainting master Secretory with the rest of the honorable and worshipfull aduenturers of all our procedinges, I was appointed againe the seconde yeere to search the bottome of this straight, because by all likelihood it was the place and passage by us laboured for. In this second attempt the merchants of Exeter and other places of the West became aduenturers in the action, so that, being sufficiently furnished for sixe monthes, and having direction to search this straighte, untill we found the same to fall into an other sea upon the West side of this part of America, we should agayne retourne, for then it was not to be doubted but shiping with trade might safely bee conueied to China and the parts of Asia. We departed from Dartmouth, and ariving unto the south part of the cost of Desolation, costed the same upon his west shore to the lat. of 66. degres, and there ancored among the ylls bordering upon the same, where wee refreshed our selues. The people of this place came likewise vnto vs, by whome I vnderstood through their signes that towardes the North the sea was large. At this place the chiefe shipe whereupon I trusted, called the Mermayd of Dartmouth, found many occasions of discontentment, and being unwilling to proceede she there forsooke me. Then considering howe I had giuen my fayth and most constant promise to my worshipfull good friend master William Sanderson, who of all men was the greatest aduenturer in that action, and tooke such care for the perfourmance theerof that hee hath to my knowledge at one time disbursed as much money as any fiue others whatsoeuer out of his owne purse, when some of the company haue bin slacke in giuing in their aduenture. And also knowing that I should lose the fauour of master Secretory, if I should shrinke from his direction, in one small barke of thirty tonnes, whereof master Sanderson was owner, alone without farther comfort or company I proceeded on my voyage, and ariuing unto this straights followed the same eightie leages, vntill I came among many ylandes, where the water did eb and flowe sixe fadome vpright, and where there had beene great trade of people to make trayne. But by such thinges as there we found, wee knewe that they were not Xtians of Europe that vsed that trade; in fine, by seaching with our boate, wee founde small hope to passe any farther that way, and therefore retourning againe recouered the sea and so coasted the shore towardes the South, and in so doing—for it was to late to search towardes the North—wee founde an other great inlett neere fortie leages broade where the water entred in with violent swiftnes. This we likewise thought might be a passage, for no doubt but the North partes of America are all ylands, by ought that I could perceiue therein; but because I was alone in a small barke of thirtie tonnes, and the yeere spent I entered not into the same, for it was now the seuenth of September, but coasting the shore towardes the South we saw an incredible number of birdes. Hauing diuers fishermen aborde our barke, they all concluded that there was a great scull of fish. Wee beeing vnprouided of fishing furniture, with a long spike nayle mayde a hoke, and fastening the same to one of our sounding lynes. Before the bayte was changed wee tooke more than fortie great cods, the fishe swimming so aboundantly thicke about our barke as is incredible to be reported of, which with a small portion of salte that we had, wee preserued some thirtie couple, or there aboutes, and so returned for England. And hauing reported to master Secretory the whole successe of this attempt, hee commanded mee to present unto the most honorable Lorde high thresurer of England some parte of that fish, which when his Lordship saw and hearde at large the relation of this seconde attempt, I receiued fauorable countenance from his honour, aduising mee to prosecute the action, of which his Lordship conceiued a very good opinion. The next yeere, although diuers of the aduenturers fel from the action, as al the western merchantes and most of those in London, yet some of the aduenturers both honorable and worshipfull continued their willing fauour and charge, so that by this meanes the next yeere 2. shippes were appointed for the fishing and one pynace for the discouery.

Departing from Dartmouth, through God's merciful fauour I arriued to the place of fishing and there according to my direction I left the 2 shipps to follow that busines, taking their faithful promise not to depart vntill my returne vnto them, which shoulde bee in the fine of August, and so in the barke I proceeded for the discouery, but after my departure in sixteene dayes the shippes had finished their voyage, and so presently departed for England, without regard of their promise. My selfe, not distrusting any such hard measure, proceeded in the discouerie and followed my course in the free and open sea, betweene North and Nor west, to the latitude of sixtie seuen degrees, and there I might see America west from me, and Desolation east; then when I saw the land of both sides, I began to distrust that it would prooue but a gulfe. Notwithstanding, desirous to knowe the full certaintye, I proceeded, and in sixtie eight degrees the passage enlarged, so that I could not see the westerne shore; thus I continued to the latitude of seuentie fiue degrees, in a great sea, free from yse, coasting the westerne shore of Desolation. The people came continually rowing out vnto me in their Canoas, twenty, forty, and one hundred at a time, and would giue me fishe dried, Samon, Samon peale, cod, Caplin, Lumpe, stone base, and such like, besides diuers kindes of birdes, as Partrig, Fesant, Gulls, sea birdes, and other kindes of fleshe. I still laboured by signes to knowe from them what they knew of any sea towards the North. They still made signes of a great sea as we vnderstood them; then I departed from that coast, thinking to discouer the North parts of America, and after I had sayled towardes the west neere fortie leages I fell upon a great bancke of yse; the wind being North and blewe much, I was constrained to coast the same towardes the South, not seeing any shore West from me, neither was there any yse towardes the North, but a great sea, free, large, very salt and blue, and of an unsearcheable depth. So coasting towardes the South I came to the place wher I left the shippes to fishe, but found them not. Then being forsaken and left in this distresse referring my selfe to the mercifull prouidence of God, shaped my course for England and vnhoped for of any, God alone releuing me, I arriued at Dartmouth. By this last discouerie it seemed most manifest that the passage was free and without impediment towards the North, but by reason of the Spanish fleete and unfortunate time of master Secretoryes death, the voyage was omitted and neuer sithens attempted.

Davis made five voyages as a pilot to the East Indies, where he was killed in 1605, in a contention with some Japanese off the coast of Malacca.

### WILLIAM LITHGOW.

A Scottish traveller, WILLIAM LITHGOW (1583–1640), a native of the parish of Lanark, traversed on foot many European, Asiatic, and African countries. Lithgow was one of those tourists, now so abundant, who travel from a love of adventure and locomotion, without having any scientific or literary object in view. According to his own statement, he walked more than thirty-six thousand miles; and so decidedly did he give the preference to that mode of travelling, that, even when the use of a carriage was offered to him, he steadfastly declined to avail himself of the accommodation. His narrative was published in London in 1614, and reprinted with various additions, at different times, down to 1640. It had a long title, commencing thus: *The Total Discourse of the Rare Adventures and Painful Peregrinations of Long Nineteen Years' Travels from Scotland to the most Famous Kingdoms in Europe, Asia, and Africa. Perfited by Three Dear-bought Voyages in surveying Forty-eight Kingdoms, Ancient and Modern; Twenty-one Reipublics, Ten Absolute Principalities, with Two Hundred Islands.* One of his principal and least agreeable adventures occurred at Malaga in Spain, where he was arrested as an English spy, and committed to prison. The details which he gives of his sufferings while in confinement, and the tortures applied to him with the view of extracting a confession, are such as to make humanity sicken. Having been at length relieved by some English residents in Malaga, to whom his situation accidentally became known, he was sent to London by sea, and afterwards forwarded, at the expense of King James, to Bath, where he remained upwards of six months, recruiting his shattered frame. He attempted, apparently without success, to obtain redress by bringing his case before the House of Lords. Lithgow was author of an account of the *Siege of Breda* in 1637, and of some indifferent poetical pieces.

### GEORGE SANDYS.

GEORGE SANDYS (1577–1644), the youngest son of the archbishop of York, and a popular poet and translator, undertook a long journey, of which he published an account in 1615, entitled *A Relation of a Journey begun Anno Domini* 1610. *Four Books, containing a Description of the Turkish Empire of Egypt, of the Holy Land, of the Remote Parts of Italy, and Islands adjoining.* This work was so popular as to reach a seventh edition in 1673—a distinction not undeserved, since, as Mr Kerr has remarked, in his *Catalogue of Voyages and Travels*, 'Sandys was an accomplished gentleman, well prepared by previous study for his travels, which are distinguished by erudition, sagacity, and a love of truth, and are written in a pleasant style.' He devoted particular attention to the allusions of the ancient poets to the various localities through which he passed. In his dedication to Prince Charles, he thus refers to the

*Modern State of Ancient Countries.*

The parts I speak of are the most renowned countries and kingdoms: once the seats of most glorious and triumphant empires; the theatres of valour and heroical actions; the soils enriched with all earthly felicities; the places where Nature hath produced her wonderful works; where arts and sciences have been invented and perfected; where wisdom, virtue, policy, and civility have been planted, have flourished; and, lastly, where God Himself did place His own commonwealth, gave laws and oracles, inspired His prophets, sent angels to converse with men; above all, where the Son of God descended to become man; where He honoured the earth with His beautiful steps, wrought the works of our redemption, triumphed over death, and ascended into glory: which countries, once so glorious and famous for their happy estate, are now, through vice and ingratitude, become the most deplored spectacles of extreme misery; the wild beasts of mankind having broken in upon them, and rooted out all civility, and the pride of a stern and barbarous tyrant possessing the thrones of ancient and just dominion. Who, aiming only at the height of greatness and sensuality, hath in tract of time reduced so great and goodly a part of the world to that lamentable distress and servitude, under which—to the astonishment of the understanding beholders—it now faints and groaneth. Those rich lands at this present remain waste and overgrown with bushes, receptacles of wild beasts, of thieves and murderers; large territories dispeopled, or thinly inhabited; goodly cities made desolate; sumptuous buildings become ruins; glorious temples either subverted, or prostituted to impiety; true religion discountenanced and oppressed; all nobility extinguished; no light of learning permitted, nor virtue cherished: violence and rapine insulting over all, and leaving no security except to an abject mind, and unlooked-on poverty; which calamities of theirs, so great and deserved, are to the rest of the world as threatening instructions. For assistance wherein, I have not only related what I saw of their present condition, but, so far as convenience might permit, presented a brief view of the former estates and first antiquities of those peoples and countries: thence to draw a right image of the frailty of man, the mutability of whatsoever is worldly, and assurance that, as there is nothing unchangeable saving God, so nothing stable but by His grace and protection.

### AUTHORISED TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.

One of the most important literary undertakings of this era was the execution of the present authorised translation of the Bible. At the great conference held in 1604 at Hampton Court, between the established and puritan clergy, the version of Scripture then existing was generally disapproved of, and the king consequently appointed fifty-four men, many of whom were eminent as Hebrew and Greek scholars, to commence a new translation. In 1607, forty-seven of the number met, in six parties, at Oxford, Cambridge, and Westminster, and proceeded to their task, a certain portion of Scripture being assigned to each. Every individual of each division, in the first place, translated the portion assigned to the division, all of which translations were collected; and when each party had determined on the construction of its part, it was proposed to the other divisions for general approbation. When they met together, one read the new version, whilst all the rest held in their hands either copies of the original, or some valuable version; and on any one objecting to a passage, the reader stopped till it was agreed upon. The result was published in

1611, and has ever since been reputed as a translation generally faithful, and an excellent specimen of the language of the time. Being universally read by all ranks of the people, it has contributed most essentially to give stability and uniformity to the English tongue. It has been remarked, however, by some critics, including Mr Hallam, that in consequence of the translators adhering, by the king's request, to the older versions of the Scriptures, the language is more antiquated than that of Raleigh, Bacon, or the other writers of the reign of James I. In 1609, a translation of the Old Testament was made at Douay for the use of the English Roman Catholics.

### ROBERT BURTON.

One of the most ingenious and learned prose writers of this age was ROBERT BURTON, born, as he himself tells us, at Lindley, in Leicestershire, the possession and dwelling-place of his father, on the 8th of February 1578. He studied at Christchurch, Oxford, and entering into holy orders, became rector of Segrave, in Leicestershire. He appears to have resided in his college at Oxford, and there he wrote his great work, *The Anatomy of Melancholy, by Democritus Junior*, which was published in 1621. 'I have been brought up,' he says, 'a student in the most flourishing college of Europe; for thirty years, I have continued a scholar, and would be therefore loath, either by living as a drone to be an unprofitable or unworthy member of so learned a society, or to write that which should be any way dishonourable to such a royal and ample foundation.' And in the same gossiping style he states, garnishing every line with a Latin quotation, that 'out of a running wit, an unconstant, unsettled mind,' he had a great desire to have some smattering of all knowledge, tumbling over divers authors in the Oxford libraries, but specially delighted with the study of cosmography. He adds, in a contented scholar-like spirit: 'I have little—I want nothing; all my treasure is in Minerva's tower. Greater preferment as I could never get, so am I not in debt for it; I have a competency (*laus Deo!*) from my noble and munificent patrons, though I live still a collegiate student, as Democritus in his garden, and lead a monastic life, sequestered from those tumults and troubles of the world in some high place above them all; I have no wife nor children, good or bad, to provide for. A mere spectator of other men's fortunes and adventures, and how they act their parts, which, methinks, are diversely presented unto me as from a common theatre or scene.' He admits, however, that as Diogenes went into the city, and Democritus to the haven, to see fashions, he did now and then, for his recreation, walk abroad, look into the world, and make some little observation—not to scoff or laugh, but with a mixed passion.

Burton was a man of great benevolence, integrity, and learning, but of a whimsical and melancholy disposition. Though at certain times he was a facetious companion, at others his spirits were very low; and when in this condition, he used to go down to the river near Oxford, and dispel the gloom by listening to the coarse jests and ribaldry of the bargemen, which excited him to violent laughter. To alleviate mental distress, he wrote his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, which presents in quaint language, and with many shrewd and amusing remarks, a view of all the modifications of that disease, and the manner of curing it. The erudition displayed in this work is extraordinary, every page abounding with quotations from Latin or Greek authors. It was so successful at first, that the publisher realised a fortune by it; and Warton says, that 'the author's variety of learning, his quotations from scarce and curious books, his pedantry, sparkling with rude wit and shapeless elegance, miscellaneous matter, intermixture of agreeable tales and illustrations, and, perhaps above all, the singularities of his feelings, clothed in an uncommon quaintness of style, have contributed to render it, even to modern readers, a valuable repository of amusement and information.' It delighted Dr Johnson so much, that he said this 'was the only book that ever took him out of bed two hours sooner than he wished to rise.' Its reputation was considerably extended by the publication of *Illustrations of Sterne*, in 1798, by the late Dr Ferriar of Manchester, who convicted the novelist of copying passages, *verbatim*, from Burton, without acknowledgment. Many others have, with like silence, extracted materials from his pages.

Prefixed to the *Anatomy of Melancholy* is a poem of twelve stanzas, from which Milton has borrowed some of the imagery of his *Il Penseroso*. The first six stanzas are as follows:

*The Author's Abstract of Melancholy.*

When I go musing all alone,
Thinking of divers things foreknown,
When I build castles in the air,
Void of sorrow, void of fear,
Pleasing myself with phantasms sweet,
Methinks the time runs very fleet.
All my joys to this are folly;
Nought so sweet as melancholy.

When I go walking all alone,
Recounting what I have ill done,
My thoughts on me then tyrannise,
Fear and sorrow me surprise;
Whether I tarry still, or go,
Methinks the time moves very slow.
All my griefs to this are jolly;
Nought so sad as melancholy.

When to myself I act and smile,
With pleasing thoughts the time beguile,
By a brook-side or wood so green,
Unheard, unsought for, or unseen,
A thousand pleasures do me bless,
And crown my soul with happiness.
All my joys besides are folly;
None so sweet as melancholy.

When I lie, sit, or walk alone,
I sigh, I grieve, making great moan;
In a dark grove or irksome den,
With discontents and furies then,
A thousand miseries at once
Mine heavy heart and soul ensconce.
All my griefs to this are jolly;
None so sour as melancholy.

Methinks I hear, methinks I see
Sweet music, wondrous melody,
Towns, palaces, and cities, fine;
Here now, then there, the world is mine,

Rare beauties, gallant ladies shine,
Whate'er is lovely is divine.
All other joys to this are folly;
None so sweet as melancholy.

Methinks I hear, methinks I see
Ghost, goblins, fiends: my phantasie
Presents a thousand ugly shapes:
Headless bears, black men, and apes;
Doleful outcries and fearful sights
My sad and dismal soul affrights.
All my griefs to this are jolly;
None so damned as melancholy.

Burton, who believed in judicial astrology, is said to have foretold, from a calculation of his nativity, the time of his own death, which occurred at the period he predicted, in January 1639–40, but not without some suspicion of its having been occasioned by his own hand. In his epitaph at Oxford, written by himself, he is described as having lived and died by melancholy. He had not practised his own maxim: 'Give not way to solitariness and idleness—be not solitary, be not idle.'

### *Love.*

Boccace hath a pleasant tale to this purpose, which he borrowed from the Greeks, and which Beroaldus hath turned into Latin, Bebelius into verse, of Cymon and Iphigenia. This Cymon was a fool, a proper man of person, and the governor of Cyprus' son, but a very ass; insomuch that his father being ashamed of him, sent him to a farm-house he had in the country, to be brought up; where by chance, as his manner was, walking alone, he espied a gallant young gentlewoman named Iphigenia, a burgomaster's daughter of Cyprus, with her maid, by a brook side, in a little thicket, fast asleep in her smock, where she had newly bathed her self. *When Cymon saw her, he stood leaning on his staff, gaping on her immovable, and in a maze:* at last he fell so far in love with the glorious object, that he began to rouse himself up; to bethink what he was; would needs follow her to the city, and for her sake began to be civil, to learn to sing and dance, to play on instruments, and got all those gentleman-like qualities and complements, in a short space, which his friends were most glad of. In brief, he became from an idiot and a clown, to be one of the most complete gentlemen in Cyprus; did many valorous exploits, and all for the love of Mistress Iphigenia. In a word, I may say thus much of them all, let them be never so clownish, rude and horrid, Grobians and sluts, if once they be in love, they will be most neat and spruce; for, *Omnibus rebus, et nitidis nitoribus antevenit amor;* they will follow the fashion, begin to trick up, and to have a good opinion of themselves; *venustatum enim mater Venus;* a ship is not so long a-rigging, as a young gentlewoman a-trimming up herself against her sweetheart comes. A painter's shop, a flowery meadow, no so gracious an aspect in Nature's storehouse as a young maid, *nubilis puella*, a Novitsa or Venetian bride, that looks for an husband; or a young man that is her suitor; composed looks, composed gait, clothes, gestures, actions, all composed; all the graces, elegancies, in the world, are in her face. Their best robes, ribbons, chains, jewels, lawns, linens, laces, spangles, must come on, *præter quam res patitur student elegantiæ*, they are beyond all measure coy, nice, and too curious on a sudden. 'Tis all their study, all their business, how to wear their clothes neat, to be polite and terse, and to set out themselves. No sooner doth a young man see his sweetheart coming, but he smugs up himself, pulls up his cloak, now fallen about his shoulders, ties his garters, points, sets his band, cuffs, slicks his hair, twires his beard, &c.

### *Study: a Cure for Melancholy.*

Amongst exercises or recreations of the mind within-doors, there is none so general, so aptly to be applied to all sorts of men, so fit and proper to expel idleness and melancholy, as that of study. What so full of content as to read, walk, and see maps, pictures, statues, jewels, marbles, which some so much magnify as those that Phidias made of old, so exquisite and pleasing to be beheld, that, as Chrysostom thinketh, 'if any man be sickly, troubled in mind, or that cannot sleep for grief, and shall but stand over against one of Phidias' images, he will forget all care, or whatsoever else may molest him, in an instant.' There be those as much taken with Michael Angelo's, Raphael de Urbino's, Francesco Francia's pieces, and many of those Italian and Dutch painters, which were excellent in their age; and esteem of it as a most pleasing sight to view those neat architectures, devices, scutcheons, coats of arms, read such books, to peruse old coins of several sorts in a fair gallery, artificial works, perspective glasses, old reliques, Roman antiquities, variety of colours. A good picture is *falsa veritas, et muta poesis*, and though (as Vives saith), *artificialia delectant, sed mox fastidimus*, artificial toys please but for a time; yet who is he that will not be moved with them for the present? When Achilles was tormented and sad for the loss of his dear friend Patroclus, his mother Thetis brought him a most elaborate and curious buckler made by Vulcan, in which were engraven sun, moon, stars, planets, sea, land, men fighting, running, riding, women scolding, hills, dales, towns, castles, brooks, rivers, trees, &c.; with many pretty landskips and perspective pieces: with sight of which he was infinitely delighted. . . .

King James (1605), when he came to see our university of Oxford, and amongst other edifices, now went to view that famous library, renewed by Sir Thomas Bodley, in imitation of Alexander, at his departure, brake out into that noble speech: 'If I were not a king, I would be an university man; and if it were so that I must be a prisoner, if I might have my wish, I would desire to have no other prison than that library, and to be chained together with so many good authors, *et mortuis magistris*.' So sweet is the delight of study, the more learning they have—as he that hath a dropsy, the more he drinks, the thirstier he is—the more they covet to learn, and the last day is *prioris discipulus;* harsh at first, learning is *radices amaræ*, but *fructus dulces*, according to that of Isocrates, pleasant at last; the longer they live, the more they are enamoured with the Muses. Heinsius, the keeper of the library at Leyden in Holland, was mewed up in it all the year long; and that which, to thy thinking, should have bred a loathing, caused in him a greater liking. 'I no sooner,' saith he, 'come into the library, but I bolt the door to me, excluding Lust, Ambition, Avarice, and all such vices, whose nurse is Idleness, their mother Ignorance, and Melancholy herself; and in the very lap of eternity, amongst so many divine souls, I take my seat, with so lofty a spirit and sweet content, that I pity all our great ones and rich men, that know not this happiness.' I am not ignorant in the meantime, notwithstanding this which I have said, how barbarously and basely our ruder gentry esteem of libraries and books, how they neglect and contemn so great a treasure, so inestimable a benefit, as Æsop's cock did the jewel he found in the dunghill; and all through error, ignorance, and want of education. And 'tis a wonder withal to observe how much they will vainly cast away in unnecessary expenses, what in hawks, hounds, lawsuits, vain building, gormandising, drinking, sports, plays, pastimes, &c.

### *Love of Gaming and Immoderate Pleasures.*

It is a wonder to see how many poor, distressed, miserable wretches one shall meet almost in every path and street, begging for an alms, that have been well descended, and sometimes in flourishing estate; now ragged, tattered, and ready to be starved, lingering out a painful life in discontent and grief of body and mind, and all through immoderate lust, gaming, pleasure, and riot. 'Tis the common end of all sensual epicures and brutish prodigals, that are stupefied and carried away headlong with their several pleasures and lusts. Cebes, in his *Table*, St Ambrose in his second book of *Abel and Cain*, and amongst the rest, Lucian, in his tract, *De Mercede Conductis*, hath excellent well described such men's proceedings, in his picture of Opulentia, whom he feigns to dwell on the top of a high mount, much sought after by many suitors. At their first coming, they are generally entertained by Pleasure and Dalliance, and have all the content that possibly may be given, so long as their money lasts; but when their means fail, they are contemptibly thrust out at a back-door headlong, and there left to shame, reproach, despair. And he at first that had so many attendants, parasites, and followers, young and lusty, richly arrayed, and all the dainty fare that might be had, with all kind of welcome and good respect, is now upon a sudden stripped of all, pale, naked, old, diseased, and forsaken, cursing his stars, and ready to strangle himself, having no other company but repentance, sorrow, grief, derision, beggary, and contempt, which are his daily attendants to his life's end. As the prodigal son had exquisite music, merry company, dainty fare at first, but a sorrowful reckoning in the end; so have all such vain delights and their followers.

## THOMAS DEKKER.

There was no want of the lighter kind of prose works during this period. Several of the dramatists and others wrote short occasional pieces, humorous and sarcastic, referring to the topics and manners of the day, many of which have lately been sought after and reprinted. Nash and Greene were prolific writers—authors by profession; Lodge, Whetstone, and others, threw off slight tales and translations; while **DEKKER**, the dramatist, produced no fewer than fourteen productions of this kind. The best known and most entertaining of these pamphlets is *The Gull's Hornbook*, 1609, containing descriptions of the manners and customs of the times. This work is largely indebted to a poem, *Grobianus and Grobiana*, by Frederick Dedekind (Frankfort, 1584). Dekker had translated part of this poem, but not liking the subject, he says, he 'altered the shape, and of a Dutchman fashioned a mere Englishman,' assuming the character of a guide to the fashionable follies of the town, but only on purpose to ridicule them.

### *The Old World and the New Weighed Together.*

Good clothes are the embroidered trappings of pride, and good cheer the very eryngo-root of gluttony. Did man, think you, come wrangling into the world about no better matters, than all his lifetime to make privy searches in Birchin Lane for whalebone doublets, or for pies of nightingales' tongues in Heliogabalus's kitchen? No, no; the first suit of apparel that ever mortal man put on came neither from the mercer's shop nor the merchant's warehouse: Adam's bill would have been taken then, sooner than a knight's bond now; yet was he great in nobody's books for satin and velvets. The silkworms had something else to do in those days, than to set up looms, and be free of the weavers; his breeches were not so much worth as King Stephen's, that cost but a poor noble; for Adam's holiday hose and doublet were of no better stuff than plain fig-leaves, and Eve's best gown of the same piece: there went but a pair of shears between them. An antiquary in this town has yet some of the powder of those leaves dried to shew. Tailors then were none of the twelve companies: their hall, that now is larger than some dorpes[1] among the Netherlands, was then no bigger than a Dutch butcher's shop: they durst not strike down their customers with large bills: Adam cared not an apple-paring for all their lousy hems. There was then neither the Spanish slop, nor the skipper's galligaskin, the Danish sleeve sagging down like a Welsh wallet, the Italian's close strosser, nor the French standing collar: your treble-quadruple dædalian ruffs, nor your stiff-necked rabatos, that have more arches[2] for pride to row under, than can stand under five London bridges, durst not then set themselves out in print; for the patent for starch could by no means be signed. Fashions then was counted a disease, and horses died of it: but now, thanks to folly, it is held the only rare physic; and the purest golden asses live upon it.

As for the diet of that Saturnian age, it was like their attire, homely. A salad and a mess of leek-porridge was a dinner for a far greater man than ever the Turk was. Potato-pies and custards stood like the sinful suburbs of cookery, and had not a wall so much as a handful high built round about them. There were no daggers[3] then, nor no chairs. Crookes's ordinary, in those parsimonious days, had not a capon's leg to throw at a dog. O golden world! The suspicious Venetian carved not his meat with a silver pitchfork,[4] neither did the sweet-toothed Englishman shift a dozen of trenchers at one meal; Piers Ploughman laid the cloth, and Simplicity brought in the voider.[5] How wonderfully is the world altered! And no marvel, for it has lain sick almost five thousand years; so that it is no more like the old *theatre du monde*, than old Paris Garden[6] is like the king's garden at Paris.

### *How a Gallant should behave himself in Paul's Walks.*[7]

Being weary with sailing up and down alongst these shores of Barbaria, here let us cast our anchor; and nimbly leap to land in our coasts, whose fresh air shall be so much the more pleasing to us, if the ninnyhammer, whose perfection we labour to set forth, have so much foolish wit left him as to choose the place where to suck in; for that true humorous gallant that desires to pour himself into all fashions, if his ambition be such to excel even compliment itself, must as well practise to diminish his walks, as to be various in his salads, curious in his tobacco, or ingenious in the trussing up of a new Scotch hose; all which virtues are excellent, and able to maintain him; especially if the old worm-eaten farmer, his father, be dead, and left him five hundred a year: only to keep an Irish hobby, an Irish horseboy, and himself like a gentleman. He, therefore, that would strive to fashion his legs to his silk stockings, and his proud gait to his broad garters, let him whiff down these observations.

Your mediterranean isle[8] is then the only gallery, wherein the pictures of all your true fashionate and complemental gulls are and ought to be hung up. Into that gallery carry your neat body; but take heed you pick out such an hour when the main shoal of islanders are swimming up and down. And first observe your doors of entrance, and your exit; not much unlike the players at the theatres: keeping your decorums, even in phantasticality. As for example: if you prove to be a northern gentleman, I would wish you to pass through the north door, more often especially than any of the other; and so, according to your countries, take note of your entrances.

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[1] Small villages. [2] The fluting or puckering.

[3] Instruments to fix the meat while cutting it.

[4] A table-fork. Forks were introduced from Italy about the year 1600.

Then must you learn the use
And handling of your *silver fork* at meals.
BEN JONSON'S *Volpone*.

Barclay, in his *Ship of Fools*, describes the English mode of eating before the era of forks:

If the dish be pleasant, either flesh or fish,
Ten hands at once swarm in the dish.

[5] The basket in which broken meat was carried from the table.

[6] The Bear Garden at Bankside.

[7] The old metropolitan church of St Paul's was a common promenade.

[8] The middle aisle of St Paul's.

Now for your venturing into the walk. Be circumspect, and wary what pillar you come in at; and take heed in any case, as you love the reputation of your honour, that you avoid the serving-man's log, and approach not within five fathom of that pillar; but bend your course directly in the middle line, that the whole body of the church may appear to be yours; where, in view of all, you may publish your suit in what manner you affect most, either with the slide of your cloak from the one shoulder; and then you must, as 'twere in anger, suddenly snatch at the middle of the inside, if it be taffeta at the least; and so by that means your costly lining is betrayed, or else by the pretty advantage of compliment. But one note by the way do I especially woo you to, the neglect of which makes many of our gallants cheap and ordinary, that by no means you be seen above four turns; but in the fifth make yourself away, either in some of the seamsters' shops, the new tobacco-office, or amongst the booksellers, where, if you cannot read, exercise your smoke, and inquire who has writ against this divine weed, &c. For this withdrawing yourself a little will much benefit your suit, which else, by too long walking, would be stale to the whole spectators; but howsoever, if Paul's jacks be once up with their elbows, and quarrelling to strike eleven, as soon as ever the clock has parted them, and ended the fray with his hammer, let not the Duke's gallery contain you any longer, but pass away apace in open view; in which departure, if by chance you either encounter, or aloof off throw your inquisitive eye upon any knight or squire, being your familiar, salute him not by his name of Sir such a one, or so; but call him Ned, or Jack, &c. This will set off your estimation with great men; and if, though there be a dozen companies between you, 'tis the better, he call aloud to you, for that is most genteel, to know where he shall find you at two o'clock, tell him at such an ordinary, or such; and be sure to name those that are dearest, and whither none but your gallants resort. After dinner you may appear again, having translated yourself out of your English cloth cloak into a light Turkey grogram, if you have that happiness of shifting; and then be seen, for a turn or two, to correct your teeth with some quill or silver instrument, and to cleanse your gums with a wrought handkerchief; it skills not whether you dined or no: that is best known to your stomach; or in what place you dined; though it were with cheese, of your own mother's making, in your chamber, or study.

Now if you chance to be a gallant not much crossed among citizens; that is, a gallant in the mercer's books, exalted for satins and velvets; if you be not so much blessed to be crossed (as I hold it the greatest blessing in the world to be great in no man's books), your Paul's walk is your only refuge: the Duke's tomb [*] is a sanctuary; and will keep you alive from worms, and land-rats, that long to be feeding on your carcass: there you may spend your legs in winter a whole afternoon; converse, plot, laugh, and talk anything; jest at your creditor, even to his face; and in the evening, even by lamp-light, steal out; and so cozen a whole covey of abominable catchpoles.

### *Sleep.*

For do but consider what an excellent thing sleep is: it is so inestimable a jewel, that, if a tyrant would give his crown for an hour's slumber, it cannot be bought: of so beautiful a shape is it, that, though a man live with an empress, his heart cannot be at quiet till he leaves her embracements to be at rest with the other: yea, so greatly are we indebted to this kinsman of death, that we owe the better tributary half of our life to him; and there is good cause why we should do so; for sleep is that golden chain that ties health and our bodies together. Who complains of want, of wounds, of cares, of great men's oppressions, of captivity, whilst he sleepeth? Beggars in their beds take as much pleasure as kings. Can we therefore surfeit on this delicate ambrosia? Can we drink too much of that, whereof to taste too little, tumbles us into a churchyard; and to use it but indifferently throws us into Bedlam? No, no. Look upon *Endymion*, the moon's minion, who slept threescore and fifteen years; and was not a hair the worse for it!

## SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY was another witty and ingenious describer of characters. He at one time was an intimate associate of Robert Carr, the minion of James I.; but having opposed the favourite's marriage with the infamous Countess of Essex, he incurred the hatred of the abandoned pair, and through their influence was confined and poisoned in the Tower, on the 15th of September 1613. Overbury was then in the thirty-second year of his age. The way in which this murder was screened from justice leaves a foul blot on the memory of the king and on the history of the age. Overbury wrote two didactic poems, called *The Wife* and *The Choice of a Wife.* Some of his prose *Characters* or *Witty Descriptions of the Properties of Sundry Persons,* are excellent. They abound in conceits, like many other productions of the reign of James, but are full of epigrammatic point and poetical imagery.

### *The Tinker.*

A tinker is a movable, for he hath no abiding in one place; by his motion he gathers heat, thence his choleric nature. He seems to be very devout, for his life is a continual pilgrimage; and sometimes in humility goes barefoot, therein making necessity a virtue. His house is as ancient as Tubal Cain's, and so is a renegade by antiquity; yet he proves himself a gallant, for he carries all his wealth upon his back; or a philosopher, for he bears all his substance about him. From his art was music first invented, and therefore is he always furnished with a song, to which his hammer, keeping tune, proves that he was the first founder of the kettle-drum. Note, that where the best ale is, there stands his music most upon crotchets. The companion of his travels is some foul, sunburnt quean, that, since the terrible statute, recanted gipsyism, and is turned pedlaress. So marches he all over England, with his bag and baggage; his conversation is irreprovable, for he is ever mending. He observes truly the statutes, and therefore had rather steal than beg, in which he is irremovably constant, in spite of whips or imprisonment; and so strong an enemy to idleness that, in mending one hole, he had rather make three than want work; and when he hath done, he throws the wallet of his faults behind him. He embraceth naturally ancient customs, conversing in open fields and lowly cottages: if he visit cities or towns, 'tis but to deal upon the imperfections of our weaker vessels. His tongue is very voluble, which, with canting, proves him a linguist. He is entertained in every place, but enters no further than the door, to avoid suspicion. Some would take him to be a coward, but, believe it, he is a lad of mettle; his valour is commonly three or four yards long, fastened to a pike in the end, for flying off. He is very provident, for he will fight with but one at once, and then also he had rather submit than be counted obstinate. To conclude, if he 'scape Tyburn and Banbury, he dies a beggar.

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[*] The tomb of Sir John Beauchamp, son of Guy, Earl of Warwick; it was unaccountably called 'Duke Humphrey's Tomb,' and the dinnerless persons who lounged here were said to have dined with Duke Humphrey.

### *The Fair and Happy Milkmaid*

Is a country wench that is so far from making herself beautiful by art, that one look of hers is able to put all *face-physic* out of countenance. She knows a fair look is but a dumb orator to commend virtue, therefore minds it not. All her excellences stand in her so silently, as if they had stolen upon her without her knowledge. The lining of her apparel, which is herself, is far better than outsides of tissue; for though she be not arrayed in the spoil of the silkworm, she is decked in innocence, a far better wearing. She doth not, with lying long in bed, spoil both her complexion and conditions: nature hath taught her, too, immoderate sleep is rust to the soul; she rises, therefore, with Chanticleer, her dame's cock, *and at night makes the lamb her curfew.* In milking a cow, and straining the teats through her fingers, it seems that so sweet a milk-press makes the milk whiter or sweeter; for never came almond-glore or aromatic ointment on her palm to taint it. The golded ears of corn fall and kiss her feet when she reaps them, as if they wished to be bound and led prisoners by the same hand that felled them. Her breath is her own, which scents, all the year long, of June, like a new-made haycock. She makes her hand hard with labour, and her heart soft with pity; and when winter evenings fall early, sitting at her merry wheel, she sings defiance to the giddy wheel of fortune. She doth all things with so sweet a grace, it seems ignorance will not suffer her to do ill, being her mind is to do well. She bestows her year's wages at next fair, and in choosing her garments, counts no bravery in the world like decency. The garden and bee-hive are all her physic and surgery, and she lives the longer for it. She dares go alone, and unfold sheep in the night, and fears no manner of ill, because she means none; yet, to say truth, she is never alone, but is still accompanied with old songs, honest thoughts, and prayers, but short ones; yet they have their efficacy, in that they are not palled with ensuing idle cogitations. Lastly, her dreams are so chaste, that she dare tell them; only a Friday's dream is all her superstition; that she conceals for fear of anger. Thus lives she, and all her care is, she may die in the spring-time, to have store of flowers stuck upon her winding-sheet.

### *A Franklin, or English Yeoman.*

His outside is an ancient yeoman of England, though his inside may give arms, with the best gentleman, and never see the herald. There is no truer servant in the house than himself. Though he be master, he says not to his servants, 'Go to field,' but, 'Let us go;' and with his own eye doth both fatten his flock and set forward all manner of husbandry. He is taught by nature to be contented with a little; his own fold yields him both food and raiment; he is pleased with any nourishment God sends, whilst curious gluttony ransacks, as it were, Noah's ark for food, only to feed the riot of one meal. He is never known to go to law; understanding to be law-bound among men, is like to be hide-bound among his beasts; they thrive not under it; and that such men sleep as unquietly as if their pillows were stuffed with lawyers' penknives. When he builds, no poor tenant's cottage hinders his prospect; they are, indeed, his almshouses, though there be painted on them no such superscription. He never sits up late but when he hunts the badger, the vowed foe of his lambs; nor uses he any cruelty but when he hunts the hare; nor subtlety but when he setteth snares for the snipe, or pitfalls for the blackbird; nor oppression but when, in the month of July, he goes to the next river and shears his sheep. He allows of honest pastime, and thinks not the bones of the dead anything bruised, or the worse for it, though the country lasses dance in the churchyard after evensong. Rock-Monday, and the wake in summer, shrovings, the wakeful catches on Christmas-eve, the hoky, or seed-cake—these he yearly keeps, yet holds them no relics of popery. He is not so inquisitive after news derived from the privy-closet, when the finding an eyry of hawks in his own ground, or the foaling of a colt come of a good strain, are tidings more pleasant and more profitable. He is lord-paramount within himself, though he hold by never so mean a tenure; and dies the more contentedly, though he leave his heir young, in regard he leaves him not liable to a covetous guardian. Lastly, to end him, he cares not when his end comes; he needs not fear his audit, for his *quietus* is in heaven.

## JOSEPH HALL.

JOSEPH HALL, bishop of Norwich, whose poetical satires have already been mentioned, was the author of many controversial tracts in defence of episcopacy; and, like many other churchmen, he suffered for his opinions during the ascendency of the Presbyterians. He published also a variety of sermons, meditations, epistles, paraphrases, and other pieces of a similar character. This distinguished prelate died in 1656. From the pithy and sententious quality of his style, he has been called 'the English Seneca;' many parts of his prose writings have the thought, feeling, and melody of the finest poetry. His principal works are: *Characters of Virtues and Vices* (1608), *Contemplations on the Historical Passages of the Holy Story* (1612-15), and *A Plain and Familiar Explication of all the Hard Texts of Scripture* (1633).

### *Upon the Sight of a Tree Full-blossomed.*

Here is a tree overlaid with blossoms: it is not possible that all these should prosper; one of them must needs rob the other of moisture and growth. I do not love to see an infancy over-hopeful; in these pregnant beginnings one faculty starves another, and at last leaves the mind sapless and barren; as, therefore, we are wont to pull off some of the too frequent blossoms, that the rest may thrive, so it is good wisdom to moderate the early excess of the parts, or progress of over-forward childhood. Neither is it otherwise in our Christian profession; a sudden and lavish ostentation of grace may fill the eye with wonder, and the mouth with talk, but will not at the last fill the lap with fruit.

Let me not promise too much, nor raise too high expectations of my undertakings; I had rather men should complain of my small hopes than of my short performances.

### *Upon Occasion of a Redbreast Coming into his Chamber.*

Pretty bird, how cheerfully dost thou sit and sing, and yet knowest not where thou art, nor where thou shalt make thy next meal; and at night must shroud thyself in a bush for lodging! What a shame is it for me, that see before me so liberal provisions of my God, and find myself sit warm under my own roof, yet am ready to droop under a distrustful and unthankful dulness. Had I so little certainty of my harbour and purveyance, how heartless should I be, how careful; how little list should I have to make music to thee or myself! Surely thou comest not hither without a providence. God sent thee not so much to delight as to shame me, but all in a conviction of my sullen unbelief, who, under more apparent means, am less cheerful and confident; reason and faith have not done so much in me, as in thee mere instinct of nature; want of foresight makes thee more merry, if not more happy here, than the foresight of better things maketh me.

O God! thy providence is not impaired by those powers thou hast given me above these brute things; let not my greater helps hinder me from a holy security, and comfortable reliance on thee.

### *Upon Hearing of Music by Night.*

How sweetly doth this music sound in this dead season! In the daytime it would not, it could not so much affect the ear. All harmonious sounds are advanced by a silent darkness; thus it is with the glad tidings of salvation; the gospel never sounds so sweet as in the night of preservation, or of our own private affliction; it is ever the same; the difference is in our disposition to receive it. O God! whose praise it is to give songs in the night, make my prosperity conscionable, and my crosses cheerful.

### *Upon the Sight of an Owl in the Twilight.*

What a strange melancholic life doth this creature lead; to hide her head all the day long in an ivy bush, and at night, when all other birds are at rest, to fly abroad, and vent her harsh notes. I know not why the ancients made *sacred* this bird to wisdom, except it be for her safe closeness and singular perspicuity; that when other domestical and airy creatures are blind, she only hath inward light to discern the least objects for her own advantage. Surely thus much wit they have taught us in her: that he is the wisest man that would have least to do with the multitude; that no life is so safe as the obscure; that retiredness, if it have less comfort, yet has less danger and vexation; lastly, that he is truly wise who sees by a light of his own, when the rest of the world sit in an ignorant and confused darkness, unable to apprehend any truth save by the helps of an outward illumination.

Had this fowl come forth in the daytime, how had all the little birds flocked wondering about her, to see her uncouth visage, to hear her untuned notes: she likes her estate never the worse, but pleaseth herself in her own quiet reservedness. It is not for a wise man to be much affected with the censures of the rude and unskilful vulgar, but to hold fast unto his own well-chosen and well-fixed resolutions: every fool knows what is wont to be done; but what is best to be done, is known only to the wise.

### *Upon the Sight of a Great Library.*

What a world of wit is here packed up together! I know not whether this sight doth more dismay or comfort me: it dismays me to think that here is so much that I cannot know; it comforts me to think that this variety yields so good helps to know what I should. There is no truer word than that of Solomon—there is no end of making many books: this sight verifies it—there is no end; indeed, it were pity there should: God hath given to man a busy soul, the agitation whereof cannot but through time and experience work out many hidden truths; to suppress these, would be no other than injurious to mankind, whose minds, like unto so many candles, should be kindled by each other: the thoughts of our deliberation are most accurate; these we vent into our papers: what a happiness is it, that, without all offence of necromancy, I may here call up any of the ancient worthies of learning, whether human or divine, and confer with them of all my doubts!—that I can at pleasure summon whole synods of reverend fathers, and acute doctors, from all the coasts of the earth, to give their well-studied judgments in all points of question which I propose! Neither can I cast my eye casually upon any of these silent masters but I must learn somewhat: it is a wantonness to complain of choice.

No law binds me to read all; but the more we can take in and digest, the better liking must the mind's needs be: blessed be God that hath set up so many clear lamps in His church!

Now, none but the wilfully blind can plead darkness; and blessed be the memory of those His faithful servants, that have left their blood, their spirits, their lives, in these precious papers, and have willingly wasted themselves into these during monuments, to give light unto others!

### *Paradise—The Gospel of Labour.*

Every earth was not fit for Adam, but a garden, a paradise. What excellent pleasures and rare varieties have men found in gardens planted by the hands of men! And yet all the world of men cannot make one twig, or leaf, or spire of grass. When he that made the matter undertakes the fashion, how must it needs be beyond our capacity, excellent! No herb, no flower, no tree was wanting there, that might be for ornament or use, whether for sight, or for scent, or for taste. The bounty of God wrought further than to necessity, even to comfort and recreation. Why are we niggardly to ourselves, when God is liberal? But, for all this, if God had not there conversed with man, no abundance could have made him blessed.

Yet, behold! that which was man's storehouse was also his workhouse; his pleasure was his task: paradise served not only to feed his senses, but to exercise his hands. If happiness had consisted in doing nothing, man had not been employed; all his delights could not have made him happy in an idle life. Man, therefore, is no sooner made than he is set to work; neither greatness nor perfection can privilege a folded hand; he must labour because he was happy; how much more we, that we may be! This first labour of his was, as without necessity, so without pains, without weariness; how much more cheerfully we go about our businesses, so much nearer we come to our paradise.

The sermons of Bishop Hall display an uncommonly rapid and vehement species of eloquence, well fitted to arouse and impress even the most listless audience. As a specimen, we give the following extract from a discourse on the text, 'It is finished,' preached at Paul's Cross, on Good-Friday, 1609:

### *Christ Crucified Afresh by Sinners.*

Behold, this storm, wherewith all the powers of the world were shaken, is now over. The elders, Pharisees, Judas, the soldiers, priests, witnesses, judges, thieves, executioners, devils, have all tired themselves in vain with their own malice; and he triumphs over them all, upon the throne of his cross: his enemies are vanquished, his Father satisfied, his soul with this world at rest and glory: 'It is finished.' Now, there is no more betraying, agonies, arraignments, scourgings, scoffing, crucifying, conflicts, terrors; all 'is finished.' Alas! beloved, and will we not let the Son of God be at rest? Do we now again go about to fetch him out of his glory, to scorn and crucify him? I fear to say it: God's spirit dare and doth; 'They crucify again to themselves the Son of God, and make a mock of him:' to themselves, not in himself; that they cannot, it is no thank to them; they would do it. See and consider: the notoriously sinful conversations of those that should be Christians, offer violence unto our glorified Saviour; they stretch their hand to heaven, and pull him down from his throne to his cross; they tear him with thorns, pierce him with nails, load him with reproaches. Thou hatest the Jews, spittest at the name of Judas, railest on Pilate, condemnest the cruel butchers of Christ; yet thou canst blaspheme, and swear him quite over, curse, swagger, lie, oppress, boil with lust, scoff, riot, and livest like a debauched man; yea, like a human beast; yea, like an unclean devil. Cry Hosannah as long as thou wilt; thou art a Pilate, a Jew, a Judas, an executioner of the Lord of life; and so much greater shall thy judgment be, by how much thy light and his glory is more. O beloved, is it not enough that he died once for us? Were those pains so light, that we should every day redouble them? Is this the entertainment that so gracious a Saviour hath deserved of us by dying? Is this the recompense of that infinite love of his that thou shouldest thus cruelly vex and wound him with thy sins? Every of our sins is a thorn, and nail, and spear to him; while thou pourest down thy drunken carouses, thou givest thy Saviour a portion of gall; while thou despisest his poor servants, thou spittest on his face; while thou puttest on thy proud dresses, and liftest up thy vain heart with high conceits, thou settest a crown of thorns on his head; while thou wringest and oppressest his poor children, thou whippest him, and drawest blood of his hands and feet. Thou hypocrite, how darest thou offer to receive the sacrament of God with that hand which is thus imbrued with the blood of him whom thou receivest? In every ordinary thy profane tongue wags, in the disgrace of the religious and conscionable. Thou makest no scruple of thine own sins, and scornest those that do; not to be wicked, is crime enough. Hear him that saith: 'Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?' Saul strikes at Damascus; Christ suffers in heaven. Thou strikest; Christ Jesus smarteth, and will revenge. These are the afterings of Christ's sufferings. In himself it is 'finished;' in his members it is not, till the world be finished. We must toil, and groan, and bleed, that we may reign; if he had not done so, 'it had not been finished.' This is our warfare; this is the religion of our sorrow and death. Now are we set upon the sandy pavement of our theatre, and are matched with all sorts of evils; evil men, evil spirits, evil accidents, and, which is worst, our own evil hearts; temptations, crosses, persecutions, sicknesses, wants, infamies, death; all these must in our courses be encountered by the law of our profession. What should we do but strive and suffer, as our general hath done, that we may reign as he doth, and once triumph in our *Consummatum est.* God and his angels sit upon the scaffolds of heaven, and behold us; our crown is ready; our day of deliverance shall come; yea, our redemption is near, when all tears shall be wiped from our eyes, and we that have sown in tears shall reap in joy. In the meantime, let us possess our souls not in patience only, but in comfort: let us adore and magnify our Saviour in his sufferings, and imitate him in our own. Our sorrows shall have an end; our joys shall not: our pains shall soon be finished; our glory shall be finished, but never ended.

The writing of characters was a favourite species of composition among the authors of this period. How successfully Bishop Hall could portray human nature, will appear from his character of

### *The Hypocrite.*

A hypocrite is the worst kind of player, by so much that he acts the better part; which hath always two faces, ofttimes two hearts: that can compose his forehead to sadness and gravity, while he bids his heart be wanton and careless within, and, in the meantime, laughs within himself to think how smoothly he hath cozened the beholder. In whose silent face are written the characters of religion, which his tongue and gestures pronounce, but his hands recant. That hath a clean face and garment, with a foul soul; whose mouth belies his heart, and his fingers belie his mouth. Walking early up into the city, he turns into the great church, and salutes one of the pillars on one knee, worshipping that God which at home he cares not for, while his eye is fixed on some window or some passenger, and his heart knows not whither his lips go. He rises, and, looking about with admiration, complains of our frozen charity, commends the ancient. At church he will ever sit where he may be seen best, and in the midst of the sermon pulls out his tables in haste, as if he feared to lose that note; when he writes either his forgotten errand, or nothing. Then he turns his Bible with a noise, to seek an omitted quotation, and folds the leaf as if he had found it, and asks aloud the name of the preacher, and repeats it, whom he publicly salutes, thanks, praises in an honest mouth. He can command tears when he speaks of his youth, indeed, because it is past, not because it was sinful; himself is now better, but the times are worse. All other sins he reckons up with detestation, while he loves and hides his darling in his bosom; all his speech returns to himself, and every occurrent draws in a story to his own praise. When he should give, he looks about him, and says, Who sees me? no alms nor prayers fall from him without a witness; belike lest God should deny that He hath received them; and when he hath done, lest the world should not know it, his own mouth is his trumpet to proclaim it. In brief, he is the stranger's saint, the neighbour's disease, the blot of goodness, a rotten stick in a dark night, the poppy in a cornfield, an ill-tempered candle with a great snuff, that in going out smells ill; an angel abroad, a devil at home; and worse when an angel than when a devil.

### *The Busy-body.*

His estate is too narrow for his mind; and, therefore, he is fain to make himself room in others' affairs, yet ever in pretence of love. No news can stir but by his door; neither can he know that which he must not tell. What every man ventures in a Guiana voyage, and what they gained, he knows to a hair. Whether Holland will have peace, he knows; and on what conditions, and with what success, is familiar to him ere it be concluded. No post can pass him without a question; and, rather than he will lose the news, he rides back with him to appose[1] him of tidings; and then to the next man he meets he supplies the wants of his hasty intelligence, and makes up a perfect tale; wherewith he so haunteth the patient auditor, that, after many excuses, he is fain to endure rather the censures of his manners in running away, than the tediousness of an impertinent discourse. His speech is oft broken off with a succession of long parentheses, which he ever vows to fill up ere the conclusion; and perhaps would effect it, if the other's ear were as unweariable as his tongue. If he see but two men talk, and read a letter in the street, he runs to them, and asks if he may not be partner of that secret relation; and if they deny it, he offers to tell, since he may not hear, wonders; and then falls upon the report of the Scottish mine, or of the great fish taken up at Lynn, or of the freezing of the Thames; and, after many thanks and dismissions, is hardly entreated silence. He undertakes as much as he performs little. This man will thrust himself forward to be the guide of the way he knows not; and calls at his neighbour's window, and asks why his servants are not at work. The market hath no commodity which he prizeth not, and which the next table shall not hear recited. His tongue, like the tail of Samson's foxes, carries firebrands, and is enough to set the whole field of the world on a flame. Himself begins table-talk of his neighbour at another's board, to whom he bears the first news, and adjures him to conceal the reporter: whose choleric answer he returns to his first host, enlarged with a second edition; so, as it uses to be done in the fight of unwilling mastiffs, he claps each on the side apart, and provokes them to an eager conflict. There can no act pass without his comment; which is ever far-fetched, rash, suspicious, dilatory. His ears are long, and his eyes quick, but most of all to imperfections; which, as he easily sees, so he increases with intermeddling. He labours without thanks, talks without credit, lives without love, dies without tears, without pity—save that some say: 'It was pity he died no sooner.'

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[1] Question.

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A few Scottish authors may now be enumerated, beginning with the greatest, 'the reformer of a kingdom.'

### JOHN KNOX.

JOHN KNOX was born in 1505, at Giffordgate, a suburb of Haddington, connected with that town by a bridge across the Tyne. Little is known of his parentage, but one of his contemporaries, a panegyrist, says he was descended of 'lineage small.' Addressing the Earl of Bothwell in 1562, the Reformer himself said: 'My lord, my grandfather, goodschir [mother's father], and father, have served your lordship's predecessors, and some of them have died under their standards'—referring most likely to the field of Flodden. Knox studied at the university of Glasgow, but left without taking the degree of M.A. When he was admitted to the order of the priesthood, is not known. The earliest notice of him is dated December 13, 1540, when he is styled 'Sir John Knox,' as one of the Pope's knights, 'Sir' being the usual designation of priests who had not obtained the higher degree of *Magister*. In 1543, he is found acting as notary, and was engaged in private teaching. In 1545, George Wishart visited East Lothian, and Knox professed himself a convert to the Protestant doctrines, attending on Wishart, and carrying a sword in his defence. On the night of Wishart's apprehension, when Knox expressed his intention not to leave him, his friend said: 'Nay; return to your bairns [or pupils], and God bless you: one is sufficient for ane sacrifice.' The Reformed doctrines had then made considerable progress in Scotland, in the higher and educated classes, and with one of these, Douglas of Longniddry, Knox resided for some time as tutor. He afterwards preached in St Andrews; but in 1547 was taken prisoner with others, and conveyed on board the galleys to France. Being set at liberty eighteen months afterwards, he preached in England till the accession of Mary induced him to retire to the continent in 1554, where he resided chiefly at Geneva and Frankfort. Visiting Scotland in 1555, he greatly strengthened the Protestant cause by his exertions in Edinburgh; but, at the earnest solicitation of the English congregation in Geneva, he once more took up his abode there in 1556. At Geneva, he published *The First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment*[1] *of Women*, directed principally against Mary of England and the Queen-regent of Scotland. Returning to Scotland in 1559, he continued his exertions in behalf of Protestantism; and in the following year, the cause was made triumphant by Queen Elizabeth entering into a formal engagement with the Lords of the Congregation, by which she engaged to send an army into Scotland, to assist them in expelling the French forces. On the 24th of August 1560, the Protestant Confession was ratified by the Scots parliament. Knox laboured with unabated zeal and courage for twelve more years. He died November 24, 1572; and when laid in the grave, was characterised by the Earl of Morton as one 'who never feared the face of man.' The works of Knox are numerous, and have been carefully edited by Mr David Laing. The life of Knox has also been written with great learning and ability by Dr M'Crie. The chief work of the reformer is a *History of the Reformation of Religion within the Realm of Scotland*, printed after his death. Knox was more a man of action than of study, and his labours in support of the Presbyterian church and clergy, and the progress of education, can hardly be over-estimated. His *History* having been written at intervals, and amid the distractions of a busy life, much of it is in a confused and ill-digested state; but it is valuable for its information and for the public documents it contains, and it has passages of vigorous picturesque writing, humour, and satire.

#### *Assassination of Cardinal Beaton.*

After the death of this blessed martyr of God [George Wishart], began the people, in plain speaking, to damn and detest the cruelty that was used. Yea, men of great birth, estimation, and honour, at open tables avowed, that the blood of the said Master George should be revenged, or else they should cost life for life. Amongst whom John Leslie, brother to the Earl of Rothes, was the chief, for he, in all companies, spared not to say: 'That same whingar (shewing forth his dagger) and that same hand should be priests to the cardinal.' These bruits came to the cardinal's ears, but he thought himself stout enough for all Scotland; for in Babylon—that is, in his new block-house*—he was sure as he thought, and upon the fields he was able to match all his enemies. And to write the truth, the most part of the nobility of Scotland had either given unto him their bonds of manrent, or else were in confederacy and promised amity with him. . . .

After the Pasche [Easter], he came to Edinburgh to hold the Seinze [Synod], as the papists term their unhappy assembly of Baal's shaven sort. It was bruited that something was purposed against him at that time by the Earl of Angus and his friends, whom he mortally hated, and whose destruction he sought. But it failed, and so returned he to his strength; yea, to his God and only comfort, as well in heaven as in earth. And there he remained without all fear of death, promising unto himself no less pleasure nor did the rich man, of whom mention is made by our Master in the Evangel; for he did not only rejoice, and say: 'Eat and be glad, my soul, for thou hast great riches laid up in store for many days;' but also he said: 'Tush, a fig for the feud, and a button for the bragging of all the heretics and their assistance in Scotland! Is not my Lord Governor mine? Witness his eldest son there, pledge at my table. Have not I the queen at my own devotion? (He meant of the mother to Mary that now mischievously reigns.) Is not France my friend, and I friend to France? What danger should I fear?' And thus in vanity the carnal cardinal delighted himself a little before his death. But yet he had devised to have cut off such as he thought might cumber him, for he had appointed the whole gentlemen of Fife to have met him at Falkland the Monday after that he was slain upon the Saturday. His treasonable purpose was not understood but by his secret council; and it was this: that Norman Leslie, sheriff of Fife, and apparent heir to his father, the Earl of Rothes, the said John Leslie, father-brother to Norman, the lairds of Grange, elder and younger; Sir James Lermond of Darsie, and provost of St Andrews; and the faithful laird of Raith; should either have been slain or else taken, and after to have been used at his pleasure. This enterprise was disclosed after his slaughter, partly by letters and memorials found in his chamber, but plainly affirmed by such as were of the council. Many purposes were devised how that wicked man might have been taken away; but all failed, till Friday the 28th of May, anno 1546, when the aforesaid Norman came at night to St Andrews. William Kirkcaldy of Grange, younger, was in the town before, awaiting upon the purpose; last came John Leslie aforesaid, who was most suspected. What conclusion they took that night, it was not known, but by the issue that followed. But early upon the Saturday, in the morning, the 29 of May, were they in sundry companies in the abbey kirkyard, not far distant from the castle. First, the gates being open, and the drawbridge letten down, for receiving of lime and stones, and other things necessary for building—for Babylon was almost finished—first, we say, essayed William Kirkcaldy of Grange, younger, and with him six persons, and getting entrance, held purpose with the porter, 'If my lord was waking?' who answered: 'No.' . . . . While the said William and the porter talked, and his servants made them to look at the work and the workmen, approached Norman Leslie with his company; and because they were in great number, they easily gat entrance. They address them to the midst of the close; and immediately came John Leslie, somewhat rudely, and four persons with him. The porter, fearing, would have drawn the bridge; but the said John, being entered thereon, stayed it, and lap in; and while the porter made him for defence, his head was broken, the keys taken from him, and he cast into the fosse, and so the place was seized. The shout arises; the workmen, to the number of more than a hundred, ran off the walls, and were without hurt put forth at the wicket-gate. The first thing that ever was done, William Kirkcaldy took the guard of the privy postern, fearing lest the fox should have escaped. Then go the rest to the gentlemen's chambers, and without violence done to any man, they put more than fifty persons to the gate; the number that enterprised and did this was but sixteen persons. The cardinal, awakened with the shouts, asked from his window: 'What meant that noise?' It was answered, that Norman Leslie had taken his castle: which understand, he ran to the postern, but perceiving the passage to be kept without, he returned quickly to his chamber, took his two-handed sword, and caused his chamber-child cast chests and other impediments to the door. In this meantime came John Leslie unto it, and bids open. The cardinal asking: 'Who calls?' he answers: 'My name is Leslie.' He re-demands: 'Is that Norman?' The other saith: 'Nay; my name is John.' 'I will have Norman,' says the cardinal, 'for he is my friend.' 'Content yourself with such as are here, for other shall ye get nane.' There were with the said John, James Melvin, a man familiarly acquainted with Master George Wishart, and Peter Carmichael, a stout gentleman. In this meantime, while they force at the door, the cardinal hides a box of gold under coals that were laid in a secret corner. At length he asked: 'Will ye save my life?' The said John answered: 'It may be that we will.' 'Nay,' says the cardinal; 'swear unto me by God's wounds, and I will open to you.' Then answered the said John: 'It that was said is unsaid;' and so cried: 'Fire, Fire'—for the door was very stark—and so was brought a chimley-full of burning coals; which perceived, the cardinal or his chamber-child—it is uncertain—opened the door, and the cardinal sat down in a chair, and cried: 'I am a priest, I am a priest; ye will not slay me.' The said John Leslie—according to his former vows—struck him first ance or twice, and so did the said Peter. But James Melvin—a man of nature most gentle and most modest—perceiving them both in choler, withdrew them, and said: 'This work and judgment of God—although it be secret—ought to be done with greater gravity;' and presenting unto him the point of the sword, said: 'Repent thee of thy former wicked life, but especially of the shedding of the blood of that notable instrument of God, Master George Wishart, which albeit the flame of fire consumed before men, yet cries it for vengeance upon thee, and we from God are sent to revenge it. For here, before my God, I protest, that neither the hatred of thy person, the love of thy riches, nor the fear of any trouble thou couldst have done to me in particular, moved nor moves me to strike thee; but only because thou hast been, and remains, ane obstinate enemy against Christ Jesus and his holy Evangel.' And so he struck him twice or thrice through with a stog-sword [a stabbing-sword]: and so he fell, never word heard out of his mouth, but, 'I am a priest, I am a priest; fie, fie, all is gone.'

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[1] Regimen or government.

* The archiepiscopal palace of St Andrews, in which the cardinal resided, was a fortified building, to which, it appears, he had recently made some important additions for further security.

While they were thus occupied with the cardinal, the fray rises in the town; the provost assembles the community, and comes to the fosse-side, crying: 'What have ye done with my lord cardinal? where is my lord cardinal? have ye slain my lord cardinal? let us see my lord cardinal.' They that were within answered gently: 'Best it were unto you to return to your own houses, for the man ye call the cardinal hath received his reward, and in his own person will trouble the world no more.' But then more enragedly they cry: 'We shall never depart till that we see him.' And so was he brought to the east block-house head, and shewed dead over the wall to the faithless multitude, which would not believe before they saw, and so they departed without *Requiem æternam*, and *Requiescant in pace*, sung for his soul. Now, because the weather was hot—for it was in May, as ye have heard—and his funerals could not suddenly be prepared, it was thought best, to keep him from stinking, to give him great salt enough, a cope of lead, and a nook in the bottom of the sea-tower—a place where many of God's children had been imprisoned before—to await what exequies his brethren the bishops would prepare for him. These things we write merrily, but we would that the reader should observe God's just judgments, and how that he can deprehend the worldly-wise in their own wisdom, make their table to be a snare to trap their own feet, and their own presupposed strength to be their own destruction. These are the works of our God, whereby he would admonish the tyrants of this earth, that in the end he will be revenged of their cruelty, what strength soever they make in the contrary.

We shall add a short specimen of the orthography of Knox's *History*. In 1562, he had a memorable interview with Mary Queen of Scots, to defend himself from the charge of preaching against the queen's dancing, &c. Mary, he says, made a long harangue or oration, and Knox answered at length, shewing that he had been misrepresented:

### *Interview with Mary Queen of Scots.*

The Queyn looked about to some of the reaportaris, and said: 'Your wourdis ar scharpe yneuch as ye have spocken thame: but yitt thei war tald to me in ane uther maner. I know,' said sche, 'that my uncles and ye ar nott of ane religioun, and thairfoir I can nott blame you albeit you have no good opinion of thame. But yf ye hear anything of myself that myslykis you, come to myself and tell me, and I shall hear you.'

'Madam,' quod he, 'I am assured that your uncles ar enemyes to God, and unto his Sone Jesus Christ; and that for manteanance of thair awin pompe and worldlie glorie, that thei spair not to spill the bloode of many innocents; and thairfoir I am assured that thair interpryses shall have no better successe than otheris haif had that befoir thame have done that thei do now. But as to your awin personage, Madam, I wold be glade to do all that I could to your Grace's contentment, provided that I exceed nott the boundis of my vocatioun. I am called, Madam, to ane publict functioun within the Kirk of God, and am appointed by God to rebuk the synnes and vices of all. I am not appointed to come to everie man in particular to schaw him his offense; for that laubour war infinite. Yf your Grace please to frequent the publict sermonis, then doubt I not but that ye shall fullie understand boyth what I like and myslike, als weall in your Majestie as in all otheris. Or yf your Grace will assigne unto me a certane day and hour when it will please you to hear the forme and substance of doctrin whiche is proponed in publict to the churches of this realme, I will most gladlie await upoun your Grace's pleasur, tyme, and place. But to wait upoun your chalmer doore or ellis whair, and then to have no farther libertie but to whisper my mynd in your Grace's eare, or to tell you what otheris think and speak of you, neather will my conscience nor the vocatioun whairto God hath called me suffer it. For albeit at your Grace's commandiment, I am heare now, yitt can not I tell what other men shall judge of me, that at this tyme of day am absent from my book, and wayting upoun the courte.'

'You will not alwayis,' said sche, 'be at your book'—and so turned hir back. And the said Johne Knox departed with a reasonable meary countenance; whairat some Papists offended, said: 'He is not effrayed.' Which heard of him, he answered: 'Why should the pleasing face of a gentill woman effray me? I have looked in the faces of many angrie men, and yit have nott bene effrayed above measure.' And so left he the Quene and the courte for that tyme.

In the following interesting extract from Knox's *History*, we have modernised the spelling:

### *Another Interview with the Queen.*

The queen, in a vehement fume, began to cry out that never prince was handled as she was. 'I have,' said she, 'borne with you in all your rigorous manner of speaking, baith against myself and against my uncles; yea, I have sought your favours by all possible means. I offered unto you presence and audience, whensoever it pleased you to admonish me, and yet I cannot be quit of you. I avow to God I shall be anes [once] revenged.' And with these words scarcely could Marnock, her secret chamber-boy, get napkins to hold her eyes dry for the tears; and the owling, besides womanly weeping, stayed her speech.

The said John did patiently abide all the first fume, and at opportunity answered: 'True it is, Madam, your Grace and I have been at diverse controversies, into the which I never perceived your Grace to be offended at me. But when it shall please God to deliver you from that bondage of darkness and error, in the which ye have been nourished, for the lack of true doctrine, your majesty will find the liberty of my tongue nothing offensive. Without the preaching place, Madam, I think few have occasion to be offended at me, and there, Madam, I am not master of myself, but man [must] obey Him who commands me to speak plain, and to flatter no flesh upon the face of the earth.'

'But what have ye to do,' said she, 'with my marriage?'

'If it please your majesty,' said he, 'patiently to hear me, I shall shew the truth in plain words. I grant your Grace offered me more than ever I required; but my answer was then, as it is now, that God hath not sent me to await upon the courts of princesses, nor upon the chambers of ladies; but I am sent to preach the evangel of Jesus Christ to such as please to hear it; and it hath two parts—repentance and faith. And now, Madam, in preaching repentance, of necessity it is, that the sins of men be so noted, that they may know wherein they offend; but so it is, that the most part of your nobility are so addicted to your affections, that neither God, His word, nor yet their commonwealth, are rightly regarded. And therefore, it becomes me so to speak, that they may know their duty.'

'What have ye to do,' said she, 'with my marriage? Or what are ye within this commonwealth?'

'A subject born within the same,' said he, 'Madam. And, albeit I neither be earl, lord, nor baron within it, yet has God made me—how abject that ever I be in your eyes—a profitable member within the same. Yea, Madam, to me it appertains no less to forewarn of such things as may hurt it, if I foresee them, than it does to any of the nobility; for both my vocation and conscience craves plainness of me. And therefore, Madam, to yourself I say that which I speak in public place: whensoever that the nobility of this realm shall consent that ye be subject to ane unfaithful husband, they do as much as in them lieth to renounce Christ, to banish his truth from them, to betray the freedom of this realm, and perchance shall in the end do small comfort to yourself.'

At these words, owling was heard, and tears might have been seen in greater abundance than the matter required. John Erskine of Dun—a man of meek and gentle spirit—stood beside, and entreated what he could to mitigate her anger, and gave unto her many pleasing words of her beauty, of her excellence, and how that all the princes of Europe would be glad to seek her favours. But all that was to cast oil in the flaming fire. The said John stood still, without any alteration of countenance, for a long season, while that the queen gave place to her inordinate passion, and in the end he said: 'Madam, in God's presence I speak: I never delighted in the weeping of any of God's creatures; yea, I can scarcely well abide the tears of my own boys, whom my own hand corrects, much less can I rejoice in your majesty's weeping. But, seeing that I have offered unto you no just occasion to be offended, but have spoken the truth, as my vocation craves of me, I man sustain, albeit unwillingly, your majesty's tears, rather than I dare hurt my conscience, or betray my commonwealth through my silence.'

Herewith was the queen more offended, and commanded the said John to pass forth of the cabinet, and to abide further of her pleasure in the chamber. The Laird of Dun tarried, and Lord John of Coldingham came into the cabinet, and so they both remained with her near the space of ane hour. The said John stood in the chamber, as one whom men had never seen—so were all effrayed—except that the Lord Ochiltree bare him company; and therefore began he to forge talking of the ladies, who were there sitting in all their gorgeous apparel, which espied, he merrily said: 'O fair ladies, how pleasant were this life of yours if it should ever abide, and then in the end that we might pass to heaven with all this gay gear! But fie upon that knave Death, that will come whether we will or not! And when he has laid on his arrest, the foul worms will be busy with this flesh, be it never so tender; and the silly soul, I fear, shall be so feeble, that it can neither carry with it gold, garnishing, targeting, pearl, nor precious stones.' And by such means procured he the company of women; and so passed the time till that the Laird of Dun willed him to depart to his house.*

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* Mr Burton suggests that these dialogues between Knox and the Queen were in French, not in the language in which Knox reports them. Mary's habitual language was French, and Knox had lived and preached in France. See Burton's *History of Scotland*, iv. 211.

## DAVID CALDERWOOD—JOHN ROW—SIR JAMES MELVIL.

A work similar to that of Knox, but on a much more extensive scale, was written by DAVID CALDERWOOD, another eminent Scottish divine (1575–1650). An abridgment, entitled *The True History of the Church of Scotland*, was printed in 1646; and the complete work, printed from the manuscript in the British Museum, was given to the world in eight volumes, Edinburgh, 1841–49, published by the Wodrow Society. Calderwood was a stern unyielding Presbyterian, resolutely opposed to Episcopacy, for which he suffered persecution and imprisonment. A *Historie of the Kirk of Scotland* from 1588 to August 1637, was written by JOHN ROW (1563–1646), and, with a continuation to July 1639, by his son, of the same name, was published in 1842 by the Wodrow Society.

SIR JAMES MELVIL, privy-councillor and gentleman of the bed-chamber to Mary Queen of Scots, was born at Hall-hill, in Fifeshire, about the year 1535, and died November 1, 1607. He left in manuscript an historical work, which for a considerable time lay unknown in the Castle of Edinburgh, but having at length been discovered, was published in 1683, under the title of *Memoirs of Sir James Melvil of Hall-hill, containing an Impartial Account of the most Remarkable Affairs of State during the Last Age, not mentioned by other Historians; more particularly relating to the Kingdoms of England and Scotland, under the Reigns of Queen Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots, and King James. In all which Transactions the Author was personally and publicly concerned.* This work is esteemed for the simplicity of its style, and as the sole authority for the history of many important events. But Dr M'Crie, the biographer of Knox, points out several errors in Melvil's narrative of the transactions of that period, and is of opinion that all our historians have given too easy credit to Melvil, both in his statements of fact and in his representations of character. In 1564, Melvil was despatched to the English court by Mary Queen of Scots, and in his Memoirs he gives a lively and graphic account of his interviews with Queen Elizabeth. We subjoin a part of this description:

### *Melvil's Interview with Queen Elizabeth.*

She appeared to be so affectionate to the queen her good sister, that she expressed a great desire to see her. And because their so much by her desired meeting could not so hastily be brought to pass, she appeared with great delight to look upon her majesty's picture. She took me to her bed-chamber, and opened a little cabinet, wherein were divers little pictures wrapped within paper, and their names written with her own hand upon the papers. Upon the first that she took up was written 'My lord's picture.' I held the candle, and pressed to see that picture so named: she appeared loath to let me see it, yet my importunity prevailed for a sight thereof; and I found it to be the Earl of Leicester's picture. I desired that I might have it to carry home to my queen, which she refused, alleging that she had but that one picture of his. I said: 'Your majesty hath here the original;' for I perceived him at the furthest part of the chamber, speaking with secretary Cecil. Then she took out the queen's picture and kissed it; and I adventured to kiss her hand, for the great love evidenced therein to my mistress. She shewed me also a fair ruby, as great as a tennis-ball; I desired that she would send either it or my Lord of Leicester's picture, as a token to my queen. She said that if the queen would follow her counsel, she would in process of time get all that she had; that in the meantime she was resolved in a token to send her with me a fair diamond. It was at this time late after supper; she appointed me to be with her the next morning by eight of the clock, at which time she used to walk in her garden.

She inquired of me many things relating to this kingdom (Scotland), and other countries wherein I had travelled. She caused me to dine with her dame of honour, my Lady Strafford—an honourable and godly lady, who had been at Geneva banished during the reign of Queen Mary—that I might be always near her, that she might confer with me. . . . At divers meetings we had divers purposes. The queen, my mistress, had instructed me to leave matters of gravity sometimes, and cast in merry purposes, lest otherwise she should be wearied; she being well informed of that queen's natural temper. Therefore, in declaring my observations of the customs of Dutchland, Poland, and Italy, the buskins of the women was not forgot; and what country weed I thought best becoming gentlewomen. The queen said she had clothes of every sort, which every day thereafter, so long as I was there, she changed. One day she had the English weed, another the French, and another the Italian; and so forth. She asked me which of them became her best. I answered, in my judgment, the Italian dress; which answer I found pleased her well, for she delighted to shew her golden-coloured hair, wearing a caul and bonnet as they do in Italy. Her hair was rather reddish than yellow, curled in appearance naturally.

She desired to know of me what colour of hair was reputed best; and whether my queen's hair or hers was best, and which of them two was fairest. I answered, the fairness of them both was not their worst faults. But she was earnest with me to declare which of them I judged fairest. I said, she was the fairest queen in England, and mine in Scotland. Yet she appeared earnest. I answered, they were both the fairest ladies in their countries; that her majesty was whiter, but my queen was very lovely. She inquired which of them was of highest stature. I said: 'My queen.' 'Then,' saith she, 'she is too high, for myself am neither too high nor too low.' Then she asked what exercises she used. I answered, that when I received my dispatch, the queen was lately come from the Highland hunting; that when her more serious affairs permitted, she was taken up with reading of histories; that sometimes she recreated herself in playing upon the lute and virginals. She asked if she played well. I said reasonably, for a queen.

That same day after dinner, my Lord of Hunsdon drew me up to a quiet gallery that I might hear some music; but he said he durst not avow it, where I might hear the queen play upon the virginals. After I had hearkened awhile, I took by the tapestry that hung before the door of the chamber, and seeing her back was toward the door, I ventured within the chamber, and stood a pretty space hearing her play excellently well; but she left off immediately, so soon as she turned about and saw me. She appeared to be surprised to see me, and came forward, seeming to strike me with her hand; alleging that she used not to play before men but when she was solitary, to shun melancholy. She asked how I came there. I answered: 'As I was walking with my Lord of Hunsdon, as we passed by the chamber-door, I heard such melody as ravished me, whereby I was drawn in ere I knew how;' excusing my fault of homeliness as being brought up in the court of France, where such freedom was allowed; declaring myself willing to endure what kind of punishment her majesty should be pleased to inflict upon me, for so great an offence. Then she sat down low upon a cushion, and I upon my knees by her, but with her own hand she gave me a cushion to lay under my knee; which at first I refused, but she compelled me to take it. She then called for my Lady Strafford out of the next chamber, for the queen was alone. She inquired whether my queen or she played best. In that I found myself obliged to give her the praise. She said my French was very good, and asked if I could speak Italian, which she spoke reasonably well. I told her majesty I had no time to learn the language, not having been above two months in Italy. Then she spake to me in Dutch, which was not good; and would know what kind of books I most delighted in—whether theology, history, or love matters. I said I liked well of all the sorts. Here I took occasion to press earnestly my dispatch: she said I was sooner weary of her company than she was of mine. I told her majesty, that though I had no reason of being weary, I knew my mistress her affairs called me home; yet I was stayed two days longer, that I might see her dance, as I was afterwards informed. Which being over, she inquired of me whether she or my queen danced best. I answered the queen danced not so high or disposedly as she did. Then again she wished that she might see the queen at some convenient place of meeting. I offered to convey her secretly to Scotland by post, clothed like a page, that under this disguise she might see the queen: as James V. had gone in disguise with his own ambassador to see the Duke of Vendome's sister, who should have been his wife. Telling her that her chamber might be kept in her absence, as though she were sick; that none need be privy thereto except Lady Strafford and one of the grooms of her chamber. She appeared to like that kind of language, only answered it with a sigh, saying: 'Alas! if I might do it thus!'

## GEORGE BUCHANAN.

The Latin poems of BUCHANAN, and his exquisite version of the Psalms, are the chief sources of his fame. He was, however, mixed up with public affairs of importance, wrote political treatises, and joined in the measures of the church reformers. He was born in the parish of Killearn, county of Stirling, in 1506. His father died early; and his son was indebted for his education to a maternal uncle, who sent him in his fourteenth year to study in Paris. He afterwards taught grammar in the college of St Barbe, was tutor to the Earl of Cassilis, and on his return to Britain, was retained by King James V. as preceptor to one of his natural sons. At the instigation of the king, Buchanan wrote a satire on the Franciscan friars, which roused the implacable hatred of the clergy; and the king having, from avaricious motives, joined with the priests, and abandoned the Reformers, Buchanan fled to England. He shortly afterwards removed to France, and was successively professor of Latin at Bordeaux and Paris. Having been induced to accept of a professorship at Coimbra, where the king of Portugal had founded a university, Buchanan was assailed by the priests, and thrown into the prison of the Inquisition, whence he was removed to a monastery, and whilst confined there, composed part of his version of the Psalms. He was ultimately liberated, returned to his native country, and in 1562 is found officiating as classical tutor to Queen Mary, who was then in the twentieth year of her age. Strongly attached to the Protestant doctrines, Buchanan joined the party of the Earl of Murray, and was appointed Principal of St Leonard's College, St Andrews. In the commission against Queen Mary, Buchanan was an active coadjutor, and composed in Latin a review of the queen's life and character, *Detectio Mariæ Reginæ*. All tenderness for the unfortunate queen, whom he had eulogised in verse, had now ceased; the old scholar was a stern critic; but he conceived that he owed to his country the harsh task he performed. In 1570, he was appointed tutor to James VI. then only four years of age, and was so severe a task-master, that James, when on the throne of England, trembled at the recollection of his pedagogue. The young monarch's proficiency in classical learning, however, reflected credit on his early instructors. In 1579, Buchanan published a compendium of political philosophy and vindication of popular rights, entitled *De Jure Regni*, which he dedicated to his royal pupil, at the same time warning him against the allurements of flattery and adulation. The work is a bold and masterly treatise. The latter years of Buchanan's life were spent in retirement, during which he composed his *History of Scotland*, a work equal to Livy in style, but of no historical value, as, unfortunately, its author did not attempt to investigate facts or institute research, but clothed in noble Latin the monstrous legends and fables of former annalists. Buchanan died September 28, 1582, so poor, that the cost of his funeral was defrayed by the city of Edinburgh. Two Scotch treatises are ascribed to Buchanan, *Ane Admonitioun direct to the Trew Lordis maintenaris of Justice, and Obedience to the Kingis Grace*, 1571, and *Chamæleon*, a satire on Maitland of Lethington, which was first printed in the *Miscellanea Scotica*, 1710, but a copy among the Cotton MSS. bears the date of 1570. As this manuscript is not in Buchanan's handwriting, though ascribed to him, it may not be his composition. Both pieces are in the most rugged, uncouth Scottish dialect and orthography, and it is difficult to believe, as Dugald Stewart has remarked, 'that they express the ideas and sentiments of the same writer whose Latin productions vie with the best models of antiquity.' We subjoin an extract:

### *The Chamæleon.*

Thair is a certane kynd of Beist callit Chamæleon, engenderit in sic Countreis as the Sone hes mair Strenth in than in this Yle of Brettane, the quhilk,[1] albeit it be small of Corporance, noghttheless it is of ane strange Nature, the quhilk makis it to be na less celebrat and spoken of than sum Beastis of greittar Quantitie. The Proprieties[2] is marvalous, for quat Thing evir it be applicat to, it semis to be of the samyn[3] Cullour, and imitatis all Hewis, excepte onelie the Quhyte and Reid; and for this caus anciene Writtaris commonlie comparis it to ane Flatterare, quhilk imitatis all the haill Maneris of quhome he fenzeis[4] him self to be Freind to, except Quhyte, quhilk is taken to be the Symboll and Tokin gevin commonlie in Devise of Colouris to signifie Sempilnes and Loyaltie, and Reid signifying Manliness and heroyicall Courage. This Applicatioun being so usit, Zit[5] peradventure mony that hes nowther sene[6] the said Beist, nor na perfyte Portraict of it, wald beleif sick[7] thing not to be trew. I will thairfore set furth schortlie the Descriptioun of sic an Monsture not lang ago engendrit in Scotland in the Cuntre of Lowthiane, not far from Hadingtoun, to that effect that the forme knawin, the moist pestiferus Nature of the said Monsture may be moir easelie evited:[8] For this Monsture being under coverture of a Manis Figure, may easeliar endommage[9] and wers be eschapit[1] than gif it wer moir deforme and strange of Face, Behaviour, Schap, and Membris. Praying the Reidar to apardoun the Febilnes of my waike Spreit and Engyne,[2] gif it can not expreme perfytelie ane strange Creature, maid by Nature, other willing to schaw hir greit Strenth,[3] or be sum accident turnit be Force frome the common Trade and Course.

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[1] Which.
[2] Properties.
[3] Same.
[4] Whom he feigns.
[5] Yet.
[6] Has neither seen.
[7] Such.
[8] More easily avoided.
[9] Damage.

## JOHN LESLIE.

JOHN LESLIE, bishop of Moray (1526–96), was a zealous partisan of Queen Mary, whom he accompanied on her return from France to Scotland in 1561. He was one of the commissioners chosen by Mary to defend her cause in the famous conference at York; and he assisted in the negotiations for the marriage of Mary with the Duke of Norfolk. For this Norfolk was beheaded, and Leslie imprisoned. He was set at liberty in 1574, and resided abroad at Rome, in France, and in Germany. He was made bishop of Coutances, in Normandy, but finally closed his checkered life in a monastery near Brussels. Leslie wrote several Latin works: a *Defence of Queen Mary*, a *Description of Scotland*, and a work on the *Origin, Manners, and Exploits of the Scottish Nation*. A *History of Scotland*, from the death of James I. in 1436 to the year 1561, is Leslie's only work in English, or rather Scotch, which was printed by the Bannatyne Club in 1830. The homely Latin of the bishop is a foil to Buchanan's stately periods; but he excels the classic author in his devotion to the early fabulous Scottish history, as he gives portraits of Fergus and his descendants!

### *Burning of Edinburgh and Leith by the English in* 1544.

Now will I return to the earnest ambition of King Henry of England, who ceased not to search by all means possible to attain to his desire,[4] and therefore sent a great army by sea into Scotland, with the Earl of Hertford, his lieutenant, and the Viscount Lisle, his admiral, with two hundred great ships, besides boats and crears[5] that carried their victuals, whereof there was great number; and the whole fleet arrived in the firth fornent Leith the third day of May, and landed at the New Haven about xx thousand men, with great artillery and all kind of munition, the fourth of May. In the meantime, the Governor being in the town of Edinburgh, hearing of their sudden arrival, departed forth of the town toward Leith, accompanied with the Cardinal, Earls of Huntly, Argyll, Bothwell, and others, with their own household men only, purposing to stop the landing of the enemy; but frae[6] they were surely advertised of the great number of their enemies, wherethrough they were not able to withstand their forces, they returned to Edinburgh, and sent Sir Adam Otterburne, provost of the town, and two of the bailies, to the said Earl Hertford, lieutenant, desiring to know for what cause he was come with such an army to invade, considering there was no war proclaimed betwixt the two realms; and if there was any injuries or wrongs done whereupon the king of England was offended, they would appoint commissioners to treat with them thereupon, and to that effect thankfully would receive them within the town of Edinburgh. The said Earl of Hertford answered, that he had no commission to treat upon any matters, but only to receive the queen of Scotland, to be convoyed in England to be married with Prince Edward; and if they would deliver her, he would abstain from all pursuit, otherwise he would burn and destroy the towns of Edinburgh, Leith, and all others where he might be master within the realm of Scotland, and desired therefore the haill[1] men, wives, bairns, and others being within the town of Edinburgh, to come forth of the same, and present them before him as lieutenant, and offer them into the king's will, or else he would proceed as he had spoken. To the which the provost, by the command of the Governor and council, answered, that they would abide all extremity rather or[2] they fulfilled his desires; and so the Governor caused furnish the Castle of Edinburgh with all kind of necessary furniture, and departed to Striveling.[3] In the meantime, the English army lodged that night in Leith. Upon the morn, being the fifth of May, they marched forward toward Edinburgh by the Canongate, and or[2] their entering therein, there came to them six thousand horsemen of English men from Berwick by land, who joined with them, and passed up the Canongate, of purpose to enter at the Nether Bow; where some resistance was made unto them by certain Scottish men, and divers of the English men were slain, and some also of the Scottish side, and so held them that day occupied skirmishing, till the night came, which compelled them to return unto their camp. And on the next day, being the sixth of May, the great army came forward with the haill ordnances, and assailed the town, which they found void of all resistance, saving the ports of the town were closed, which they broke up with great artillery, and entered thereat, carrying carted ordnances before them till they came in sight of the Castle, where they placed them, purposing to siege the Castle. But the Laird of Stanehouse, captain thereof, caused shoot at them in so great abundance, and with so good measure, that they slew a great number of English men, amongst whom there was some principal captains and gentlemen; and one of the greatest pieces of the English ordnances was broken; wherethrough they were constrained to raise the siege shortly and retire them.

The same day the English men set fire in divers places of the town, but was not suffered to maintain it, through continual shooting of ordnance forth of the Castle, wherewith they were so sore troubled, that they were constrained to return to their camp at Leith. But the next day they returned again, and did that they could to consume all the town with fires. So likewise they continued some days after, so that the most part of the town was burnt in cruel manner; during the which time their horsemen did great hurt in the country, spoiling and burning sundry places thereabout, and in special all the castle and place of Craigmillar, where the most part of the whole riches of Edinburgh was put by the merchants of the town in keeping, which, not without fraud of the keepers, as was reported, was betrayed to the English men for a part of the booty and spoil thereof.

When the English men of war was thus occupied in burning and spoiling, the Governor sent and relieved the Earl of Angus, Lord Maxwell, Master of Glencairn, and Sir George Douglas, forth of ward, and put them to liberty; and made such speedy preparation as he could to set forward an army for expelling the English men forth of the realm; who hearing thereof, upon the xiiij day of May, they broke down the pier of Leith haven, burned and destroyed the same; and shipping their great artillery, they sent their ships away homeward, laden with the spoil of Edinburgh and Leith, taking with them certain Scottish ships which was in the haven, amongst the which the ships called Salamander and the Unicorn were carried in England. Upon the xv day of May, their army and their fleet departed from Leith at one time, the town of Leith being set on fire the same morning; and their said army that night lodged at Seaton, the next night beside Dunbar, the third night at Renton in the Merse, and the 18 day of May they entered in Berwick. In all this time, the Borderers and certain others Scottish men, albeit they were not of sufficient number to give battle, yet they held them busy with daily skirmishing, that sundry of their men and horse were taken, and therefore none of them durst in any wise stir from the great army in all their passage from Edinburgh to Berwick.

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[1] Worse be escaped. [2] Weak spirit and ingenuity or genius.
[3] Either willing to shew her great strength.
[4] To enforce a marriage between his son and the infant Queen Mary of Scotland.
[5] A kind of lighters. [6] From the time when.

[1] Whole. [2] Ere. [3] Stirling.

## KING JAMES I.

King James was ambitious of the fame of an author, but his works are now considered merely as curiosities. His most celebrated productions are the *Basilicon Doron* (1599), *Dæmonology* (1597), and *A Counterblast against Tobacco* (included in works, 1616, but written earlier). The first was written, for the instruction of his son Prince Henry, a short time before the union of the crowns, and seems not to have been originally intended for the press. In the *Dæmonology*, the British Solomon displays his wisdom and learning in maintaining the existence and criminality of witches, which he says abounded in Scotland:

### *Sorcery and Witchcraft.*

The fearful abounding at this time in this country of these detestable slaves of the devil, the witches or enchanters, hath moved me, beloved reader, to despatch in post this following treatise of mine, not in anywise, as I protest, to serve for a show of my learning and ingine, but only, moved of conscience, to press thereby, so far as I can, to resolve the doubting hearts of many; both that such assaults of Sathan are most certainly practised, and that the instruments thereof merits most severely to be punished: against the damnable opinions of two principally in our age, whereof the one called Scot, an Englishman, is not ashamed in public print to deny that there can be such a thing as witchcraft; and so maintains the old error of the Sadducees in denying of spirits. The other called Wierus, a German physician, sets out a public apology for all these crafts-folks, whereby, procuring for their impunity, he plainly bewrays himself to have been one of that profession. And for to make this treatise the more pleasant and facile, I have put it in form of a dialogue, which I have divided into three books: the first speaking of magic in general, and necromancy in special; the second, of sorcery and witchcraft; and the third contains a discourse of all these kinds of spirits and spectres that appears and troubles persons; together with a conclusion of the whole work. My intention in this labour is only to prove two things, as I have already said: the one, that such devilish arts have been and are; the other, what exact trial and severe punishment they merit: and therefore reason I, what kind of things are possible to be performed in these arts, and by what natural causes they may be. Not that I touch every particular thing of the devil's power, for that were infinite: but only, to speak scholasticly—since this cannot be spoken in our language—I reason upon *genus*, leaving *species* and *differentia* to be comprehended therein. As, for example, speaking of the power of magicians in the first book and sixth chapter, I say that they can suddenly cause be brought unto them all kinds of dainty dishes by their familiar spirit: since as a thief he delights to steal, and as a spirit he can subtilly and suddenly enough transport the same. Now, under this *genus* may be comprehended all particulars depending thereupon; such as the bringing wine out of a well—as we have heard oft to have been practised—and such others; which particulars are sufficiently proved by the reasons of the general.

### *How Witches Travel.*

*Philomathes.* But by what way say they, or think ye it possible, they can come to these unlawful conventions?

*Epistemon.* There is the thing which I esteem their senses to be deluded in, and, though they lie not in confessing of it, because they think it to be true, yet not to be so in substance or effect, for they say that by divers means they may convene either to the adoring of their master, or to the putting in practice any service of his committed unto their charge; one way is natural, which is natural riding, going, or sailing, at what hour their master comes and advertises them. And this way may be easily believed. Another way is somewhat more strange, and yet it is possible to be true: which is by being carried by the force of the spirit which is their conductor, either above the earth or above the sea, swiftly, to the place where they are to meet: which I am persuaded to be likewise possible, in respect that as Habakkuk was carried by the angel in that form to the den where Daniel lay, so think I the devil will be ready to imitate God as well in that as in other things: which is much more possible to him to do, being a spirit, than to a mighty wind, being but a natural meteor, to transport from one place to another a solid body, as is commonly and daily seen in practice. But in this violent form they cannot be carried but a short bounds, agreeing with the space that they may retain their breath: for if it were longer, their breath could not remain unextinguished, their body being carried in such a violent and forcible manner, as, by example, if one fall off a small height, his life is but in peril according to the hard or soft lighting; but if one fall from a high and stay[1] rock, his breath will be forcibly banished from the body before he can win to the earth, as is oft seen by experience. And in this transporting they say themselves that they are invisible to any other, except amongst themselves. For if the devil may form what kind of impressions he pleases in the air, as I have said before, speaking of magic, why may he not far easier thicken and obscure so the air that is next about them, by contracting it strait together, that the beams of any other man's eyes cannot pierce through the same to see them? But the third way of their coming to their conventions is that wherein I think them deluded: for some of them saith that, being transformed in the likeness of a little beast or fowl, they will come and pierce through whatsoever house or church, though all ordinary passages be closed, by whatsoever open the air may enter in at. And some saith that their bodies lying still, as in an ecstasy, their spirits will be ravished out of their bodies, and carried to such places; and for verifying thereof will give evident tokens, as well by witnesses that have seen their body lying senseless in the meantime, as by naming persons whomwith they met, and giving tokens what purpose was amongst them, whom otherwise they could not have known; for this form of journeying they affirm to use most when they are transported from one country to another.

In his *Counterblast*, James states that many of the nobles and gentry spent three and four hundred pounds a year on tobacco. The man, he says, who introduced it was 'generally hated,' meaning Raleigh. But Raleigh did not introduce tobacco, and never was in Virginia, though one of the frescoes in the Houses of Parliament represents him as landing there. The 'great plant' was brought to this country in 1586, by Ralph Lane, a person employed in one of the exploring expeditions fitted out by Raleigh, and to this expedition we must also refer the introduction of the potato. James concludes his *Counterblast* with these emphatic words: 'Smoking is a custom loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black fumes thereof nearest resembling the horrible Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless.'

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[1] Steep.

## JOHN SPOTTISWOOD.

**John Spottiswood, successively archbishop of Glasgow and of St Andrews in the reign of James VI. was born in 1565. A strenuous and active promoter of James's scheme for the establishment of Episcopacy in Scotland, he stood high in the favour of that king, as well as of Charles I. by whom he was made lord-chancellor of Scotland in 1635. His death took place in London in November 1639, the popular commotions having obliged him to retire from Scotland. He wrote, at the command of James, a *History of the Church of Scotland*, from 203 to 1625 A.D. When the king, on expressing his wish for the composition of that work, was told that some passages in it might possibly bear too hard upon the memory of his mother, he desired Spottiswood to 'write and spare not;' and yet, says Bishop Nicolson, 'the historian ventured not so far with a commission as Buchanan did without one.' The history was published in London in 1655, and is considered to be, on the whole, an impartial narrative.**

### *Destruction of Religious Edifices in 1559.*

Whilst these things passed, John Knox returned from Geneva into Scotland, and joining with the congregation, did preach to them at Perth. In his sermon, he took occasion to speak against the adoration of images, shewed that the same tended to God's dishonour, and that such idols and monuments of superstition as were erected in churches ought to be pulled down, as being offensive to good and godly people. The sermon ended, and the better sort gone to dinner, a priest, rather to try men's affections, than out of any devotion, prepared to say mass, opening a great case, wherein was the history of divers saints exquisitely carved. A young boy that stood by, saying that such boldness was unsufferable, the priest gave him a blow. The boy, in an anger, casting a stone at the priest, happened to break one of the pictures, whereupon stir was presently raised, some of the common sort falling upon the priest, others running to the altar and breaking the images, so as in a moment all was pulled down in the church that carried any mark of idolatry. The people, upon the noise thereof, assembled in great numbers, and, invading the cloisters, made spoil of all they found therein. The Franciscans had store of provision, both of victuals and household stuff; amongst the Dominicans the like wealth was not found, yet so much there was as might shew the profession they made of poverty to be feigned and counterfeit. The Carthusians, who passed both these in wealth, were used in like manner; yet was the prior permitted to take with him what he might carry of gold and silver plate. All the spoil was given to the poor, the rich sort forbearing to meddle with any part thereof. But that which was most admired was the speed they made in demolishing these edifices. For the Charterhouse—a building of exceeding cost and largeness—was not only ruined, but the stones and timber so quickly taken away, as, in less than two days' space, a vestige thereof was scarce remaining to be seen. They of Cupar in Fife, hearing what was done at Perth, went in like manner to their church, and defaced all the images, altars, and other instruments of idolatry; which the curate took so heavily, as the night following he put violent hands on himself. . . .

The noblemen remained at that time in St Andrews; and because they foresaw this their answer would not be well accepted, and feared some sudden attempt—for the queen with her Frenchmen lay then at Falkland—they sent to the lords of Dun and Pittarrow, and others that favoured religion in the countries of Angus and Mearns, and requested them to meet at St Andrews the 4th day of June. Meanwhile they themselves went to the town of Crail, whither all that had warning came, shewing great forwardness and resolutions; and were not a little encouraged by John Knox, who, in a sermon made unto them at the same time, put them in mind of that he foretold at Perth, how there was no sincerity in the Queen Regent's dealing, and that conditions would not be kept, as they had found. Therefore did he exhort them not to be any longer deluded with fair promises, seeing there was no peace to be hoped for at their hands, who took no regard of contracts and covenants solemnly sworn. And because there would be no quietness till one of the parties were masters, and strangers expulsed out of the kingdom, he wished them to prepare themselves either to die as men, or to live victorious.

By this exhortation the hearers were so moved, as they fell immediately to the pulling down of altars and images, and destroyed all the monuments which were abused to idolatry in the town. The like they did the next day in Anstruther, and from thence came directly to St Andrews. The bishop hearing what they had done in the coast-towns, and suspecting they would attempt the same reformation in the city, came to it well accompanied, of purpose to withstand them; but after he had tried the affections of the townsmen, and found them all inclining to the congregation, he went away early the next morning towards Falkland to the queen.

That day being Sunday, John Knox preached in the parish church, taking for his theme the history of the Gospel touching our Saviour's purging of the temple; and applying the corruption which was at that time in Jerusalem to the present estate in the church, and declaring what was the duty of those to whom God had given authority and power, he did so incite the auditors, as, the sermon being ended, they went all and made spoil of the churches, razing the monasteries of the Black and Grey Friars to the ground.

### *James VI. and a Refractory Preacher.*

The king perceiving by all these letters that the death of his mother was determined, called back his ambassadors, and at home gave order to the ministers to remember her in their public prayers; which they denied to do, though the form prescribed was most Christian and lawful; which was, 'That it might please God to illuminate her with the light of his truth, and save her from the apparent danger wherein she was cast.' Upon their denial, charges were directed to command all bishops, ministers, and other office-bearers in the church to make mention of her distress in their public prayers, and commend her to God in the form appointed. But of all the number, only Mr David Lindsay at Leith, and the king's own ministers, gave obedience. At Edinburgh, where the disobedience was most public, the king, purposing to have their fault amended, did appoint the 3d of February for solemn prayers to be made in her behalf, commanding the bishop of St Andrews to prepare himself for that day; which when the ministers understood, they stirred up Mr John Cowper, a young man not entered as yet in the function, to take the pulpit before the time, and exclude the bishop. The king coming at the hour appointed, and seeing him in the place, called to him from his seat, and said: 'Mr John, that place was destinate for another; yet, since you are there, if you will obey the charge that is given, and remember my mother in your prayers, you shall go on.' He replying, 'he would do as the Spirit of God should direct him,' was commanded to leave the place. And making as though he would stay, the captain of the guard went to pull him out; whereupon he burst forth in these speeches: 'This day shall be a witness against the king in the great day of the Lord;' and then denouncing a woe to the inhabitants of Edinburgh, he went down, and the bishop of St Andrews entering the pulpit, did perform the duty required. The noise was great for a while amongst the people; but after they were quieted, and had heard the bishop—as he was a most powerful preacher—out of that text to Timothy, discourse of the duty of Christians in 'praying for all men,' they grieved sore to see their teachers so far overtaken, and condemned their obstinacy in that point. In the afternoon, Cowper was called before the council, where Mr Walter Balcanquel and Mr William Watson, ministers, accompanying him, for some idle speeches that escaped them, were both discharged from preaching in Edinburgh during his majesty's pleasure, and Cowper sent prisoner to Blackness.

## NEWSPAPERS.

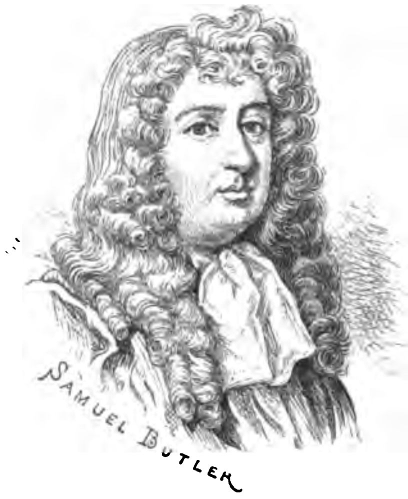
Before concluding the present section, it may be proper to notice the rise of a very important branch of modern literature. We allude to NEWSPAPERS, which in England date from the reign of James I. An earlier date was at one time assigned to them. Three sheets used to be shewn in the British Museum, purporting to be numbers of a newspaper, published in 1558, called the *English Mercurie* (Nos. 50, 51, and 54), containing particulars of the Spanish Armada. The public faith remained firm as to their genuineness up to 1839, but it was then overthrown. The late Mr Thomas Watts of the British Museum—a most admirable bibliographer and 'expert'—destroyed the illusion. 'Manuscript copies of three numbers,' as recorded in the *Book of Days*, 'are bound up in the same volume; and from a scrutiny of the paper, the ink, the handwriting, the type (which he recognised as belonging to the Caslon foundry), the literary style, the spelling, the blunders in fact and in date, and the corrections, Mr Watts came to a conclusion that the so-called *English Mercurie* was printed in the latter half of the last century' —about 1766. They are, in fact, but clumsy forgeries. The ancient Romans had their *Acta Diurna* (proceedings of the day), which were published by authority, and contained an account of the business in the public assemblies and law-courts, with a list of births, marriages, and deaths. In the time of Julius Cæsar, the proceedings of the senate (*Acta Senatus*) were published, but the custom was prohibited by Augustus. *Acta Diurna*, containing more general intelligence of passing events, appear to have been common both during the republic and under the emperors; of one of these, the following specimen is given by Petronius:

> On the 26th of July, 30 boys and 40 girls were born at Trimalchi's estate, at Cuma.
>
> At the same time, a slave was put to death for uttering disrespectful words against his lord.
>
> The same day, a fire broke out in Pompey's gardens, which began in the night, in the steward's apartment.

In modern times, nothing similar appears to have been known before the latter end of the fifteenth century, when small news-sheets, in the form of letters, were printed in Augsburg, Vienna, Ratisbon, and Nuremberg. The Venetian government, in the year 1563, during a war with the Turks, was in the habit of communicating to the public, by means of written sheets, the military and commercial information received. These sheets were read in a particular place to those desirous to learn the news, who paid for this privilege a coin called *gazzetta*—a name which, by degrees, was transferred to the newspaper itself in Italy and France, and passed over into England. The Venetian government, after some time, allowed these *Notizie Scritte* to be printed, and they had a wide circulation.

About the same time, offices were established in France, at the suggestion of the father of the celebrated Montaigne, for making the wants of individuals known to each other. The advertisements received at these offices were sometimes pasted on walls in public places, in order to attract more attention, and were thence called *affiches*. This led in time to a systematic and periodical publication of advertisements in sheets; and these sheets were termed affiches, in consequence of their contents having been originally fixed up as placards.

In the reign of James I. packets of news were occasionally published in the shape of small quarto pamphlets. The earliest, entitled *News out of Holland*, was issued in 1619. Others were entitled *Newes from Italy*, *Hungary*, &c. as they happened to refer to the transactions of those respective countries, and generally purported to be translations from the Low Dutch. In the year 1622, when the Thirty Years' War and the exploits of Gustavus Adolphus excited curiosity, these occasional pamphlets were converted into a regular weekly publication, the editor of which was Nathaniel Butter. He had associates in the work—namely, Nicholas Bourne, Thomas Archer, Nathaniel Newberry, William Sheppard, Bartholomew Donner, and Edward Allde. All these names appear in the imprints to the early numbers of the *Weekly Newes*, first published on the 23d of May 1622. Butter was most probably the author and writer of the paper, and his name is found connected with newspapers as late as the year 1640. The printed sheet was then, and long afterwards, a small and meagre chronicle.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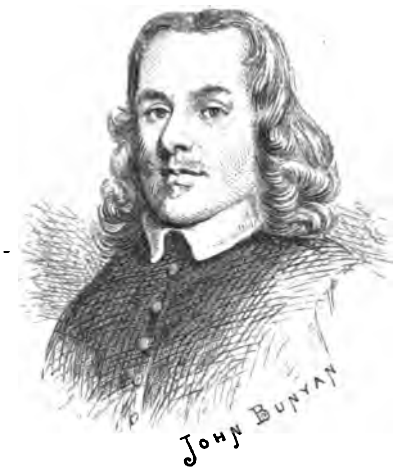
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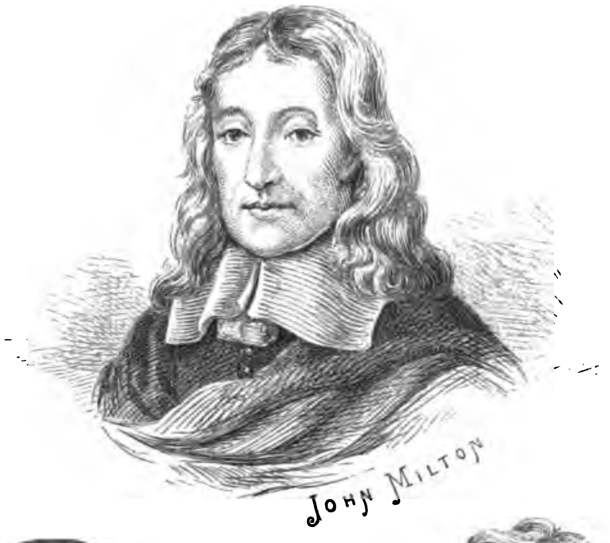
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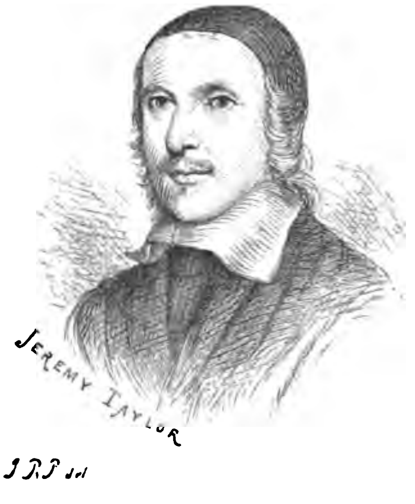
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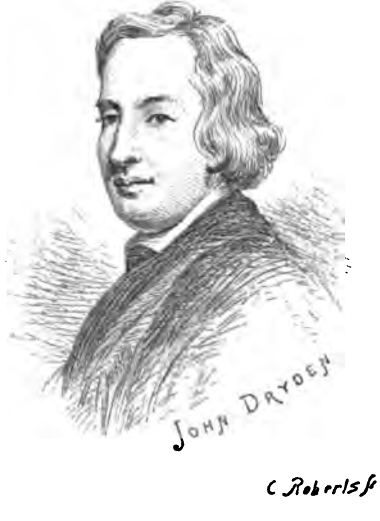
JOHN DRYDEN

J. R. P. del  C. Roberts sc

IV.

MILTON
BUNYAN
DRYDEN
BUTLER
FOURTH
PERIOD

THE sixty-four years comprehended in this period produced some great names; but, considering the mighty events which then agitated the country, and must have influenced the national feelings—such as the abolition of the ancient monarchy of England, and the establishment of the Commonwealth—there was less change in the taste and literature of the nation than might have been anticipated. Authors were still a select class, and literature, the delight of the learned and ingenious, had not become food for the multitude. The chivalrous and romantic spirit which prevailed in the reign of Elizabeth, had, even before her death, begun to yield to more sober and practical views of human life and society: a spirit of inquiry was fast spreading among the people. The long period of peace under James, and the progress of commerce, gave scope to domestic improvement, and fostered the reasoning faculties and mechanical powers, rather than the imagination. The reign of Charles I. a prince of taste and accomplishments, partially revived the style of the Elizabethan era, but its lustre extended little beyond the court and the nobility. During the Civil War and the Protectorate, poetry and the drama were buried under the strife and anxiety of contending factions. Cromwell, with a just and generous spirit, boasted that he would make the name of an Englishman as great as ever that of a Roman had been. He realised his wish in the naval victories of Blake, and the unquestioned supremacy of England abroad; but neither the time nor inclination of the Protector permitted him to be a patron of literature. Charles II. was better fitted for such a task, by natural powers, birth, and education; but he had imbibed a false and perverted taste, which, added to his indolent and sensual disposition, was as injurious to art and literature as to the public morals. Poetry declined from the date of the Restoration, and was degraded from a high and noble art to a mere courtly amusement or pander to immorality. The whole atmosphere of genius was not, however, tainted by this public degeneracy. Science was assiduously cultivated, and to this period belong some of the proudest triumphs of English poetry, learning, and philosophy. Milton produced his long-cherished epic, the greatest poem which our language can boast; Butler, his inimitable burlesque of *Hudibras;* and Dryden, his matchless satire and versification. In the department of divinity, Jeremy Taylor, Barrow, and Tillotson laid the sure foundations of Protestantism, and the best defences of revealed religion. In history and polite literature, we have Clarendon, Burnet, and Temple. In this period, too, Bunyan composed his inimitable religious allegory, and gave the first conspicuous example of native force of mind and powers of imagination rising successful over all the obstructions caused by a low station in life, and a miserably defective education. The world has never been, for any length of time, without some great men to guide and illuminate the onward course of society; and, happily, some of them were found at this period to serve as beacons to their contemporaries and to all future ages.

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## POETS.

### JOHN TAYLOR, 'THE WATER POET.'

One of the most voluminous of city rhymsters and chroniclers was JOHN TAYLOR (*circa* 1580–1654), a London waterman, who styled himself 'The King's Majesty's Water Poet.' Taylor was a native of Gloucester, and having served an apprenticeship to a waterman in London, continued to ply on the Thames, besides keeping a public-house. The most memorable incident in his career was travelling on foot from London to Edinburgh, 'not carrying any money to or fro, neither begging, borrowing, or asking meat, drink, or lodging.' He took with him, however, a servant on horseback, who carried some provisions and provender, and having met Ben Jonson at Leith, he received from Ben a present of 'a piece of gold of two and twenty shillings to drink his health in England.' Of this journey, Taylor wrote an account, entitled *The Penniless Pilgrimage, or the Moneyless Perambulation of John Taylor, alias the King's Majesty's Water Poet*, &c. 1618. This tract is partly in prose and partly in verse. Of the latter, the following is a favourable specimen:

*The Border Lands of England and Scotland.*

Eight miles from Carlisle runs a little river,
Which England's bounds from Scotland's grounds do sever.
Without horse, bridge, or boat I o'er did get;
On foot I went, yet scarce my shoes did wet.
I being come to this long-looked-for land,
Did mark, re-mark, note, re-note, viewed and scanned;
And I saw nothing that could change my will,
But that I thought myself in England still.
The kingdoms are so nearly joined and fixed,
There scarcely went a pair of shears betwixt;
There I saw sky above, and earth below,
And as in England there the sun did shew;
The hills with sheep replete, with corn the dale,
And many a cottage yielded good Scotch ale.
This county, Annandale, in former times,
Was the cursed climate of rebellious crimes:

For Cumberland and it, both kingdoms' borders,
Were ever ordered by their own disorders,
Some sharking, shifting, cutting throats, and thieving,
Each taking pleasure in the other's grieving;
And many times he that had wealth to-night,
Was by the morrow morning beggared quite.
Too many years this pell-mell fury lasted,
That all these Borders were quite spoiled and wasted;
Confusion, hurly-burly, reigned and revelled;
The churches with the lowly ground were levelled;
All memorable monuments defaced,
All places of defence o'erthrown and razed;
That whoso then did in the Borders dwell,
Lived little happier than those in hell.
But since the all-disposing God of heaven
Hath these two kingdoms to one monarch given,
Blest peace and plenty on them both have showered;
Exile and hanging hath the thieves devoured,
That now each subject may securely sleep,
His sheep and neat, the black, the white, doth keep.
For now these crowns are both in one combined,
Those former Borders that each one confined,
Appears to me, as I do understand,
To be almost the centre of the land;
This was a blessed Heaven-expounded riddle,
To thrust great kingdoms' skirts into the middle.
Long may the instrumental cause survive!
From him and his succession still derive
True heirs unto his virtues and his throne,
That these two kingdoms ever may be one!

Of Taylor's prose narrative, the most interesting portion is an account of a great deer-hunt which he witnessed at the 'Brae of Mar,' at which were present the Earls of Mar, Moray, Buchan, Enzie, with their countesses, Lord Erskine, Sir William Murray of Abercairney, 'and hundreds of others, knights, esquires, and their followers:'

### *A Deer-hunt in Braemar.*

Once in the year, which is the whole month of August, and sometimes part of September, many of the nobility and gentry of the kingdom, for their pleasure, do come into these Highland countries to hunt, when they do conform themselves to the habit of the Highlandmen, who for the most part speak nothing but Irish, and in former times were those people which were called 'the Red-shanks.' Their habit is shoes with but one sole apiece, stockings (which they call short hose) made of a warm stuff of divers colours, which they call tartan. As for breeches, many of them, nor their forefathers, never wore any, but a jerkin of the same stuff that their hose is of, their garters being bands or wreaths of hay or straw, with a plaid about their shoulders, which is a mantle of divers colours, of much finer and lighter stuff than their hose, with blue flat caps on their head, a handkerchief knit with two knots about their neck, and thus are they attired. Now, their weapons are long bows and forked arrows, swords and targets, harquebusses, muskets, dirks, and Lochaber axes.

My good lord of Mar having put me into that shape [dressed him in the Highland costume], I rode with him from his house, where I saw the ruins of an old castle, called the castle of Kindroghit [now Castletown]. It was built by king Malcolm Canmore for a hunting-house: it was the last house I saw in those parts; for I was the space of twelve days after before I saw either house, corn-field, or habitation for any creature but deer, wild horses, wolves, and such-like creatures.

Thus the first day we travelled eight miles, where there were small cottages built on purpose to lodge in, which they call *lonchards*. I thank my good Lord Erskine, he commanded that I should always be lodged in his lodging, the kitchen being always on the side of a bank, many kettles and pots boiling, and many spits turning and winding, with a great variety of cheer—as venison; baked, sodden, roast and stewed beef; mutton, goats, kid, hares, fresh salmon, pigeons, hens, capons, chickens, partridge, moor-coots, heath-cocks, capercailzies, and termagants [ptarmigans]; good ale, sack, white and claret, tent [Alicant], with most potent aquavitæ. . . .

Our camp consisted of fourteen or fifteen hundred men and horses. The manner of the hunting is this: five or six hundred men do rise early in the morning, and do disperse themselves divers ways, and seven or eight miles' compass; they do bring or chase in the deer in many herds—two, three, or four hundred in a herd—to such or such a place as the noblemen shall appoint them; then when day is come, the lords and gentlemen of their companies do ride or go to the said places, sometimes wading up to their middles through bournes and rivers; and then, they being come to the place, do lie down on the ground, till those foresaid scouts, which are called the tinchel, do bring down the deer. . . . Then, after we had stayed three hours or thereabouts, we might perceive the deer appear on the hills round about us (their heads making a show like a wood), which, being followed close by the tinchel, are chased down into the valley where we lay. Then all the valley on each side being waylaid with a hundred couple of strong Irish greyhounds, they are let loose as the occasion serves upon the herd of deer, so that, with dogs, guns, arrows, dirks, and daggers, in the space of two hours, fourscore fat deer were slain, which after are disposed of some one way and some another, twenty and thirty miles, and more than enough left for us to make merry withal at our rendezvous.

Various journeys and voyages were made by Taylor, and duly described by him in short occasional tracts. In 1630, he made a collection of these pieces: *All the Workes of John Taylor, the Water Poet; being Sixty and Three in Number.* He continued, however, to write during more than twenty years after this period, and ultimately his works consisted of not less than 138 separate publications. Taylor was a staunch royalist and orthodox churchman, abjuring all sectaries and schismatics. There is nothing in his works, as Southey remarks, which deserves preservation for its intrinsic merit alone, but there is a great deal to illustrate the manners of his age.

## GEORGE HERBERT.

George Herbert (1593-1633) was of noble birth, though chiefly known as a pious country clergyman—'holy George Herbert,' who

The lowliest duties on himself did lay.

His father was descended from the earls of Pembroke, and lived in Montgomery Castle, Wales, where the poet was born. His elder brother was the celebrated Lord Herbert of Cherbury. George was educated at Cambridge, and in the year 1619 was chosen orator for the university. Herbert was the intimate friend of Sir Henry Wotton and Dr Donne; and Lord Bacon is said to have entertained such a high regard for his learning and judgment, that he submitted his works to him before publication. The poet was also in favour with King James, who gave him a sinecure office worth £120 per annum, which Queen Elizabeth had formerly given to Sir Philip Sidney. 'With this,' says Izaak Walton, 'and his annuity, and the advantages of his college, and of his oratorship, he enjoyed his genteel humour for clothes and court-like company, and seldom looked towards Cambridge unless the king were there; but then, he never failed.' The death of the king and of two powerful friends, the Duke of Richmond and Marquis of Hamilton, destroyed Herbert's court hopes, and he entered into sacred orders. In 1626, he was appointed prebendary of Layton Ecclesia, county of Huntingdon (the church of which he repaired and decorated), and in 1630 he was made rector of Bemerton, in Wiltshire, where he passed the remainder of his life. After describing the poet's marriage on the third day after his first interview with the lady, old Izaak Walton relates, with characteristic simplicity and minuteness, a matrimonial scene preparatory to their removal to Bemerton: 'The third day after he was made rector of Bemerton, and had changed his sword and silk clothes into a canonical habit [he had probably never done duty regularly at Layton Ecclesia], he returned so habited with his friend Mr Woodnot to Bainton; and immediately after he had seen and saluted his wife, he said to her: "You are now a minister's wife, and must now so far forget your father's house as not to claim a precedence of any of your parishioners; for you are to know that a priest's wife can challenge no precedence or place but that which she purchases by her obliging humility; and I am sure places so purchased do best become them. And let me tell you, I am so good a herald as to assure you that this is truth." And she was so meek a wife as to assure him it was no vexing news to her, and that he should see her observe it with a cheerful willingness.'

Herbert discharged his clerical duties with saint-like zeal and purity, but his strength was not equal to his self-imposed tasks, and he died in February 1632-3. His principal production is entitled *The Temple, or Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations.* It was not printed till the year after his death, but was so well received, that Walton says twenty thousand copies were sold in a few years after the first impression. The lines on Virtue—

Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright—

are the best in the collection; but even in them we find, what mars all the poetry of Herbert, ridiculous conceits or coarse unpleasant similes. His taste was very inferior to his genius. The most sacred subject could not repress his love of fantastic imagery, or keep him for half-a-dozen verses in a serious and natural strain. Herbert was a musician, and sang his own hymns to the lute or viol; and indications of this may be found in his poems, which have sometimes a musical flow and harmonious cadence. It may be safely said, however, that Herbert's poetry alone would not have preserved his name, and that he is indebted for the reputation he enjoys to his excellent and amiable character, embalmed in the pages of good old Walton; to his prose work, the *Country Parson;* and to the warm and fervent piety which gave a charm to his life, and breathes through all his writings.

### *Virtue.*

Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright—
The bridal of the earth and sky;
The dews shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose! whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye;
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring! full of sweet days and roses;
A box where sweets compacted lie;
Thy music shews ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But, though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

### *Religion.*

All may of thee partake;
Nothing can be so mean,
Which, with this tincture, for thy sake,
Will not grow bright and clean.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold,
For that which God doth touch and own,
Cannot for less be told.

### *Stanzas.—Called by Herbert 'The Pulley.'*

When God at first made man,
Having a glass of blessings standing by,
'Let us,' said He, 'pour on him all we can;
Let the world's riches, which dispersed lie,
Contract into a span.'

So strength first made a way;
Then beauty flowed; then wisdom, honour, pleasure;
When almost all was out, God made a stay;
Perceiving that alone, of all His treasure,
Rest in the bottom lay.

'For if I should,' said He,
'Bestow this jewel also on my creature,
He would adore my gifts instead of me,
And rest in nature, not the God of nature—
So both should losers be.

'Yet let him keep the rest—
But keep them, with repining restlessness—
Let him be rich and weary; that, at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to my breast.'

### *Matin Hymn.*

I cannot ope mine eyes
But Thou art ready there to catch,
My mourning soul and sacrifice,
Then we must needs for that day make a match.

My God, what is a heart?
Silver, or gold, or precious stone,
Or star, or rainbow, or a part
Of all these things, or all of them in one?

My God, what is a heart,
That Thou shouldst it so eye and woo,
Pouring upon it all Thy art,
As if that Thou hadst nothing else to do?

Indeed, man's whole estate
Amounts—and richly—to serve Thee;
He did not heaven and earth create,
Yet studies them, not Him by whom they be.

Teach me Thy love to know;
That this new light which now I see
May both the work and workman shew;
Then by a sunbeam I will climb to Thee.

### *Sunday.*

O day most calm, most bright,
The fruit of this, the next world's bud,
The indorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a Friend, and with His blood;
The couch of Time, care's balm and bay:
The week were dark, but for thy light;
Thy torch doth shew the way.

The other days and thou
Make up one man; whose face *thou* art,
Knocking at heaven with thy brow:
The workydays are the back-part;
The burden of the week lies there,
Making the whole to stoop and bow,
Till thy release appear.

Man had straight forward gone
To endless death: but thou dost pull
And turn us round, to look on One,
Whom, if we were not very dull,
We could not choose but look on still;
Since there is no place so alone,
The which he doth not fill.

Sundays the pillars are
On which heaven's palace arched lies:
The other days fill up the spare
And hollow room with vanities.
They are the fruitful beds and borders
In God's rich garden: that is bare
Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundays of man's life
Threaded together on Time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal glorious King.
On Sunday, heaven's gate stands ope;
Blessings are plentiful and rife—
More plentiful than hope.

This day my Saviour rose,
And did inclose this light for his;
That, as each beast his manger knows,
Man might not of his fodder miss.
Christ hath took in this piece of ground,
And made a garden there for those
Who want herbs for their wound.

The rest of our creation
Onr great Redeemer did remove
With the same shake, which at his passion
Did the earth and all things with it move.
As Samson bore the doors away,
Christ's hands, though nailed, wrought our salvation
And did unhinge that day.

The brightness of that day
We sullied by our foul offence:
Wherefore that robe we cast away,
Having a new at his expense,
Whose drops of blood paid the full price,
That was required to make us gay,
And fit for paradise.

Thou art a day of mirth:
And where the week-days trail on ground,
Thy flight is higher, as thy birth:
O let me take thee at the bound,
Leaping with thee from seven to seven,
Till that we both, being tossed from earth,
Fly hand in hand to heaven!

### *Mortification.*

How soon doth Man decay!
When clothes are taken from a chest of sweets
To swaddle infants, whose young breath
Scarce knows the way;
They are like little winding-sheets,
Which do consign and send them unto death.

When boys go first to bed,
They step into their voluntary graves;
Sleep binds them fast; only their breath
Makes them not dead:
Successive nights, like rolling waves,
Convey them quickly, who are bound for death.

When Youth is frank and free,
And calls for music, while his veins do swell,
All day exchanging mirth and breath
In company;
That music summons to the knell,
Which shall befriend him at the house of Death.

When Man grows staid and wise,
Getting a house and home, where he may move
Within the circle of his breath,
Schooling his eyes;
That dumb inclosure maketh love
Unto the coffin that attends his death.

When Age grows low and weak,
Marking his grave, and thawing every year,
Till all do melt, and drown his breath
When he would speak;
A chair or litter shews the bier
Which shall convey him to the house of Death.

Man, ere he is aware,
Hath put together a solemnity,
And dressed his hearse, while he hath breath
As yet to spare.
Yet, Lord, instruct us so to die,
That all these dyings may be life in death.

## FRANCIS QUARLES.

The writings of FRANCIS QUARLES (1592-1644) are more like those of a divine, or contemplative recluse, than of a busy man of the world, who held various public situations, and died at the age of fifty-two. Quarles was a native of Essex, educated at Cambridge, and afterwards a student of Lincoln's Inn. He was successively cupbearer to Elizabeth, the queen of Bohemia, secretary to Archbishop Usher, and chronologer to the city of London. He espoused the cause of Charles I.; and was so harassed by the opposite party, who injured his property, and plundered him of his books and rare manuscripts, that his death was attributed to the affliction and ill-health caused by these disasters. Notwithstanding his loyalty, the works of Quarles have a tinge of Puritanism and ascetic piety that might have mollified the rage of his persecutors. His poems consist of various pieces —***Job Militant***, ***Sion's Elegies***, the ***History of Queen Esther***, ***Argalus and Parthenia***, the ***Morning Muse***, the ***Feast of Worms***, and the ***Divine Emblems***. The last were published in 1645, and were so popular that Phillips, Milton's nephew, styles Quarles 'the darling of our plebeian judgments.' The eulogium still holds good to some extent, for the ***Divine Emblems***, with their quaint and grotesque illustrations, are still found in the cottages of our peasants. After the Restoration, when everything sacred and serious was either neglected or made the subject of ribald jests, Quarles seems to have been entirely lost to the public. Even Pope, who, had he read him, must have relished his lively fancy and poetical expression, notices only his bathos and absurdity. The better and more tolerant taste of modern times has admitted the divine emblemist into the 'laurelled fraternity of poets,' where, if he does not occupy a conspicuous place, he is at least sure of his due measure of homage and attention. Emblems, or the union of the graphic and poetic arts, to inculcate lessons of morality and religion, had been tried with success by Peacham and Wither. Quarles, however, made Herman Hugo, a Jesuit, his model, and from the *Pia Desideria* of this author copied a great part of his prints and mottoes. His style is that of his age—studded with conceits, often extravagant in conception, and presenting the most *outré* and ridiculous combinations. There is strength, however, amidst his contortions, and true wit mixed up with the false. His epigrammatic point, uniting wit and devotion, has been considered the precursor of Young's *Night Thoughts.*

### *Stanzas.*

As when a lady, walking Flora's bower,
Picks here a pink, and there a gillyflower,
Now plucks a violet from her purple bed,
And then a primrose, the year's maidenhead,
There nips the briar, here the lover's pansy,
Shifting her dainty pleasures with her fancy,
This on her arms, and that she lists to wear
Upon the borders of her curious hair;
At length a rose-bud—passing all the rest—
She plucks, and bosoms in her lily breast.

### *The Shortness of Life.*

And what 's a life?—a weary pilgrimage,
Whose glory in one day doth fill the stage
With childhood, manhood, and decrepit age.

And what 's a life—the flourishing array
Of the proud summer meadow, which to-day
Wears her green plush, and is to-morrow hay.

Read on this dial, how the shades devour
My short-lived winter's day! hour eats up hour;
Alas! the total 's but from eight to four.

Behold these lilies, which thy hands have made,
Fair copies of my life, and open laid
To view, how soon they droop, how soon they fade!

Shade not that dial, night will blind too soon;
My non-aged day already points to noon;
How simple is my suit!—how small my boon!

Nor do I beg this slender inch to wile
The time away, or falsely to beguile
My thoughts with joy: here 's nothing worth a smile.

### *Mors Tua.*

Can he be fair, that withers at a blast?
Or he be strong, that airy breath can cast?
Can he be wise, that knows not how to live?
Or he be rich, that nothing hath to give?
Can he be young, that 's feeble, weak, and wan?
So fair, strong, wise, so rich, so young is man.
So fair is man, that death—a parting blast—
Blasts his fair flower, and makes him earth at last;
So strong is man, that with a gasping breath
He totters, and bequeaths his strength to death;
So wise is man, that if with death he strive,
His wisdom cannot teach him how to live;
So rich is man, that—all his debts being paid—
His wealth 's the winding-sheet wherein he 's laid;
So young is man, that, broke with care and sorrow,
He 's old enough to-day to die to-morrow:
Why bragg'st thou, then, thou worm of five feet long?
Thou 'rt neither fair, nor strong, nor wise, nor rich, nor young.

### *The Vanity of the World.*

False world, thou ly'st; thou canst not lend
The least delight:
Thy favours cannot gain a friend,
They are so slight:
Thy morning pleasures make an end
To please at night:
Poor are the wants that thou supply'st,
And yet thou vaunt'st, and yet thou vy'st
With heaven; fond earth, thou boasts; false world, thou ly'st.

Thy babbling tongue tells golden tales
Of endless treasure;
Thy bounty offers easy sales
Of lasting pleasure;
Thou ask'st the conscience what she ails,
And swear'st to ease her:
There 's none can want where thou supply'st:
There 's none can give where thou deny'st.
Alas! fond world, thou boasts; false world, thou ly'st.

What well-advised ear regards
What earth can say?
Thy words are gold, but thy rewards
Are painted clay:
Thy cunning can but pack the cards,
Thou canst not play:
Thy game at weakest, still thou vy'st;
If seen, and then revyv'd, deny'st:
Thou art not what thou seem'st; false world, thou ly'st.

Thy tinsel bosom seems a mint
Of new-coined treasure;
A paradise, that has no stint,
No change, no measure;
A painted cask, but nothing in 't,
Nor wealth, nor pleasure:
Vain earth! that falsely thus comply'st
With man; vain man! that thou rely'st
On earth; vain man, thou dot'st; vain earth, thou ly'st.

What mean dull souls, in this high measure,
To haberdash
In earth's base wares, whose greatest treasure
Is dross and trash?
The height of whose enchanting pleasure
Is but a flash?
Are these the goods that thou supply'st
Us mortals with? Are these the high'st?
Can these bring cordial peace? false world, thou ly'st.

### *Delight in God only.*

I love—and have some cause to love—the earth:
She is my Maker's creature; therefore good:
She is my mother, for she gave me birth;
She is my tender nurse—she gives me food;
But what 's a creature, Lord, compared with Thee?
Or what 's my mother or my nurse to me?

I love the air: her dainty sweets refresh
My drooping soul, and to new sweets invite me;
Her shrill-mouthed quire sustains me with their flesh,
And with their polyphonian notes delight me:
But what 's the air or all the sweets that she
Can bless my soul withal, compared to Thee?

I love the sea: she is my fellow-creature,
My careful purveyor; she provides me store:
She walls me round; she makes my diet greater;
She wafts my treasure from a foreign shore:
But, Lord of oceans, when compared with Thee,
What is the ocean or her wealth to me?

To heaven's high city I direct my journey,
Whose spangled suburbs entertain mine eye;
Mine eye, by contemplation's great attorney,
Transcends the crystal pavement of the sky:
But what is heaven, great God, compared to Thee?
Without thy presence, heaven 's no heaven to me.

Without thy presence, earth gives no refection;
Without thy presence, sea affords no treasure;
Without thy presence, air 's a rank infection;
Without thy presence, heaven itself no pleasure:
If not possessed, if not enjoyed in Thee,
What 's earth, or sea, or air, or heaven to me?

The highest honours that the world can boast,
Are subjects far too low for my desire;
The brightest beams of glory are—at most—
But dying sparkles of thy living fire:
The loudest flames that earth can kindle, be
But nightly glowworms, if compared to Thee.

Without thy presence, wealth is bags of cares;
Wisdom, but folly; joy, disquiet—sadness:
Friendship is treason, and delights are snares;
Pleasures but pain, and mirth but pleasing madness;
Without thee, Lord, things be not what they be,
Nor have they being, when compared with Thee.

In having all things, and not Thee, what have I?
Not having Thee, what have my labours got?
Let me enjoy but Thee, what further crave I?
And having Thee alone, what have I not?
I wish nor sea nor land; nor would I be
Possessed of heaven, heaven unpossessed of Thee.

### *Decay of Life.*

The day grows old, the low-pitched lamp hath made
No less than treble shade,
And the descending damp doth now prepare
To uncurl bright Titan's hair;
Whose western wardrobe now begins to unfold
Her purples, fringed with gold,
To clothe his evening glory, when the alarms
Of rest shall call to rest in restless Thetis' arms.

Nature now calls to supper, to refresh
The spirits of all flesh;
The toiling ploughman drives his thirsty teams,
To taste the slippery streams:
The droiling swineherd knocks away, and feasts
His hungry whining guests:
The boxbill ousel, and the dappled thrush,
Like hungry rivals meet at their beloved bush.

## DR HENRY KING.

Dr Henry King (1592–1669), who was chaplain to James I. and did honour to the church preferment which was bestowed upon him, was best known as a religious poet. He was the author of *Sermons*, 1621–65; and of poems, elegies, &c. 1657. His language and imagery are chaste and refined. Of his lighter verse, the following song may suffice:

### *Song.*

Dry those fair, those crystal eyes,
Which, like growing fountains, rise
To drown their banks: grief's sullen brooks
Would better flow in furrowed looks;
Thy lovely face was never meant
To be the shore of discontent.

Then clear those waterish stars again,
Which else portend a lasting rain;
Lest the clouds which settle there,
Prolong my winter all the year,
And thy example others make
In love with sorrow for thy sake.

### *Sic Vita.*

Like to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are;
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew;
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood:
Even such is man, whose borrowed light
Is straight called in, and paid to-night.
The wind blows out, the bubble dies;
The spring entombed in autumn lies;
The dew dries up, the star is shot;
The flight is past—and man forgot.

### *The Dirge.*

What is the existence of man's life,
But open war, or slumbered strife;
Where sickness to his sense presents
The combat of the elements;
And never feels a perfect peace
Till Death's cold hand signs his release.

It is a storm—where the hot blood
Outvies in rage the boiling flood;
And each loose passion of the mind
Is like a furious gust of wind,
Which beats his bark with many a wave,
Till he casts anchor in the grave.

It is a flower—which buds, and grows,
And withers as the leaves disclose;
Whose spring and fall faint seasons keep,
Like fits of waking before sleep;
Then shrinks into that fatal mould
Where its first being was enrolled.

It is a dream—whose seeming truth
Is moralised in age and youth;
Where all the comforts he can share,
As wandering as his fancies are;
Till in a mist of dark decay,
The dreamer vanish quite away.

It is a dial—which points out
The sunset, as it moves about;
And shadows out in lines of night
The subtle stages of Time's flight;
Till all-obscuring earth hath laid
His body in perpetual shade.

It is a weary interlude—
Which doth short joys, long woes, include;
The world the stage, the prologue tears,
The acts vain hopes and varied fears;
The scene shuts up with loss of breath,
And leaves no epilogue but death.

### GEORGE WITHER.

GEORGE WITHER (1588–1667) was a voluminous author, in the midst of disasters and sufferings that would have damped the spirit of any but the most adventurous and untiring enthusiast. Some of his happiest strains were composed in prison; his limbs were incarcerated within stone walls and iron bars, but his fancy was among the hills and plains, with shepherds hunting, or loitering with Poesy by rustling boughs and murmuring springs. There is a freshness and natural vivacity in the poetry of Wither, that renders his early works a 'perpetual feast.' We cannot say that it is a feast 'where no crude surfeit reigns,' for he is often harsh, obscure, and affected; but he has an endless diversity of style and subjects, and true poetical feeling and expression. Wither was a native of Hampshire, and received his education at Magdalen College, Oxford. He first appeared as an author in the year 1613, when he published a satire, entitled *Abuses Stript and Whipt.* For this he was thrown into the Marshalsea, where he composed his fine poem, the *Shepherds' Hunting.* When the abuses satirised by the poet had accumulated and brought on the Civil War, Wither took the popular side, and sold his paternal estate to raise a troop of horse for the parliament. He rose to the rank of a major, and in 1642, was made governor of Farnham Castle, afterwards held by Denham. Wither was accused of deserting his appointment, and the castle was ceded the same year to Sir William Waller. During the struggles of that period, the poet was made prisoner by the royalists, and stood in danger of capital punishment, when Denham interfered for his brother-bard, alleging, that as long as Wither lived, he (Denham) would not be considered the worst poet in England. The joke was a good one, if it saved Wither's life; but George was not frightened from the perilous contentions of the times. He was afterwards one of Cromwell's majors-general, and kept watch and ward over the royalists of Surrey. From the sequestrated estates of these gentlemen, Wither obtained a considerable fortune; but the Restoration came, and he was stripped of all his possessions. He remonstrated loudly and angrily; his remonstrances were voted libels, and the unlucky poet was again thrown into prison. He published various treatises, satires, and poems during this period, though he was treated with great rigour. He was released, under bond for good behaviour, in 1663, and survived nearly four years afterwards, dying in London on the 2d of May 1667.

Wither's fame as a poet is derived chiefly from his early productions, written before he had imbibed the sectarian gloom of the Puritans, or become embroiled in the struggles of the Civil War. A collection of his poems was published by himself in 1622, with the title, *Mistress of Philarete;* his *Shepherds' Hunting,* being certain eclogues written during the time of the author's imprisonment in the Marshalsea, appeared in 1633. His *Collection of Emblems, Ancient and Modern, quickened with Metrical Illustrations,* made their appearance in 1635. His satirical and controversial works were numerous, but are now forgotten. Some authors of our own day—Southey in particular—have helped to popularise Wither, by frequent quotation and eulogy; but Mr Ellis, in his *Specimens of Early English Poets,* was the first to point out 'that playful fancy, pure taste, and artless delicacy of sentiment, which distinguish the poetry of his early youth.' His poem on Christmas affords a lively picture of the manners of the times. His *Address to Poetry,* the sole yet cheering companion of his prison solitude, is worthy of the theme, and superior to most of the effusions of that period. The pleasure with which he recounts the various charms and the 'divine skill' of his Muse, that had derived nourishment and delight from the 'meanest objects' of external nature—a daisy, a bush, or a tree; and which, when these picturesque and beloved scenes of the country were denied him, could gladden even the vaults and shades of a prison, is one of the richest offerings that have yet been made to the pure and hallowed shrine of poesy. The superiority of intellectual pursuits over the gratifications of sense, and all the malice of fortune, has never been more touchingly or finely illustrated.

#### *The Companionship of the Muse.*

From the *Shepherds' Hunting.*

See'st thou not, in clearest days,
Oft thick fogs cloud heaven's rays;
And the vapours that do breathe
From the earth's gross womb beneath,
Seem they not with their black steams
To pollute the sun's bright beams,
And yet vanish into air,
Leaving it, unblemished, fair?
So, my Willy, shall it be
With detraction's breath and thee:
It shall never rise so high
As to stain thy poesy.
As that sun doth oft exhale
Vapours from each rotten vale;
Poesy so sometime drains
Gross conceits from muddy brains;
Mists of envy, fogs of spite,
'Twixt men's judgments and her light:
But so much her power may do,
That she can dissolve them too.
If thy verse do bravely tower,
As she makes wing she gets power;
Yet the higher she doth soar,
She 's affronted still the more:
Till she to the high'st hath passed,
Then she rests with fame at last:
Let nought, therefore, thee affright,
But make forward in thy flight;
For, if I could match thy rhyme,
To the very stars I 'd climb;
There begin again, and fly
Till I reached eternity.
But, alas! my muse is slow;
For thy page she flags too low:
Yea, the more 's her hapless fate,
Her short wings were clipt of late:
And poor I, her fortune rueing,
Am myself put up a-mewing:
But if I my cage can rid,
I 'll fly where I never did:
And though for her sake I 'm crost,
Though my best hopes I have lost,
And knew she would make my trouble
Ten times more than ten times double:
I should love and keep her too,
Spite of all the world could do.

For, though banished from my flocks,
And confined within these rocks,
Here I waste away the light,
And consume the sullen night,
She doth for my comfort stay,
And keeps many cares away.
Though I miss the flowery fields,
With those sweets the spring-tide yields,
Though I may not see those groves,
Where the shepherds chant their loves,
And the lasses more excel
Than the sweet-voiced Philomel.
Though of all those pleasures past,
Nothing now remains at last,
But remembrance, poor relief,
That more makes than mends my grief:
She 's my mind's companion still,
Maugre envy's evil will.
(Whence she would be driven, too,
Were 't in mortal's power to do.)
She doth tell me where to borrow
Comfort in the midst of sorrow:
Makes the desolatest place
To her presence be a grace;
And the blackest discontents
Be her fairest ornaments.
In my former days of bliss,
Her divine skill taught me this,
That from everything I saw,
I could some invention draw,
And raise pleasure to her height,
Through the meanest object's sight;
By the murmur of a spring,
Or the least bough's rustlëing.
By a daisy, whose leaves spread,
Shut when Titan goes to bed;
Or a shady bush or tree,
She could more infuse in me,
Than all Nature's beauties can
In some other wiser man.
By her help I also now
Make this churlish place allow
Some things that may sweeten gladness,
In the very gall of sadness.
The dull loneness, the black shade,
That these hanging vaults have made;
The strange music of the waves,
Beating on these hollow caves;
This black den which rocks emboss,
Overgrown with eldest moss:
The rude portals that give light
More to terror than delight:
This my chamber of neglect,
Walled about with disrespect.
From all these, and this dull air,
A fit object for despair,
She hath taught me by her might
To draw comfort and delight.
Therefore, thou best earthly bliss,
I will cherish thee for this.
Poesy, thou sweet'st content
That e'er Heaven to mortals lent:
Though they as a trifle leave thee,
Whose dull thoughts cannot conceive thee,
Though thou be to them a scorn,
That to nought but earth are born,
Let my life no longer be
Than I am in love with thee!
Though our wise ones call it madness,
Let me never taste of gladness,
If I love not thy maddest fits
Above all their greatest wits.
And though some, too seeming holy,
Do account thy raptures folly,
Thou dost teach me to contemn
What makes knaves and fools of them.

### *Sonnet upon a Stolen Kiss.*

Now gentle sleep hath closed up those eyes
Which, waking, kept my boldest thoughts in awe;
And free access unto that sweet lip lies,
From whence I long the rosy breath to draw.
Methinks no wrong it were, if I should steal
From those two melting rubies, one poor kiss;
None sees the theft that would the theft reveal,
Nor rob I her of ought what she can miss:
Nay, should I twenty kisses take away,
There would be little sign I would do so;
Why, then, should I this robbery delay?
Oh! she may wake, and therewith angry grow!
Well, if she do, I 'll back restore that one,
And twenty hundred thousand more for loan.

### *The Steadfast Shepherd.*

Hence away, thou Syren; leave me.
Pish! unclasp these wanton arms;
Sugared words can ne'er deceive me—
Though thou prove a thousand charms.
Fie, fie, forbear;
No common snare
Can ever my affection chain:
Thy painted baits,
And poor deceits,
Are all bestowed on me in vain.

I 'm no slave to such as you be;
Neither shall that snowy breast,
Rolling eye, and lip of ruby,
Ever rob me of my rest;
Go, go, display
Thy beauty's ray
To some more soon enamoured swain:
Those common wiles,
Of sighs and smiles,
Are all bestowed on me in vain.

I have elsewhere vowed a duty;
Turn away thy tempting eye:
Shew not me a painted beauty;
These impostures I defy:
My spirit loathes
Where gaudy clothes
And feigned oaths may love obtain:
I love her so
Whose look swears *no*,
That all your labours will be vain.

Can he prize the tainted posies,
Which on every breast are worn;
That may pluck the virgin roses
From their never-touched thorn?
I can go rest
On her sweet breast,
That is the pride of Cynthia's train;
Then stay thy tongue;
Thy mermaid song
Is all bestowed on me in vain.

He 's a fool that basely dallies
Where each peasant mates with him:
Shall I haunt the thronged valleys,
Whilst there 's noble hills to climb?
No, no, though clowns
Are scared with frowns,
I know the best can but disdain:
And those I 'll prove,
So will thy love
Be all bestowed on me in vain.

I do scorn to vow a duty,
Where each lustful lad may woo;
Give me her whose sunlike beauty
Buzzards dare not soar unto:

She, she it is
Affords that bliss,
For which I would refuse no pain;
But such as you,
Fond fools, adieu,
You seek to captive me in vain.

Leave me, then, thou Syren, leave me;
Seek no more to work my harms;
Crafty wiles cannot deceive me,
Who am proof against your charms:
You labour may
To lead astray
The heart, that constant shall remain;
And I the while
Will sit and smile
To see you spend your time in vain.

### *Christmas.*

So now is come our joyfulest feast;
Let every man be jolly;
Each room with ivy leaves is dressed,
And every post with holly.
Though some churls at our mirth repine,
Round your foreheads garlands twine,
Drown Sorrow in a cup of wine,
And let us all be merry.

Now all our neighbours' chimneys smoke,
And Christmas blocks are burning;
Their ovens they with baked meat choke,
And all their spits are turning.
Without the door let Sorrow lie;
And if for cold it hap to die,
We 'll bury 't in a Christmas pie,
And evermore be merry.

Now every lad is wondrous trim,
And no man minds his labour;
Our lasses have provided them
A bagpipe and a tabour;
Young men and maids, and girls and boys,
Give life to one another's joys;
And you anon shall by their noise
Perceive that they are merry.

Rank misers now do sparing shun;
Their hall of music soundeth;
And dogs thence with whole shoulders run,
So all things there aboundeth.
The country-folks themselves advance,
With crowdy-muttons out of France;
And Jack shall pipe, and Gill shall dance,
And all the town be merry.

Ned Squash hath fetched his bands from pawn,
And all his best apparel;
Brisk Nell hath bought a ruff of lawn
With dropping of the barrel.
And those that hardly all the year
Had bread to eat, or rags to wear,
Will have both clothes and dainty fare,
And all the day be merry.

Now poor men to the justices
With capons make their errants;
And if they hap to fail of these,
They plague them with their warrants:
But now they feed them with good cheer,
And what they want they take in beer,
For Christmas comes but once a year,
And then they shall be merry.

Good farmers in the country nurse
The poor, that else were undone;
Some landlords spend their money worse,
On lust and pride at London.
There the roysters they do play,
Drab and dice their lands away,
Which may be ours another day,
And therefore let 's be merry.

The client now his suit forbears,
The prisoner's heart is eased;
The debtor drinks away his cares,
And for the time is pleased.
Though others' purses be more fat,
Why should we pine or grieve at that?
Hang Sorrow! care will kill a cat,
And therefore let 's be merry.

Hark! now the wags abroad do call
Each other forth to rambling;
Anon you 'll see them in the hall,
For nuts and apples scrambling.
Hark! how the roofs with laughter sound;
Anon they 'll think the house goes round,
For they the cellar's depth have found,
And there they will be merry.

The wenches with their wassail bowls
About the streets are singing;
The boys are come to catch the owls,
The wild mare in is bringing.
Our kitchen-boy hath broke his box;
And to the dealing of the ox,
Our honest neighbours come by flocks,
And here they will be merry.

Now kings and queens poor sheepcotes have,
And mate with everybody;
The honest now may play the knave,
And wise men play the noddy.
Some youths will now a-mumming go,
Some others play at Rowland-bo,
And twenty other game boys mo,
Because they will be merry.

Then, wherefore, in these merry days,
Should we, I pray, be duller?
No, let us sing some roundelays,
To make our mirth the fuller:
And, while we thus inspired sing,
Let all the streets with echoes ring;
Woods and hills, and everything,
Bear witness we are merry.

## LADY ELIZABETH CAREW.

LADY ELIZABETH CAREW is believed to be the author of the tragedy of *Mariam, the Fair Queen of Jewry*, 1613. Though wanting in dramatic interest and spirit, there is a vein of fine sentiment and feeling in this forgotten drama. The following chorus, in act the fourth, possesses a generous and noble simplicity:

### *Revenge of Injuries.*

The fairest action of our human life
Is scorning to revenge an injury;
For who forgives without a further strife,
His adversary's heart to him doth tie.
And 'tis a firmer conquest truly said,
To win the heart, than overthrow the head.

If we a worthy enemy do find,
To yield to worth it must be nobly done;
But if of baser metal be his mind,
In base revenge there is no honour won.
Who would a worthy courage overthrow,
And who would wrestle with a worthless foe?

We say our hearts are great, and cannot yield;
Because they cannot yield, it proves them poor:
Great hearts are tasked beyond their power, but seld
The weakest lion will the loudest roar.
Truth's school for certain doth this same allow,
High-heartedness doth sometimes teach to bow.

A noble heart doth teach a virtuous scorn.
To scorn to owe a duty over-long;
To scorn to be for benefits forborne;
To scorn to lie; to scorn to do a wrong;
To scorn to bear an injury in mind;
To scorn a free-born heart slave-like to bind.

But if for wrongs we needs revenge must have,
Then be our vengeance of the noblest kind;
Do we his body from our fury save,
And let our hate prevail against our mind?
What can 'gainst him a greater vengeance be,
Than make his foe more worthy far than he?

Had Mariam scorned to leave a due unpaid,
She would to Herod then have paid her love,
And not have been by sullen passion swayed.
To fix her thoughts all injury above
Is virtuous pride. Had Mariam thus been proud,
Long famous life to her had been allowed.

## BISHOP CORBET.

RICHARD CORBET (1582–1635) was the son of a man who, though only a gardener, must have possessed superior qualities, as he obtained the hearty commendations, in verse, of Ben Jonson. The son was educated at Westminster and Oxford, and having taken orders, he became successively bishop of Oxford and bishop of Norwich. The social qualities of witty Bishop Corbet, and his never-failing vivacity, joined to a moderate share of dislike to the Puritans, recommended him to the patronage of King James, by whom he was raised to the mitre. His habits were rather too convivial for the dignity of his office, if we may credit some of the anecdotes which have been related of him. Meeting a ballad-singer one market-day at Abingdon, and the man complaining that he could get no custom, the jolly doctor put off his gown, and arrayed himself in the leathern jacket of the itinerant vocalist, and being a handsome man, with a clear full voice, he presently vended the stock of ballads. One time, as he was confirming, the country people pressing in to see the ceremony, Corbet exclaimed: 'Bear off there, or I'll confirm ye with my staff.' The bishop and his chaplain, Dr Lushington, it is said, would sometimes repair to the wine-cellar together, and Corbet used to put off his episcopal hood, saying: 'There lies the doctor;' then he put off his gown, saying: 'There lies the bishop;' then the toast went round: 'Here's to thee, Corbet;' 'Here's to thee, Lushington.' Jovialities like these seem more like the feats of the jolly Friar of Copmanhurst than the acts of a Protestant bishop: but Corbet had higher qualities; his toleration, solid sense, and lively talents procured him deserved esteem and respect. His poems were first collected and published in 1647. They are of a miscellaneous character, the best known being a *Journey to France*, written in a light easy strain of descriptive humour. The *Farewell to the Fairies* is equally lively, and more poetical.

### *To Vincent Corbet, his Son.*

What I shall leave thee, none can tell,
But all shall say I wish thee well:
I wish thee, Vin, before all wealth,
Both bodily and ghostly health;
Nor too much wealth nor wit come to thee,
So much of either may undo thee.
I wish thee learning not for show,
Enough for to instruct and know;
Not such as gentlemen require
To prate at table or at fire.
I wish thee all thy mother's graces,
Thy father's fortunes and his places.
I wish thee friends, and one at court,
Not to build on, but support;
To keep thee not in doing many
Oppressions, but from suffering any.
I wish thee peace in all thy ways,
Nor lazy nor contentious days;
And, when thy soul and body part,
As innocent as now thou art.

### *From the 'Journey to France.'*

I went from England into France,
Nor yet to learn to cringe nor dance,
Nor yet to ride nor fence:
Nor did I go like one of those
That do return with half a nose
They carried from hence.

But I to Paris rode along,
Much like John Dory[*] in the song,
Upon a holy tide.
I on an ambling nag did get—
I trust he is not paid for yet—
And spurred him on each side.

And to Saint Denis fast we came,
To see the sights of Notre Dame—
The man that shews them snuffles—
Where who is apt for to believe,
May see our Lady's right-arm sleeve,
And eke her old pantofles;

Her breast, her milk, her very gown
That she did wear in Bethlehem town,
When in the inn she lay:
Yet all the world knows that's a fable,
For so good clothes ne'er lay in stable,
Upon a lock of hay.

There is one of the cross's nails,
Which, whoso sees, his bonnet vails,
And, if he will, may kneel.
Some say 'twas false, 'twas never so;
Yet, feeling it, thus much I know,
It is as true as steel.

There is a lanthorn which the Jews,
When Judas led them forth, did use;
It weighs my weight downright:
But, to believe it, you must think
The Jews did put a candle in 't,
And then 'twas very light.

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[*] This alludes to one of the most celebrated of the old English ballads. It was the favourite performance of the English minstrels, as lately as the reign of Charles II.; and Dryden alludes to it as to the most hackneyed song of the time:

But Sunderland, Godolphin, Lory,
These will appear such chits in story,
'Twill turn all politics to jests,
*To be repeated like John Dory,*
When fiddlers sing at feasts.

RITSON'S *Ancient Songs*,

There 's one saint there hath lost his nose:
Another 's head, but not his toes,
His elbow and his thumb.
But when that we had seen the rags,
We went to th' inn and took our nags,
And so away did come.

We came to Paris on the Seine;
'Tis wondrous fair, 'tis nothing clean,
'Tis Europe's greatest town.
How strong it is, I need not tell it,
For all the world may easily smell it,
That walk it up and down.

There many strange things are to see,
The palace and great gallery,
The Place Royal doth excel:
The new bridge, and the statues there,
At Notre Dame, Saint Q. Pater,
The steeple bears the bell.

For learning, th' University;
And, for old clothes, the Frippery,
The house the queen did build.
Saint Innocents, whose earth devours
Dead corpse in four-and-twenty hours,
And there the king was killed:

The Bastile, and Saint Denis Street,
The Shafflenist, like London Fleet,
The arsenal no toy.
But if you 'll see the prettiest thing,
Go to the court and see the king,
Oh, 'tis a hopeful boy.*

He is, of all his dukes and peers,
Reverenced for much wit at 's years,
Nor must you think it much;
For he with little switch doth play,
And make fine dirty pies of clay,
Oh, never king made such!

### *Farewell to the Fairies.*

Farewell rewards and fairies,
Good housewives now may say,
For now foul sluts in dairies
Do fare as well as they.
And though they sweep their hearths no less
Than maids were wont to do,
Yet who of late, for cleanliness,
Finds sixpence in her shoe?

Lament, lament, old abbeys,
The fairies lost command;
They did but change priests' babies,
But some have changed your land;
And all your children sprung from thence
Are now grown Puritans;
Who live as changelings ever since,
For love of your domains.

At morning and at evening both,
You merry were and glad,
So little care of sleep or sloth
These pretty ladies had;
When Tom came home from labour,
Or Cis to milking rose,
Then merrily went their tabour,
And nimbly went their toes.

Witness those rings and roundelays
Of theirs, which yet remain,
Were footed in Queen Mary's days
On many a grassy plain;
But since of late Elizabeth,
And later, James came in,
They never danced on any heath
As when the time hath been.

By which we note the fairies
Were of the old profession,
Their songs were Ave-Maries,
Their dances were procession:
But now, alas! they all are dead,
Or gone beyond the seas;
Or farther for religion fled,
Or else they take their ease.

A tell-tale in their company
They never could endure,
And whoso kept not secretly
Their mirth, was punished sure;
It was a just and Christian deed,
To pinch such black and blue:
Oh, how the commonwealth doth need
Such justices as you!

## WILLIAM HABINGTON.

WILLIAM HABINGTON (1605–1645) had all the vices of the metaphysical school, excepting its occasional and frequently studied licentiousness. He tells us himself (in his preface), that 'if the innocency of a chaste muse shall be more acceptable, and weigh heavier in the balance of esteem, than a fame begot in adultery of study, I doubt I shall leave no hope of competition.' And of a pure attachment, he says finely, that 'when Love builds upon the rock of Chastity, it may safely contemn the battery of the waves and threatenings of the wind; since Time, that makes a mockery of the firmest structures, shall itself be ruinated before that be demolished.' Habington's life presents few incidents, though he came of a plotting family. His father was implicated in Babington's conspiracy; his uncle suffered death for his share in the same transaction. The poet's mother atoned, in some measure, for these disloyal intrigues; for she is said to have been the writer of the famous letter to Lord Monteagle, which averted the execution of the Gunpowder Plot. The poet was educated at St Omer's, but declined to become a Jesuit. He married Lucia, daughter of the first Lord Powis, whom he had celebrated under the name of Castara. His collected poems —also entitled *Castara*—were published in 1634 (second edition, 1635); the volume consisting of the *Mistress*, the *Wife*, and the *Holy Man*. These titles include each several copies of verses, and the same design was afterwards adopted by Cowley. The short life of the poet seems to have glided quietly away, cheered by the society and affection of his Castara. He had no stormy passions to agitate him, and no unruly imagination to control or subdue. His poetry is of the same unruffled description—placid, tender, and often elegant, but studded with conceits to shew his wit and fancy. When he talks of meadows wearing a 'green plush,' of the fire of mutual love being able to purify the air of an infected city, and of a luxurious feast being so rich that heaven must have rained showers of sweetmeats, as if

> Heaven were
> Blackfriars, and each star a confectioner—

we are astonished to find one who could ridicule the 'madness of quaint oaths,' and the 'fine rhetoric of clothes,' in the gallants of his day, and whose sentiments on love were so pure and noble, fall into such absurd and tasteless puerilities.

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* Louis XIII.

### *Epistle to a Friend.*

Addressed 'to his noblest friend, J. C. Esq.'

I hate the country's dirt and manners, yet
I love the silence; I embrace the wit
And courtship, flowing here in a full tide,
But loathe the expense, the vanity and pride.
No place each way is happy. Here I hold
Commerce with some, who to my care unfold—
After a due oath ministered—the height
And greatness of each star shines in the state,
The brightness, the eclipse, the influence.
With others I commune, who tell me whence
The torrent doth of foreign discord flow;
Relate each skirmish, battle, overthrow,
Soon as they happen; and by rote can tell
Those German towns even puzzle me to spell.
The cross or prosperous fate of princes they
Ascribe to rashness, cunning, or delay;
And on each action comment, with more skill
Than upon Livy did old Machiavel.
O busy folly! Why do I my brain
Perplex with the dull policies of Spain,
Or quick designs of France? Why not repair
To the pure innocence o' th' country air,
And neighbour thee, dear friend? who so dost give
Thy thoughts to worth and virtue, that to live
Blest, is to trace thy ways. There might not we
Arm against passion with philosophy;
And, by the aid of leisure, so control
Whate'er is earth in us, to grow all soul?
Knowledge doth ignorance engender, when
We study mysteries of other men,
And foreign plots. Do but in thy own shade—
Thy head upon some flowery pillow laid,
Kind nature's housewifery—contemplate all
His stratagems, who labours to enthral
The world to his great master, and you'll find
Ambition mocks itself, and grasps the wind.
Not conquest makes us great. Blood is too dear
A price for glory: Honour doth appear
To statesmen like a vision in the night,
And, juggler-like, works o' th' deluded sight.
Th' unbusied only wise: for no respect
Endangers them to error; they affect
Truth in her naked beauty, and behold
Man with an equal eye, not bright in gold
Or tall in title; so much him they weigh
As virtue raiseth him above his clay.
Thus let us value things: and since we find
Time bend us toward earth, let's in our mind
Create new youth; and arm against the rude
Assaults of age; that no dull solitude
O' th' country dead our thoughts, nor busy care
O' th' town make us to think, where now we are,
And whither we are bound. Time ne'er forgot
His journey, though his steps we numbered not.

### *Description of Castara.*

Like the violet which, alone,
Prospers in some happy shade,
My Castara lives unknown,
To no looser eye betrayed;
  For she's to herself untrue,
  Who delights i' th' public view.

Such is her beauty, as no arts
Have enriched with borrowed grace;
Her high birth no pride imparts,
For she blushes in her place.
  Folly boasts a glorious blood;
  She is noblest, being good.

Cautious, she knew never yet
What a wanton courtship meant;
Nor speaks loud, to boast her wit;
In her silence eloquent:
  Of herself survey she takes,
  But 'tween men no difference makes.

She obeys with speedy will
Her grave parents' wise commands;
And so innocent, that ill
She nor acts, nor understands:
  Women's feet run still astray,
  If once to ill they know the way.

She sails by that rock, the court,
Where oft Honour splits her mast;
And retiredness thinks the port,
Where her fame may anchor cast:
  Virtue safely cannot sit,
  Where vice is enthroned for wit.

She holds that day's pleasure best,
Where sin waits not on delight;
Without mask, or ball, or feast,
Sweetly spends a winter's night:
  O'er that darkness, whence is thrust
  Prayer and sleep, oft governs lust.

She her throne makes reason climb,
While wild passions captive lie:
And, each article of time,
Her pure thoughts to heaven fly:
  All her vows religious be,
  And her love she vows to me.

## THOMAS CAREW.

THOMAS CAREW (1589–1639) was the representative of a numerous class of poets—courtiers of a gay and gallant school, who, to personal accomplishments, rank, and education, united a taste and talent for the conventional poetry then most popular and cultivated. Their influence may be seen even in Cowley and Dryden: Carew and Waller were perhaps the best of the class; Rochester was undoubtedly the most debased. Their visions of fame were in general bounded by the circle of the court and the nobility. To live in future generations, or to sound the depths of the human heart, seems not to have entered into their contemplations. A loyal panegyric was the *epic strain* of their ambition: a 'rosy cheek or coral lip' formed their ordinary theme. The court applauded; the lady was flattered or appeased by the compliment; and the poet was praised for his wit and gallantry; while all the time the *heart* had as little to do with the poetical homage thus tendered and accepted, as with the cold abstractions and 'rare poesies' on wax or ivory. A foul taint of immorality and irreligion often lurked under the flowery surface, and insidiously made itself known and felt. Carew sometimes went beyond this strain of heartless frivolity, and is graceful in sentiment as well as style—'piling up stones of lustre from the brook;' but he was capable of far higher things; and in him, as in Suckling, we see only glimpses of a genius which might have been ripened into permanent and beneficial excellence. Carew was descended from an ancient Gloucestershire family. He was educated at Oxford, then travelled abroad, and on his return obtained the notice and patronage of Charles I. He was appointed gentleman of the privy-chamber, and sewer in ordinary to the king. His after-life was that of a courtier—witty, affable, and accomplished—without reflection; and in a strain of loose revelry which, according to Clarendon, the poet deeply repented in his latter days. 'He died,' says the state historian, 'with the greatest remorse for that license, and with the greatest manifestation of Christianity that his best friends could desire.'

The poems of Carew are short and occasional. His longest is a mask, written by command of the king, entitled *Cœlum Britannicum*. It is partly in prose; and the lyrical pieces were set to music by Dr Henry Lawes, the poetical musician of that age. The short amatory pieces and songs of Carew were exceedingly popular, and are now the only productions of his which are read. They are often indelicate, but rich in expression. Thirty or forty years later, he would have fallen into the frigid style of the court-poets after the Restoration; but at the time he wrote, the passionate and imaginative vein of the Elizabethan period was not wholly exhausted. The 'genial and warm tints' of the elder muse still coloured the landscape, and were reflected back in some measure by Carew. He abounded, however, in tasteless conceits, even on grave elegiac subjects. In his Epitaph on the Daughter of Sir Thomas Wentworth, he says:

And here the precious dust is laid,
Whose purely tempered clay was made
So fine that it the guest betrayed.

Else the soul grew so fast within,
It broke the outward shell of sin,
And so was hatched a cherubin!

### *Song.*

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose;
For in your beauties, orient deep,
These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day;
For in pure love heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste
The nightingale, when May is past;
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more if east or west
The Phœnix builds her spicy nest;
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies!

### *The Compliment.*

I do not love thee for that fair
Rich fan of thy most curious hair;
Though the wires thereof be drawn
Finer than the threads of lawn,
And are softer than the leaves
On which the subtle spider weaves.

I do not love thee for those flowers
Growing on thy cheeks—Love's bowers—
Though such cunning them hath spread,
None can paint them white and red:
Love's golden arrows thence are shot,
Yet for them I love thee not.

I do not love thee for those soft
Red coral lips I've kissed so oft;
Nor teeth of pearl, the double guard
To speech, whence music still is heard;
Though from those lips a kiss being taken,
Might tyrants melt, and Death awaken.

I do not love thee, oh! my fairest,
For that richest, for that rarest
Silver pillar, which stands under
Thy sound head, that globe of wonder;
Though that neck be whiter far
Than towers of polished ivory are.

### *Song.*

Would you know what's soft? I dare
Not bring you to the down or air;
Nor to stars to shew what's bright,
Nor to snow to teach you white.

Nor, if you would music hear,
Call the orbs to take your ear;
Nor to please your sense bring forth
Bruised nard or what's more worth.

Or on food were your thoughts placed,
Bring you nectar, for a taste:
Would you have all these in one,
Name my mistress, and 'tis done.

### *Mediocrity in Love Rejected.*

Give me more love, or more disdain;
  The torrid or the frozen zone
Bring equal ease unto my pain,
  The temperate affords me none;
Either extreme of love or hate
Is sweeter than a calm estate.

Give me a storm; if it be love,
  Like Danae in that golden shower,
I swim in pleasure; if it prove
  Disdain, that torrent will devour
My vulture hopes; and he's possessed
Of heaven that's but from hell released;
Then crown my joys or cure my pain;
Give me more love, or more disdain.

### *Disdain Returned.*

He that loves a rosy cheek,
  Or a coral lip admires,
Or from starlike eyes doth seek
  Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
  Gentle thoughts and calm desires;
Hearts with equal love combined,
  Kindle never-dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes!

No tears, Celia, now shall win
  My resolved heart to return;
I have searched thy soul within,
  And find nought but pride and scorn;
I have learned thy arts, and now
Can disdain as much as thou.
Some power, in my revenge, convey
That love to her I cast away.

### *Approach of Spring.*

Now that the winter's gone, the Earth hath lost
Her snow-white robes, and now no more the frost

Candies the grass, or calls an icy cream
Upon the silver lake, or crystal stream;
But the warm sun thaws the benumbed earth,
And makes it tender; gives a sacred birth
To the dead swallow; wakes in hollow tree
The drowsy cuckoo, and the humble-bee;
Now do a choir of chirping minstrels bring
In triumph to the world the youthful Spring.
The valleys, hills, and woods, in rich array,
Welcome the coming of the longed-for May.
Now all things smile.

## SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING (1609–1641) possessed such a natural liveliness of fancy, and exuberance of animal spirits, that he often broke through the artificial restraints imposed by the literary taste of his times, but he never rose into the poetry of strong passion. He is a delightful writer of what have been called 'occasional poems.' His polished wit, playful fancy, and knowledge of life and society, enabled him to give interest to trifles, and to clothe familiar thoughts in the garb of poetry. His own life seems to have been one summer-day—

Youth at the prow, and Pleasure at the helm.

He dreamed of enjoyment, not of fame. The father of Suckling was secretary of state and comptroller of the household to James I. and Charles I. He died in 1627, while his son was pursuing his studies at Trinity College, Cambridge. Thus emancipated from all restraint, with an immense fortune, Suckling set off on his travels. He afterwards joined an auxiliary army of 6000 raised in England, and commanded by the Marquis of Hamilton, to act under the king of Sweden. Suckling served in several sieges and battles, and on his return in 1632, became celebrated for his wit, gallantry, and munificence at the court of Charles I. He was also considered the best bowler and card-player in England; and his sisters, it is said, distressed and alarmed at his passion for gambling, came one day to the Piccadilly bowling-green, 'crying for the fear he should lose all their portions.' Fortune, however, would not seem to have deserted the poet; for when Charles I. took up arms against the parliament, Suckling presented the king with a hundred horsemen, richly equipped and maintained at his own expense, at a cost, it is said, of £12,000. This gaudy regiment formed part of the cavalry commanded by Lord Holland; but no sooner had they come within sight of the Scots army at Dunse, than they turned and fled. Suckling was no worse than the rest, but he was made the subject of numerous lampoons and satires. A rival wit and poet, Sir John Mennes or Mennis (1591–1671), who was successively a military and naval commander, and author of several pieces in a poetical miscellany entitled *Musarum Deliciæ*, 1656, indited a ballad on the retreat at Dunse, which is worth copying, as one of the liveliest and most successful of political ballads.

### *Sir John Suckling's Campaign.*

Sir John he got him an ambling nag,
To Scotland for to ride-a,
With a hundred horse more, all his own, he swore,
To guard him on every side-a.

No errant-knight ever went to fight
With half so gay a bravado,
Had you seen but his look, you'd have sworn on a book
He'd have conquered a whole armada.

The ladies ran all to the windows to see
So gallant and warlike a sight-a,
And as he passed by, they began to cry:
'Sir John, why will you go fight-a?'

But he, like a cruel knight, spurred on;
His heart would not relent-a,
For, till he came there, what had he to fear?
Or why should he repent-a?

The king (God bless him!) had singular hopes
Of him and all his troop-a;
The Borderers they, as they met him on the way,
For joy did hollo and whoop-a.

None liked him so well as his own colonell,
Who took him for John de Weart-a;
But when there were shows of gunning and blows,
My gallant was nothing so pert-a.

For when the Scots army came within sight,
And all prepared to fight-a,
He ran to his tent; they asked what he meant;
He swore he could not go right-a.

The colonell sent for him back agen,
To quarter him in the van-a,
But Sir John did swear he would not come there,
To be killed the very first man-a. . . .

But now there is peace, he's returned to increase
His money, which lately he spent-a;
But his honour lost must lie still in the dust;
At Berwick away it went-a.

Suckling continued steadfast to the royal cause, even when it seemed desperate. He joined in a scheme to promote the escape of Strafford from the Tower; but the plot being detected, he fled to France, and died shortly afterwards—certainly before 1642. A romantic story is told of his death. Having been robbed by his valet, the treacherous domestic is represented as having put an open razor—one account says a penknife, another a nail—in his master's boot, which being drawn hastily on, an artery was divided, and fever and death ensued. Aubrey states that Suckling took poison at Paris, and, unfortunately, family tradition confirms the statement[*]—a sad termination to the life of the splendid cavalier-poet!

The works of Suckling consist of miscellaneous poems, four plays—possessing no vivid dramatic interest—a short prose treatise on *Religion by Reason*, and a small collection of letters written in a studied artificial style. His poems are all short, and the best of them are dedicated to love and gallantry. With the freedom of a cavalier, Suckling has greater purity of expression than most of his contemporaries. His sentiments are sometimes too voluptuous, but are rarely coarse; and there is so much elasticity and vivacity in his verses, that he never becomes tedious. His *Ballad upon a Wedding* is inimitable for witty levity and choice beauty of expression. It has touches of graphic description and liveliness equal to the pictures of Chaucer. One well-known verse has never been excelled:

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[*] Memoir of Suckling, prefixed to his works by Rev. Alfred Suckling, 1836. Pope, in his Conversations with Spence, relates the romantic version of Suckling's death, saying it might be proved from letters in Lord Oxford's collection. It seems highly improbable.

> Her feet beneath her petticoat,
> Like little mice, stole in and out, &c.

### *Song.—'Tis now, since I sat down before.*

'Tis now, since I sat down before
That foolish fort, a heart—
Time strangely spent!—a year, and more;
And still I did my part:

Made my approaches, from her hand
Unto her lip did rise;
And did already understand
The language of her eyes;

Proceeded on with no less art—
My tongue was engineer;
I thought to undermine the heart
By whispering in the ear.

When this did nothing, I brought down
Great cannon-oaths, and shot
A thousand thousand to the town,
And still it yielded not.

I then resolved to starve the place,
By cutting off all kisses,
Praising and gazing on her face,
And all such little blisses.

To draw her out, and from her strength,
I drew all batteries in;
And brought myself to lie at length,
As if no siege had been.

When I had done what man could do,
And thought the place mine own,
The enemy lay quiet too,
And smiled at all was done.

I sent to know from whence, and where,
These hopes, and this relief?
A spy informed, Honour was there,
And did command in chief.

'March, march,' quoth I; 'the word straight give;
Let's lose no time, but leave her;
That giant upon air will live,
And hold it out for ever.

'To such a place our camp remove
As will no siege abide;
I hate a fool that starves for love,
Only to feed her pride.'

### *A Ballad upon a Wedding.*

I tell thee, Dick, where I have been,
Where I the rarest things have seen;
Oh, things without compare!
Such sights again cannot be found
In any place on English ground,
Be it at wake or fair.

At Charing Cross, hard by the way
Where we—thou know'st—do sell our hay,
There is a house with stairs;
And there did I see coming down
Such folk as are not in our town,
Forty at least, in pairs.

Amongst the rest, one pest'lent fine—
His beard no bigger, though, than thine—
Walked on before the rest:
Our landlord looks like nothing to him:
The king, God bless him! 'twould undo him,
Should he go still so drest.

At Course-a-park, without all doubt,
He should have first been taken out
By all the maids o' the town:
Though lusty Roger there had been,
Or little George upon the Green,
Or Vincent of the Crown.

But wot you what? the youth was going
To make an end of all his wooing;
The parson for him staid:
Yet by his leave, for all his haste,
He did not so much wish all past,
Perchance, as did the maid.

The maid, and thereby hangs a tale,
For such a maid no Whitsun-ale[1]
Could ever yet produce:
No grape that's kindly ripe could be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the ring
Would not stay on which they did bring;
It was too wide a peck:
And, to say truth—for out it must—
It looked like the great collar—just—
About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they feared the light:
But oh! she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight.[*] . . .

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison;
Who sees them is undone;
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Cath'rine pear,
The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red; and one was thin,
Compared to that was next her chin,
Some bee had stung it newly;
But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze,
Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small, when she does speak,
Thou 'dst swear her teeth her words did break,
That they might passage get:
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not spent a whit. . . .

Passion o' me! how I run on!
There's that that would be thought upon,
I trow, besides the bride:
The bus'ness of the kitchen 's great,
For it is fit that men should eat;
Nor was it there denied.

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[1] Whitsun-ales were festive assemblies of the people of whole parishes at Whitsunday.

[*] Herrick, who had no occasion to steal, has taken this image from Suckling, and spoiled it in the theft:

> Her pretty feet, *like snails*, did creep
> A little out.

Like Sir Fretful Plagiary, Herrick had not skill to steal with taste. Wycherley also *purloined* Herrick's simile for one of his plays. The allusion to Easter-day is founded upon a beautiful old superstition of the English peasantry, that the sun dances upon that morning.

Just in the nick, the cook knocked thrice,
And all the waiters in a trice
His summons did obey;
Each serving-man, with dish in hand,
Marched boldly up, like our trained band,
Presented, and away.

When all the meat was on the table,
What man of knife, or teeth, was able
To stay to be entreated?
And this the very reason was,
Before the parson could say grace,
The company was seated.

Now hats fly off, and youths carouse;
Healths first go round, and then the house,
The bride's came thick and thick;
And when 'twas named another's health,
Perhaps he made it hers by stealth,
And who could help it, Dick?

O' the sudden up they rise and dance;
Then sit again, and sigh, and glance:
Then dance again, and kiss.
Thus several ways the time did pass,
Till every woman wished her place,
And every man wished his.

By this time all were stolen aside
To counsel and undress the bride:
But that he must not know:
But yet 'twas thought he guessed her mind,
And did not mean to stay behind
Above an hour or so.*

### *Constancy.*

Out upon it, I have loved
Three whole days together;
And am like to love three more,
If it prove fair weather.

Time shall moult away his wings,
Ere he shall discover
In the whole wide world again
Such a constant lover.

But the spite on 't is, no praise
Is due at all to me;
Love with me had made no stays,
Had it any been but she.

Had it any been but she,
And that very face,
There had been at least ere this
A dozen in her place.

### *Song.*

I prithee send me back my heart,
Since I can not have thine,
For if from yours you will not part,
Why, then, shouldst thou have mine?

Yet now I think on 't, let it lie;
To find it were in vain;
For thou 'st a thief in either eye
Would steal it back again.

Why should two hearts in one breast lie,
And yet not lodge together?
O Love! where is thy sympathy,
If thus our breasts thou sever?

But love is such a mystery,
I cannot find it out;
For when I think I 'm best resolved,
I then am in most doubt.

Then farewell care, and farewell woe,
I will no longer pine;
For I 'll believe I have her heart
As much as she has mine.

### *Song.*

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prithee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do 't?
Prithee, why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame; this will not move,
This cannot take her;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her:
The devil take her.

## RICHARD LOVELACE.

RICHARD LOVELACE (1618-1658) was another accomplished cavalier poet. He was well descended, being the son of Sir William Lovelace, knight. He was educated at Oxford, and afterwards presented at court. Anthony Wood describes him at the age of sixteen 'as the most amiable and beautiful person that eye ever beheld; a person also of innate modesty, virtue, and courtly deportment, which made him then, but especially after, when he retired to the great city, much admired and adored by the female sex.' Thus personally distinguished, and a royalist in principle, Lovelace was chosen by the county of Kent to deliver a petition to the House of Commons, praying that the king might be restored to his rights, and the government settled. The Long Parliament was then in the ascendant, and Lovelace was thrown into prison for his boldness. He was liberated on heavy bail, but spent his fortune in fruitless efforts to succour the royal cause. He afterwards served in the French army, and was wounded at Dunkirk. Returning in 1648, he was again imprisoned. To beguile the time of his confinement, he collected his poems, and published them in 1649, under the title of *Lucasta: Odes, Sonnets, Songs*, &c. &c. The general title was given them on account of the 'lady of his love,' Miss Lucy Sacheverell, whom he usually called *Lux Casta*. This was an unfortunate attachment; for the lady, hearing that Lovelace died of his wounds at Dunkirk, married another person. From this time the course of the poet was downward. The ascendant party did, indeed, release his person, when the death of the king had left them the less to fear from their opponents; but Lovelace was now penniless, and the reputation of a broken cavalier was no passport to better circumstances. It appears that, oppressed with want and melancholy, the gallant Lovelace fell into a consumption. Wood relates that he became 'very poor in body and purse, was the object of charity, went in ragged clothes, and mostly lodged in obscure and dirty places,' in one of which, situated in a miserable alley near Shoe Lane, he died in 1658. What a contrast to the gay and splendid scenes of his youth! Aubrey confirms the statement of Wood as to the reverse of fortune; but recent inquiries have rather tended to throw discredit on those pictures of the extreme misery of the poet. Destitute, however, he no doubt was, 'fallen from his high estate,' though not perhaps so low as to die an example of abject poverty and misery. The poetry of Lovelace, like his life, was very unequal. There is a spirit and nobleness in some of his verses and sentiments that charm the reader, as much as his gallant bearing and fine person captivated the fair. In general, however, they are affected, obscure, and harsh. His taste was perverted by the fashion of the day—the affected wit, ridiculous gallantry, and boasted licentiousness of the cavaliers. That Lovelace knew how to appreciate true taste and nature, may be seen from his lines on Lely's portrait of Charles I.:

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* The wedding thus immortalised was that of Lady Margaret Howard, daughter of the Earl of Suffolk, with Lord Broghill, afterwards Earl of Orrery.

See, what an humble bravery doth shine,
And grief triumphant breaking through each line,
How it commands the face! So sweet a scorn
Never did happy misery adorn!
So sacred a contempt that others shew
To this—o' the height of all the wheel—below;
That mightiest monarchs by this shaded book
May copy out their proudest, richest look.

Lord Byron hás been censured for a line in his *Bride of Abydos*, in which he says of his heroine:

The mind, the *music* breathing from her face.

The noble poet vindicates the expression on the broad ground of its truth and appositeness. He does not seem to have been aware—as was pointed out by Sir Egerton Brydges—that Lovelace first employed the same illustration, in a song of Orpheus, lamenting the death of his wife:

Oh, could you view the melody
Of every grace,
And *music of her face*,
You 'd drop a tear;
Seeing more harmony
In her bright eye
Than now you hear.

### *Song.*

Why should you swear I am forsworn,
  Since thine I vowed to be?
Lady, it is already morn,
  And 'twas last night I swore to thee
  That fond impossibility.

Have I not loved thee much and long,
  A tedious twelve hours' space?
I must all other beauties wrong,
  And rob thee of a new embrace,
  Could I still dote upon thy face.

Not but all joy in thy brown hair
  By others may be found;
But I must search the black and fair,
  Like skilful mineralists that sound
  For treasure in unploughed-up ground.

Then, if when I have loved my round,
  Thou prov'st the pleasant she;
With spoils of meaner beauties crowned,
  I laden will return to thee,
  Even sated with variety.

### *The Rose.*

Sweet, serene, sky-like flower,
Haste to adorn her bower:
From thy long cloudy bed
Shoot forth thy damask head.

Vermilion ball that 's given
From lip to lip in heaven;
Love's couch's coverlid;
Haste, haste to make her bed.

See! rosy is her bower,
Her floor is all thy flower;
Her bed a rosy nest,
By a bed of roses prest.

### *Song.*

Amarantha, sweet and fair,
Oh, braid no more that shining hair!
Let it fly, as unconfined,
As its calm ravisher, the wind;
Who hath left his darling, th' east,
To wanton o'er that spicy nest.
Every tress must be confest,
But neatly tangled, at the best;
Like a clue of golden thread
Most excellently ravelled.
Do not, then, wind up that light
In ribands, and o'ercloud in night,
Like the sun's in early ray;
But shake your head, and scatter day!

### *To Lucasta, on going to the Wars.*

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,
  That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,
  To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
  The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
  A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
  As you too shall adore;
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
  Loved I not honour more.

### *To Althea, from prison.*

When Love with unconfined wings
  Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
  To whisper at my grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair,
  And fettered to her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air
  Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
  With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses bound,
  Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
  When healths and draughts go free,
Fishes that tipple in the deep
  Know no such liberty.

When, like committed linnets, I
  With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
  And glories of my king;
When I shall voice aloud how good
  He is, how great should be,
Enlarged winds, that curl the flood,
  Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
  Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds, innocent and quiet, take
  That for an hermitage:
If I have freedom in my love,
  And in my soul am free;
Angels alone, that soar above,
  Enjoy such liberty.

## JOHN CLEVELAND.

JOHN CLEVELAND (1613–1658) was equally conspicuous for political loyalty and poetical conceit. His father was rector of a parish in Leicestershire. After completing his studies at Cambridge, the poet joined the royal army when the civil war broke out. He was the loudest and most strenuous poet of the cause, and distinguished himself by a fierce satire on the Scots in 1647. Two lines of this truculent party tirade present a conceit at which our countrymen may now smile:

Had Cain been Scot, God would have changed his doom;
Not forced him wander, but confined him home.

In 1655, the poet was seized at Norwich, and put in prison. He petitioned the Protector, stating that he was induced to believe that, next to his adherence to the royal party, the cause of his confinement was the narrowness of his estate; for none stood committed whose estate could bail them. 'I am the only prisoner,' he says, 'who have no acres to be my hostage;' and he ingeniously argues that poverty, if it is a fault, is its own punishment. Cromwell released the poor poet, who died three years afterwards in London. Independently of his strong and biting satires, which were the cause of his popularity while living, Cleveland wrote some love-verses containing genuine poetry, amidst a mass of affected metaphors and fancies. He carried gallantry to an extent bordering on the ludicrous, making all nature—sun and shade—do homage to his mistress.

### *On Phillis, Walking before Sunrise.*

The sluggish Morn as yet undressed,
My Phillis brake from out her rest,
As if she'd made a match to run
With Venus, usher to the sun.
The trees—like yeomen of her guard,
Serving more for pomp than ward,
Ranked on each side with loyal duty—
Wave branches to inclose her beauty.
The plants, whose luxury was lopped,
Or age with crutches underpropped,
Whose wooden carcasses are grown
To be but coffins of their own,
Revive, and at her general dole,
Each receives his ancient soul.
The winged choristers began
To chirp their matins; and the fan
Of whistling winds, like organs played
Unto their voluntaries, made
The wakened earth in odours rise
To be her morning sacrifice:
The flowers, called out of their beds,
Start and raise up their drowsy heads;
And he that for their colour seeks,
May find it vaulting in her cheeks,
Where roses mix; no civil war
Between her York and Lancaster.
The marigold, whose courtier's face
Echoes the sun, and doth unlace
Her at his rise, at his full stop
Packs and shuts up her gaudy shop,
Mistakes her cue, and doth display:
Thus Phillis antedates the day.
  These miracles had cramped the sun,
Who, thinking that his kingdom's won,
Powders with light his frizzled locks,
To see what saint his lustre mocks.
The trembling leaves through which he played,
Dappling the walk with light and shade—
Like lattice-windows—give the spy
Room but to peep with half an eye,
Lest her full orb his sight should dim,
And bid us all good-night in him:
Till she would spend a gentle ray,
To force us a new-fashioned day.
  But what new-fashioned palsy's this,
Which makes the boughs divest their bliss?
And that they might her footsteps straw,
Drop their leaves with shivering awe;
Phillis perceives, and—lest her stay
Should wed October unto May,
And as her beauty caused a spring,
Devotion might an autumn bring—
Withdrew her beams, yet made no night,
But left the sun her curate light.

In an *Elegy on the Archbishop of Canterbury* (Laud), Cleveland has some good lines.

How could success such villainies applaud?
The State in Strafford fell, the Church in Laud.
The twins of public rage adjudged to die
For treasons they should act by prophecy.
The facts were done before the laws were made,
The trump turned up after the game was played.
Be dull, great spirits, and forbear to climb,
For worth is sin, and eminence a crime.
No churchman can be innocent and high;
'Tis height makes Grantham steeple stand awry.

## JOHN CHALKHILL.

A pastoral romance, entitled *Thealma and Clearchus*, was published by Izaak Walton in 1683, with a title-page stating it to have been 'written *long since* by JOHN CHALKHILL, Esq. an acquaintant and friend of Edmund Spenser.' Walton tells us of the author, 'that he was in his time a man generally known, and as well beloved; for he was humble and obliging in his behaviour; a gentleman, a scholar, very innocent and prudent; and, indeed, his whole life was useful, quiet, and virtuous.' *Thealma and Clearchus* was reprinted by Mr Singer, who expressed an opinion that, as Walton had been silent upon the life of Chalkhill, he might be altogether a fictitious personage, and the poem be actually the composition of Walton himself. A critic in the *Retrospective Review*,* after investigating the circumstances, and comparing the *Thealma* with the acknowledged productions of Walton, comes to the same conclusion. Sir John Hawkins, the editor of Walton, seeks to overturn the hypothesis of Singer, by the following statement: 'Unfortunately, John Chalkhill's tomb of black marble is still to be seen on the walls of Winchester Cathedral, by which it appears he died in May 1679, at the age of eighty. Walton's preface speaks of him as dead in May 1678; but as the book was not published till 1683, when Walton was ninety years old, it is probably an error of memory.' The tomb in Winchester cannot be that of the author of *Thealma*, unless Walton committed a further error in styling Chalkhill an 'acquaintant and friend' of Spenser. Spenser died in 1599, the very year in which John Chalkhill, interred in Winchester Cathedral, must have been born. We should be happy to think that the *Thealma* was the composition of Walton, thus adding another laurel to his venerable brow; but the internal evidence seems to us to be wholly against such a supposition. The poetry is of a cast far too high for the muse of Izaak, which dwelt only by the side of trouting streams and among quiet meadows. The *nom de plume* of Chalkhill must also have been an old one with Walton, if he wrote *Thealma;* for, thirty years before its publication, he had inserted in his *Complete Angler* two songs, signed 'Jo. Chalkhill.' The disguise is altogether very unlike Izaak Walton, then ninety years of age, and remarkable for his unassuming worth, probity, and piety. We have no doubt, therefore, that *Thealma* is a genuine poem of the days of Charles or James I. The scene of this pastoral is laid in Arcadia, and the author, like the ancient poets, describes the Golden Age and all its charms, which were succeeded by an Age of Iron, on the introduction of ambition, avarice, and tyranny. The plot is complicated and obscure, and the characters are deficient in individuality. It must be read, like the *Faery Queen*, for its romantic descriptions, and its occasional felicity of language. The versification is that of the heroic couplet, varied, like Milton's *Lycidas*, by breaks and pauses in the middle of the line.

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* *Retrospective Review*, vol. iv. page 230. The article appears to have been written by Sir Egerton Brydges, who contributed largely to that work.

### *The Witch's Cave.*

Her cell was hewn out of the marble rock,
By more than human art; she need not knock;
The door stood always open, large and wide,
Grown o'er with woolly moss on either side,
And interwove with ivy's flattering twines,
Through which the carbuncle and diamond shines,
Not set by Art, but there by Nature sown
At the world's birth, so star-like bright they shone.
They served instead of tapers, to give light
To the dark entry, where perpetual Night,
Friend to black deeds, and sire of Ignorance,
Shuts out all knowledge, lest her eye by chance
Might bring to light her follies: in they went.
The ground was strewed with flowers, whose sweet scent,
Mixed with the choice perfumes from India brought,
Intoxicates his brain, and quickly caught
His credulous sense; the walls were gilt, and set
With precious stones, and all the roof was fret
With a gold vine, whose straggling branches spread
All o'er the arch; the swelling grapes were red;
This, Art had made of rubies, clustered so,
To the quick'st eye they more than seemed to grow;
About the walls lascivious pictures hung,
Such as were of loose Ovid sometimes sung.
On either side a crew of dwarfish elves
Held waxen tapers, taller than themselves:
Yet so well shaped unto their little stature,
So angel-like in face, so sweet in feature;
Their rich attire so differing; yet so well
Becoming her that wore it, none could tell
Which was the fairest, which the handsomest decked,
Or which of them desire would soon'st affect.
After a low salute, they all 'gan sing,
And circle in the stranger in a ring.
Orandra to her charms was stepped aside,
Leaving her guest half won and wanton-eyed.
He had forgot his herb: cunning delight
Had so bewitched his ears, and bleared his sight,
And captivated all his senses so,
That he was not himself: nor did he know
What place he was in, or how he came there,
But greedily he feeds his eye and ear
With what would ruin him. . . .
Next unto his view
She represents a banquet, ushered in
By such a shape as she was sure would win
His appetite to taste; so like she was
To his Clarinda, both in shape and face;
So voiced, so habited, of the same gait
And comely gesture; on her brow in state
Sat such a princely majesty as he
Had noted in Clarinda; save that she
Had a more wanton eye, that here and there
Rolled up and down, not settling anywhere.
Down on the ground she falls his hand to kiss,
And with her tears bedews it; cold as ice
He felt her lips, that yet inflamed him so,
That he was all on fire the truth to know,
Whether she was the same she did appear,
Or whether some fantastic form it were,
Fashioned in his imagination
By his still working thoughts; so fixed upon
His loved Clarinda, that his fancy strove,
Even with her shadow, to express his love.

### *The Priestess of Diana.*

Within a little silent grove hard by,
Upon a small ascent he might espy
A stately chapel, richly gilt without,
Beset with shady sycamores about:
And ever and anon he might well hear
A sound of music steal in at his ear
As the wind gave it being: so sweet an air
Would strike a syren mute. . . .
A hundred virgins there he might espy
Prostrate before a marble deity,
Which, by its portraiture, appeared to be
The image of Diana: on their knee
They tendered their devotions; with sweet airs,
Offering the incense of their praise and prayers.
Their garments all alike; beneath their paps,
Buckled together with a silver claps,
And cross their snowy silken robes, they wore
An azure scarf, with stars embroidered o'er.
Their hair in curious tresses was knit up,
Crowned with a silver crescent on the top.
A silver bow their left hand held; their right,
For their defence, held a sharp-headed flight,
Drawn from their 'broidered quiver, neatly tied
In silken cords, and fastened to their side.
Under their vestments, something short before,
White buskins, laced with ribanding, they wore.
It was a catching sight for a young eye,
That love had fired before: he might espy
One, whom the rest had sphere-like circled round,
Whose head was with a golden chaplet crowned.
He could not see her face, only his ear
Was blest with the sweet words that came from her.

## WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT—THOMAS RANDOLPH.

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT (1611–1643) was one of Ben Jonson's adopted sons of the Muses, and of his works Jonson remarked: 'My son Cartwright writes all like a man.' Cartwright was a favourite with his contemporaries, who loved him living, and deplored his early death. This poet was the son of an innkeeper at Cirencester, who had squandered away a patrimonial estate. In 1638, after completing his education at Oxford, Cartwright entered into holy orders. He was a zealous royalist, and was imprisoned by the parliamentary forces when they arrived in Oxford in 1642. In 1643, he was chosen junior proctor of the university, and was also reader in metaphysics. At this time, the poet is said to have studied sixteen hours a day! Towards the close of the same year, Cartwright caught a malignant fever, called the camp-disease, then prevalent at Oxford, and died December 23, 1643. The king, who was then at Oxford, went into mourning for Cartwright's death; and when his works were published in 1651, no less than fifty copies of encomiastic verses were prefixed to them by the wits and scholars of the time. It is difficult to conceive, from the perusal of Cartwright's poems, why he should have obtained such extraordinary applause and reputation. His pieces are mostly short, occasional productions, addresses to ladies and noblemen, or to his brother-poets Fletcher and Jonson, or slight amatory effusions not distinguished for elegance or fancy. His youthful virtues, his learning, loyalty, and admiration of genius, seem to have mainly contributed to his popularity, and his premature death would renew and deepen the impression of his worth and talents. Cartwright must have cultivated poetry in his youth: he was only twenty-six when Ben Jonson died, and the compliment quoted above seems to prove that he had then been busy with his pen. He mourned the loss of his poetical father in one of his best effusions, in which he thus eulogises Jonson's dramatic powers:

> But thou still puts true passion on; dost write
> With the same courage that tried captains fight;
> Giv'st the right blush and colour unto things;
> Low without creeping, high without loss of wings;
> Smooth yet not weak, and, by a thorough care,
> Big without swelling, without painting, fair.

THOMAS RANDOLPH (1605-1634) published a collection of miscellaneous poems, in addition to five dramatic pieces. He was born at Newnham, near Daventry, in Northamptonshire, and was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. He was early distinguished for his talents, which procured him the friendship of Ben Jonson and the other wits of the day. Ben enrolled him among his adopted sons; but Randolph fell into intemperate habits, and the fine promise of his genius was destroyed by his death at the age of twenty-nine. A monument was erected to his memory by Sir Christopher Hatton. We subjoin short extracts —the first two from Cartwright's poems, the remainder by Randolph.

### *To a Lady Veiled.*

So Love appeared, when, breaking out his way
From the dark chaos, he first shed the day;
Newly awaked out of the bud, so shews
The half-seen, half-hid glory of the rose,
As you do through your veils; and I may swear,
Viewing you so, that beauty doth bide there.
So Truth lay under fables, that the eye
Might reverence the mystery, not descry;
Light being so proportioned, that no more
Was seen, but what might cause men to adore:
Thus is your dress so ordered, so contrived,
As 'tis but only poetry revived.
Such doubtful light had sacred groves, where rods
And twigs at last did shoot up into gods;
Where, then, a shade darkeneth the beauteous face,
May I not pay a reverence to the place?
So, under water, glimmering stars appear,
As those—but nearer stars—your eyes do here;
So deities darkened sit, that we may find
A better way to see them in our mind.
No bold Ixion, then, be here allowed,
Where Juno dares herself be in the cloud.
Methinks the first age comes again, and we
See a retrieval of simplicity.
Thus looks the country virgin, whose brown hue
Hoods her, and makes her shew even veiled as you.
Blest mean, that checks our hope, and spurs our fear,
Whiles all doth not lie hid, nor all appear!
O fear ye no assaults from bolder men;
When they assail, be this your armour then.
A silken helmet may defend those parts
Where softer kisses are the only darts!

### *A Valediction.*

Bid me not go where neither suns nor showers
    Do make or cherish flowers;
Where discontented things in sadness lie,
    And Nature grieves as I;
When I am parted from those eyes
From which my better day doth rise,
    Though some propitious power
    Should plant me in a bower,
Where, amongst happy lovers, I might see
    How showers and sunbeams bring
    One everlasting spring;
Nor would those fall, nor these shine forth to me.
    Nature herself to him is lost,
    Who loseth her he honours most.
Then, fairest, to my parting view display
    Your graces all in one full day;
Whose blessed shapes I 'll snatch and keep, till when
    I do return and view again:
So by this art, fancy shall fortune cross,
And lovers live by thinking on their loss.

### *To My Picture.*

When age hath made me what I am not now,
And every wrinkle tells me where the plough
Of Time hath furrowed; when an ice shall flow
Through every vein, and all my head be snow;
When Death displays his coldness in my cheek,
And I myself in my own picture seek,
Not finding what I am, but what I was;
In doubt which to believe, this or my glass;
Yet though I alter, this remains the same
As it was drawn, retains the primitive frame,
And first complexion; here will still be seen
Blood on the cheek, and down upon the chin:
Here the smooth brow will stay, the lively eye,
The ruddy lip, and hair of youthful dye.
Behold what frailty we in man may see,
Whose shadow is less given to change than he![*]

### *To a Lady admiring herself in a Looking-glass.*

    Fair lady, when you see the grace
    Of beauty in your looking-glass;
    A stately forehead, smooth and high,
    And full of princely majesty;

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[*] When Wilkie was in the Escurial, looking at Titian's famous picture of the 'Last Supper,' in the Refectory there, an old Jeronimite said to him: 'I have sat daily in sight of that picture for now nearly threescore years; during that time my companions have dropped off, one after another—all who were my seniors, all who were my contemporaries, and many, or most of those who were younger than myself; more than one generation has passed away, and there the figures in the picture have remained unchanged! I look at them till I sometimes think that they are the realities, and we but shadows.'—*Southey's 'Doctor,' chap. 97, and Wordsworth's 'Lines on a Portrait.'*

A sparkling eye, no gem so fair,
Whose lustre dims the Cyprian star;
A glorious cheek, divinely sweet,
Wherein both roses kindly meet;
A cherry lip that would entice
Even gods to kiss at any price;
You think no beauty is so rare
That with your shadow might compare;
That your reflection is alone
The thing that men most dote upon.
Madam, alas! your glass doth lie,
And you are much deceived; for I
A beauty know of richer grace—
Sweet, be not angry—'tis your face.
Hence, then, O learn more mild to be,
And leave to lay your blame on me:
If me your real substance move,
When you so much your shadow love,
Wise nature would not let your eye
Look on her own bright majesty;
Which, had you once but gazed upon,
You could, except yourself, love none:
What, then, you cannot love, let me;
That face I can, you cannot see.
'Now you have what to love,' you 'll say,
'What then is left for me, I pray?'
My face, sweet heart, if it please thee;
That which you can, I cannot see:
So either love shall gain his due,
Yours, sweet, in me, and mine in you.

## RICHARD CRASHAW.

Richard Crashaw, a religious poet, whose devotional strains and 'lyric raptures' evince the highest genius, was the son of a preacher at the Temple Church, London. The date of his birth is not known; but in 1632 he was elected a scholar of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge. He was afterwards at Peterhouse, and obtained a Fellowship in 1637. He lived for the greater part of several years in St Mary's Church, near Peterhouse, engaged chiefly in religious offices and writing devotional poetry; and as the preface to his works informs us, 'like a primitive saint, offering more prayers by night than others usually offer in the day.' He is said to have been an eloquent and powerful preacher. Being ejected from his fellowship for non-compliance with the rules of the parliamentary army, he removed to France, and became a proselyte to the Roman Catholic faith. Through the friendship of Cowley, Crashaw obtained the notice of Henrietta Maria, then at Paris, and was recommended by her majesty to the dignitaries of the church in Italy. He became secretary to one of the cardinals, and a canon of the church of Loretto. In this situation, Crashaw died about the year 1650. Cowley honoured his memory with

The meed of a melodious tear.

The poet was an accomplished scholar, and his translations from the Latin and Italian possess great freedom, force, and beauty. He translated part of the *Sospetto d'Herode* from the Italian of Marino; and passages of Crashaw's version are not unworthy of Milton, who had evidently seen the work. He thus describes the abode of Satan:

Below the bottom of the great abyss,
There, where one centre reconciles all things,
The world's profound heart pants; there placed is
Mischief's old master; close about him clings
A curled knot of embracing snakes, that kiss
His correspondent cheeks: these loathsome strings
Hold the perverse prince in eternal ties
Fast bound, since first he forfeited the skies. . . .

Fain would he have forgot what fatal strings
Eternally bind each rebellious limb;
He shook himself, and spread his spacious wings,
Which like two bosomed sails, embrace the dim
Air with a dismal shade, but all in vain;
Of sturdy adamant is his strong chain.

While thus Heaven's highest counsels, by the low
Footsteps of their effects, he traced too well,
He tossed his troubled eyes—embers that glow
Now with new rage, and wax too hot for hell;
With his foul claws he fenced his furrowed brow,
And gave a ghastly shriek, whose horrid yell
Ran trembling through the hollow vault of night.

While at Cambridge, Crashaw published, in 1634, a volume of Latin poems and epigrams, in one of which occurs the well-known conceit relative to the sacred miracle of water being turned into wine:

Lympha pudica Deum vidit et erubuit.
['The modest water saw its God and blushed.']

In 1646 appeared his English poems, *Steps to the Temple*, *The Delights of the Muses*, and *Carmen Deo Nostro*. The greater part of the volume consists of religious poetry, in which Crashaw occasionally addresses the Saviour, the Virgin Mary, and Mary Magdalen, with all the passionate earnestness and fervour of a lover. He had an extravagant admiration of the mystic writings of St Theresa, founder of the Carmelites, which seems to have had a bad effect on his own taste, naturally prone to carry any favourite object, feeling, or passion to excess. In these flights into the third heavens, 'with all his garlands and singing robes about him,' Crashaw luxuriates among

An hundred thousand loves and graces,
And many a mystic thing
Which the divine embraces
Of the dear Spouse of Spirits with them will bring;
For which it is no shame
That dull mortality must not know a name.

Such seem to have been his daily contemplations, the heavenly manna on which his young spirit fed with delight. This mystical style of thought and fancy naturally led to exaggeration and to conceits. The latter pervaded all the poetry of the time, and Crashaw could hardly escape the infection, even if there had not been in his peculiar case strong predisposing causes. But, amidst all his abstractions, metaphors, and apostrophes, Crashaw is seldom tedious. His imagination was copious and varied. He had, as Coleridge has remarked, a 'power and opulence of invention,' and his versification is sometimes highly musical. With more taste and judgment—which riper years might have produced—Crashaw would have outstripped most of his contemporaries, even Cowley. No poet of his day is so rich in 'barbaric pearl and gold,' the genuine ore of poetry. It is deeply to be regretted that his life had not been longer, more calm and fortunate—realising his own exquisite lines:

A happy soul, that all the way
To heaven hath a summer's day.

Amidst his visions of angels ascending and descending, Crashaw had little time or relish for earthly love. He has, however, left a copy of verses, entitled *Wishes to a Supposed Mistress*, in which are some fine thoughts. Remembering Sir Philip Sidney and his *Arcadia*, Crashaw desires his fair one to possess

Sydneian showers
Of sweet discourse, whose powers
Can crown old Winter's head with flowers.

Whate'er delight
Can make Day's forehead bright,
Or give down to the wings of Night.

Soft silken hours,
Open suns, shady bowers;
'Bove all, nothing within that lowers.

We quote two similes, the first reminding us of a passage in Jeremy Taylor's *Holy Dying*, and the second of one of Shakspeare's best sonnets:

I 've seen, indeed, the hopeful bud
Of a ruddy rose, that stood,
Blushing to behold the ray
Of the new-saluted day;
His tender top not fully spread;
The sweet dash of a shower new shed,
Invited him no more to hide
Within himself the purple pride
Of his forward flower, when lo,
While he sweetly 'gan to shew
His swelling glories, Auster spied him;
Cruel Auster thither hied him,
And with the rush of one rude blast
Shamed not spitefully to waste
All his leaves so fresh and sweet,
And lay them trembling at his feet.
I 've seen the morning's lovely ray
Hover o'er the new-born day,
With rosy wings, so richly bright,
As if he scorned to think of night,
When a ruddy storm, whose scowl
Made heaven's radiant face look foul,
Called for an untimely night
To blot the newly blossomed light.

The felicity and copiousness of Crashaw's language are, however, best seen from his translations; and we subjoin entire his version of *Music's Duel*, from the Latin of Strada. It is seldom that so sweet and luxurious a strain of pure description and sentiment greets us in our poetical pilgrimage:

### *Music's Duel.*

Now westward Sol had spent the richest beams
Of noon's high glory, when, hard by the streams
Of Tiber, on the scene of a green plat,
Under protection of an oak, there sat
A sweet lute's-master; in whose gentle airs
He lost the day's heat, and his own hot cares.
Close in the covert of the leaves there stood
A nightingale, come from the neighbouring wood—
The sweet inhabitant of each glad tree,
Their muse, their syren, harmless syren she—
There stood she listening, and did entertain
The music's soft report, and mould the same
In her own murmurs; that whatever mood
His curious fingers lent, her voice made good:
The man perceived his rival, and her art,
Disposed to give the light-foot lady sport,
Awakes his lute, and 'gainst the fight to come
Informs it in a sweet præludium
Of closer strains, and ere the war begin,
He lightly skirmishes on every string
Charged with a flying touch; and straightway she
Carves out her dainty voice as readily,
Into a thousand sweet distinguished tones,
And reckons up in soft divisions
Quick volumes of wild notes, to let him know,
By that shrill taste, she could do something too.
His nimble hand's instinct then taught each string
A capering cheerfulness, and made them sing
To their own dance; now negligently rash
He throws his arm, and with a long-drawn dash
Blends all together; then distinctly trips
From this to that, then quick returning, skips
And snatches this again, and pauses there.
She measures every measure, everywhere
Meets art with art; sometimes, as if in doubt
Not perfect yet, and fearing to be out,
Trails her plain ditty in one long-spun note,
Through the sleek passage of her open throat,
A clear unwrinkled song; then doth she point it
With tender accents, and severely joint it
By short diminutives, that, being reared
In controverting warbles, evenly shared,
With her sweet self she wrangles; he amazed,
That from so small a channel should be raised
The torrent of a voice, whose melody
Could melt into such sweet variety,
Strains higher yet, that, tickled with rare art,
The tattling strings, each breathing in his part,
Most kindly do fall out; the grumbling base
In surly groans disdains the treble's grace;
The high-perched treble chirps at this, and chides,
Until his finger (moderator) hides
And closes the sweet quarrel, rousing all
Hoarse, shrill at once; as when the trumpets call
Hot Mars to the harvest of death's field, and woo
Men's hearts into their hands. This lesson too
She gives them back: her supple breast thrills out
Sharp airs, and staggers in a warbling doubt
Of dallying sweetness, hovers o'er her skill,
And folds in waved notes, with a trembling bill,
The pliant series of her slippery song;
Then starts she suddenly into a throng
Of short thick sobs, whose thundering volleys float
And roll themselves over her lubric throat
In panting murmurs, stilled out of her breast;
That ever-bubbling spring, the sugared nest
Of her delicious soul, that there does lie
Bathing in streams of liquid melody;
Music's best seed-plot; when in ripened ears
A golden-headed harvest fairly rears
His honey-dropping tops, ploughed by her breath
Which there reciprocally laboureth.
In that sweet soil it seems a holy quire,
Sounded to the name of great Apollo's lyre;
Whose silver roof rings with the sprightly notes
Of sweet-lipped angel-imps, that swill their throats
In cream of morning Helicon, and then
Prefer soft anthems to the ears of men,
To woo them from their beds, still murmuring
That men can sleep while they their matins sing—
Most divine service—whose so early lay
Prevents the eyelids of the blushing day.
There might you hear her kindle her soft voice,
In the close murmur of a sparkling noise;
And lay the groundwork of her hopeful song,
Still keeping in the forward stream so long,
Till a sweet whirlwind—striving to get out—
Heaves her soft bosom, wanders round about,
And makes a pretty earthquake in her breast,
Till the fledged notes at length forsake their nest,
Fluttering in wanton shoals, and to the sky,
Winged with their own wild echoes, prattling fly.
She opes the flood-gate, and lets loose a tide
Of streaming sweetness, which in state doth ride

On the waved back of every swelling strain,
Rising and falling in a pompous train,
And while she thus discharges a shrill peal
Of flashing airs, she qualifies their zeal
With the cool epode of a graver note;
Thus high, thus low, as if her silver throat
Would reach the brazen voice of war's hoarse bird;
Her little soul is ravished, and so poured
Into loose ecstasies, that she is placed
Above herself, Music's enthusiast.
Shame now and anger mixed a double stain
In the musician's face: 'Yet, once again,
Mistress, I come. Now reach a strain, my lute,
Above her mock, or be for ever mute.
Or tune a song of victory to me,
Or to thyself sing thine own obsequy.'
So said, his hands sprightly as fire he flings,
And with a quavering coyness tastes the strings:
The sweet-lipped sisters musically frighted,
Singing their fears, are fearfully delighted:
Trembling as when Apollo's golden hairs
Are fanned and frizzled in the wanton airs
Of his own breath, which, married to his lyre,
Doth tune the spheres, and make heaven's self look higher;
From this to that, from that to this he flies,
Feels Music's pulse in all her arteries;
Caught in a net which there Apollo spreads,
His fingers struggle with the vocal threads,
Following those little rills, he sinks into
A sea of Helicon; his hand does go
Those parts of sweetness which with nectar drop,
Softer than that which pants in Hebe's cup:
The humorous strings expound his learned touch
By various glosses; now they seem to grutch,
And murmur in a buzzing din, then jingle
In shrill-tongued accents, striving to be single;
Every smooth turn, every delicious stroke
Gives life to some new grace; thus doth he invoke
Sweetness by all her names: thus, bravely thus—
Fraught with a fury so harmonious—
The lute's light genius now does proudly rise,
Heaved on the surges of swollen rhapsodies;
Whose flourish—meteor-like—doth curl the air
With flash of high-born fancies, here and there
Dancing in lofty measures, and anon
Creeps on the soft touch of a tender tone,
Whose trembling murmurs, melting in wild airs,
Run to and fro, complaining his sweet cares;
Because those precious mysteries that dwell
In Music's ravished soul he dare not tell
But whisper to the world: thus do they vary,
Each string his note, as if they meant to carry
Their master's blest soul—snatched out at his ears
By a strong ecstasy—through all the spheres
Of Music's heaven; and seat it there on high,
In the empyreum of pure harmony.
At length, after so long, so loud a strife
Of all the strings, still breathing the best life
Of blest variety, attending on
His fingers' fairest revolution,
In many a sweet rise, many as sweet a fall—
A full-mouthed diapason swallows all.
This done, he lists what she would say to this;
And she, although her breath's late exercise
Had dealt too roughly with her tender throat,
Yet summons all her sweet powers for a note.
Alas! in vain! for while—sweet soul—she tries
To measure all those wild diversities
Of chatt'ring strings by the small size of one
Poor simple voice, raised in a natural tone,
She fails, and failing grieves, and grieving dies:
She dies, and leaves her life the victor's prize,
Falling upon his lute. Oh, fit to have—
That lived so sweetly—dead, so sweet a grave!

### *Temperance, or the Cheap Physician.*

Hark, hither, reader! wilt thou see
Nature her own physician be?
Wilt see a man, all his own wealth,
His own music, his own health;
A man whose sober soul can tell
How to wear her garments well;
Her garments, that upon her sit,
As garments should do, close and fit;
A well-clothed soul that 's not oppressed
Nor choked with what she should be dressed;
A soul sheathed in a crystal shrine,
Through which all her bright features shine;
As when a piece of wanton lawn,
A thin aërial veil, is drawn
O'er Beauty's face, seeming to hide,
More sweetly shews the blushing bride;
A soul, whose intellectual beams
No mists do mask, no lazy steams—
A happy soul, that all the way
To heaven hath a summer's day?
Wouldst see a man, whose well-warmed blood
Bathes him in a genuine flood?
A man whose tuned humours be
A seat of rarest harmony?
Wouldst see blithe looks, fresh cheeks, beguile
Age? Wouldst see December smile?
Wouldst see nests of new roses grow
In a bed of reverend snow?
Warm thoughts, free spirits flattering
Winter's self into a spring?
In sum, wouldst see a man that can
Live to be old, and still a man?
Whose latest and most leaden hours
Fall with soft wings, stuck with soft flowers;
And when life's sweet fable ends,
Soul and body part like friends;
No quarrels, murmurs, no delay;
A kiss, a sigh, and so away:
This rare one, reader, wouldst thou see?
Hark, hither! and thyself be he.

### *Lines on a Prayer-book sent to Mrs R.*

Lo! here a little volume, but large book
(Fear it not, sweet,
It is no hypocrite),
Much larger in itself than in its look.
It is, in one rich handful, heaven and all—
Heaven's royal hosts encamped thus small;
To prove that true, schools used to tell,
A thousand angels in one point can dwell.

It is Love's great artillery,
Which here contracts itself, and comes to lie
Close couched in your white bosom, and from thence,
As from a snowy fortress of defence,
Against the ghostly foe to take your part,
And fortify the hold of your chaste heart.
It is the armoury of light:
Let constant use but keep it bright,
You 'll find it yields
To holy hands and humble hearts,
More swords and shields
Than sin hath snares or hell hath darts.

Only be sure
The hands be pure
That hold these weapons, and the eyes
Those of turtles, chaste and true,
Wakeful and wise,
Here is a friend shall fight for you.
Hold but this book before your heart,
Let Prayer alone to play his part.

But oh! the heart
That studies this high art
Must be a sure housekeeper,
And yet no sleeper.

Dear soul, be strong;
Mercy will come ere long,
And bring her bosom full of blessings—
Flowers of never-fading graces,
To make immortal dressings,
For worthy souls whose wise embraces
Store up themselves for Him who is alone
The spouse of virgins, and the Virgin's son.

### *From 'Hymn to the Name of Jesus.'*

Come, lovely name! life of our hope!
Lo, we hold our hearts wide ope!
Unlock thy cabinet of day,
Dearest sweet, and come away.
Lo, how the thirsty lands
Gasp for thy golden showers, with long-stretched hands!
Lo, how the labouring earth,
That hopes to be
All heaven by thee,
Leaps at thy birth!
The attending world, to wait thy rise,
First turned to eyes;
And then, not knowing what to do,
Turned them to tears, and spent them too.
Come, royal name! and pay the expense
Of all this precious patience:
Oh, come away
And kill the death of this delay.
O see, so many worlds of barren years
Melted and measured out in seas of tears!
Oh, see the weary lids of wakeful hope—
Love's eastern windows—all wide ope
With curtains drawn,
To catch the daybreak of thy dawn!
Oh, dawn at last, long-looked-for day!
Take thine own wings and come away.
Lo, where aloft it comes! It comes, among
The conduct of adoring spirits, that throng
Like diligent bees, and swarm about it.
Oh, they are wise,
And know what sweets are sucked from out it.
It is the hive
By which they thrive,
Where all their hoard of honey lies.
Lo, where it comes, upon the snowy dove's
Soft back, and brings a bosom big with loves.
Welcome to our dark world, thou womb of day!
Unfold thy fair conceptions; and display
The birth of our bright joys. . . .
Sweet name! in thy each syllable
A thousand blest Arabias dwell;
A thousand hills of frankincense;
Mountains of myrrh and beds of spices,
And ten thousand paradises,
The soul that tastes thee takes from thence.
How many unknown worlds there are
Of comforts, which thou hast in keeping!
How many thousand mercies there
In Pity's soft lap lie a-sleeping!
Happy he who has the art
To awake them,
And to take them
Home, and lodge them in his heart!
Oh, that it were as it was wont to be,
When thy old friends, on fire all full of thee,
Fought against frowns with smiles; gave glorious chase
To persecutions; and against the face
Of death and fiercest dangers, durst with brave
And sober pace march on to meet a grave!
On their bold breasts about the world they bore thee,
And to the teeth of hell stood up to teach thee;
In centre of their inmost souls they wore thee,
Where racks and torments strived in vain to reach thee.
Little, alas! thought they
Who tore the fair breasts of thy friends,
Their fury but made way
For thee, and served them in thy glorious ends.
What did their weapons, but with wider pores
Enlarge thy flaming-breasted lovers,
More freely to transpire
That impatient fire
The heart that hides thee hardly covers?
What did their weapons, but set wide the doors
For thee? fair purple doors, of love's devising;
The ruby windows which enriched the east
Of thy so oft-repeated rising.
Each wound of theirs was thy new morning,
And re-enthroned thee in thy rosy nest,
With blush of thine own blood thy day adorning:
It was the wit of love o'erflowed the bounds
Of wrath, and made the way through all these wounds.
Welcome, dear, all-adored name!
For sure there is no knee
That knows not thee;
Or if there be such sons of shame,
Alas! what will they do,
When stubborn rocks shall bow,
And hills hang down their heaven-saluting heads
To seek for humble beds
Of dust, where, in the bashful shades of night,
Next to their own low nothing they may lie,
And couch before the dazzling light of thy dread Majesty.
They that by love's mild dictate now
Will not adore thee,
Shall then, with just confusion, bow
And break before thee.

## DR WILLIAM STRODE.

This accomplished divine (whose scattered poetical pieces deserve collection) was born near Plympton, Devonshire, about 1598. He studied at Christchurch, Oxford, took orders in 1621, and was installed canon of Christchurch in 1638. He died April 10, 1644.

### *Answer to 'The Lover's Melancholy.'*

Return, my joys! and hither bring
A tongue not made to speak, but sing,
A jolly spleen, an inward feast;
A causeless laugh without a jest;
A face which gladness doth anoint;
An arm for joy, flung out of joint;
A sprightful gait that leaves no print,
And makes a feather of a flint;
A heart that 's lighter than the air;
An eye still dancing in its sphere;
Strong mirth which nothing shall control;
A body nimbler than a soul;
Free wandering thoughts not tied to muse,
Which, thinking all things, nothing choose,
Which, ere we see them come, are gone:
These life itself doth feed upon.
Men take no care but only to be jolly;
To be more wretched than we must, is folly.

### *Kisses.*

My love and I for kisses played:
She would keep stakes—I was content;
But when I won, she would be paid;
This made me ask her what she meant.
'Pray, since I see,' quoth she, 'your wrangling vein,
Take your own kisses; give me mine again.'

### ROBERT HERRICK.

One of the most exquisite of our early lyrical poets was ROBERT HERRICK, born in Cheapside, London, in 1591. He studied at Cambridge, and having entered into holy orders, was presented by Charles I. in 1629, to the vicarage of Dean Prior, in Devonshire. After about twenty years' residence in this rural parish, Herrick was ejected from his living by the storms of the civil war, which, as Jeremy Taylor says, 'dashed the vessel of the church and state all in pieces.' Whatever regret the poet may have felt on being turned adrift on the world, he could have experienced little on parting with his parishioners, for he describes them in much the same way as Crabbe portrayed the natives of Suffolk, among whom he was cast in early life, as a 'wild amphibious race,' rude 'almost as salvages,' and 'churlish as the seas.' Herrick gives us a glimpse of his own character:

Born I was to meet with age,
And to walk life's pilgrimage:
Much, I know, of time is spent;
Tell I can't what 's resident.
Howsoever, cares adieu!
I 'll have nought to say to you;
But I 'll spend my coming hours
Drinking wine and crowned with flowers.

This light and genial temperament would enable the poet to ride out the storm in composure. About the time that he lost his vicarage, Herrick appears to have published his works. His *Noble Numbers*, or *Pious Pieces*, are dated 1647; his *Hesperides*, or the *Works, both Humane and Divine, of Robert Herrick, Esquire*, in 1648. The clerical prefix to his name seems now to have been abandoned by the poet; and there are certainly many pieces in the second volume which would not become one ministering at the altar, or belonging to the sacred profession. Herrick lived in Westminster, and was supported or assisted by the wealthy royalists. He associated with the jovial spirits of the age. He 'quaffed the mighty bowl' with Ben Jonson, but could not, he tells us, 'thrive in frenzy,' like rare Ben, who seems to have excelled all his fellow-compotators in sallies of wild wit and high imaginations. The recollection of these 'brave translunary scenes' of the poets inspired the muse of Herrick in the following strain:

Ah Ben!
Say how or when
Shall we, thy guests,
Meet at those lyric feasts
Made at the Sun,
The Dog, the Triple Tun;
Where we such clusters had
As made us nobly wild, not mad?
And yet each verse of thine
Outdid the meat, outdid the frolic wine.

My Ben!
Or come again,
Or send to us
Thy wit's great overplus.
But teach us yet
Wisely to husband it;
Lest we that talent spend;
And having once brought to an end
That precious stock, the store
Of such a wit, the world should have no more.

After the Restoration, Herrick was replaced in his Devonshire vicarage. How he was received by the 'rude salvages' of Dean Prior, or how he felt on quitting the gaieties of the metropolis, to resume his clerical duties and seclusion, is not recorded. He was now about seventy years of age, and was probably tired of canary sack and tavern jollities. He had an undoubted taste for the pleasures of a country life, if we may judge from his works, and the fondness with which he dwells on old English festivals and rural customs. Though his rhymes were sometimes wild, he says his life was chaste, and he repented of his errors:

For these my unbaptised rhymes,
Writ in my wild unhallowed times,
For every sentence, clause, and word,
That 's not inlaid with thee, O Lord!
Forgive me, God, and blot each line
Out of my book that is not thine;
But if, 'mongst all, thou findest one
Worthy thy benediction,
That one of all the rest shall be
The glory of my work and me.

The poet would better have evinced the sincerity and depth of his contrition by blotting out the unbaptised rhymes himself, or not reprinting them; but the vanity of the author probably triumphed over the penitence of the Christian. Gaiety was the natural element of Herrick. His muse was a goddess fair and free, that did not move happily in serious numbers. The time of the poet's death was long unknown; but the parish register shews that he was interred at Dean Prior, on the 15th of October 1674.

The poetical works of Herrick lay neglected for many years after his death. They are now again in esteem, especially his shorter lyrics, some of which have been set to music, and are sung and quoted by all lovers of song. His verses, *Cherry Ripe*, and *Gather the Rose-buds while ye may*—though the sentiment and many of the expressions of the latter are taken from Spenser—possess a delicious mixture of playful fancy and natural feeling. Those *To Blossoms*, *To Daffodils*, and *To Primroses*, have a tinge of pathos that wins its way to the heart. They abound, like all Herrick's poems, in lively imagery and conceits; but the pensive moral feeling predominates, and we feel that the poet's smiles might as well be tears. Shakspeare and Jonson had scattered such delicate fancies and snatches of lyrical melody among their plays and masks—Milton's *Comus* and the *Arcades* had also been published—Carew and Suckling were before him—Herrick was, therefore, not without models of the highest excellence in this species of composition. There is, however, in his songs and anacreontics, an unforced gaiety and natural tenderness, that shew he wrote chiefly from the impulses of his own cheerful and happy nature. The select beauty and picturesqueness of Herrick's language, when he is in his happiest vein, is worthy of his fine conceptions; and his versification is harmony itself. His verses bound and flow like some exquisite lively melody, that echoes nature by wood and dell, and presents new beauties at every turn and winding. The strain is short, and sometimes fantastic; but the notes long linger in the mind, and take their place for ever in the memory. One or two words, such as 'gather the rose-buds,' call up a summer landscape, with youth, beauty, flowers, and music. This is, and ever must be, true poetry.

### *To Blossoms.*

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do you fall so fast?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here awhile,
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What! were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good-night?
'Twas pity nature brought ye forth
Merely to shew your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave:
And after they have shewn their pride,
Like you awhile, they glide
Into the grave.

### *To Daffodils.*

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attained his noon:
Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the even-song;
And having prayed together, we
Will go with you along!

We have short time to stay as you;
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you or anything:
We die,
As your hours do; and dry
Away
Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning-dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

### *Cherry Ripe.*

Cherry ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry,
Full and fair ones—come and buy!
If so be you ask me where
They do grow?—I answer: There,
Where my Julia's lips do smile—
There's the land, or cherry-isle;
Whose plantations fully shew
All the year where cherries grow.

### *The Kiss—A Dialogue.*

1. Among thy fancies, tell me this:
What is the thing we call a kiss?
2. I shall resolve ye what it is:

It is a creature born and bred
Between the lips, all cherry red;
By love and warm desires fed;
*Chor.*—And makes more soft the bridal-bed:

2. It is an active flame, that flies
First to the babies of the eyes,
And charms them there with lullabies;
*Chor.*—And stills the bride, too, when she cries:

2. Then to the chin, the cheek, the ear,
It frisks and flies: now here, now there;
'Tis now far off, and then 'tis near;
*Chor.*—And here, and there, and everywhere.

1. Has it a speaking virtue?—2. Yes.
1. How speaks it, say?—2. Do you but this,
Part your joined lips, then speaks your kiss;
*Chor.*—And this love's sweetest language is.

1. Has it a body?—2. Ay, and wings,
With thousand rare encolourings;
And as it flies, it gently sings,
*Chor.*—Love honey yields, but never stings.

### *To the Virgins, to make much of their Time.*

Gather the rose-buds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying,
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a-getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But, being spent, the worse, and worst
Time shall succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, go marry;
For, having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

### *Twelfth-night, or King and Queen.*

Now, now the mirth comes,*
With the cake full of plums,
Where bean's the king of the sport here
Beside, we must know,
The pea also
Must revel as queen in the court here.

Begin then to choose,
This night, as ye use,
Who shall for the present delight here;
Be a king by the lot,
And who shall not
Be Twelfth-day queen for the night here.

Which known, let us make
Joy-sops with the cake;
And let not a man then be seen here,
Who unurged will not drink,
To the base from the brink,
A health to the king and the queen here.

Next crown the bowl full
With gentle lamb's-wool;[1]
Add sugar, nutmeg, and ginger,
With store of ale, too;
And thus ye must do
To make the wassail a swinger.

Give them to the king
And queen wassailing;
And though with ale ye be wet here;
Yet part ye from hence,
As free from offence,
As when ye innocent met here.

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* Amongst the sports proper to Twelfth-night in England, was the partition of a cake with a bean and pea in it: the individuals who got the bean and pea were respectively king and queen for the evening.

[1] A drink of warm ale, with roasted apples and spices in it. The term is a corruption from the Celtic.

### *The Bellman.*

Along the dark and silent night,
With my lantern and my light,
And the tinkling of my bell,
Thus I walk, and thus I tell:
Death and dreadfulness call on
To the general session;
To whose dismal bar, we there
All accounts must come to clear.
Scores of sins we 've made here, many;
Wiped out few—God knows if any!
Rise, ye debtors, then, and fall
To make payment while I call.
Ponder this, when I am gone;
By the clock 'tis almost one.

### *Julia.*

Some asked me where the rubies grew,
And nothing did I say,
But with my finger pointed to
The lips of Julia.

Some asked how pearls did grow, and where;
Then spake I to my girl,
To part her lips, and shew me there
The quarrelets of pearl.

One asked me where the roses grew,
I bade him not go seek;
But forthwith bade my Julia shew
A bud in either cheek.

### *Upon Julia's Recovery.*

Droop, droop no more, or hang the head,
Ye roses almost withered;
New strength and newer purple get
Each here declining violet;
O primroses, let this day be
A resurrection unto ye;
And to all flowers allied in blood,
Or sworn to that sweet sisterhood.
For health on Julia's cheek hath shed
Claret and cream commingled;
And these her lips do now appear
As beams of coral, but more clear.

### *The Bag of the Bee.*

About the sweet bag of a bee,
Two Cupids fell at odds;
And whose the pretty prize should be,
They vowed to ask the gods.

Which Venus hearing, thither came,
And for their boldness stript them;
And taking thence from each his flame,
With rods of myrtle whipt them.

Which done, to still their wanton cries,
When quiet grown she 'd seen them,
She kissed and wiped their dove-like eyes,
And gave the bag between them.

### *Upon a Child that Died.*

Here she lies, a pretty bud,
Lately made of flesh and blood,
Who as soon fell fast asleep,
As her little eyes did peep.
Give her strewings, but not stir
The earth that lightly covers her!

### *Epitaph upon a Child.*

Virgins promised, when I died,
That they would each primrose-tide
Duly morn and evening come,
And with flowers dress my tomb:
Having promised, pay your debts,
Maids, and here strew violets.

### *A Thanksgiving for his House.*

Lord, Thou hast given me a cell
Wherein to dwell;
A little house, whose humble roof
Is weatherproof;
Under the spars of which I lie
Both soft and dry.
Where Thou, my chamber for to ward,
Hast set a guard
Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep
Me while I sleep.
Low is my porch, as is my fate,
Both void of state;
And yet the threshold of my door
Is worn by the poor,
Who hither come, and freely get
Good words or meat.
Like as my parlour, so my hall,
And kitchen small;
A little buttery, and therein
A little bin,
Which keeps my little loaf of bread
Unchipt, unflead.
Some brittle sticks of thorn or brier
Make me a fire,
Close by whose living coal I sit,
And glow like it.
Lord, I confess, too, when I dine,
The pulse is Thine,
And all those other bits that be
There placed by Thee.
The worts, the purslain, and the mess
Of water-cress,
Which of Thy kindness Thou hast sent:
And my content
Makes those, and my beloved beet,
To be more sweet.
'Tis Thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
With guiltless mirth;
And giv'st me wassail bowls to drink,
Spiced to the brink.
Lord, 'tis Thy plenty-dropping hand
That sows my land:
All this, and better, dost Thou send
Me for this end:
That I should render for my part
A thankful heart,
Which, fired with incense, I resign
As wholly Thine:
But the acceptance—that must be,
O Lord, by Thee.

### *To Primroses, filled with Morning Dew.*

Why do ye weep, sweet babes? Can tears
Speak grief in you,
Who were but born
Just as the modest morn
Teemed her refreshing dew?
Alas! you have not known that shower
That mars a flower,
Nor felt the unkind
Breath of a blasting wind;
Nor are ye worn with years,
Or warped as we,
Who think it strange to see

Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young,
Speaking by tears before ye have a tongue.

Speak, whimp'ring younglings, and make known
The reason why
Ye droop and weep;
Is it for want of sleep,
Or childish lullaby?
Or that ye have not seen as yet
The violet?
Or brought a kiss
From that sweet heart to this?
No, no; this sorrow shewn
By your tears shed,
Would have this lecture read:
'That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,
Conceived with grief are, and with tears brought forth.'

### *To find God.*

Weigh me the fire; or canst thou find
A way to measure out the wind;
Distinguish all those floods that are
Mixt in that watery theatre,
And taste thou them as saltless there,
As in their channel first they were.
Tell me the people that do keep
Within the kingdoms of the deep;
Or fetch me back that cloud again,
Beshivered into seeds of rain.
Tell me the motes, dusts, sands, and spears
Of corn, when summer shakes his ears;
Shew me that world of stars, and whence
They noiseless spill their influence:
This if thou canst, then shew me Him
That rides the glorious cherubim.

### *To Corinna, to go a-Maying.*

Get up, get up for shame, the blooming morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.
See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh-quilted colours through the air;
Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
The dew-bespangling herb and tree.
Each flower has wept, and bowed toward the east,
Above an hour since, yet you are not drest,
Nay, not so much as out of bed;
When all the birds have matins said,
And sung their thankful hymns: 'tis sin,
Nay, profanation, to keep in,
When as a thousand virgins on this day,
Spring sooner than the lark to fetch in May.

Rise, and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth, like the spring-time, fresh and green,
And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gown or hair;
Fear not, the leaves will strew
Gems in abundance upon you;
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept.
Come, and receive them while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night:
And Titan on the eastern hill
Retires himself, or else stands still
Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in praying;
Few beads are best when once we go a-Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come; and, coming, mark
How each field turns a street,[*] each street a park
Made green, and trimmed with trees; see how
Devotion gives each house a bough,
Or branch; each porch, each door, ere this,
An ark, a tabernacle is,
Made up of white thorn neatly interwove;
As if here were those cooler shades of love.
Can such delights be in the street
And open fields, and we not see't?
Come, we'll abroad, and let's obey
The proclamation made for May:
And sin no more, as we have done, by staying,
But, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.

There's not a budding boy or girl, this day,
But is got up, and gone to bring in May.
A deal of youth, ere this, is come
Back, and with white thorn laden home.
Some have despatched their cakes and cream
Before that we have left to dream;
And some have wept, and wooed, and plighted troth,
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth:
Many a green gown has been given;
Many a kiss, both odd and even;
Many a glance, too, has been sent
From out the eye, love's firmament;
Many a jest told of the key's betraying
This night, and locks picked; yet we're not a-Maying.

Come, let us go, while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless folly of the time.
We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty.
Our life is short, and our days run
As fast away as does the sun;
And as a vapour, or a drop of rain
Once lost, can ne'er be found again;
So when or you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade;
All love, all liking, all delight
Lies drowned with us in endless night.
Then, while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.

## SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT, whose life occupies an important space in the history of the stage, preceding and after the Restoration, wrote a heroic poem entitled *Gondibert*, and some copies of miscellaneous verses. Davenant, or D'Avenant—for so he wrote his name—was born in February 1605-6, and was the son of a vintner at Oxford. There is a scandalous story, that he was the natural son of Shakspeare, who was in the habit of stopping at the *Crown Tavern*—kept by the elder Davenant—on his journeys between London and Stratford. This story was related to Pope by Betterton the player; but it seems to rest on no authority but idle tradition. Young Davenant is said to have admired Shakspeare above all other poets, and 'one of the first essays of his muse,' when a mere boy, was an Ode to Shakspeare, which was afterwards included in a volume entitled *Madagascar and other Poems*, 1638. It opens in the following strain:

Beware, delighted poets, when you sing,
To welcome nature in the early spring,
Your numerous feet not tread
The banks of Avon, for each flower—
As it ne'er knew a sun or shower—
Hangs there the pensive head.

It is to be regretted—for the sake of Davenant, as well as of the world—that the great dramatist did not live to guide the taste and foster the genius of his youthful admirer, whose life presented some strange adventures. He was entered at Lincoln College, but left without taking a degree; he then became page to the Duchess of Richmond, and afterwards was in the service of the poet, Lord Brooke. About the year 1628, Davenant began to write for the stage; and in 1637, on the death of Ben Jonson, he was appointed laureate. He was afterwards manager of Drury Lane, but entering into the commotions and intrigues of the civil war, he was apprehended and confined in the Tower. He afterwards escaped to France. When the queen sent over to the Earl of Newcastle a quantity of military stores, Davenant resolved to return to England, and he distinguished himself so much in the cause of the royalists, that he was knighted for his skill and bravery. On the decline of the king's affairs, he returned to France, and wrote part of his *Gondibert*. His next step was to sail for Virginia as a colonial projector; but the vessel was captured by one of the parliamentary ships-of-war, and Davenant was lodged in prison at Cowes, in the Isle of Wight. In 1650, he was removed to the Tower, preparatory to his being tried by the High Commission Court. His life was considered in danger, but he was released after two years' imprisonment. Milton is said to have interposed in his behalf; and as Davenant is reported to have interfered in favour of Milton when the royalists were again in the ascendant, after the Restoration, we would gladly believe the statement to be true. Such incidents give a peculiar grace and relief to the sternness and bitterness of party conflicts. 'At Talavera, the English and French troops for a moment suspended their conflict, to drink of a stream which flowed between them. The shells were passed across, from enemy to enemy, without apprehension or molestation. We, in the same manner, would rather assist political adversaries to drink of that fountain of intellectual pleasure, which should be the common refreshment of both parties, than disturb and pollute it with the havoc of unseasonable hostilities.' [*] Milton and Davenant must have felt in this manner when they waived their political differences in honour of genius and poesy. When the author of *Gondibert* obtained his enlargement, he set about establishing a theatre, and, to the surprise of all, succeeded in the attempt. After the Restoration, he again basked in royal favour, and having engaged the services of some highly accomplished actors, he continued to write and superintend the performance of plays till his death, April 7, 1668.

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[*] Herrick here alludes to the multitudes which were to be seen roaming in the fields on May morning; he afterwards refers to the appearance of the towns and villages bedecked with evergreens.

The poem of *Gondibert* (1651), though regarded by Davenant's friends and admirers—Cowley and Waller being of the number—as a great and durable monument of genius, is now almost utterly forgotten. The plot is romantic, but defective in interest; and its extreme length—about six thousand lines—and the description of versification in which it is written—the long four-lined stanza, with alternate rhymes, copied by Dryden in his *Annus Mirabilis*—render the poem languid and tedious. The critics have been strangely at variance with each other as to its merits, but to general readers the poem may be said to be unknown. Davenant prefixed a long and elaborate preface to his poem, which is highly creditable to him for judgment, taste, and feeling, and may be considered the precursor of Dryden's admirable critical introductions to his plays. His worship of Shakspeare continued unabated to the last, though he was mainly instrumental, by his masks and scenery, in driving the elder bard from the stage. Dryden, in his preface to the *Tempest*, states, that he did not set any value on what he had written in that play, but out of gratitude to the memory of Sir William Davenant, 'who,' he adds, 'did me the honour to join me with him in the alteration of it. It was originally Shakspeare's—a poet for whom he had particularly a high veneration, and whom he first taught me to admire.'

### *To the Queen,*

Entertained at night by the Countess of Anglesey.

Fair as unshaded light, or as the day
In its first birth, when all the year was May;
Sweet as the altar's smoke, or as the new
Unfolded bud, swelled by the early dew;
Smooth as the face of waters first appeared,
Ere tides began to strive, or winds were heard;
Kind as the willing saints, and calmer far
Than in their sleeps forgiven hermits are.
You that are more than our discreeter fear
Dares praise, with such full art, what make you here?
Here, where the summer is so little seen,
That leaves, her cheapest wealth, scarce reach at green;
You come, as if the silver planet were
Misled a while from her much injured sphere;
And, t' ease the travels of her beams to-night,
In this small lanthorn would contract her light.

### *Song.*

The lark now leaves his watery nest,
  And climbing shakes his dewy wings:
He takes this window for the east,
  And to implore your light, he sings:
Awake, awake, the moon will never rise,
Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes!

The merchant bows unto the seaman's star,
  The ploughman from the sun his season takes;
But still the lover wonders what they are
  Who look for day before his mistress wakes:
Awake, awake, break through your veils of lawn!
Then draw your curtains, and begin the dawn.

### *Description of the Virgin Birtha.—From 'Gondibert.'*

To Astragon, Heaven for succession gave
  One only pledge, and Birtha was her name;
Whose mother slept where flowers grew on her grave,
  And she succeeded her in face and fame.

Her beauty princes durst not hope to use,
  Unless, like poets, for their morning theme;
And her mind's beauty they would rather choose,
  Which did the light in beauty's lanthorn seem.

She ne'er saw courts, yet courts could have undone
  With untaught looks, and an unpractised heart;
Her nets, the most prepared could never shun,
  For Nature spread them in the scorn of Art.

She never had in busy cities been,
  Ne'er warmed with hopes, nor e'er allayed with fears;
Not seeing punishment, could guess no sin;
  And sin not seeing, ne'er had use of tears.

But here her father's precepts gave her skill,
  Which with incessant business filled the hours;
In spring she gathered blossoms for the still;
  In autumn, berries; and in summer, flowers.

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[*] Macaulay's *Essays*.

And as kind Nature, with calm diligence,
Her own free virtue silently employs,
Whilst she unheard, does ripening growth dispense,
So were her virtues busy without noise.

Whilst her great mistress, Nature, thus she tends,
The busy household waits no less on her;
By secret law, each to her beauty bends,
Though all her lowly mind to that prefer.

Gracious and free she breaks upon them all
With morning looks; and they, when she does rise,
Devoutly at her dawn in homage fall,
And droop like flowers when evening shuts her eyes. . . .

Beneath a myrtle covert she does spend,
In maid's weak wishes, her whole stock of thought;
Fond maids! who love with mind's fine stuff would mend,
Which Nature purposely of bodies wrought.

She fashions him she loved of angels' kind;
Such as in holy story were employed
To the first fathers from the Eternal Mind,
And in short vision only are enjoyed.

As eagles, then, when nearest heaven they fly,
Of wild impossibles soon weary grow;
Feeling their bodies find no rest so high,
And therefore perch on earthly things below;

So now she yields; him she an angel deemed
Shall be a man, the name which virgins fear;
Yet the most harmless to a maid he seemed,
That ever yet that fatal name did bear.

Soon her opinion of his hurtless heart,
Affection turns to faith; and then love's fire
To heaven, though bashfully, she does impart,
And to her mother in the heavenly quire.

'If I do love,' said she, 'that love, O Heaven!
Your own disciple, Nature, bred in me;
Why should I hide the passion you have given,
Or blush to shew effects which you decree?

'And you, my altered mother, grown above
Great Nature, which you read and reverenced here,
Chide not such kindness as you once called love,
When you as mortal as my father were.'

This said, her soul into her breast retires!
With love's vain diligence of heart she dreams
Herself into possession of desires,
And trusts unanchored hope in fleeting streams.

## ABRAHAM COWLEY.

ABRAHAM COWLEY was perhaps the most popular English poet of his times. Waller stood next in public estimation. Dryden had as yet done nothing to stamp his name, and Milton's minor poems had not earned for him a national reputation: the same year that witnessed the death of Cowley ushered the *Paradise Lost* into the world. Cowley was born in London in the year 1618, and was the posthumous son of a respectable stationer in Cheapside, who, dying in August 1618, left £140 each to his six children, and to the unborn infant, the poet. His mother had influence enough to procure admission for him as a king's scholar at Westminster; and in his eighteenth year he was elected of Trinity College, Cambridge, in which he afterwards obtained a fellowship. Cowley 'lisped in numbers.' In 1633, in his fifteenth year, appeared *Poetical Blossomes by A. C.* with a portrait of Cowley prefixed, dated '13,' the age of the young poet when the portrait was taken. A copy of Spenser used to lie in his mother's parlour, with which he was infinitely delighted, and which helped to make him a poet. The intensity of his youthful ambition may be seen from the first two lines in his *Miscellanies:*

> What shall I do to be for ever known,
> And make the age to come my own?

Cowley, being a royalist, was ejected from Cambridge, and afterwards studied at Oxford. He went with the queen-mother to France, where he remained twelve years. He was sent on various embassies, and deciphered the correspondence of Charles and his queen, which, for some years, took up all his days, and two or three nights every week. At last the Restoration came, with all its hopes and fears. England looked for happy days, and loyalty for its reward, but in both cases the cup of joy was dashed with disappointment. Cowley expected to be made master of the Savoy, or to receive some other appointment, but his claims were overlooked. In his youth, he had written an ode to Brutus, which was remembered to his disadvantage; and a dramatic production, the *Cutter of Coleman Street*, which Cowley brought out shortly after the Restoration, and in which the jollity and debauchery of the cavaliers are painted in strong colours, was misrepresented or misconstrued at court. It is certain that Cowley felt his disappointment keenly, and he resolved to retire into the country. He had only just passed his fortieth year, but the greater part of his time had been spent in incessant labour, amidst dangers and suspense. 'He always professed,' says Dr Sprat, his biographer, 'that he went out of the world as it was man's, into the same world as it was nature's and as it was God's. The whole compass of the creation, and all the wonderful effects of the divine wisdom, were the constant prospect of his senses and his thoughts. And, indeed, he entered with great advantage on the studies of nature, even as the first great men of antiquity did, who were generally both poets and philosophers.' He thus happily refers to his wish for retirement:

> Be prudent, and the shore in prospect keep!
> In a weak boat trust not the deep;
> Placed beneath envy—above envying rise;
> Pity great men—great things despise.
>
> The wise example of the heavenly lark,
> Thy fellow-poet, Cowley, mark!
> Above the clouds let thy proud music sound;
> Thy humble nest build on the ground.

Cowley obtained, through Lord St Albans, and the Duke of Buckingham, the lease of some lands belonging to the queen, worth about £300 per annum—a decent provision for his retirement. The poet finally settled at Chertsey, on the banks of the Thames, where his house still remains. Here he cultivated his fields, his garden, and his plants; he wrote of solitude and obscurity, of the perils of greatness, and the happiness of liberty. He renewed his acquaintance with the beloved poets of antiquity, whom he rivalled occasionally in ease and elegance, and in commemorating the charms of a country life; and he composed his fine prose discourses, so full of gentle thoughts and well-digested knowledge, heightened by a delightful *bonhomie* and communicativeness worthy of Horace or Montaigne. The style of these discourses is pure, natural, and lively. Sprat mentions that Cowley excelled in letter-writing, and that he and Mr M. Clifford had a large collection of his letters, but they had decided that nothing of that kind should be published. This is much to be regretted. The private letters of a distinguished author are generally read with as much interest as his works, and Cowper and others owe much of their fame to such confidential disclosures of their habits, opinions, and daily life. Cowley was not happy in his retirement. Solitude, that had so long wooed him to her arms, was a phantom that vanished in his embrace. He had attained the long-wished object of his studious youth and busy manhood; the woods and fields at length inclosed the 'melancholy Cowley' in their shades. But happiness was still distant. He had quitted the 'monster London;' he had gone out from Sodom, but had not found the little Zoar of his dreams. The place of his retreat was ill selected, and his health was affected by the change of situation. The people of the country, he found, were not a whit better or more innocent than those of the town. He could get no money from his tenants, and his meadows were eaten up every night by cattle put in by his neighbours. Dr Johnson, who would have preferred Fleet Street to all the charms of Arcadia and the golden age, has published, with a sort of malicious satisfaction, a letter of Cowley's, dated from Chertsey, in which the poet makes a querulous and rueful complaint over the downfall of his rural prospects and enjoyment. His retirement extended over a period of only seven years. One day, in the heat of summer, he had stayed too long amongst his labourers in the meadows, and was seized with a cold, which, being neglected, proved fatal in a fortnight. This is the account of his biographer Sprat, but Pope, in his conversations with Spence, said of Cowley: 'His death was occasioned by a mean accident, whilst his great friend Dean Sprat was with him on a visit. They had been together to see a neighbour of Cowley's, who, according to the fashion of those times, made them too welcome. They did not set out for their walk home till it was too late, and had drunk so deep that they lay out in the fields all night. This gave Cowley the fever that carried him off. The parish still talk of the drunken dean.' Cowley died on the 28th of July 1667. His remains were taken by water to Westminster, and interred with great pomp in the abbey. 'The king himself,' says Sprat, 'was pleased to bestow on him the best epitaph, when, upon the news of his death, his majesty declared that Mr Cowley had not left a better man behind him.' From the will of the poet, it appears that he made his brother his sole heir and executor, and left legacies to his relatives and friends amounting to £420, exclusive of his share in the Duke of York's theatre. The 'little Zoar' at Chertsey had not been saddened by any fear of poverty, and Cowley to the last retained his fellowship in Trinity College.

Cowley's poetical works are divided into four parts—*Miscellanies;* the *Mistress, or Love Verses; Pindaric Odes;* and the *Davideis, a Heroical Poem of the Troubles of David.* The character of his genius is well expressed by Pope:

> Who now reads Cowley? If he pleases yet,
> His moral pleases, not his pointed wit:
> Forgot his epic, nay, Pindaric art,
> But still I love the language of his heart.

Cowper has also drawn a sketch of Cowley in his *Task*, in which he laments that his 'splendid wit' should have been 'entangled in the cobwebs of the schools.' The manners of the court and the age inspired Cowley with a portion of gallantry, but he seems to have had no deep or permanent passion. He expresses his love in a style almost as fantastic as the euphuism of old Lyly or Sir Percie Shafton. 'Poets,' he says, 'are scarce thought freemen of their company, without paying some duties, and obliging themselves to be true to love;' and it is evident that he himself composed his *Mistress* as a sort of taskwork. There is so much of this *wit-writing* in Cowley's poetry, that the reader is generally glad to escape from it into his prose, where he has good sense and right feeling, instead of cold though glittering conceits, forced analogies, and counterfeited passion. His anacreontic pieces are the happiest of his poems; in them he is easy, lively, and full of spirit. They are redolent of joy and youth, and of images of natural and poetic beauty, that touch the feelings as well as the fancy. His *Pindaric Odes*, though deformed by metaphysical conceits, though they do not roll the full flood of Pindar's unnavigable song, though we admit that even the art of Gray was higher, yet contain some noble lines and illustrations. The best pieces of his *Miscellanies*, next to the *Anacreontics*, are his lines on the death of his college-companion, Hervey, and his elegy on the religious poet Crashaw, which are tender and imaginative. The *Davideis* is tedious and unfinished, but we have extracted a specimen to shew how well Cowley could sometimes write in the heroic couplet. It is evident that Milton had read this neglected poem.

### *On the Death of Mr Crashaw.*

Poet and Saint! to thee alone are given
The two most sacred names of earth and heaven;
The hard and rarest union which can be,
Next that of Godhead with humanity.
Long did the Muses banished slaves abide,
And built vain pyramids to mortal pride;
Like Moses thou—though spells and charms withstand—
Hast brought them nobly home, back to their holy land. . . .
  How well, blest swan, did Fate contrive thy death,
And made thee render up thy tuneful breath
In thy great mistress' arms! Thou most divine
And richest offering of Loretto's shrine,
Where, like some holy sacrifice t' expire,
A fever burns thee, and Love lights the fire.
Angels, they say, brought the famed chapel there,
And bore the sacred load in triumph through the air.
'Tis surer much they brought *thee* there, and they
And thou, their charge, went singing all the way.
  Pardon, my mother-church, if I consent
That angels led him when from thee he went;
For even in error sure no danger is,
When joined with so much piety as his.

Ah, mighty God, with shame I speak 't and grief;
Ah, that our greatest faults were in belief!
And our weak reason were even weaker yet,
Rather than thus our wills too strong for it.
His *faith*, perhaps, in some nice tenets might
Be wrong; his *life*, I 'm sure, was in the right;
And I myself a Catholic will be,
So far, at least, great saint, to pray to thee.
Hail, bard triumphant! and some care bestow
On us, the poets militant below,
Opposed by our old enemy, adverse chance,
Attacked by envy and by ignorance,
Enchained by beauty, tortured by desires,
Exposed by tyrant love to savage beasts and fires;
Thou from low earth in nobler flames didst rise,
And, like Elijah, mount alive the skies!

### *Heaven and Hell.—From the 'Davideis.'*

Sleep on! Rest, quiet as thy conscience, take,
For though thou sleep'st thyself, thy God 's awake.
Above the subtle foldings of the sky,
Above the well-set orbs' soft harmony;
Above those petty lamps that gild the night,
There is a place o'erflown with hallowed light;
Where heaven, as if it left itself behind,
Is stretched out far, nor its own bounds can find:
Here peaceful flames swell up the sacred place,
Nor can the glory contain itself in th' endless space.
For there no twilight of the sun's dull ray
Glimmers upon the pure and native day.
No pale-faced moon does in stolen beams appear,
Or with dim taper scatters darkness there.
On no smooth sphere the restless seasons slide,
No circling motion doth swift time divide;
Nothing is there *to come*, and nothing *past*,
But an eternal NOW does always last.

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Beneath the silent chambers of the earth,
Where the sun's fruitful beams give metals birth,
Where he the growth of fatal gold does see—
Gold which above more influence has than he—
Beneath the dens where unfledged tempests lie,
And infant winds their tender voices try;
Beneath the mighty ocean's wealthy caves;
Beneath the eternal fountain of all waves,
Where their vast court the mother-waters keep,
And, undisturbed by moons, in silence sleep,
There is a place, deep, wondrous deep below,
Which genuine Night and Horror does o'erflow:
No bound controls the unwearied space but hell,
Endless as those dire pains that in it dwell.
Here no dear glimpse of the sun's lovely face
Strikes through the solid darkness of the place;
No dawning morn does her kind red display;
One slight weak beam would here be thought the day;
No gentle stars, with their fair gems of light,
Offend the tyrannous and unquestioned night.
Here Lucifer, the mighty captive, reigns,
Proud 'midst his woes, and tyrant in his chains:
Once general of a gilded host of sprites,
Like Hesper leading forth the spangled nights;
But down like lightning which him struck he came,
And roared at his first plunge into the flame.
Myriads of spirits fell wounded round him there;
With dropping lights thick shone the singed air. . . .
A dreadful silence filled the hollow place,
Doubling the native terror of hell's face;
Rivers of flaming brimstone, which before
So loudly raged, crept softly by the shore;
No hiss of snakes, no clank of chains was known,
The souls amidst their tortures durst not groan.

### *To Pyrrha.*

In imitation of Horace's Ode, lib. i. od. 5.

To whom now, Pyrrha, art thou kind?
To what heart-ravished lover
Dost thou thy golden locks unbind,
Thy hidden sweets discover,
And, with large bounty, open set
All the bright stores of thy rich cabinet?

Ah, simple youth! how oft will he
Of thy changed faith complain!
And his own fortunes find to be
So airy and so vain;
Of so chameleon-like an hue,
That still their colour changes with it too!

How oft, alas, will he admire
The blackness of the skies;
Trembling to hear the winds sound higher,
And see the billows rise!
Poor unexperienced he,
Who ne'er, alas, had been before at sea!

He enjoys thy calmy sunshine now,
And no breath stirring hears;
In the clear heaven of thy brow
No smallest cloud appears.
He sees thee gentle, fair, and gay,
And trusts the faithless April of thy May.

Unhappy, thrice unhappy he,
To whom thou untried dost shine!
But there 's no danger now for me,
Since o'er Loretto's shrine,
In witness of the shipwreck past,
My consecrated vessel hangs at last.

### *Anacreontics;*

Or some copies of verses translated paraphrastically out of Anacreon.

#### *Drinking.*

The thirsty earth soaks up the rain,
And drinks, and gapes for drink again.
The plants suck in the earth, and are,
With constant drinking, fresh and fair.
The sea itself, which one would think
Should have but little need of drink,
Drinks ten thousand rivers up,
So filled that they o'erflow the cup.
The busy sun—and one would guess
By 's drunken fiery face no less—
Drinks up the sea, and when he has done,
The moon and stars drink up the sun.
They drink and dance by their own light;
They drink and revel all the night.
Nothing in nature 's sober found,
But an eternal health goes round.
Fill up the bowl, then, fill it high,
Fill all the glasses there, for why
Should every creature drink but I;
Why, men of morals, tell me why?

#### *The Epicure.*

Fill the bowl with rosy wine,
Around our temples roses twine,
And let us cheerfully a while,
Like the wine and roses smile.
Crowned with roses, we contemn
Gyges' wealthy diadem.
To-day is ours; what do we fear?
To-day is ours; we have it here.
Let 's treat it kindly, that it may
Wish at least with us to stay.
Let 's banish business, banish sorrow;
To the gods belongs to-morrow.

### *The Grasshopper.*

Happy insect! what can be
In happiness compared to thee?
Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy morning's gentle wine!
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant cup does fill;
'Tis filled wherever thou dost tread,
Nature's self 's thy Ganymede.
Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing,
Happier than the happiest king!
All the fields which thou dost see,
All the plants belong to thee;
All that summer hours produce,
Fertile made with early juice.
Man for thee does sow and plough;
Farmer he, and landlord thou!
Thou dost innocently enjoy;
Nor does thy luxury destroy.
The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
More harmonious than he.
Thee country hinds with gladness hear,
Prophet of the ripened year!
Thee Phœbus loves, and does inspire;
Phœbus is himself thy sire.
To thee, of all things upon earth,
Life is no longer than thy mirth.
Happy insect! happy thou,
Dost neither age nor winter know.
But when thou 'st drunk, and danced, and sung
Thy fill, the flowery leaves among—
Voluptuous and wise withal,
Epicurean animal!—
Satiate with thy summer feast,
Thou retir'st to endless rest.

### *From 'The Resurrection.'*

Begin the song, and strike the living lyre!
Lo, how the years to come, a numerous and well-fitted quire,
All hand in hand do decently advance,
And to my song with smooth and equal measures dance!
While the dance lasts, how long soe'er it be,
My music's voice shall bear it company,
Till all gentle notes be drowned
In the last trumpet's dreadful sound,
That to the spheres themselves shall silence bring,
Untune the universal string;
Then all the wide-extended sky,
And all the harmonious worlds on high,
And Virgil's sacred work shall die;
And he himself shall see in one fire shine
Rich Nature's ancient Troy, though built by hands divine.

Whom thunder's dismal noise,
And all that prophets and apostles louder spake,
And all the creatures' plain conspiring voice
Could not whilst they lived awake,
This mightier sound shall make,
When dead, to arise,
And open tombs, and open eyes.
To the long sluggards of five thousand years,
This mightier sound shall wake its hearers' ears;
Then shall the scattered atoms crowding come
Back to their ancient home;
Some from birds, from fishes some,
Some from earth, and some from seas,
Some from beasts, and some from trees,
Some descend from clouds on high,
Some from metals upwards fly;
And, when the attending soul naked and shivering stands,
Meet, salute, and join their hands,
As dispersed soldiers, at the trumpet's call,
Haste to their colours all.
Unhappy most, like tortured men,
Their joints new set to be new racked again.
To mountains they for shelter pray;
The mountains shake, and run about no less confused than they.

### *The Chronicle, a Ballad.*

Margarita first possessed,
If I remember well, my breast—
Margarita first of all;
But when a while the wanton maid
With my restless heart had played,
Martha took the flying ball.

Martha soon did it resign
To the beauteous Catherine.
Beauteous Catherine gave place—
Though loath and angry she to part
With the possession of my heart—
To Eliza's conquering face.

Eliza till this hour might reign,
Had she not evil counsels ta'en;
Fundamental laws she broke,
And still new favourites she chose,
Till up in arms my passions rose,
And cast away her yoke.

Mary then, and gentle Anne,
Both to reign at once began:
Alternately they swayed;
And sometimes Mary was the fair,
And sometimes Anne the crown did wear,
And sometimes both I obeyed.

Another Mary then arose,
And did rigorous laws impose;
A mighty tyrant she!
Long, alas! should I have been
Under that iron-sceptered queen,
Had not Rebecca set me free.

When fair Rebecca set me free,
'Twas then a golden time with me.
But soon those pleasures fled;
For the gracious princess died
In her youth and beauty's pride,
And Judith reigned in her stead.

One month, three days, and half an hour,
Judith held the sovereign power.
Wondrous beautiful her face;
But so weak and small her wit,
That she to govern was unfit,
And so Susanna took her place.

But when Isabella came,
Armed with a resistless flame,
And th' artillery of her eye,
Whilst she proudly marched about,
Greater conquests to find out,
She beat out Susan, by the by.

But in her place I then obeyed
Black-eyed Bess, her viceroy maid,
To whom ensued a vacancy.
Thousand worse passions then possessed
The interregnum of my breast:
Bless me from such an anarchy!

Gentle Henrietta then,
And a third Mary next began,
Then Joan, and Jane, and Audria,
And then a pretty Thomasine,
And then another Catherine,
And then a long 'et cetera.'

But should I now to you relate
The strength and riches of their state,
The powder, patches, and the pins,
The ribbons, jewels, and the rings,
The lace, the paint, and warlike things
That make up all their magazines:

If I should tell the politic arts
To take and keep men's hearts;
The letters, embassies, and spies,
The frowns, and smiles, and flatteries,
The quarrels, tears, and perjuries,
Numberless, nameless mysteries;

And all the little lime-twigs laid
By Machiavel, the waiting-maid;
I more voluminous should grow—
Chiefly if I like them should tell
All change of weathers that befell—
Than Holinshed or Stow.

But I will briefer with them be,
Since few of them were long with me.
A higher and a nobler strain
My present emperess does claim,
Heleonora, first o' th' name,
Whom God grant long to reign!

### *Lord Bacon.—From 'Ode to the Royal Society.'*

From these and all long errors of the way,
In which our wandering predecessors went,
And like th' old Hebrews many years did stray
In deserts but of small extent,
Bacon, like Moses, led us forth at last;
The barren wilderness he passed,
Did on the very border stand
Of the blest promised land,
And from the mountain's top of his exalted wit,
Saw it himself, and shewed us it.
But life did never to one man allow
Time to discover worlds and conquer too;
Nor can so short a line sufficient be
To fathom the vast depths of nature's sea:
The work he did we ought t' admire,
And we 're unjust if we should more require
From his few years, divided 'twixt the excess
Of low affliction and high happiness;
For who on things remote can fix his sight,
That 's always in a triumph or a fight?

### *From the Elegy 'On the Death of Mr William Hervey.'*

It was a dismal and a fearful night,
Scarce could the morn drive on th' unwilling light,
When sleep, death's image, left my troubled breast,
By something liker death possessed.
My eyes with tears did uncommanded flow,
And on my soul hung the dull weight
Of some intolerable fate.
What bell was that? Ah me! too much I know.

My sweet companion, and my gentle peer,
Why hast thou left me thus unkindly here,
Thy end for ever, and my life to moan?
O thou hast left me all alone!
Thy soul and body, when death's agony
Besieged around thy noble heart,
Did not with more reluctance part
Than I, my dearest friend, do part from thee.

My dearest friend, would I had died for thee!
Life and this world henceforth will tedious be.
Nor shall I know hereafter what to do,
If once my griefs prove tedious too.
Silent and sad I walk about all day,
As sullen ghosts stalk speechless by
Where their hid treasures lie;
Alas, my treasure 's gone! why do I stay?

He was my friend, the truest friend on earth;
A strong and mighty influence joined our birth.
Nor did we envy the most sounding name
By friendship given of old to fame.
None but his brethren he, and sisters, knew
Whom the kind youth preferred to me;
And even in that we did agree,
For much above myself I loved them too.

Say, for you saw us, ye immortal lights,
How oft unwearied have we spent the nights?
Till the Ledæan stars, so famed for love,
Wondered at us from above.
We spent them not in toys, in lusts, or wine,
But search of deep philosophy,
Wit, eloquence, and poetry;
Arts which I loved, for they, my friend, were thine.

Ye fields of Cambridge—our dear Cambridge!—say,
Have ye not seen us walking every day?
Was there a tree about which did not know
The love betwixt us two?
Henceforth, ye gentle trees, for ever fade;
Or your sad branches thicker join,
And into darksome shades combine,
Dark as the grave wherein my friend is laid!

### *The Wish.*

Well, then, I now do plainly see
This busy world and I shall ne'er agree;
The very honey of all earthly joy
Does of all meats the soonest cloy.
And they, methinks, deserve my pity,
Who for it can endure the stings,
The crowd, and buzz, and murmurings
Of this great hive, the city.

Ah! yet ere I descend to th' grave,
May I a small house and large garden have,
And a few friends, and many books, both true,
Both wise, and both delightful too!
And since love ne'er will from me flee,
A mistress moderately fair,
And good as guardian angels are,
Only beloved, and loving me!

O fountains! when in you shall I
Myself, eased of unpeaceful thoughts, espy?
O fields! O woods! when, when shall I be made
The happy tenant of your shade?
Here 's the spring-head of Pleasure's flood,
Where all the riches lie, that she
Has coined and stamped for good.

Pride and ambition here
Only in far-fetched metaphors appear;
Here nought but winds can hurtful murmurs scatter,
And nought but Echo flatter.
The gods, when they descended hither
From heaven, did always choose their way;
And therefore we may boldly say,
That 'tis the way too thither.

How happy here should I,
And one dear She live, and embracing die!
She who is all the world, and can exclude
In deserts solitude.
I should have then this only fear,
Lest men, when they my pleasures see,
Should hither throng to live like me,
And so make a city here.

### *Epitaph on the Living Author.*

Here, stranger, in this humble nest,
Here Cowley sleeps; here lies,
'Scaped all the toils that life molest,
And its superfluous joys.

Here, in no sordid poverty,
And no inglorious ease,
He braves the world, and can defy
Its frowns and flatteries.

The little earth he asks, survey:
Is he not dead, indeed?
'Light lie that earth,' good stranger, pray,
'Nor thorn upon it breed!'

With flowers, fit emblem of his fame,
Compass your poet round;
With flowers of every fragrant name,
Be his warm ashes crowned!

### HENRY VAUGHAN.

HENRY VAUGHAN (1621–1695) was author of a volume of poems 'published by a friend' in 1651, and entitled *Olor Iscanus; a collection of some select Poems and Translations, by Mr Henry Vaughan, Silurist.* Vaughan, it appears, called himself a Silurist from being resident in the rocky region of Wales inhabited of old by the Silures, a tribe of ancient Britons. He wrote also *Silex Scintillans, or Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations*, in two parts, 1650–55; *Flores Solitudinis*, 1654; *Thalia Rediviva*, 1678, &c. The poems of Vaughan evince considerable strength and originality of thought and copious imagery, though tinged with a gloomy sectarianism, and marred by crabbed rhymes. Campbell scarcely does justice to Vaughan in styling him 'one of the harshest even of the inferior order of the school of conceit,' though he admits that he has 'some few scattered thoughts that meet our eye amidst his harsh pages, like wild-flowers on a barren heath.' As a sacred poet, Vaughan has an intensity of feeling only inferior to Crashaw. He was born in Brecknockshire, and had a dash of Celtic enthusiasm. He first followed the profession of the law, but afterwards adopted that of a physician. He does not seem to have attained to a competence in either, for he complains much of the proverbial poverty and suffering of poets:

As they were merely thrown upon the stage,
The mirth of fools, and legends of the age.

In his latter days, Vaughan grew deeply serious and devout, and published his *Sacred Poems*, which contain his happiest effusions. The poet was not without hopes of renown, and he wished the river of his native vale to share in the distinction:

When I am laid to rest hard by thy streams,
And my sun sets where first it sprang in beams,
I 'll leave behind me such a large kind light
As shall redeem thee from oblivious night,
And in these vows which—living yet—I pay,
Shed such a precious and enduring ray,
As shall from age to age thy fair name lead
Till rivers leave to run, and men to read!

### *Early Rising and Prayer.*

From *Silex Scintillans, or Sacred Poems.*

When first thy eyes unveil, give thy soul leave
To do the like; our bodies but forerun
The spirit's duty: true hearts spread and heave
Unto their God, as flowers do to the sun:
Give Him thy first thoughts then, so shalt thou keep
Him company all day, and in Him sleep.

Yet never sleep the sun up; prayer should
Dawn with the day: there are set awful hours
'Twixt heaven and us; the manna was not good
After sunrising; far day sullies flowers:
Rise to prevent the sun; sleep doth sins glut,
And heaven's gate opens when the world's is shut.

Walk with thy fellow-creatures; note the hush
And whisperings amongst them. Not a spring
Or leaf but hath his morning-hymn; each bush
And oak doth know I AM. Canst thou not sing?
O leave thy cares and follies! Go this way,
And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

Serve God before the world; let Him not go
Until thou hast a blessing; then resign
The whole unto Him, and remember who
Prevailed by wrestling ere the sun did shine;
Pour oil upon the stones, weep for thy sin,
Then journey on, and have an eye to heaven.

Mornings are mysteries; the first, the world's youth,
Man's resurrection, and the future's bud,
Shroud in their births; the crown of life, light, truth,
Is styled their star; the stone and hidden food:
Three blessings wait upon them, one of which
Should move—they make us holy, happy, rich.

When the world's up, and every swarm abroad,
Keep well thy temper, mix not with each clay;
Despatch necessities; life hath a load
Which must be carried on, and safely may;
Yet keep those cares without thee; let the heart
Be God's alone, and choose the better part.

### *The Rainbow.—From the same.*

Still young and fine, but what is still in view
We slight as old and soiled, though fresh and new.
How bright wert thou when Shem's admiring eye
Thy burnished flaming arch did first descry;
When Zerah, Nahor, Haran, Abram, Lot,
The youthful world's gray fathers, in one knot
Did with intentive looks watch every hour
For thy new light, and trembled at each shower!
When thou dost shine, darkness looks white and fair;
Forms turn to music, clouds to smiles and air;
Rain gently spends his honey-drops, and pours
Balm on the cleft earth, milk on grass and flowers.
Bright pledge of peace and sunshine, the sure tie
Of thy Lord's hand, the object of his eye!
When I behold thee, though my light be dim,
Distinct, and low, I can in thine see Him,
Who looks upon thee from his glorious throne,
And minds the covenant betwixt all and One.

### *The Story of Endymion.*

Written after reading M. Gombauld's romance of *Endymion.**

I 've read thy soul's fair night-piece, and have seen
The amours and courtship of the silent queen;
Her stolen descents to earth, and what did move her
To juggle first with heaven, then with a lover;
With Latmos' louder rescue, and (alas!)
To find her out, a hue and cry in brass;
Thy journal of deep mysteries, and sad
Nocturnal pilgrimage; with thy dreams, clad
In fancies darker than thy cave; thy glass
Of sleepy draughts; and as thy soul did pass
In her calm voyage, what discourse she heard
Of spirits; what dark groves and ill-shaped guard
Ismena led thee through; with thy proud flight
O'er Periardes, and deep-musing night

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* John Ogier de Gombauld, a French poet. An English translation of his *Endymion*, by Richard Hurst, was published in 1637.

Near fair Eurotas' banks; what solemn green
The neighbour shades wear; and what forms are seen
In their large bowers; with that sad path and seat
Which none but light-heeled nymphs and fairies beat;
Their solitary life, and how exempt
From common frailty—the severe contempt
They have of man—their privilege to live
A tree or fountain, and in that reprieve
What ages they consume: with the sad vale
Of Diophania; and the mournful tale
Of the bleeding, vocal myrtle: these and more,
Thy richer thoughts, we are upon the score
To thy rare fancy for. Nor dost thou fall
From thy first majesty, or ought at all
Betray consumption. Thy full vigorous bays
Wear the same green, and scorn the lean decays
Of style or matter; just as I have known
Some crystal spring, that from the neighbour down
Derived her birth, in gentle murmurs steal
To the next vale, and proudly there reveal
Her streams in louder accents, adding still
More noise and waters to her channel, till
At last, swollen with increase, she glides along
The lawns and meadows, in a wanton throng
Of frothy billows, and in one great name
Swallows the tributary brooks' drowned fame.
Nor are they mere inventions, for we
In the same piece find scattered philosophy,
And hidden, dispersed truths, that folded lie
In the dark shades of deep allegory,
So neatly weaved, like arras, they descry
Fables with truth, fancy with history.
So that thou hast, in this thy curious mould,
Cast that commended mixture wished of old,
Which shall these contemplations render far
Less mutable, and lasting as their star;
And while there is a people, or a sun,
Endymion's story with the moon shall run.

### *Timber.*

Sure thou didst flourish once, and many springs,
Many bright mornings, much dew, many showers,
Passed o'er thy head; many light hearts and wings
Which now are dead, lodged in thy living towers.

And still a new succession sings and flies,
Fresh groves grow up, and their green branches shoot
Towards the old and still enduring skies,
While the low violet thrives at their root.

## THOMAS STANLEY.

THOMAS STANLEY (1625-1678), the editor of Æschylus, and author of a *History of Philosophy*, published a volume of verse in 1651. The only son of Sir Thomas Stanley, knight, of Camberlow-Green, in Hertfordshire, he was educated at Pembroke College, Oxford; spent part of his youth in travelling; and afterwards lived in the Middle Temple. His poems, whether original or translated, are remarkable for a rich style of thought and expression, though deformed to some extent by the conceits of his age.

### *The Tomb.*

When, cruel fair one, I am slain
By thy disdain,
And, as a trophy of thy scorn,
To some old tomb am borne,
Thy fetters must their power bequeath
To those of death;
Nor can thy flame immortal burn,
Like monumental fires within an urn:
Thus freed from thy proud empire, I shall prove
There is more liberty in death than love.

And when forsaken lovers come
To see my tomb,
Take heed thou mix not with the crowd,
And (as a victor) proud,
To view the spoils thy beauty made,
Press near my shade,
Lest thy too cruel breath or name
Should fan my ashes back into a flame,
And thou, devoured by this revengeful fire,
His sacrifice, who died as thine, expire.

But if cold earth, or marble, must
Conceal my dust,
Whilst hid in some dark ruins, I,
Dumb and forgotten, lie,
The pride of all thy victory
Will sleep with me;
And they who should attest thy glory,
Will, or forget, or not believe this story.
Then to increase thy triumph, let me rest,
Since by thine eye slain, buried in thy breast.

### *The Loss.*

Yet ere I go,
Disdainful Beauty, thou shalt be
So wretched as to know
What joys thou fling'st away with me.

A faith so bright,
As time or Fortune could not rust;
So firm, that lovers might
Have read thy story in my dust,

And crowned thy name
With laurel verdant as thy youth,
Whilst the shrill voice of Fame
Spread wide thy beauty and my truth.

This thou hast lost;
For all true lovers, when they find
That my just aims were crost,
Will speak thee lighter than the wind.

And none will lay
Any oblation on thy shrine,
But such as would betray
Thy faith to faiths as false as thine.

Yet, if thou choose
On such thy freedom to bestow,
Affection may excuse,
For love from sympathy doth flow.

### *The Deposition.*

Though when I loved thee thou wert fair,
Thou art no longer so:
Those glories, all the pride they wear
Unto opinion owe.
Beauties, like stars, in borrowed lustre shine,
And 'twas my love that gave thee thine.

The flames that dwelt within thine eye
Do now with mine expire;
Thy brightest graces fade and die
At once with my desire.
Love's fires thus mutual influence return;
Thine cease to shine when mine to burn.

Then, proud Celinda, hope no more
To be implored or wooed;
Since by thy scorn thou dost restore
The wealth my love bestowed;
And thy despised disdain too late shall find
That none are fair but who are kind.

### *Europa among the Flowers.*

In a note to Moschus, Stanley translates the following from Marini, in which the Italian poet imitates the second idyll of Moschus.

Along the mead Europa walks,
  To choose the fairest of its gems,
Which, plucking from their slender stalks,
  She weaves in fragrant diadems.

Where'er the beauteous virgin treads,
  The common people of the field,
To kiss her feet bowing their heads,
  Homage as to their goddess yield.

'Twixt whom ambitious wars arise,
  Which to the queen shall first present
A gift Arabian spice outvies,
  The votive offering of their scent.

When deathless Amaranth, this strife,
  Greedy by dying to decide,
Begs she would her green thread of life,
  As love's fair destiny, divide.

Pliant Acanthus now the vine
  And ivy enviously beholds,
Wishing her odorous arms might twine
  About this fair in such strict folds.

The Violet, by her foot oppressed,
  Doth from that touch enamoured rise,
But, losing straight what made her blest,
  Hangs down her head, looks pale, and dies.

Clitia, to new devotion won,
  Doth now her former faith deny,
Sees in her face a double sun,
  And glories in apostacy.

The Gillyflower, which mocks the skies—
  The meadow's painted rainbow—seeks
A brighter lustre from her eyes,
  A richer scarlet from her cheeks.

The jocund Flower-de-luce appears,
  Because neglected, discontent;
The morning furnished her with tears;
  Her sighs expiring odours vent.

Narcissus in her eyes, once more,
  Seems his own beauty to admire;
In water not so clear before,
  As represented now in fire.

The Crocus, who would gladly claim
  A privilege above the rest,
Begs with his triple tongue of flame,
  To be transplanted to her breast.

The Hyacinth, in whose pale leaves
  The hand of Nature writ his fate,
With a glad smile his sigh deceives,
  In hopes to be more fortunate.

His head the drowsy Poppy raised,
  Awaked by this approaching morn,
And viewed her purple light amazed,
  Though his, alas! was but her scorn.

None of this aromatic crowd,
  But for their kind death humbly call,
Courting her hand, like martyrs proud,
  By so divine a fate to fall.

The royal maid th' applause disdains
  Of vulgar flowers, and only chose
The bashful glory of the plains,
  Sweet daughter of the Spring, the Rose.

She, like herself, a queen appears,
  Raised on a verdant thorny throne,
Guarded by amorous winds, and wears
  A purple robe, a golden crown.

## SIR JOHN DENHAM.

Sir John Denham (1615-1668) was the son of the chief-baron of exchequer in Ireland, and was born at Dublin, but educated at Oxford, then the chief resort of all the poetical and high-spirited cavaliers. Denham was wild and dissolute in his youth, and squandered great part of his patrimony at the gaming-table. He was made governor of Farnham Castle by Charles I.; and after the monarch had been delivered into the hands of the army, his secret correspondence was partly carried on by Denham, who was furnished with nine several ciphers for the purpose. Charles had a respect for literature as well as the arts; and Milton records of him that he made Shakspeare's plays the closet-companion of his solitude. It would appear, however, that the king wished to keep poetry apart from state affairs; for he told Denham, on seeing one of his pieces, 'that when men are young, and have little else to do, they may vent the overflowings of their fancy in that way; but when they are thought fit for more serious employments, if they still persisted in that course, it looked as if they minded not the way to any better.' The poet stood corrected, and bridled in his muse. In 1639, he succeeded to his father's estate, and returned again to the gaming-table. In 1648, he was employed to convey the Duke of York to France, and resided in that country some time. His estate was sold by the Long Parliament; but the Restoration revived his fallen dignity and fortunes. He was made surveyor of the king's buildings, and a Knight of the Bath. In domestic life, the poet does not seem to have been happy. He had freed himself from his early excesses and follies, but an unfortunate marriage darkened his closing years, which were unhappily visited by insanity. He recovered, to receive the congratulations of Butler, his fellow-poet, and to commemorate the death of Cowley in one of his happiest effusions.

*Cooper's Hill*, the poem by which Denham is now best known, was first published in 1642, but afterwards corrected and enlarged. It consists of between three and four hundred lines, written in the heroic couplet. The descriptions are interspersed with sentimental digressions, suggested by the objects around—the river Thames, a ruined abbey, Windsor Forest, and the field of Runnymede. The view from Cooper's Hill is rich and luxuriant, but the muse of Denham was more reflective than descriptive. Dr Johnson assigns to this poet the praise of being 'the author of a species of composition that may be denominated local poetry, of which the fundamental subject is some particular landscape, to be poetically described, with the addition of such embellishments as may be supplied by historical retrospection or incidental meditation.' Ben Jonson's fine poem on Penshurst may dispute the palm of originality on this point with *Cooper's Hill*, but Jonson could not have written with such correctness, nor with such pointed expression, as Denham. The versification of this poet is generally smooth and flowing, but he had no pretensions to the genius of Cowley, or to the depth and delicacy of feeling possessed by the old dramatists, or the poets of the Elizabethan period. He reasoned fluently in verse, without glaring faults of style, and hence obtained the approbation of Johnson far above his deserts. Denham could not, like his contemporary, Chamberlayne, have described the beauty of a summer morning:

The Morning hath not lost her virgin blush;
Nor step, but mine, soiled the earth's tinselled robe.
How full of heaven this solitude appears,
This healthful comfort of the happy swain;
Who from his hard but peaceful bed roused up,
In 's morning exercise saluted is
By a full quire of feathered choristers,
Wedding their notes to the enamoured air!
Here Nature in her unaffected dress
Plaited with valleys, and embossed with hills
Enchased with silver streams, and fringed with woods,
Sits lovely in her native russet.[*]

Chamberlayne is comparatively unknown, and has never been included in any edition of the poets, yet every reader of taste or sensibility must feel that the above picture far transcends the cold sketches of Denham, and is imbued with a poetical spirit to which he was a stranger. 'That Sir John Denham began a reformation in our verse,' says Southey, 'is one of the most groundless assertions that ever obtained belief in literature. More thought and more skill had been exercised before his time in the construction of English metre, than he ever bestowed on the subject, and by men of far greater attainments and far higher powers. To improve, indeed, either upon the versification or the diction of our great writers, was impossible; it was impossible to exceed them in the knowledge or in the practice of their art, but it was easy to avoid the more obvious faults of inferior authors: and in this way he succeeded, just so far as not to be included in

The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease;

nor consigned to oblivion with the "persons of quality" who contributed their vapid effusions to the miscellanies of those days. His proper place is among those of his contemporaries and successors who called themselves wits, and have since been entitled poets by the courtesy of England.'[†] Denham, nevertheless, deserves a place in English literature, though not that high one which has heretofore been assigned to him. The traveller who crosses the Alps or Pyrenees, finds pleasure in the contrast afforded by level plains and calm streams; and so Denham's correctness pleases, after the wild imaginations and irregular harmony of the greater masters of the lyre who preceded him. In reading him, we feel that we are descending into a different scene—the romance is over, and we must be content with smoothness, regularity, and order.

### *The Thames and Windsor Forest.—From 'Cooper's Hill.'*

My eye, descending from the hill, surveys
Where Thames among the wanton valleys strays;
Thames, the most loved of all the Ocean's sons
By his old sire, to his embraces runs,
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity.
Though with those streams he no remembrance hold,
Whose foam is amber and their gravel gold,
His genuine and less guilty wealth to explore,
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore,
O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
And hatches plenty for th' ensuing spring,
And then destroys it with too fond a stay,
Like mothers which their infants overlay;
Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.
No unexpected inundations spoil
The mower's hopes, nor mock the ploughman's toil,
But Godlike his unwearied bounty flows;
First loves to do, then loves the good he does.
Nor are his blessings to his banks confined,
But free and common, as the sea or wind.
When he to boast or to disperse his stores,
Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
Visits the world, and in his flying towers
Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours:
Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,
Cities in deserts, woods in cities plants;
So that to us no thing, no place is strange,
While his fair bosom is the world's Exchange.
*O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream*
*My great example, as it is my theme!*
*Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;*
*Strong without rage; without o'erflowing, full.* . . .
But his proud head the airy mountain hides
Among the clouds; his shoulders and his sides
A shady mantle clothes; his curled brows
Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows,
While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat,
The common fate of all that 's high or great.
Low at his foot a spacious plain is placed,
Between the mountain and the stream embraced,
Which shade and shelter from the hill derives,
While the kind river wealth and beauty gives;
And in the mixture of all these appears
Variety, which all the rest endears.
This scene had some bold Greek or British bard
Beheld of old, what stories had we heard
Of fairies, satyrs, and the nymphs their dames,
Their feasts, their revels, and their amorous flames!
'Tis still the same, although their airy shape
All but a quick poetic sight escape.

The four lines printed in *italics* have been praised by every critic from Dryden to the present day.

### *The Reformation—Monks and Puritans.*

Here should my wonder dwell, and here my praise,
But my fixed thoughts my wandering eye betrays.
Viewing a neighbouring hill, whose top of late
A chapel crowned, till in the common fate
Th' adjoining abbey fell. May no such storm
Fall on our times, where ruin must reform!
Tell me, my Muse, what monstrous dire offence,
What crime could any Christian king incense
To such a rage? Was 't luxury or lust?
Was he so temperate, so chaste, so just?
Were these their crimes? They were his own much more;
But wealth is crime enough to him that 's poor,
Who having spent the treasures of his crown,
Condemns their luxury to feed his own.

[*] Chamberlayne's *Love's Victory*.
[†] Southey's *Life of Cowper*.

And yet this act, to varnish o'er the shame
Of sacrilege, must bear devotion's name.
No crime so bold, but would be understood
A real, or at least a seeming good.
Who fears not to do ill, yet fears the name,
And, free from conscience, is a slave to fame.
Thus he the church at once protects, and spoils:
But princes' swords are sharper than their styles.
And thus to th' ages past he makes amends,
Their charity destroys, their faith defends.
Then did religion in a lazy cell,
In empty, airy contemplation dwell;
And like the block unmoved lay; but ours,
As much too active, like the stork devours.
Is there no temperate region can be known,
Betwixt their frigid and our torrid zone?
Could we not wake from that lethargic dream,
But to be restless in a worse extreme?
And for that lethargy was there no cure,
But to be cast into a calenture?
Can knowledge have no bound, but must advance
So far, to make us wish for ignorance,
And rather in the dark to grope our way,
Than, led by a false guide, to err by day?

Denham had just and enlightened notions of the duty of a translator. 'It is not his business alone,' he says, 'to translate language into language, but poesy into poesy; and poesy is so subtle a spirit, that, in pouring out of one language into another, it will all evaporate; and if a new spirit be not added in the translation, there will remain nothing but a *caput mortuum;* there being certain graces and happinesses peculiar to every language, which give life and energy to the words.' Hence, in his poetical address to Sir Richard Fanshawe, on his translation of *Pastor Fido*, our poet says:

### *On Poetical Translations.*

That servile path thou nobly dost decline
Of tracing word by word, and line by line.
Those are the laboured births of slavish brains,
Not the effect of poetry, but pains.
Cheap vulgar arts, whose narrowness affords
No flight for thoughts, but poorly sticks at words.
A new and nobler way thou dost pursue,
To make translations and translators too.
*They but preserve the ashes, thou the flame,*
*True to his sense, but truer to his fame.*

The last two lines are very happily conceived and expressed. Denham wrote a tragedy, the *Sophy*, which is but a tame commonplace plot of Turkish jealousy, treachery, and murder. Occasionally, there is a vigorous thought or line, as when the envious king asks Haly:

Have not I performed actions
As great, and with as great a moderation?

The other replies:

Ay, sir; but that 's forgotten:
Actions of the last age are like almanacs of the last year.

This sentiment was too truly felt by many of the cavaliers in the days of Charles II. We subjoin part of Denham's elegy on the death of Cowley, in which it will be seen that the poet forgot that Shakspeare was buried on the banks of his native Avon, not in Westminster Abbey, and that both he and Fletcher died long ere time had 'blasted their bays.'

### *On Mr Abraham Cowley.*

His Death and Burial amongst the Ancient Poets.

Old Chaucer, like the morning-star,
To us discovers day from far.
His light those mists and clouds dissolved
Which our dark nation long involved;
But he, descending to the shades,
Darkness again the age invades;
Next (like Aurora) Spenser rose,
Whose purple blush the day foreshews;
The other three with his own fires
Phœbus, the poet's god, inspires:
By Shakspeare's, Jonson's, Fletcher's lines,
Our stage's lustre Rome's outshines.
These poets near our princes sleep,
And in one grave their mansion keep.
They lived to see so many days,
Till time had blasted all their bays;
But cursed be the fatal hour
That plucked the fairest, sweetest flower
That in the Muses' garden grew,
And amongst withered laurels threw.
Time, which made them their fame outlive,
To Cowley scarce did ripeness give.
Old mother-wit and nature gave
Shakspeare and Fletcher all they have:
In Spenser and in Jonson, art
Of slower nature got the start;
But both in him so equal are,
None knows which bears the happiest share.
To him no author was unknown,
Yet what he wrote was all his own;
He melted not the ancient gold,
Nor with Ben Jonson did make bold
To plunder all the Roman stores
Of poets and of orators:
Horace his wit and Virgil's state
He did not steal, but emulate;
And when he would like them appear,
Their garb, but not their clothes, did wear:
He not from Rome alone, but Greece,
Like Jason brought the golden fleece;
To him that language—though to none
Of th' others—as his own was known.
On a stiff gale, as Flaccus sings,
The Theban swan extends his wings,
When through th' ethereal clouds he flies
To the same pitch our swan doth rise;
Old Pindar's heights by him are reached,
When on that gale his wings are stretched;
His fancy and his judgment such,
Each to th' other seemed too much;
His severe judgment giving law,
His modest fancy kept in awe.

### *Song to Morpheus.—From the 'Sophy,' Act V.*

Morpheus, the humble god, that dwells
In cottages and smoky cells,
Hates gilded roofs and beds of down;
And, though he fears no prince's frown,
Flies from the circle of a crown.

Come, I say, thou powerful god,
And thy leaden charming rod,
Dipt in the Lethean lake,
O'er his wakeful temples shake,
Lest he should sleep and never wake.

Nature, alas! why art thou so
Obliged to thy greatest foe?
Sleep, that is thy best repast,
Yet of death it bears a taste,
And both are the same thing at last.

## WILLIAM CHAMBERLAYNE.

William Chamberlayne (1619–1689) describes himself in the title-page to his works as 'of Shaftesbury, in the county of Dorset.' The poet practised as a physician at Shaftesbury; but he appears to have wielded the sword as well as the lancet, for he was present among the royalists at the battle of Newbury. His circumstances must have been far from flourishing, as, like Vaughan, he complains keenly of the poverty of poets, and states that he was debarred from the society of the wits of his day. The works of Chamberlayne consist of two poems—*Love's Victory*, a tragi-comedy, published in 1658; and *Pharonnida, a Heroic Poem*, published in 1659. The scene of the first is laid in Sicily; and that of *Pharonnida* is also partly in Sicily, but chiefly in Greece. With no court connection, no light or witty copies of verses to float him into popularity, relying solely on his two long and comparatively unattractive works—to appreciate which, through all the windings of romantic love, plots, escapes, and adventures, more time is required than the author's busy age could afford—we need hardly wonder that Chamberlayne was an unsuccessful poet. His works were almost totally forgotten, till Campbell, in his *Specimens of the Poets*, in 1819, by quoting largely from *Pharonnida*, and pointing out the 'rich breadth and variety of its scenes,' and the power and pathos of its characters and situations, drew attention to the passion, imagery, purity of sentiment, and tenderness of description, which lay, 'like metals in the mine,' in the neglected volume of Chamberlayne. We cannot, however, suppose that the works of this poet can ever be popular; his beauties are marred by infelicity of execution; though not deficient in the genius of a poet, he had little of the skill of the artist. The heroic couplet then wandered at will, sometimes into a 'wilderness of sweets,' but at other times into tediousness, mannerism, and absurdity. The sense was not compressed by the form of the verse, or by any correct rules of metrical harmony. Chamberlayne also laboured under the disadvantage of his story being long and intricate, and his style such—from the prolonged tenderness and pathos of his scenes—as could not be appreciated except on a careful and attentive perusal. Denham was patent to all—short, sententious, and perspicuous.

The dissatisfaction of the poet with his obscure and neglected situation, depressed by poverty, breaks out in the following passage, descriptive of a rich simpleton:

How purblind is the world, that such a monster,
In a few dirty acres swaddled, must
Be mounted, in Opinion's empty scale,
Above the noblest virtues that adorn
Souls that make worth their centre, and to that
Draw all the lines of action! Worn with age,
The noble soldier sits, whilst, in his cell,
The scholar stews his catholic brains for food.
The traveller returned, and poor may go
A second pilgrimage to farmers' doors, or end
His journey in an hospital; few being
So generous to relieve, where virtue doth
Necessitate to crave. Harsh poverty,
That moth, which frets the sacred robe of wit,
Thousands of noble spirits blunts, that else
Had spun rich threads of fancy from the brain:
But they are souls too much sublimed to thrive.

The following description of a dream is finely executed, and seems to have suggested, or at least bears a close resemblance to, the splendid opening lines of Dryden's *Religio Laici:*

### *A Prophetic Dream.*

A strong prophetic dream,
Diverting by enigmas nature's stream,
Long hovering through the portals of her mind
On vain fantastic wings, at length did find
The glimmerings of obstructed reason, by
A brighter beam of pure divinity
Led into supernatural light, whose rays
As much transcended reason's, as the day's
Dull mortal fires, faith apprehends to be
Beneath the glimmerings of divinity.
Her unimprisoned soul, disrobed of all
Terrestrial thoughts—like its original
In heaven, pure and immaculate—a fit
Companion for those bright angels' wit
Which the gods made their messengers, to bear
This sacred truth, seeming transported where,
Fixed in the flaming centre of the world,
The heart o' the microcosm, about which is hurled
The spangled curtains of the sky, within
Whose boundless orbs the circling planets spin
Those threads of time upon whose strength rely
The ponderous burdens of mortality.
An adamantine world she sees, more pure,
More glorious far than this—framed to endure
The shock of doomsday's darts.

Chamberlayne, like Milton and the earlier poets, was fond of describing the charms of morning. We have copied one passage in the previous notice of Denham; and numerous brief sketches are interspersed throughout Chamberlayne's works. For example:

Where every bough
Maintained a feathered chorister to sing
Soft panegyrics, and the rude wings bring
Into a murmuring slumber, whilst the calm
Morn on each leaf did hang her liquid balm,
With an intent, before the next sun's birth,
To drop it in those wounds which the cleft earth
Received from last day's beams.

Of virgin purity he says, with singular beauty of expression:

The morning pearls,
Dropt in the lily's spotless bosom, are
Less chastely cool, ere the meridian sun
Hath kissed them into heat.

In a grave narrative passage of *Pharonnida*, he stops to note the beauties of the morning:

The glad birds had sung
A lullaby to night; the lark was fled,
On dropping wings, up from his dewy bed,
To fan them in the rising sunbeams.

### *Unhappy Love.—From 'Pharonnida.'*

'Is 't a sin to be
Born high, that robs me of my liberty?
Or is 't the curse of greatness to behold
Virtue through such false optics as unfold
No splendour, 'less from equal orbs they shine?
What Heaven made free, ambitious men confine
In regular degrees. Poor Love must dwell
Within no climate but what 's parallel
Unto our honoured births; the envied fate
Of princes oft these burdens find from state,

When lowly swains, knowing no parent's voice
A negative, make a free happy choice.'
And here she sighed; then with some drops, distilled
From Love's most sovereign elixir, filled
The crystal fountains of her eyes, which, ere
Dropped down, she thus recalls again: 'But ne'er,
Ne'er, my Argalia, shall these fears destroy
My hopes of thee: Heaven! let me but enjoy
So much of all those blessings, which their birth
Can take from frail mortality; and Earth,
Contracting all her curses, cannot make
A storm of danger loud enough to shake
Me to a trembling penitence; a curse,
To make the horror of my suffering worse,
Sent in a father's name, like vengeance fell
From angry Heaven, upon my head may dwell
In an eternal stain—my honoured name
With pale disgrace may languish—busy fame
My reputation spot—affection be
Termed uncommanded lust—sharp poverty,
That weed that kills the gentle flower of love,
As the result of all these ills, may prove
My greatest misery—unless to find
Myself unpitied. Yet not so unkind
Would I esteem this mercenary band,
As those far more malignant powers that stand,
Armed with dissuasions, to obstruct the way
Fancy directs; but let those souls obey
Their harsh commands, that stand in fear to shed
Repentant tears: I am resolved to tread
Those doubtful paths, through all the shades of fear
That now benights them. Love! with pity hear
Thy suppliant's prayer, and when my clouded eyes
Shall cease to weep, in smiles I'll sacrifice
To thee such offerings, that the utmost date
Of Death's rough hands shall never violate.'

## EDMUND WALLER.

**Edmund Waller** (1605-1687) was a courtly and amatory poet. His poems have all the smoothness and polish of modern verse, and hence a high, perhaps too high, rank has been claimed for him as one of the first refiners and improvers of poetical diction. One cause of Waller's refinement was doubtless his early and familiar intercourse with the court and nobility. He wrote for the world of fashion and of taste—consigning

> The noon of manhood to a myrtle shade—

and he wrote in the same strain till he was upwards of fourscore! His life has more romance than his poetry. Waller was born at Coleshill, in Hertfordshire, and in his infancy was left heir to an estate of £3500 per annum. His mother was of the Hampdens of Buckinghamshire, and the poet was cousin to the patriot Hampden, and also related to Oliver Cromwell. His mother was a royalist in feeling, and used to lecture Cromwell for his share in the death of Charles I. Her son, the poet, was either a Roundhead or a royalist, as the time served. He entered parliament and wrote his first poem when he was eighteen. At twenty-five, he married a rich heiress of London, who died the same year, and the poet immediately became a suitor of Lady Dorothea Sidney, eldest daughter of the Earl of Leicester. To this proud and peerless fair one, Waller dedicated the better portion of his poetry, and the groves of Penshurst echoed to the praises of his Sacharissa. Lady Dorothea, however, was inexorable, and bestowed her hand, in her twenty-second year, on the Earl of Sunderland. It is said that, meeting her long afterwards, when she was far advanced in years, the lady asked him when he would again write such verses upon her. 'When you are as young, madam, and as handsome, as you were then,' replied the ungallant poet. The incident affords a key to Waller's character. He was easy, witty, and accomplished, but cold and selfish; destitute alike of high principle and deep feeling. As a member of parliament, Waller distinguished himself on the popular side, and was chosen to conduct the prosecution against Judge Crawley for his opinion in favour of levying ship-money. His speech, on delivering the impeachment, was printed, and 20,000 copies of it sold in one day. Shortly afterwards, however, Waller joined in a plot to surprise the city militia, and let in the king's forces, for which he was tried and sentenced to one year's imprisonment, and to pay a fine of £10,000. His conduct on this occasion was mean and abject. At the expiration of his imprisonment, the poet went abroad, and resided, amidst much splendour and hospitality, in France. He returned during the Protectorate, and when Cromwell died, Waller celebrated the event in one of his most vigorous and impressive poems. The image of the Commonwealth, though reared by no common hands, soon fell to pieces under Richard Cromwell, and Waller was ready with a congratulatory address to Charles II. The royal offering was considered inferior to the Panegyric on Cromwell, and the king himself—who admitted the poet to terms of courtly intimacy—is said to have told him of the disparity. 'Poets, sire,' replied the witty, self-possessed Waller, 'succeed better in fiction than in truth.' In the first parliament summoned by Charles, Waller sat for the town of Hastings, and he served for different places in all the parliaments of that reign. Bishop Burnet says he was the delight of the House of Commons. At the accession of James II. in 1685, the venerable poet, then eighty years of age, was elected representative for a borough in Cornwall. The mad career of James, in seeking to subvert the national church and constitution, was foreseen by this wary and sagacious observer: 'He will be left,' said he, 'like a whale upon the strand.' The editors of Chandler's Debates and the Parliamentary History ascribe to Waller a remarkable speech against standing armies, delivered in the House of Commons in 1685; but according to Lord Macaulay, this speech was really made by Windham, member for Salisbury. 'It was with some concern,' adds the historian, 'that I found myself forced to give up the belief that the last words uttered in public by Waller were so honourable to him.' Feeling his long-protracted life drawing to a close, Waller purchased a small property at Coleshill, saying: 'He would be glad to die like the stag, where he was roused.' The wish was not fulfilled; he died at Beaconsfield, on the 21st of October 1687; and in the churchyard of that place—where also rest the ashes of Edmund Burke—a monument has been erected to his memory.

The first collection of Waller's poems was made by himself, and published in the year 1664. It went through numerous editions in his lifetime; and in 1690 a second collection was made of such pieces as he had produced in his latter years. In a poetical dedication to Lady Harley, prefixed to this edition, and written by Elijah Fenton, Waller is styled

Maker and model of melodious verse.

This eulogium seems to embody the opinion of Waller's contemporaries, and it was afterwards confirmed by Dryden and Pope, who had not sufficiently studied the excellent models of versification furnished by the old poets, and their rich poetical diction. The smoothness of his versification, his good sense, and uniform elegance, rendered him popular with critics as with the multitude; while his prominence as a public man, for so many years, would increase curiosity as to his works. His poems are chiefly short and incidental, but he wrote a poem on Divine Love, in six cantos. Cowley had written his *Davideis*, and recommended sacred subjects as adapted for poetry; but neither he nor Waller succeeded in this new and higher walk of the muse. Such an employment of their talents was graceful and becoming in advanced life, but their fame must ever rest on their light, airy, and occasional poems, dictated by that gallantry, adulation, and play of fancy which characterised the cavalier poets.

### *On Love.*

Anger, in hasty words or blows,
Itself discharges on our foes;
And sorrow, too, finds some relief
In tears, which wait upon our grief:
So every passion, but fond love,
Unto its own redress does move;
But that alone the wretch inclines
To what prevents his own designs;
Makes him lament, and sigh, and weep,
Disordered, tremble, fawn, and creep;
Postures which render him despised,
Where he endeavours to be prized.
For women—born to be controlled—
Stoop to the forward and the bold;
Affect the haughty and the proud,
The gay, the frolic, and the loud.
Who first the generous steed oppressed,
Not kneeling did salute the beast;
But with high courage, life, and force,
Approaching, tamed th' unruly horse.
  Unwisely we the wiser East
Pity, supposing them oppressed
With tyrants' force, whose law is will,
By which they govern, spoil, and kill;
Each nymph, but moderately fair,
Commands with no less rigour here.
Should some brave Turk, that walks among
His twenty lasses, bright and young,
Behold as many gallants here,
With modest guise and silent fear,
All to one female idol bend,
While her high pride does scarce descend
To mark their follies, he would swear
That these her guard of eunuchs were,
And that a more majestic queen,
Or humbler slaves, he had not seen.
  All this with indignation spoke,
In vain I struggled with the yoke
Of mighty Love: that conquering look,
When next beheld, like lightning strook
My blasted soul, and made me bow
Lower than those I pitied now.
  So the tall stag, upon the brink
Of some smooth stream about to drink,
Surveying there his armed head,
With shame remembers that he fled
The scorned dogs, resolves to try
The combat next; but if their cry
Invades again his trembling ear,
He straight resumes his wonted care;
Leaves the untasted spring behind,
And, winged with fear, outflies the wind.

### *On a Girdle.*

That which her slender waist confined
Shall now my joyful temples bind:
No monarch but would give his crown,
His arms might do what this hath done.

It was my heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer;
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move!

A narrow compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that 's good, and all that 's fair:
Give me but what this ribbon bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

### *On the Marriage of the Dwarfs.*

Design or chance makes others wive,
But nature did this match contrive:
Eve might as well have Adam fled,
As she denied her little bed
To him, for whom Heaven seemed to frame
And measure out this only dame.
  Thrice happy is that humble pair,
Beneath the level of all care!
Over whose heads those arrows fly
Of sad distrust and jealousy;
Secured in as high extreme,
As if the world held none but them.
  To him the fairest nymphs do shew
Like moving mountains topped with snow;
And every man a Polypheme
Does to his Galatea seem.
  Ah! Chloris, that kind Nature thus
From all the world had severed us;
Creating for ourselves us two,
As Love has me for only you!

### *From 'A Panegyric to my Lord Protector.'*

While with a strong and yet a gentle hand,
You bridle faction, and our hearts command,
Protect us from ourselves, and from the foe,
Make us unite, and make us conquer too;

Let partial spirits still aloud complain,
Think themselves injured that they cannot reign,
And own no liberty, but where they may
Without control upon their fellows prey.

Above the waves, as Neptune shewed his face,
To chide the winds, and save the Trojan race,
So has your Highness, raised above the rest,
Storms of ambition tossing us repressed.

Your drooping country, torn with civil hate,
Restored by you, is made a glorious state;
The seat of empire, where the Irish come,
And the unwilling Scots, to fetch their doom.

The sea 's our own; and now all nations greet,
With bending sails, each vessel of our fleet;
Your power extends as far as winds can blow,
Or swelling sails upon the globe may go.

Heaven, that hath placed this island to give law,
To balance Europe, and its states to awe,
In this conjunction doth on Britain smile,
The greatest leader, and the greatest isle!

Whether this portion of the world were rent
By the rude ocean from the continent,
Or thus created, it was sure designed
To be the sacred refuge of mankind.

Hither the oppressed shall henceforth resort,
Justice to crave, and succour at your court;
And then your Highness, not for ours alone,
But for the world's Protector shall be known. . . .

Still as you rise, the state exalted too,
Finds no distemper while 'tis changed by you;
Changed like the world's great scene! when, without noise,
The rising sun night's vulgar lights destroys.

Had you, some ages past, this race of glory
Run, with amazement we should read your story;
But living virtue, all achievements past,
Meets envy still to grapple with at last.

This Cæsar found; and that ungrateful age,
With losing him, went back to blood and rage;
Mistaken Brutus thought to break their yoke,
But cut the bond of union with that stroke.

That sun once set, a thousand meaner stars
Gave a dim light to violence and wars;
To such a tempest as now threatens all,
Did not your mighty arm prevent the fall.

If Rome's great senate could not wield that sword,
Which of the conquered world had made them lord,
What hope had ours, while yet their power was new,
To rule victorious armies, but by you?

You, that had taught them to subdue their foes,
Could order teach, and their high sp'rits compose;
To every duty could their minds engage,
Provoke their courage, and command their rage.

So when a lion shakes his dreadful mane,
And angry grows, if he that first took pain
To tame his youth approach the haughty beast,
He bends to him, but frights away the rest.

As the vexed world, to find repose, at last
Itself into Augustus' arms did cast;
So England now does, with like toil oppress,
Her weary head upon your bosom rest.

Then let the Muses, with such notes as these,
Instruct us what belongs unto our peace.
Your battles they hereafter shall indite,
And draw the image of our Mars in fight.

Tell of towns stormed, and armies overrun,
And mighty kingdoms by your conduct won:
How, while you thundered, clouds of dust did choke
Contending troops, and seas lay hid in smoke.

Illustrious acts high raptures do infuse,
And every conqueror creates a Muse!
Here, in low strains, your milder deeds we sing,
But there, my lord, we 'll bays and olives bring

To crown your head; while you in triumph ride
O'er conquered nations, and the sea beside:
While all your neighbour Princes unto you,
Like Joseph's sheaves, pay reverence and due.

### *The British Navy.*

When Britain, looking with a just disdain
Upon this gilded majesty of Spain,
And knowing well that empire must decline
Whose chief support and sinews are of coin,
Our nation's solid virtue did oppose
To the rich troublers of the world's repose.

And now some months, encamping on the main,
Our naval army had besieged Spain:
They that the whole world's monarchy designed,
Are to their ports by our bold fleet confined,
From whence our red cross they triumphant see,
Riding without a rival on the sea.
Others may use the ocean as their road,
Only the English make it their abode,
Whose ready sails with every wind can fly,
And make a covenant with the unconstant sky:
Our oaks secure, as if they there took root,
We tread on billows with a steady foot.

### *At Penshurst.*

While in this park I sing, the listening deer
Attend my passion, and forget to fear;
When to the beeches I report my flame,
They bow their heads, as if they felt the same.
To gods appealing, when I reach their bowers
With loud complaints, they answer me in showers.
To thee a wild and cruel soul is given,
More deaf than trees, and prouder than the heaven!
Love's foe professed! why dost thou falsely feign
Thyself a Sidney? from which noble strain
He sprung,[1] that could so far exalt the name
Of Love, and warm our nation with his flame,
That all we can of love or high desire,
Seems but the smoke of amorous Sidney's fire.
Nor call her mother who so well does prove
One breast may hold both chastity and love.
Never can she, that so exceeds the spring
In joy and bounty, be supposed to bring
One so destructive. To no human stock
We owe this fierce unkindness, but the rock;
That cloven rock produced thee, by whose side
Nature, to recompense the fatal pride
Of such stern beauty, placed those healing springs[2]
Which not more help than that destruction brings.
Thy heart no ruder than the rugged stone,
I might, like Orpheus, with my numerous moan
Melt to compassion; now my traitorous song
With thee conspires to do the singer wrong;
While thus I suffer not myself to lose
The memory of what augments my woes;
But with my own breath still foment the fire,
Which flames as high as fancy can aspire!
This last complaint the indulgent ears did pierce
Of just Apollo, president of verse;
Highly concerned that the Muse should bring
Damage to one whom he had taught to sing:
Thus he advised me: 'On yon aged tree
Hang up thy lute, and hie thee to the sea,
That there with wonders thy diverted mind
Some truce, at least, may with this passion find.'
Ah, cruel nymph! from whom her humble swain
Flies for relief unto the raging main,
And from the winds and tempests does expect
A milder fate than from her cold neglect!
Yet there he 'll pray that the unkind may prove
Blest in her choice; and vows this endless love
Springs from no hope of what she can confer,
But from those gifts which Heaven has heaped on her.

### *The Bud.*

Lately on yonder swelling bush,
Big with many a coming rose,
This early bud began to blush,
And did but half itself disclose;
I plucked it though no better grown,
And now you see how full 'tis blown.

---

[1] Sir Philip Sidney.

[2] Tunbridge Wells.

Still, as I did the leaves inspire,
With such a purple light they shone,
As if they had been made of fire,
And spreading so would flame anon.
All that was meant by air or sun,
To the young flower my breath has done.

If our loose breath so much can do,
What may the same in forms of love,
Of purest love and music too,
When Flavia it aspires to move?
When that which lifeless buds persuades
To wax more soft, her youth invades?

### *Song.—Go, Lovely Rose.*

Go, lovely rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her, that 's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That, hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee,
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

### *Old Age and Death.*

The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er;
So calm are we when passions are no more:
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things, too certain to be lost.
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age descries.

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made:
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home.
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

## JOHN MILTON.

Above all the poets of this age, and, in the whole range of English poetry, inferior only to Shakspeare, was JOHN MILTON, born in London, December 9, 1608. His grandfather has been traced to a certain Richard Milton of Stanton St John, near Shotover, in Oxfordshire, who was a zealous Catholic, and in the year 1601 was twice fined in the sum of £60, for absenting himself from the parish church, and refusing to conform or submit.[*] His son, John, the poet's father, nevertheless, embraced the Protestant faith, and was disinherited by his bigoted parent. He established himself in London as a scrivener—one who draws legal contracts, and places money at interest. The firmness and the sufferings of the father for conscience' sake tinctured the early feelings and sentiments of the son, who was a stern, unbending champion of religious freedom. The paternal example may also have had some effect on the poet's taste and accomplishments. The elder Milton was distinguished as a musical composer, and the son was well skilled in the same soothing and delightful art. The variety and harmony of his versification may, no doubt, be partly traced to the same source. Coleridge styles Milton a musical, not a picturesque poet. The saying, however, is more pointed than correct. In the most musical passages of Milton—as the lyrics in *Comus*—the pictures presented to the mind are as distinct and vivid as the paintings of Titian or Raphael. Milton was educated with great care. He had a private tutor, a Puritan divine, a Scotsman named Thomas Young, and when about the age of twelve he was sent to St Paul's School, London, whence he removed to Christ's College, Cambridge, being admitted a pensioner in February 1624-5. He was a severe student, of a nice and haughty temper, and jealous of constraint or control. He complained that the fields around Cambridge had no soft shades to attract the muse, as Robert Hall, a century and a half afterwards, attributed his first attack of insanity to the flatness of the scenery, and the want of woods in that part of England. Milton was designed for the church, but he preferred a 'blameless silence' to what he considered 'servitude and forswearing.' At this time, in his twenty-first year, he had written his grand *Hymn on the Nativity*, any one verse of which was sufficient to shew that a new and great light was about to rise on English poetry. In 1632, he retired from the university, having taken his degree of M.A. and went to the house of his father, who had relinquished business, and purchased a small property at Horton, in Buckinghamshire. Here he lived five years, studying classical literature, and here he wrote his *Arcades*, *Comus*, and *Lycidas*. The *Arcades* formed part of a mask, presented to the Countess-dowager of Derby, at Harefield, near Horton, by some noble persons of her family. *Comus*, also a mask, was presented at Ludlow Castle in 1634, before the Earl of Bridgewater, then president of Wales. This drama was founded on an actual occurrence. The Earl of Bridgewater then resided at Ludlow Castle; his sons, Lord Brackley and Mr Egerton, and Lady Alice Egerton, his daughter, passing through Haywood Forest, in Herefordshire, on their way to Ludlow, were benighted, and the lady was for a short time lost. This accident being related to their father upon their arrival at his castle, Milton, at the request of his friend, Henry Lawes, the musician—who taught music in the family—wrote the mask. Lawes set it to music, and it was acted on Michaelmas night, 1634, the two brothers, the young lady, and Lawes himself, bearing each a part in the representation. *Comus* is better entitled to the appellation of a *moral* mask than any by Jonson, Ford, or Massinger. It is a pure dream of Elysium. The reader is transported, as in Shakspeare's *Tempest*, to scenes of fairy enchantment; but no grossness mingles with the poet's creations, and his muse is ever ready to 'moralise the song' with strains of solemn imagery and lofty sentiment. *Comus* was first published in 1637, not by its author, but by Henry Lawes, who, in a dedication to Lord Bridgewater, says: 'Although not openly acknowledged by the author, yet it is a legitimate offspring, so lovely, and so much desired, that the often copying of it hath tired my pen to give my several friends satisfaction.' *Lycidas* was also published the same year. This exquisite poem is a monody on a college companion of Milton's, Edward King, who perished by shipwreck on his passage from Chester to Ireland. Milton's descriptive poems, *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, are generally referred to the same happy period of his life; but from the cast of the imagery, we suspect they were sketched at St Paul's School or at college, when he walked the 'studious cloisters pale,' amidst 'storied windows' and 'pealing anthems.' In 1638, the poet left the paternal roof, and travelled for fifteen months in France and Italy, returning homewards by the 'Leman lake' to Geneva and Paris. His society was courted by the 'choicest Italian wits,' and he visited Galileo, then a prisoner of the Inquisition. The statuesque grace and beauty of some of Milton's poetical creations—the figures of Adam and Eve, the angel Raphael, and parts of *Paradise Regained*—were probably suggested by his study of the works of art in Florence and Rome. The poet had been with difficulty restrained from testifying against popery within the verge of the Vatican; and on his return to his native country, he engaged in controversy against the prelates and the royalists, and vindicated, with characteristic ardour, the utmost freedom of thought and expression. His prose works are noticed in another part of this volume. In 1643, Milton went to the country, and married Mary, the daughter of Richard Powell, a high cavalier of Oxfordshire, to whom the poet was probably known, as Mr Powell had, many years before, borrowed £500 from his father. He brought his wife to London; but in the short period of a month, the studious habits and philosophical seclusion of the republican poet proved so distasteful to the cavalier's fair daughter, that she left his house on a visit to her parents, and refused to return. Milton resolved to repudiate her, and published some treatises on divorce, in which he argues that the law of Moses, which allowed of divorcement for uncleanness, was not adultery only, but uncleanness of the mind as well as the body. This dangerous doctrine he maintained through life; but the year after her desertion—when the poet was practically enforcing his opinions by soliciting the hand of another lady—his erring and repentant wife fell on her knees before him, 'submissive in distress,' and Milton, like his own Adam, was 'fondly overcome with female charm.' He also behaved with great generosity to her parents when the further progress of the Civil War involved them in ruin. In 1649, Milton was appointed foreign or Latin secretary to the council of state. His salary was about £300 per annum, which was afterwards reduced one half, when the duties were shared, first with Philip Meadowes, and afterwards with the excellent Andrew Marvell. He served Cromwell when Cromwell had thrown off the mask and assumed all but the name of king; and it is to be regretted that the poet did not, like his friend Bradshaw, disclaim this new and usurped tyranny, though dignified by a master-mind. He was probably hurried along by the stormy tide of events, till he could not well recede.

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[*] See *Life of Milton*, by Professor David Masson—an able work, evincing great research, and containing original information.

For ten years, Milton's eyesight had been failing, owing to the 'wearisome studies and midnight watchings' of his youth. The last remains of it were sacrificed in the composition of his *Defensio Populi*—he was willing and proud to make the sacrifice—and by the close of the year 1652, he was totally blind, 'dark, dark, irrecoverably dark.' His wife died about the same time. In November 1656 he married Katherine Woodcock, daughter of a Captain Woodcock of Hackney; a child was born to them in October 1657, which died, and in February 1658 the mother also died. The poet consecrated to her memory one of his simple, but solemn and touching sonnets:

### *Sonnet on his Deceased Wife.*

Methought I saw my late espoused saint
Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
Rescued from death by force, though pale and faint.
Mine, as whom washed from spot of childbed taint
Purification in the old law did save,
And such as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in heaven without restraint,
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind;
Her face was veiled, yet to my fancied sight,
Love, goodness, sweetness, in her person shined
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
But, oh! as to embrace me she inclined,
I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night.

The Restoration deprived Milton of his public employment, and exposed him to danger, but by the interest of Davenant and Marvell, as has been said, his name was included in the general amnesty. The great poet was now at liberty to pursue his private studies, and to realise the devout aspirations of his youth for an immortality of literary fame. His spirit was unsubdued. *Paradise Lost* was begun about 1658, when the division of the secretaryship gave him greater leisure; it was completed in 1665, as we learn from Ellwood the Quaker, who visited Milton at a cottage at Chalfont, in Bucks, to which the poet had withdrawn from the plague, then raging in the metropolis. He had then married a third time. In his helpless state, he stood in need of female assistance and society, and he requested a medical friend, Dr Paget, to recommend him a wife. Paget recommended his own cousin, Elizabeth Minshull, daughter of a respectable yeoman residing at Wisaston, near Nantwich in Cheshire. They were married, as recent inquiries have ascertained, in 1663, the lady being then little more than twenty-four years of age. She had no issue by Milton, whom she survived fifty-three years. *Paradise Lost* was published in 1667. The copyright was purchased by Samuel Simmons, a bookseller, on the following terms: an immediate payment of £5, and £5 more when 1300 copies should be sold; the like sum after the same number of the second edition—each edition to consist of 1500 copies—and other £5 after the sale of the third. The third edition was not published till 1678, when the poet was no more, and his widow sold all her claims to Simmons for £8. It appears that, in the comparatively short period of two years, the poet became entitled to his second payment, so that 1300 copies of *Paradise Lost* had been sold in the first two years of its publication—a proof that the nation was not, as has been vulgarly supposed, insensible to the merits of the divine poem then entering on its course of immortality. In eleven years from the date of its publication, 3000 copies had been sold; and a modern critic has expressed a doubt whether *Paradise Lost*, published eleven years since, would have met with a greater demand! The fall of man was a theme suited to the serious part of the community in that age, independently of the claims of a work of genius. The Puritans had not yet wholly died out—their beatific visions were not quenched by the gross sensualism of the times. Compared with Dryden's plays, how pure, how lofty and sanctified, must have appeared the epic strains of Milton! The blank verse of *Paradise Lost* was, however, a stumbling-block to the reading public. So long a poem in this measure had not before been attempted, and ere the second edition was published, Samuel Simmons procured from Milton a short and spirited explanation of his reasons for departing from the 'troublesome bondage of rhyming.' In 1671 the poet published his *Paradise Regained* and *Samson Agonistes*. The severe simplicity and the restricted plan of these poems have rendered them less popular than *Comus* or *Paradise Lost;* but they exhibit the intensity and force of Milton's genius: they were 'the ebb of a mighty tide.' The survey of Greece and Rome in *Paradise Regained*, and the poet's description of the banquet in the grove, are as rich and exuberant as anything in *Paradise Lost;* while his brief sketch of the thunder-storm in the wilderness, in the same poem, is perhaps the most strikingly dramatic and effective passage of the kind in all his works. The active and studious life of the poet was now near a close. It is pleasing to reflect that Poverty, in her worst shape, never entered his dwelling, irradiated by visions of Paradise; and that, though long a sufferer from hereditary disease, his mind was calm and bright to the last. He died without a struggle in his house in the Artillery Walk, Bunhill Fields—a small house rated at 'four hearths'—on Sunday the 8th of November 1674. By his first rash and ill-assorted marriage, Milton left three daughters, whom, it is said, he taught to read and pronounce several languages, though they only understood their native tongue. He complained that the children were 'undutiful and unkind' to him; and they were all living apart from their illustrious parent for some years before his death. His widow inherited a fortune of about £1000, of which she gave £100 to each of his daughters.[*]

Milton's early poems have much of the manner of Spenser, particularly his *Lycidas*. In *Comus* there are various traces of Fletcher, Shakspeare, and other poets. Dryden, in his preface to the *Fables*, says: 'Milton has acknowledged to me that Spenser was his original.' Browne, Fletcher, Burton, and Drummond also assisted: Milton, as has been happily remarked, was a great collector of sweets from these wild-flowers. Single words, epithets, and images he freely borrowed, but they were so combined and improved by his own splendid and absorbing imagination, as not to detract from his originality. His imperial fancy, as was said of Burke, laid all art and nature under tribute, yet never lost its 'own original brightness.' Milton's diction is peculiarly rich and pictorial in effect. In force and dignity, he towers over all his contemporaries. He is of no class of poets; 'his soul was like a star, and dwelt apart.' The style of Milton's verse was moulded on classic models, chiefly the Greek tragedians; but his musical taste, his love of Italian literature, and the lofty and solemn cast of his own mind, gave strength and harmony to the whole. His minor poems alone would have rendered his name immortal, but there still wanted his great epic to complete the measure of his fame and the glory of his country.

*Paradise Lost*, or the fall of man, had long been familiar to Milton as a subject for poetry. He at first intended it as a drama, and two draughts of his scheme are preserved among his manuscripts in Trinity College Library, Cambridge. His genius, however, was better adapted for an epic than a dramatic poem. His *Samson*, though cast in a dramatic form, has little of dramatic interest or variety of character. His multifarious learning and uniform dignity of manner would have been too weighty for dialogue; whereas in the epic form, his erudition was well employed in episode and illustration. He was perhaps too profuse of learned illustration, yet there is something very striking and imposing even in his long catalogues of names and cities. They are generally sonorous and musical. 'The subject of *Paradise Lost*,' says Campbell, 'was the origin of evil—an era in existence—an event more than all others dividing past from future time—an isthmus in the ocean of eternity. The theme was in its nature connected with everything important in the circumstances of human history; and amidst these circumstances, Milton saw that the fables of paganism were too important and poetical to be omitted. As a Christian, he was entitled wholly to neglect them; but as a poet, he chose to treat them, not as dreams of the human mind, but as the delusions of infernal existences. Thus anticipating a beautiful propriety for all classical allusions, thus connecting and reconciling the co-existence of fable and truth, and thus identifying his fallen angels with the deities of "gay religions full of pomp and gold," he yoked the heathen mythology in triumph to his subject, and clothed himself in the spoils of superstition.' The first two books of *Paradise Lost* are remarkable for their grandeur and sublimity. The delineation of Satan and the fallen angels 'hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,' and their assembled deliberations in the infernal council, are astonishing efforts of human genius—'their appearance dwarfs every other poetical conception.' At a time when the common superstition of the country presented the Spirit of Evil in the most low and debasing shapes, Milton invested him with colossal strength and majesty, with unconquerable pride and daring, with passion and remorse, sorrow and tears—'the archangel ruined, and the excess of glory obscured.' Pope has censured the dialogues in heaven as too metaphysical, and every reader feels that they are prolix, and, in some instances, unnecessary and unbecoming.

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[*] Their acknowledgments of the sums received from the widow still exist, and fac-similes of them have been engraved. Anne, the eldest daughter, was unable to write, and makes her mark. The second, Mary, was barely able to trace the letters, in a very rude manner, and she misspells her name *Millton*. The third, Deborah, makes a tolerably distinct signature. Their education must have been very defective.

The taste of Milton, and that of the age in which his mind was formed, inclined towards argumentative speech and theology, and this at times overpowered his poetical imagination. It has also been objected that there is a want of human interest in the poem. This objection, however, is *not* felt. The poet has drawn the characters of Adam and Eve with such surpassing art and beauty, and has invested their residence in Paradise with such an accumulation of charms, that our sympathy with them is strong and unbroken; it accompanies them in their life of innocence, their daily employment among fruits and flowers, their purity, affection, and piety, and it continues after the ruins of the Fall. More perfect and entire sympathy could not be excited by any living agents. In these tender and descriptive scenes, the force and occasional stiffness of Milton's style, and the march of his stately sonorous verse, are tempered and modulated with exquisite skill. The allegorical figures of Sin and Death have been found fault with: 'they will not bear exact criticism,' says Hallam, 'yet we do not wish them away.' They appear to us to be among the grandest of Milton's conceptions—terrific, repulsive, yet sublime, and sternly *moral* in their effects. Who but must entertain disgust and hatred at sin thus portrayed? The battle of the angels in the sixth book is perhaps open to censure. The material machinery is out of place in heaven, and seems to violate even poetical probability. The reader is sensible how the combat must end, and wishes that the whole had been more veiled and obscure. 'The martial demons,' remarks Campbell, 'who charmed us in the shades of hell, lose some portion of their sublimity when their artillery is discharged in the daylight of heaven.' The discourses of the angel Raphael, and the vision of Michael in the last two books—leading the reader gently and slowly, as it were, from the empyrean heights down to earth—have a tranquil dignity of tone and pathos that are deeply touching and impressive. The Christian poet triumphs and predominates at the close.

### *Hymn on the Nativity.*

It was the winter wild,
While the heaven-born child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
Nature, in awe to him,
Had doffed her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathise:
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair
She woos the gentle air
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
The saintly veil of maiden-white to throw;
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But He, her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace;
She, crowned with olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere,
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing,
And waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes an universal peace through sea and land.

No war, or battle's sound,
Was heard the world around:
The idle spear and shield were high up hung;
The hooked chariot stood
Unstained with hostile blood;
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began:
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kissed,
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

The stars, with deep amaze,
Stand fixed in steadfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious influence;
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer, that often warned them thence;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame
The new-enlightened world no more should need;
He saw a greater sun appear
Than his bright throne or burning axletree could bear.

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;
Full little thought they then
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger strook,
Divinely warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took:
The air, such pleasure loath to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

Nature, that heard such sound,
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's seat, the airy region thrilling,
Now was almost won,
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling;
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all Heaven and Earth in happier union.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the shamefaced night arrayed;
The helmed cherubim,
And sworded seraphim,
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displayed,
Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-born heir.

Such music, as 'tis said,
Before was never made,
But when of old the Sons of Morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
Once bless our human ears
(If ye have power to touch our senses so),
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time;
And let the base of Heaven's deep organ blow;
And, with your ninefold harmony,
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

For if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the Age of Gold;
And speckled Vanity
Will sicken soon and die;
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould;
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Orbed in a rainbow; and, like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between,
Throned in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering;
And Heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

But wisest Fate says no,
This must not yet be so,
The babe yet lies in smiling infancy,
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss,
So both himself and us to glorify:
Yet first, to those ychained in sleep,
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the deep,

With such a horrid clang
As on Mount Sinai rang,
While the red fire and smouldering clouds out brake:
The aged earth aghast,
With terror of that blast,
Shall from the surface to the centre shake;
When, at the world's last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his throne.

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,
But now begins; for, from this happy day,
The Old Dragon under ground
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurped sway;
And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The oracles are dumb;
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;
From haunted spring, and dale
Edged with poplar pale,
The parting Genius is with sighing sent;
With flower-inwoven tresses torn,
The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth,
The Lars and Lemures mourn with midnight plaint;
In urns, and altars round,
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint;
And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar power foregoes his wonted seat.

Peor and Baälim
Forsake their temples dim,
With that twice-battered god of Palestine;
And mooned Ashtaroth,
Heaven's queen and mother both,
Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine;
The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn;
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz mourn.

And sullen Moloch fled,
Hath left in shadows dread
His burning idol all of blackest hue;
In vain with cymbals' ring
They call the grisly king,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue:
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian grove or green,
Trampling the unshowered grass with lowings loud;
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest;
Nought but profoundest hell can be his shroud;
In vain with timbrelled anthems dark
The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his worshipped ark.

He feels from Juda's land
The dreaded Infant's hand,
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn;
Nor all the gods beside
Longer dare abide,
Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine:
Our Babe, to shew his Godhead true,
Can in his swaddling bands control the damned crew.

So, when the sun in bed,
Curtained with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale,
Troop to the infernal jail,
Each fettered ghost slips to his several grave;
And the yellow-skirted fays
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved maze.

But see, the Virgin blest
Hath laid her Babe to rest;
Time is our tedious song should here have ending:
Heaven's youngest teemed star
Hath fixed her polished car,
Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending;
And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harnessed angels sit in order serviceable.

### *Song on May Morning.*

Now the bright morning-star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May! that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing!
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

### *Sonnet 'On his Blindness.'*

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he, returning, chide;
'Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?'
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies: 'God doth not need
Either man's work, or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best: his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait.'

### *When the Assault was intended to the City.*

Captain, or Colonel, or Knight in arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
If deed of honour did thee ever please,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms.
He can requite thee; for he knows the charms
That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.
Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower:
The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
Went to the ground: and the repeated air
Of sad Electra's poet had the power
To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

### *On the late Massacre in Piemont.*[*]

Avenge, O Lord! thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones,
Forget not: in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piemontese, that rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To Heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundredfold, who, having learned thy way
Early, may fly the Babylonian woe.

### *Scene from 'Comus.'—The* LADY *loquitur.*

This is the place, as well as I may guess,
Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth
Was rife, and perfect in my listening ear;
Yet nought but single darkness do I find.
What might this be? A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,
And aery tongues, that syllable men's names
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.
These thoughts may startle well, but not astound
The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
By a strong siding champion, Conscience.—
O welcome, pure-eyed Faith; white-handed Hope,
Thou hovering angel, girt with golden wings;
And thou unblemished form of Chastity!
I see ye visibly, and now believe
That He, the Supreme Good, to whom all things ill
Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
Would send a glistering guardian, if need were,
To keep my life and honour unassailed.
Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
I did not err; there does a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
And casts a gleam over this tufted grove:
I cannot halloo to my brothers, but
Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest,
I'll venture; for my new enlivened spirits
Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

### Song.

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
        Within thy aery shell,
        By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet-embroidered vale,
        Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well;
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
        That likest thy Narcissus are?
          Oh, if thou have
        Hid them in some flowery cave,
          Tell me but where,
    Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the sphere!
    So mayst thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all Heaven's harmonies.

### Enter COMUS.

Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testify his hidden residence:
How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence through the empty vaulted night,
At every fall smoothing the raven down
Of darkness till it smiled! I have oft heard
My mother Circe, with the Syrens three,
Amidst the flowery-kirtled Naiades,
Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs,
Who, as they sung, would take the prisoned soul
And lap it in Elysium: Scylla wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell Charybdis murmured soft applause.
Yet they in pleasing slumber lulled the sense,
And in sweet madness robbed it of itself;
But such a sacred and home-felt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
I never heard till now.

### *The Spirit's Epilogue in 'Comus.'*

To the ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that lie
Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky:
There I suck the liquid air
All amidst the gardens fair
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three,
That sing about the golden tree:
Along the crisped shades and bowers
Revels the spruce and jocund Spring;
The Graces, and the rosy-bosomed Hours,
Thither all their bounties bring;
There eternal Summer dwells,
And west-winds, with musky wing,
About the cedarn alleys fling
Nard and cassia's balmy smells.
Iris there with humid bow
Waters the odorous banks, that blow
Flowers of more mingled hue
Than her purfled scarf can shew;

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[*] In 1655, the Duke of Savoy determined to compel his reformed subjects in the valleys of Piedmont to embrace Popery, or quit their country. All who remained and refused to be converted, with their wives and children, suffered a most barbarous massacre. Those who escaped fled into the mountains, from whence they sent agents into England to Cromwell for relief. He instantly commanded a general fast, and promoted a national contribution, in which nearly £40,000 were collected.—WARTON.

And drenches with Elysian dew—
List, mortals, if your ears be true—
Beds of hyacinth and roses,
Where young Adonis oft reposes,
Waxing well of his deep wound
In slumber soft, and on the ground
Sadly sits the Assyrian queen:
But far above, in spangled sheen,
Celestial Cupid, her famed son, advanced,
Holds his dear Psyche sweet entranced,
After her wandering labours long,
Till free consent the gods among
Make her his eternal bride,
And from her fair unspotted side
Two blissful twins are to be born,
Youth and Joy; so Jove hath sworn.
But now my task is smoothly done;
I can fly, or I can run,
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bowed welkin slow doth bend;
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the moon.
Mortals, that would follow me,
Love Virtue; she alone is free:
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime;
Or if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

### *L'Allegro.*

Hence, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy;
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings;
There under ebon shades, and low-browed rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come, thou goddess fair and free,
In heaven ycleped Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth;
Whom lovely Venus at a birth,
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;
Or whether—as some sages sing—
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying,
There on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,
Filled her with thee a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty:
And, if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleasures free:
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-brier, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine:
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before:
Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Sometimes walking not unseen
By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state,
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the ploughman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale,
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landscape round it measures;
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pied:
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide:
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosomed high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
Are at their savoury dinner set
Of herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tanned haycock in the mead.
Sometimes, with secure delight,
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequered shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the livelong daylight fail;
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How Fairy Mab the junkets eat;
She was pinched, and pulled, she said,
And he by friar's lantern led,
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail had thrashed the corn,
That ten days' labourers could not end,
Then lays him down, the lubber fiend,
And, stretched out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
And cropful out of doors he flings
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.
Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,

With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask and antique pageantry;
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running;
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regained Eurydice.
These delights, if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

### *Il Penseroso.*

Hence, vain deluding joys,
The brood of Folly, without father bred!
How little you bested,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sunbeams,
Or likest hovering dreams,
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.
But hail, thou goddess, sage and holy,
Hail, divinest Melancholy!
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight;
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem;
Or that starred Ethiop queen that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The sea-nymphs, and their powers offended:
Yet thou art higher far descended.
Thee, bright-haired Vesta, long of yore,
To solitary Saturn bore;
His daughter she—in Saturn's reign
Such mixture was not held a stain—
Oft, in glimmering bowers and glades,
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of cypress-lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till,
With a sad leaden downward cast,
Thou fix them on the earth as fast;
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring,
Aye round about Jove's altar sing;
And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure.
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The cherub Contemplation:
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night;
While Cynthia checks her dragon-yoke,
Gently o'er the accustomed oak.
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chantress, oft the woods among
I woo, to hear thy even-song:
And missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way;
And oft, as if her head she bowed,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar.
Or if the air will not permit,
Some still removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom;
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm.
Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
With thrice-great Hermes; or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds, or what vast regions, hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook:
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet, or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what—though rare—of later age
Ennobled hath the buskined stage.
But oh, sad virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower!
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made hell grant what love did seek!
Or call up him that left half-told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That owned the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride;
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of tourneys and of trophies hung,

Of forests and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear;
Not tricked and frounced as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchiefed in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or ushered with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe, with heaved stroke,
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honeyed thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feathered sleep:
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in airy stream
Of lively portraiture displayed,
Softly on my eyelids laid.
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or the unseen Genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloisters pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antic pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced quire below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew:
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

### *From 'Lycidas.'*

Yet once more, O ye laurels! and once more,
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And, with forced fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year:
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due:
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.
Who would not sing for Lycidas? He knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.
Begin, then, sisters of the sacred well,
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string:
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse;
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favour my destined urn,
And, as he passes, turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.
For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.
Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
We drove a-field, and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star, that rose at evening bright,
Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel.
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Tempered to the oaten flute;
Rough satyrs danced, and fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long;
And old Damœtas loved to hear our song.
But oh, the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return!
Thee, shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves
With wild-thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes mourn:
The willows, and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When first the white-thorn blows;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.
Where were ye, nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep,
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream:
Ay me! I fondly dream!
Had ye been there—for what could that have done?
What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,
Whom universal nature did lament,
When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?
Alas! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise—
That last infirmity of noble mind—
To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon, when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. 'But not the praise,'
Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears;
'Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistering foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies;
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed.'

### *Satan's Address to the Sun.*

From *Paradise Lost*, Book iv. 32.

O thou, that, with surpassing glory crowned,
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the god
Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminished heads; to thee I call,

But with no friendly voice; and add thy name,
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere;
Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,
Warring in heaven against heaven's matchless king.
Ah, wherefore? He deserved no such return
From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.
What could be less than to afford him praise,
The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks?
How due!—yet all his good proved ill in me,
And wrought but malice; lifted up so high,
I 'sdained subjection, and thought one step higher
Would set me highest, and in a moment quit
The debt immense of endless gratitude,
So burdensome still paying, still to owe;
Forgetful what from him I still received;
And understood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharged: what burden then?
Oh, had his powerful destiny ordained
Me some inferior angel, I had stood
Then happy; no unbounded hope had raised
Ambition! Yet why not?—some other power
As great might have aspired, and me, though mean,
Drawn to his part; but other powers as great
Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
Or from without, to all temptations armed.
Hadst thou the same free will and power to stand?
Thou hadst: whom hast thou, then, or what to accuse,
But Heaven's free love dealt equally to all?
Be then his love accursed; since love or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal woe:
Nay, cursed be thou; since against his thy will
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
Me miserable!—which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell;
And in the lowest deep a lower deep
Still threatening to devour me opens wide,
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.
Oh, then at last relent: is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left?
None left but my submission; and that word
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduced
With other promises and other vaunts
Than to submit, boasting I could subdue
The Omnipotent. Ay me! they little know
How dearly I abide that boast so vain;
Under what torments inwardly I groan,
While they adore me on the throne of hell.
With diadem and sceptre high advanced,
The lower still I fall; only supreme
In misery: such joy ambition finds.
But say I could repent, and could obtain
By act of grace my former state; how soon
Would height recall high thoughts, how soon unsay
What feigned submission swore! Ease would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void.
For never can true reconcilement grow
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep;
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse
And heavier fall: so should I purchase dear
Short intermission bought with double smart.
This knows my Punisher; therefore as far
From granting he, as I from begging, peace:
All hope excluded thus, behold, instead
Of us outcast, exiled, his new delight,
Mankind created, and for him this world.
So farewell hope; and with hope, farewell fear;
Farewell remorse! all good to me is lost;
Evil, be thou my good; by thee at least
Divided empire with heaven's king I hold,
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;
As man ere long and this new world shall know.

### *Assembling of the Fallen Angels.*

From the same, Book i. 522.

All these and more came flocking; but with looks
Downcast and damp, yet such wherein appeared
Obscure some glimpse of joy, to have found their chief
Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost
In loss itself; which on his countenance cast
Like doubtful hue: but he, his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words that bore
Semblance of worth, not substance, gently raised
Their fainting courage, and dispelled their fears.
Then straight commands that, at the warlike sound
Of trumpets loud and clarions, be upreared
His mighty standard; that proud honour claimed
Azazel as his right, a cherub tall;
Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurled
The imperial ensign, which, full high advanced,
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,
With gems and golden lustre rich emblazed,
Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds:
At which the universal host up sent
A shout, that tore Hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
All in a moment through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand banners rise into the air
With orient colours waving: with them rose
A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms
Appeared, and serried shields in thick array,
Of depth immeasurable: anon they move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders; such as raised
To height of noblest temper heroes old
Arming to battle; and, instead of rage,
Deliberate valour breathed, firm and unmoved,
With dread of death, to flight or foul retreat;
Nor wanting power to mitigate and 'suage,
With solemn touches, troubled thoughts, and chase
Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and pain,
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they,
Breathing united force, with fixed thought,
Moved on in silence to soft pipes, that charmed
Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil; and now
Advanced in view, they stand, a horrid front
Of dreadful length, and dazzling arms, in guise
Of warriors old with ordered spear, and shield,
Awaiting what command their mighty chief
Had to impose. . . . He, above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower; his form had not yet lost
All her original brightness, nor appeared
Less than Archangel ruined, and th' excess
Of glory obscured: as when the sun, new risen,
Looks through the horizontal misty air,
Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Darkened so, yet shone
Above them all the Archangel: but his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrenched, and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntless courage and considerate pride,
Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather—
Far other once beheld in bliss—condemned
For ever now to have their lot in pain;
Millions of spirits for his fault amerced
Of heaven, and from eternal splendours flung
For his revolt, yet faithful how they stood,
Their glory withered: as when heaven's fire
Hath scathed the forest oaks, or mountain pines,
With singed top their stately growth, though bare,

Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepared
To speak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half inclose him round
With all his peers: attention held them mute.
Thrice he assayed; and thrice, in spite of scorn,
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth; at last
Words, interwove with sighs, found out their way.

### *The Garden of Eden.*

From the same, Book iv. 131.

So on he fares, and to the border comes
Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
Now nearer, crowns with her inclosure green,
As with a rural mound, the champaign head
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
Access denied; and overhead upgrew
Insuperable heighth of loftiest shade,
Cedar and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
A sylvan scene; and as the ranks ascend,
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops
The verdurous wall of Paradise up-sprung:
Which to our general sire gave prospect large
Into his nether empire neighbouring round.
And higher than that wall a circling row
Of goodliest trees, loaden with fairest fruit,
Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue,
Appeared, with gay enamelled colours mixed;
On which the sun more glad impressed his beams
Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
When God hath showered the earth; so lovely seemed
That landscape; and of pure, now purer air
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All sadness but despair: now gentle gales,
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy spoils. As when to them who sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
Mozambique, off at sea north-east winds blow
Sabean odours from the spicy shore
Of Araby the blest; with such delay
Well pleased they slack their course, and many a league,
Cheered with the grateful smell, old Ocean smiles.

### *Morning Hymn in Paradise.*

From the same, Book v. 153.

'These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty! thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous then,
Unspeakable! who sitt'st above these heavens,
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels! for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in heaven,
On earth join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end!
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater; sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon has gained, and when thou fall'st.
Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st,
With the fixed stars, fixed in their orb that flies;
And ye five other wandering fires, that move
In mystic dance not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness called up light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix
And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author rise;
Whether to deck with clouds the uncoloured sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling, still advance his praise.
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Join voices, all ye living souls; ye birds,
That singing up to heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep,
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill, or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail, universal Lord! be bounteous still
To give us only good; and, if the night
Have gathered aught of evil or concealed,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark!'
 So prayed they innocent, and to their thoughts
Firm peace recovered soon, and wonted calm.
On to their morning's rural work they haste
Among sweet dews and flowers; where any row
Of fruit-trees, over-woody, reached too far
Their pampered boughs, and needed hands to check
Fruitless embraces; or they led the vine
To wed her elm; she, spoused, about him twines
Her marriageable arms, and with her brings
Her dower, the adopted clusters, to adorn
His barren leaves.

### *Evening in Paradise.*

From the same, Book iv. 598.

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale
She all night long her amorous descant sung;
Silence was pleased: now glowed the firmament
With living sapphires; Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.
 When Adam thus to Eve: 'Fair consort, the hour
Of night, and all things now retired to rest,
Mind us of like repose, since God hath set
Labour and rest, as day and night, to men
Successive; and the timely dew of sleep,
Now falling with soft slumberous weight, inclines
Our eyelids: other creatures all day long
Rove idle unemployed, and less need rest;
Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of Heaven on all his ways;
While other animals unactive range,
And of their doings God takes no account.
To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east
With first approach of light, we must be risen,
And at our pleasant labour, to reform
Yon flowery arbours, yonder alleys green,
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our scant manuring, and require

More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth:
Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums
That lie bestrown, unsightly and unsmooth,
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease:
Meanwhile, as Nature wills, night bids us rest.'
To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorned:
'My author and disposer, what thou bidst
Unargued I obey; so God ordains;
God is thy law, thou mine: to know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.
With thee conversing I forget all time;
All seasons and their change, all please alike.
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glistering with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild; then silent night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
And these the gems of heaven, her starry train:
But neither breath of morn, when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glistering with dew; nor fragrance after showers;
Nor grateful evening mild; nor silent night,
With this her solemn bird; nor walk by moon,
Or glittering starlight, without thee is sweet.
But wherefore all night long shine these? for whom
This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?'
To whom our general ancestor replied:
'Daughter of God and Man, accomplished Eve,
These have their course to finish round the earth
By morrow evening, and from land to land
In order, though to nations yet unborn,
Ministering light prepared, they set and rise;
Lest total darkness should by night regain
Her old possession, and extinguish life
In nature and all things, which these soft fires
Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat
Of various influence, foment and warm,
Temper or nourish, or in part shed down
Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow
On earth, made hereby apter to receive
Perfection from the sun's more potent ray.
These, then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
Shine not in vain; nor think, though men were none,
That heaven would want spectators, God want praise.
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep:
All these with ceaseless praise his works behold
Both day and night. How often from the steep
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or responsive each to other's note,
Singing their great Creator! Oft in bands,
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds
In full harmonic numbers joined, their songs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heaven.'
Thus talking, hand in hand alone they passed
On to their blissful bower; it was a place
Chosen by the sovereign Planter, when he framed
All things to Man's delightful use; the roof
Of thickest covert was inwoven shade
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side
Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub,
Fenced up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower;
Iris all hues, roses, and jessamine,
Reared high their flourished heads between, and wrought
Mosaic; underfoot the violet,
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
Broidered the ground, more coloured than with stone
Of costliest emblem: other creatures here,
Beast, bird, insect, or worm, durst enter none;
Such was their awe of Man. . . .
Thus, at their shady lodge arrived, both stood,
Both turned, and under open sky adored
The God that made both sky, air, earth, and heaven,
Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe,
And starry pole: 'Thou also mad'st the night,
Maker Omnipotent, and thou the day,
Which we in our appointed work employed
Have finished, happy in our mutual help
And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss,
Ordained by thee, and this delicious place,
For us too large, where thy abundance wants
Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.
But thou hast promised from us two a race
To fill the earth, who shall with us extol
Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,
And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep.'

### *Expulsion from Paradise.*

From the same, Book xi. 263; Book xii. 526.

He added not; for Adam at the news
Heart-struck with chilling gripe of sorrow stood,
That all his senses bound; Eve, who unseen
Yet all had heard, with audible lament
Discovered soon the place of her retire:
'O unexpected stroke; worse than of death!
Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave
Thee, native soil! these happy walks and shades,
Fit haunt of gods? where I had hope to spend,
Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day
That must be mortal to us both. O flowers,
That never will in other climate grow,
My early visitation, and my last
At even, which I bred up with tender hand
From the first opening bud, and gave ye names!
Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank
Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount?
Thee lastly, nuptial bower, by me adorned
With what to sight or smell was sweet, from thee
How shall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower world, to this obscure
And wild? how shall we breathe in other air
Less pure, accustomed to immortal fruits?'
Whom thus the Angel interrupted mild:
'Lament not, Eve, but patiently resign
What justly thou hast lost; nor set thy heart,
Thus over-fond, on that which is not thine:
Thy going is not lonely; with thee goes
Thy husband; him to follow thou art bound;
Where he abides, think there thy native soil.'
Adam, by this from the cold sudden damp
Recovering, and his scattered spirits returned,
To Michael thus his humble words addressed:
'Celestial, whether among the thrones, or named
Of them the highest, for such of shape may seem
Prince above princes, gently hast thou told
Thy message, which might else in telling wound,
And in performing end us; what besides
Of sorrow, and dejection, and despair,
Our frailty can sustain, thy tidings bring;
Departure from this happy place, our sweet
Recess, and only consolation left
Familiar to our eyes; all places else
Inhospitable appear and desolate,
Nor knowing us, nor known: and if by prayer
Incessant I could hope to change the will
Of him who all things can, I would not cease
To weary him with my assiduous cries:
But prayer against his absolute decree
No more avails than breath against the wind,
Blown stifling back on him that breathes it forth:
Therefore to his great bidding I submit.
This most afflicts me, that, departing hence,
As from his face I shall be hid, deprived
His blessed countenance; here I could frequent
With worship place by place where he vouchsafed

Presence divine, and to my sons relate,
On this mount he appeared; under this tree
Stood visible; among these pines his voice
I heard; here with him at this fountain talked:
So many grateful altars I would rear
Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone
Of lustre from the brook, in memory,
Or monument to ages, and thereon
Offer sweet-smelling gums, and fruits, and flowers.
In yonder nether world where shall I seek
His bright appearances, or footstep trace?
For though I fled him angry, yet, recalled
To life prolonged and promised race, I now
Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts
Of glory, and far off his steps adore.' . . .
                                        Now, too nigh
The Archangel stood, and from the other hill
To their fixed station, all in bright array,
The cherubim descended; on the ground,
Gliding meteorous, as evening mist
Risen from a river o'er the marish glides,
And gathers ground fast at the labourer's heel
Homeward returning. High in front advanced,
The brandished sword of God before them blazed
Fierce as a comet; which with torrid heat,
And vapour as the Libyan air adust,
Began to parch that temperate clime: whereat,
In either hand the hastening Angel caught
Our lingering parents, and to the eastern gate
Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
To the subjected plain; then disappeared.
They, looking back, all the eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
Waved over by that flaming brand, the gate
With dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms:
Some natural tears they dropt, but wiped them soon.
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide:
They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.

### *Satan's Survey of Greece.*

**From *Paradise Regained*, Book iv. 237.**

Westward, much nearer by south-west, behold
Where on the Ægean shore a city stands,
Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil;
Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence, native to famous wits
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
City or suburban, studious walks and shades.
See there the olive grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long;
There flowery hill Hymettus, with the sound
Of bees' industrious murmur, oft invites
To studious musing; there Ilissus rolls
His whispering stream: within the walls, then view
The schools of ancient sages; his who bred
Great Alexander to subdue the world,
Lyceum there, and painted Stoa next:
There shalt thou hear and learn the secret power
Of harmony, in tones and numbers hit
By voice or hand; and various-measured verse,
Æolian charms and Dorian lyric odes,
And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,
Blind Melesigenes, thence Homer called,
Whose poem Phœbus challenged for his own:
Thence what the lofty grave tragedians taught
In Chorus or Iambic, teachers best
Of moral prudence, with delight received
In brief sententious precepts, while they treat
Of fate, and chance, and change in human life;
High actions and high passions best describing:
Thence to the famous orators repair,
Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democratie,
Shook the arsenal, and fulmined over Greece,
To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne:
To sage Philosophy next lend thine ear,
From heaven descended to the low-roofed house
Of Socrates; see there his tenement,
Whom well inspired the oracle pronounced
Wisest of men; from whose mouth issued forth
Mellifluous streams, that watered all the schools
Of Academics old and new, with those
Surnamed Peripatetics, and the sect
Epicurean, and the Stoic severe:
These here revolve, or, as thou lik'st, at home,
Till time mature thee to a kingdom's weight:
These rules will render thee a king complete
Within thyself, much more with empire joined.

## ANDREW MARVELL.

ANDREW MARVELL is better known as a prose writer than a poet, and is still more celebrated as a patriotic member of parliament. He was associated with Milton in friendship and in public service. Marvell was born in the village of Winestead, in Lincolnshire, March 2, 1620–21. His father was rector of Winestead, which living he resigned in 1624, for the readership of Trinity Church, Hull. A romantic story is related of the elder Marvell, and of the circumstances attending his death. A young lady from the opposite side of the Humber had visited him on the occasion of the baptism of one of his children. She was to return next day, and though the weather proved tempestuous, the lady insisted on fulfilling the promise she had made to her mother. Mr Marvell accompanied her; but having a presentiment of danger, he threw his cane ashore from the boat, saying to the spectators, that, in case he should perish, the cane was to be given to his son, with the injunction, that he should remember his father. His fears were but too truly verified; the boat went down in the storm, and the party perished. The mother of the young lady, it is added, provided for the orphan child of the deceased minister, and at her death left him her fortune. Young Marvell was educated at Cambridge, and travelled abroad for some time. He was afterwards secretary to the embassy at Constantinople. A letter from Milton to Secretary Bradshaw was, in 1823, discovered in the State Paper Office, in which the poet recommends Marvell as a person well fitted to assist himself in his office of Latin secretary, he being a good scholar, and lately engaged by General Fairfax to give instructions in the languages to his daughter. The letter is dated February 1652–3. Marvell, however, was not engaged as Milton's assistant till 1657. Shortly before the Restoration, he was elected member of parliament for his native city. He was not, like Waller, an eloquent speaker, but his consistency and integrity made him highly esteemed and respected. He maintained a close correspondence with his constituents, and his letters fill four hundred printed pages. His constituents, in return, occasionally sent him a stout cask of ale. Marvell is supposed to have been the last English member who received wages from his constituents.* Charles II. delighted in his society, and believing, like Sir Robert Walpole, that every man had his price, he sent Lord Danby, his treasurer, to wait upon Marvell, with an offer of a place at court, and an immediate present of a thousand pounds. The inflexible member for Hull resisted his offers, and it is said humorously illustrated his independence by calling his servant to witness that he had dined for three days successively on a shoulder of mutton! The story adds—but the whole seems highly improbable—that when the treasurer was gone, Marvell was forced to send to a friend to borrow a guinea! The patriot preserved his integrity to the last, and satirised the profligacy and arbitrary measures of the court with much wit and pungency. He died on the 18th of August 1678, from a tertian ague, unskilfully treated by an ignorant, obstinate doctor (Morton's *Pyretologia*, 1692). The town of Hull voted a sum of money to erect a monument to Marvell's memory, but the court interfered, and forbade the votive tribute.

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* The ancient wages of a burgess, for serving in parliament, were 2s. a day; those of a knight for the shire, 4s. They were reduced to this certain sum the 16th of Edward II. We have seen the original of an agreement between a member and his constituents, dated September 1645, in which the former stipulated to serve without 'any manner of wages or pay' from the mayor, aldermen, and burgesses of the town. The excitement of the Civil War had increased the desire of many to sit in parliament.

Marvell's prose writings were exceedingly popular in their day, but being written for temporary purposes, they have mostly gone out of date with the circumstances that produced them. In 1672, he attacked Dr (afterwards Bishop) Parker, in a piece entitled *The Rehearsal Transprosed.* In this production he vindicates the fair fame of Milton, who, he says, 'was and is a man of as great learning and sharpness of wit as any man.' One of Marvell's treatises, *An Account of the Growth of Popery and Arbitrary Government in England*, was considered so formidable, that a reward was offered for the discovery of the author and printer. Among the first, if not the very first, traces of that vein of sportive humour and raillery on national manners and absurdities, which was afterwards carried to perfection by Addison, Steele, Arbuthnot, and Swift, may be found in Marvell. He wrote with great liveliness, point, and vigour, though often coarse and personal. His poetry is elegant rather than forcible: it was an embellishment to his character of patriot and controversialist, but not a substantive ground of honour and distinction. Only a good and amiable man could have written his verses on *The Emigrants in the Bermudas*, so full of tenderness and pathos. His poem on *The Nymph Complaining for the Death of her Fawn*, is also finely conceived and expressed.

### *The Emigrants in the Bermudas.*

Where the remote Bermudas ride
In the ocean's bosom unespied,
From a small boat that rowed along,
The listening winds received this song:
'What should we do but sing his praise
That led us through the watery maze
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own?
Where he the huge sea-monsters racks,
That lift the deep upon their backs;
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms and prelates' rage.
He gave us this eternal spring
Which here enamels everything,
And sends the fowls to us in care,
On daily visits through the air.
He hangs in shades the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night,
And does in the pomegranates close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shews.
He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
And throws the melons at our feet.
But apples, plants of such a price,
No tree could ever bear them twice.
With cedars, chosen by his hand,
From Lebanon he stores the land;
And makes the hollow seas that roar,
Proclaim the ambergris on shore.
He cast—of which we rather boast—
The Gospel's pearl upon our coast;
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple where to sound his name.
O let our voice his praise exalt,
Till it arrive at heaven's vault,
Which then perhaps rebounding may
Echo beyond the Mexique bay.'
Thus sang they in the English boat
A holy and a cheerful note,
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.[*]

### *The Nymph complaining for the Death of her Fawn.*

The wanton troopers riding by
Have shot my fawn, and it will die.
Ungentle men! They cannot thrive
Who killed thee. Thou ne'er didst, alive,
Them any harm; alas! nor could
Thy death to them do any good.
I'm sure I never wished them ill,
Nor do I for all this; nor will:
But, if my simple prayers may yet
Prevail with Heaven to forget
Thy murder, I will join my tears
Rather than fail. But O my fears!
It cannot die so. Heaven's King
Keeps register of every thing,
And nothing may we use in vain;
Even beasts must be with justice slain;
Else men are made their deodands.
Though they should wash their guilty hands
In this warm life-blood, which doth part
From thine, and wound me to the heart,
Yet could they not be clean; their stain
Is dyed in such a purple grain,
There is not such another in
The world to offer for their sin.

Inconstant Sylvio, when yet
I had not found him counterfeit,
One morning, I remember well,
Tied in this silver chain and bell,
Gave it to me: nay, and I know
What he said then—I'm sure I do.
Said he: 'Look how your huntsman here
Hath taught a fawn to hunt his deer.'
But Sylvio soon had me beguiled:
This waxed tame, while he grew wild,
And, quite regardless of my smart,
Left me his fawn, but took his heart.

Thenceforth I set myself to play
My solitary time away
With this; and very well content
Could so mine idle life have spent;
For it was full of sport, and light
Of foot and heart, and did invite
Me to its game: it seemed to bless
Itself in me. How could I less
Than love it? Oh, I cannot be
Unkind to a beast that loveth me!

Had it lived long, I do not know
Whether it, too, might have done so

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[*] This piece of Marvell's, particularly the last verse, seems to have been in the mind of Moore when he composed his fine lyric, the *Canadian Boat-song.*

them by low and vulgar associations. It must be confessed that in many of their proceedings there was scope for sarcasm. Their affected dress, language, and manners, their absurd and fanatical legislation against walking in the fields on Sundays, village May-poles, and other subjects beneath the dignity of public notice, were fair subjects for the satirical poet. Their religious enthusiasm also led them into intolerance and absurdity. Contending for so dear a prize as liberty of conscience, and believing that they were specially appointed to shake and overturn the old corruptions of the kingdom, the Puritans were little guided by considerations of prudence, policy, or forbearance. Even Milton, the friend and associate of the party, was forced to admit

That New Presbyter was but Old Priest writ large.

The higher qualities of these men, their indomitable courage and lofty zeal, were of course overlooked or despised by the royalists, their opponents, and Butler did not choose to remember them. His burlesque was read with delight, and was popular for generations after the Puritans had merged into the more sober and discreet English dissenters. The plot or action of *Hudibras* is limited and defective, and seems only to have been used as a sort of peg on which he could hang his satirical portraits and allusions. The first cantos were written early, when the Civil War commenced, but we are immediately conveyed to the death of Cromwell, at least fifteen years later, and have a sketch of public affairs to the dissolution of the Rump Parliament. The bare idea of a Presbyterian justice sallying out with his attendant, an Independent clerk, to redress superstition and correct abuses, has an air of ridicule, and this is kept up by the dialogues between the parties, which are highly witty and ludicrous; by their attack on the bear and the fiddle; their imprisonment in the stocks; the voluntary penance of whipping submitted to by the knight, and his adventures with his lady.

The love of Hudibras is almost as rich as that of Falstaff, and he argues in the same manner for the utmost freedom, men having, he says, nothing but 'frail vows' to oppose to the stratagems of the fair. He moralises as follows:

For women first were made for men,
Not men for them: It follows, then,
That men have right to every one,
And they no freedom of their own;
And therefore men have power to choose,
But they no charter to refuse.
Hence 'tis apparent that, what course
Soe'er we take to your amours,
Though by the indirectest way,
'Tis no injustice nor foul play;
And that you ought to take that course
As we take you, for better or worse,
And gratefully submit to those
Who you, before another, chose.

The poem was left unfinished, but more of it would hardly have been read even in the days of Charles. There is, in fact, a *plethora* of wit in *Hudibras*, and a condensation of thought and style which becomes oppressive and tiresome. The faculties of the reader cannot be kept in a state of constant tension; and after perusing some thirty or forty pages, he is fain to relinquish the task, and seek out for the simplicity of nature. Some of the short burlesque descriptions are inimitable. For example, of Morning:

The sun had long since, in the lap
Of Thetis, taken out his nap,
And, like a lobster boiled, the morn
From black to red began to turn.

Of Night:

The sun grew low, and left the skies,
Put down, some write, by ladies' eyes;
The moon pulled off her veil of light,
That hides her face by day from sight—
Mysterious veil, of brightness made,
That 's both her lustre and her shade—
And in the lantern of the night,
With shining horns hung out her light;
For darkness is the proper sphere,
Where all false glories use t' appear.
The twinkling stars began to muster,
And glitter with their borrowed lustre;
While sleep the wearied world relieved,
By counterfeiting death revived.

Many of the lines and similes in *Hudibras* are completely identified with the language, and can never be separated from it. Such are the opening lines of Part II. canto iii.:

Doubtless the pleasure is as great
Of being cheated as to cheat;
As lookers-on feel most delight
That least perceive a juggler's sleight;
And still the less they understand,
The more they admire his sleight-of-hand.

Or where the knight remarks, respecting the importance of money:

For what in worth is anything,
But so much money as 'twill bring.

Butler says of his brother-poets:

Those that write in rhyme, still make
The one verse for the other's sake;
For one for sense, and one for rhyme,
I think 's sufficient at one time.

There are a few such compelled rhymes in *Hudibras*, but the number is astonishingly small.

### *Accomplishments of Hudibras.*

When civil dudgeon first grew high,
And men fell out, they knew not why:
When hard words, jealousies, and fears,
Set folks together by the ears,
And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
For Dame Religion as for punk;
Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
Though not a man of them knew wherefore:
When gospel-trumpeter, surrounded
With long-eared rout, to battle sounded,
And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
Was beat with fist, instead of a stick:
Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a-colonelling.
A wight he was, whose very sight would
Entitle him, mirror of knighthood;
That never bowed his stubborn knee
To anything but chivalry;
Nor put up blow, but that which laid
Right-worshipful on shoulder-blade:
Chief of domestic knights and errant,
Either for cartel or for warrant:

Great on the bench, great in the saddle,
That could as well bind o'er, as swaddle:
Mighty he was at both of these,
And styled of war as well as peace.
(So some rats, of amphibious nature,
Are either for the land or water.)
But here our authors make a doubt,
Whether he were more wise or stout;
Some hold the one, and some the other:
But howsoe'er they make a pother,
The diff'rence was so small, his brain
Outweighed his rage but half a grain;
Which made some take him for a tool
That knaves do work with, called a fool.
For 't has been held by many, that
As Montaigne, playing with his cat,
Complains she thought him but an ass,
Much more she would Sir Hudibras.
(For that 's the name our valiant knight
To all his challenges did write.)
But they 're mistaken very much;
'Tis plain enough he was no such:
We grant, although he had much wit,
He was very shy of using it;
As being loath to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about,
Unless on holidays, or so,
As men their best apparel do;
Beside, 'tis known he could speak Greek
As naturally as pigs squeak;
That Latin was no more difficile,
Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle
Being rich in both, he never scanted
His bounty unto such as wanted;
But much of either would afford
To many, that had not one word. . . .
  He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skilled in analytic;
He could distinguish, and divide
A hair 'twixt south and south-west side;
On either which he would dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute;
He 'd undertake to prove by force
Of argument a man 's no horse;
He 'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a lord may be an owl—
A calf, an alderman—a goose, a justice—
And rooks, committee-men and trustees.
He 'd run in debt by disputation,
And pay with ratiocination:
All this by syllogism, true
In mood and figure, he would do.
  For rhetoric, he could not ope
His mouth but out there flew a trope;
And when he happened to break off
I' th' middle of his speech, or cough,
H' had hard words, ready to shew why,
And tell what rules he did it by:
Else, when with greatest art he spoke,
You 'd think he talked like other folk;
For all a rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools.
But, when he pleased to shew 't, his speech
In loftiness of sound was rich;
A Babylonish dialect,
Which learned pedants much affect:
It was a party-coloured dress
Of patched and piebald languages;
'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
Like fustian heretofore on satin.
It had an odd promiscuous tone,
As if he had talked three parts in one;
Which made some think, when he did gabble,
Th' had heard three labourers of Babel;
Or Cerberus himself pronounce
A leash of languages at once.
This he as volubly would vent
As if his stock would ne'er be spent;
And truly, to support that charge,
He had supplies as vast and large:
For he could coin or counterfeit
New words, with little or no wit;
Words so debased and hard, no stone
Was hard enough to touch them on:
And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
The ignorant for current took 'em;
That had the orator, who once
Did fill his mouth with pebble-stones
When he harangued, but known his phrase,
He would have used no other ways.

### *Religion of Hudibras.*

For his religion, it was fit
To match his learning and his wit.
'Twas Presbyterian true-blue;
For he was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints, whom all men grant
To be the true church militant;
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun;
Decide all controversy by
Infallible artillery;
And prove their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks;
Call fire, and sword, and desolation,
A godly thorough reformation,
Which always must be carried on,
And still be doing, never done;
As if religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended;
A sect whose chief devotion lies
In odd perverse antipathies;
In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss;
More peevish, cross, and splenetic,
Than dog distraught or monkey sick;
That with more care keep holiday
The wrong, than others the right way;
Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to.
Still so perverse and opposite,
As if they worshipped God for spite;
The self-same thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for;
Free-will they one way disavow,
Another, nothing else allow;
All piety consists therein
In them, in other men all sin;
Rather than fail, they will defy
That which they love most tenderly;
Quarrel with minced pies, and disparage
Their best and dearest friend, plum-porridge;
Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
And blaspheme custard through the nose.
Th' apostles of this fierce religion,
Like Mahomet's, were ass and widgeon,
To whom our knight, by fast instinct
Of wit and temper, was so linked,
As if hypocrisy and nonsense
Had got th' advowson of his conscience.

### *Personal Appearance of Hudibras.*

His tawny beard was th' equal grace
Both of his wisdom and his face;
In cut and dye so like a tile,
A sudden view it would beguile;
The upper part thereof was whey,
The nether, orange, mixed with gray.
This hairy meteor did denounce
The fall of sceptres and of crowns;

With grisly type did represent
Declining age of government;
And tell, with hieroglyphic spade,
Its own grave and the state's were made.
Like Samson's heart-breakers, it grew
In time to make a nation rue;
Though it contributed its own fall,
To wait upon the public downfall;
It was monastic, and did grow
In holy orders by strict vow;
Of rule as sullen and severe,
As that of rigid Cordelier;
'Twas bound to suffer persecution,
And martyrdom with resolution;
To oppose itself against the hate
And vengeance of th' incensed state,
In whose defiance it was worn,
Still ready to be pulled and torn;
With red-hot irons to be tortured,
Reviled, and spit upon, and martyred;
Maugre all which 'twas to stand fast
As long as monarchy should last;
But when the state should hap to reel,
'Twas to submit to fatal steel,
And fall, as it was consecrate,
A sacrifice to fall of state;
Whose thread of life the fatal Sisters
Did twist together with its whiskers,
And twine so close, that Time should never,
In life or death, their fortunes sever;
But with his rusty sickle mow
Both down together at a blow. . . .
  His doublet was of sturdy buff,
And though not sword, yet cudgel proof;
Whereby 'twas fitter for *his* use,
Who feared no blows but such as bruise.
  His breeches were of rugged woollen,
And had been at the siege of Bullen;
To old king Harry so well known,
Some writers held they were his own;
Through they were lined with many a piece
Of ammunition, bread and cheese,
And fat black-puddings, proper food
For warriors that delight in blood;
For, as we said, he always chose
To carry victual in his hose,
That often tempted rats and mice
The ammunition to surprise;
And when he put a hand but in
The one or t' other magazine,
They stoutly on defence on 't stood,
And from the wounded foe drew blood;
And till th' were stormed and beaten out,
Ne'er left the fortified redoubt;
And though knights-errant, as some think,
Of old, did neither eat nor drink,
Because when thorough deserts vast,
And regions desolate they passed,
Where belly-timber above ground,
Or under, was not to be found,
Unless they grazed, there 's not one word
Of their provision on record;
Which made some confidently write
They had no stomachs but to fight.
'Tis false; for Arthur wore in hall
Round table like a farthingal;
On which, with shirt pulled out behind,
And eke before, his good knights dined;
Though 'twas no table some suppose,
But a huge pair of round trunk-hose,
In which he carried as much meat
As he and all the knights could eat;
When laying by their swords and truncheons,
They took their breakfasts or their nuncheons.
But let that pass at present, lest
We should forget where we digressed,
As learned authors use, to whom
We leave it, and to th' purpose come.
  His puissant sword unto his side,
Near his undaunted heart, was tied,
With basket-hilt that would hold broth,
And serve for fight and dinner both;
In it he melted lead for bullets
To shoot at foes, and sometimes pullets,
To whom he bore so fell a grutch,
He ne'er gave quarter t' any such.
The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
For want of fighting, was grown rusty,
And ate into itself, for lack
Of somebody to hew and hack:
The peaceful scabbard where it dwelt,
The rancour of its edge had felt;
For of the lower end two handful
It had devoured, 'twas so manful,
And so much scorned to lurk in case,
As if it durst not shew its face.
In many desperate attempts
Of warrants, exigents, contempts,
It had appeared with courage bolder
Than Sergeant Bum invading shoulder:
Oft had it ta'en possession,
And prisoners too, or made them run.
  This sword a dagger had, his page,
That was but little for his age;
And therefore waited on him so
As dwarfs upon knights-errant do:
It was a serviceable dudgeon,
Either for fighting, or for drudging:
When it had stabbed or broke a head,
It would scrape trenchers, or chip bread;
Toast cheese or bacon, though it were
To bait a mouse-trap, would not care:
'Twould make clean shoes, and in the earth
Set leeks and onions, and so forth:
It had been 'prentice to a brewer,
Where this and more it did endure,
But left the trade, as many more
Have lately done on the same score.[*]

### *Miscellaneous Thoughts.—From Butler's Remains.*

The truest characters of ignorance
Are vanity, and pride, and arrogance;
As blind men use to bear their noses higher
Than those that have their eyes and sight entire.
All wit and fancy, like a diamond,
The more exact and curious 'tis ground,
Is forced for every carat to abate
As much in value as it wants in weight.

Love is too great a happiness
For wretched mortals to possess;
For could it hold inviolate
Against those cruelties of fate
Which all felicities below
By rigid laws are subject to,
It would become a bliss too high
For perishing mortality;
Translate to earth the joys above;
For nothing goes to heaven but love.
All love at first, like generous wine,
Ferments and frets until 'tis fine;
For when 'tis settled on the lee,
And from the impurer matter free,
Becomes the richer still the older,
And proves the pleasanter the colder.

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[*] An allusion to Cromwell. There was a tradition that the Protector's father had a brewery in Huntingdon, which was carried on successfully after his death by his widow. It is certain that the premises occupied by the family had previously been employed as a brewery. The father, Robert Cromwell, was a country gentleman of good estate, younger son of a knight.

As at the approach of winter, all
The leaves of great trees use to fall,
And leave them naked, to engage
With storms and tempests when they rage,
While humbler plants are found to wear
Their fresh green liveries all the year;
So when their glorious season 's gone
With great men, and hard times come on,
The greatest calamities oppress
The greatest still, and spare the less.

In Rome no temple was so low
As that of Honour, built to shew
How humble honour ought to be,
Though there 'twas all authority.

All smatterers are more brisk and pert
Than those that understand an art;
As little sparkles shine more bright
Than glowing coals that give them light.

### *To his Mistress.*

Do not unjustly blame
  My guiltless breast,
For venturing to disclose a flame
  It had so long supprest.
In its own ashes it designed
  For ever to have lain;
But that my sighs, like blasts of wind,
  Made it break out again.

## CHARLES COTTON.

The name of CHARLES COTTON (1630-1687) calls up a number of agreeable associations. It is best known from its piscatory and affectionate union with that of good old Izaak Walton; but Cotton was a cheerful, witty, accomplished man, and only wanted wealth and prudence to have made him one of the leading characters of his day. His father, Sir George Cotton, died in 1658, leaving the poet an estate at Ashbourne, in Derbyshire, near the river Dove, so celebrated in the annals of trout-fishing. The property was much encumbered, and the poet soon added to its burdens. As a means of pecuniary relief, as well as recreation, Cotton translated several works from the French and Italian, including Montaigne's Essays. In his fortieth year, he obtained a captain's commission in the army; and afterwards made a fortunate second marriage with the Countess-dowager of Ardglass, who possessed a jointure of £1500 a year. It does not appear, however, that Cotton ever got out of his difficulties. The lady's fortune was secured from his mismanagement, and the poet died insolvent. His happy, careless disposition seems to have enabled him to study, angle, and delight his friends, amidst all his embarrassments. He published several burlesques and travesties, some of them grossly indelicate; but he wrote also some copies of verses full of genuine poetry. One of his humorous pieces, *A Journey to Ireland*, seems to have anticipated, as Campbell remarks, the manner of Anstey in the *New Bath Guide*. As a poet, Cotton may be ranked with Andrew Marvell.

### *The New Year.*

Hark! the cock crows, and yon bright star
Tells us the day himself 's not far;
And see! where, breaking from the night,
He gilds the western hills with light.
With him old Janus doth appear,
Peeping into the future year,
With such a look, as seems to say
The prospect is not good that way.
Thus do we rise ill sights to see,
And 'gainst ourselves to prophesy;
When the prophetic fear of things
A more tormenting mischief brings,
More full of soul-tormenting gall
Than direst mischiefs can befall.
But stay! but stay! methinks my sight,
Better informed by clearer light,
Discerns sereneness in that brow,
That all contracted seemed but now.
His reversed face may shew distaste,
And frown upon the ills are past;
But that which this way looks is clear,
And smiles upon the new-born year.
He looks, too, from a place so high,
The year lies open to his eye;
And all the moments open are
To the exact discoverer.
Yet more and more he smiles upon
The happy revolution.
Why should we then suspect or fear
The influences of a year,
So smiles upon us the first morn,
And speaks us good as soon as born!
Plague on 't! the last was ill enough,
This cannot but make better proof;
Or, at the worst, as we brushed through
The last, why so we may this too;
And then the next in reason should
Be super-excellently good:
For the worst ills, we daily see,
Have no more perpetuity
Than the best fortunes that do fall;
Which also brings us wherewithal
Longer their being to support,
Than those do of the other sort:
And who has one good year in three,
And yet repines at destiny,
Appears ungrateful in the case,
And merits not the good he has.
Then let us welcome the new guest
With lusty brimmers of the best:
Mirth always should good-fortune meet,
And renders e'en disaster sweet;
And though the princess turn her back,
Let us but line ourselves with sack,
We better shall by far hold out
Till the next year she face about.

### *Invitation to Izaak Walton.*

In his eighty-third year, Walton professed a resolution to begin a pilgrimage of more than a hundred miles into a country then difficult and hazardous for an aged man to travel in, to visit his friend Cotton, and, doubtless, to enjoy his favourite diversion of angling in the delightful streams of the Dove. To this journey he seems to have been invited by Cotton in the following beautiful stanzas, printed with other of his poems in 1689, and addressed to his dear and most worthy friend, Mr Izaak Walton.

Whilst in this cold and blustering clime,
  Where bleak winds howl, and tempests roar,
We pass away the roughest time
  Has been of many years before;

Whilst from the most tempestuous nooks
  The chillest blasts our peace invade,
And by great rains our smallest brooks
  Are almost navigable made;

Whilst all the ills are so improved
  Of this dead quarter of the year,
That even you, so much beloved,
  We would not now wish with us here:

In this estate, I say, it is
Some comfort to us to suppose,
That in a better clime than this,
You, our dear friend, have more repose;

And some delight to me the while,
Though Nature now does weep in rain,
To think that I have seen her smile,
And haply I may do again.

If the all-ruling Power please
We live to see another May,
We 'll recompense an age of these
Foul days in one fine fishing-day.

We then shall have a day or two,
Perhaps a week, wherein to try
What the best master's hand can do
With the most deadly killing fly.

A day with not too bright a beam;
A warm, but not a scorching sun;
A southern gale to curl the stream;
And, master, half our work is done.

Then, whilst behind some bush we wait
The scaly people to betray,
We 'll prove it just, with treacherous bait,
To make the preying trout our prey;

And think ourselves, in such an hour,
Happier than those, though not so high,
Who, like leviathans, devour
Of meaner men the smaller fry.

This, my best friend, at my poor home,
Shall be our pastime and our theme;
But then—should you not deign to come,
You make all this a flattering dream.

### *A Welsh Guide.*

The sun in the morning disclosed his light,
With complexion as ruddy as mine overnight;
And o'er th' eastern mountains peeping up 's head,
The casement being open, espied me in bed;
With his rays he so tickled my lids, I awaked,
And was half ashamed, for I found myself naked;
But up I soon start, and was dressed in a trice,
And called for a draught of ale, sugar, and spice;
Which having turned off, I then call to pay,
And packing my nawls, whipt to horse, and away.
A guide I had got who demanded great vails,
For conducting me over the mountains of Wales:
Twenty good shillings, which sure very large is;
Yet that would not serve, but I must bear his charges;
And yet for all that, rode astride on a beast,
The worst that e'er went on three legs, I protest;
It certainly was the most ugly of jades;
His hips and his rump made a right ace of spades;
His sides were two ladders, well spur-galled withal;
His neck was a helve, and his head was a mall;
For his colour, my pains and your trouble I 'll spare,
For the creature was wholly denuded of hair;
And, except for two things, as bare as my nail,
A tuft of a mane, and a sprig of a tail;
Now, such as the beast was, even such was the rider,
With a head like a nutmeg, and legs like a spider;
A voice like a cricket, a look like a rat,
The brains of a goose, and the heart of a cat;
Ev'n such was my guide and his beast; let them pass,
The one for a horse, and the other an ass.

### *The Retirement.*

Stanzas Irreguliers, to Mr Izaak Walton.

Farewell, thou busy world! and may
We never meet again;
Here I can eat, and sleep, and pray,
And do more good in one short day
Than he who his whole age outwears
Upon the most conspicuous theatres,
Where nought but vanity and vice do reign.

Good God, how sweet are all things here!
How beautiful the fields appear!
How cleanly do we feed and lie!
Lord, what good hours do we keep!
How quietly we sleep!
What peace, what unanimity!
How innocent from the lewd fashion,
Is all our business, all our recreation!

Oh, how happy here 's our leisure!
Oh, how innocent our pleasure!
Oh, ye valleys! Oh, ye mountains!
Oh, ye groves and crystal fountains!
How I love, at liberty,
By turns to come and visit ye!

Dear Solitude, the soul's best friend,
That man acquainted with himself dost make,
And all his Maker's wonders to intend,
With thee I here converse at will,
And would be glad to do so still,
For it is thou alone that keep'st the soul awake.

How calm and quiet a delight
Is it, alone,
To read, and meditate, and write,
By none offended, and offending none!
To walk, ride, sit, or sleep at one's own ease,
And, pleasing a man's self, none other to displease.

Oh, my beloved nymph, fair Dove,
Princess of rivers, how I love
Upon thy flowery banks to lie,
And view thy silver stream,
When gilded by a summer's beam!
And in it all thy wanton fry,
Playing at liberty;
And with my angle, upon them
The all of treachery
I ever learned, industriously to try!

Such streams Rome's yellow Tiber cannot shew;
The Iberian Tagus, or Ligurian Po,
The Maese, the Danube, and the Rhine,
Are puddle-water all compared with thine;
And Loire's pure streams yet too polluted are
With thine, much purer, to compare;
The rapid Garonne and the winding Seine
Are both too mean,
Beloved Dove, with thee
To vie priority;
Nay, Thame and Isis, when conjoined, submit,
And lay their trophies at thy silver feet.

Oh, my beloved rocks, that rise
To awe the earth and brave the skies,
From some aspiring mountain's crown,
How dearly do I love,
Giddy with pleasure, to look down,
And from the vales, to view the noble heights above!
Oh, my beloved caves! from dog-star's heat,
And all anxieties, my safe retreat;
What safety, privacy, what true delight,
In the artificial night,
Your gloomy entrails make,
Have I taken, do I take!

How oft, when grief has made me fly,
To hide me from society,
E'en of my dearest friends, have I,
In your recesses' friendly shade,
All my sorrows open laid,
And my most secret woes intrusted to your privacy!

Lord, would men let me alone,
What an over-happy one
Should I think myself to be;
Might I in this desert place—
Which most men in discourse disgrace—
Live but undisturbed and free!
Here, in this despised recess,
Would I, maugre winter's cold,
And the summer's worst excess,
Try to live out to sixty full years old;
And, all the while,
Without an envious eye
On any thriving under Fortune's smile,
Contented live, and then contented die.

## EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

The reign of Charles II. was a period fraught with evil and danger to all the sober restraints, the decencies, and home-bred virtues of domestic life. Poetry suffered in the general deterioration, and Pope has said, that

> In all Charles's days
> Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays.

**Wentworth Dillon, Earl of Roscommon** (1634–1685), was the nephew and godson of the celebrated Earl of Strafford. He travelled abroad during the Civil War, and returned at the time of the Restoration, when he was made captain of the band of pensioners, and subsequently Master of the Horse to the Duchess of York. Roscommon, like Denham, was addicted to gambling; but he cultivated his taste for literature, and produced a poetical *Essay on Translated Verse*, a translation of Horace's *Art of Poetry*, and some other minor pieces. He planned, in conjunction with Dryden, a scheme for refining our language and fixing its standard; but, while meditating on this and similar topics connected with literature, the arbitrary measures of James II. caused public alarm and commotion. Roscommon, dreading the result, prepared to retire to Rome, saying, it was best to sit near the chimney when the chamber smoked. An attack of gout prevented the poet's departure. He died, and was buried (January 21, 1684–5) in Westminster Abbey. 'At the moment in which he expired,' says Johnson, 'he uttered, with an energy of voice that expressed the most fervent devotion, two lines of his own version of *Dies Iræ:*

> My God, my Father, and my Friend,
> Do not forsake me in my end!'

The only work of Roscommon's which may be said to elevate him above mediocrity, is his *Essay on Translated Verse*, in which he inculcates in didactic poetry the rational principles of translation previously laid down by Cowley and Denham. It was published in 1681; and it is worthy of remark, that Roscommon notices the sixth book of *Paradise Lost*—published only four years before—for its sublimity. Dryden has heaped on Roscommon the most lavish praise, and Pope has said that 'every author's merit was his own.' Posterity has not confirmed these judgments. Roscommon stands on the same ground with Denham—elegant and sensible, but cold and unimpassioned. We shall subjoin a few passages from his *Essay on Translated Verse:*

### *The Modest Muse.*

With how much ease is a young maid betrayed—
How nice the reputation of the maid!
Your early, kind, paternal care appears
By chaste instruction of her tender years.
The first impression in her infant breast
Will be the deepest, and should be the best.
Let not austerity breed servile fear;
No wanton sound offend her virgin ear.
Secure from foolish pride's affected state,
And specious flattery's more pernicious bait;
Habitual innocence adorns her thoughts;
But your neglect must answer for her faults.
  Immodest words admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of sense.
What moderate fop would rake the park or stews,
Who among troops of faultless nymphs may choose?
Variety of such is to be found;
Take then a subject proper to expound,
But moral, great, and worth a poet's voice;
For men of sense despise a trivial choice:
And such applause it must expect to meet,
As would some painter busy in a street
To copy bulls and bears, and every sign
That calls the staring sots to nasty wine.
  Yet 'tis not all to have a subject good;
It must delight us when 'tis understood.
He that brings fulsome objects to my view—
As many old have done, and many new—
With nauseous images my fancy fills,
And all goes down like oxymel of squills.
Instruct the listening world how Maro sings
Of useful subjects and of lofty things.
These will such true, such bright ideas raise,
As merit gratitude, as well as praise.
But foul descriptions are offensive still,
Either for being like or being ill.
For who without a qualm hath ever looked
On holy garbage, though by Homer cooked?
Whose railing heroes, and whose wounded gods,
Make some suspect he snores as well as nods.
But I offend—Virgil begins to frown,
And Horace looks with indignation down:
My blushing Muse, with conscious fear retires,
And whom they like implicitly admires.

### *Caution against False Pride.*

On sure foundations let your fabric rise,
And with attractive majesty surprise;
Not by affected meretricious arts,
But strict harmonious symmetry of parts;
Which through the whole insensibly must pass
With vital heat, to animate the mass:
A pure, an active, an auspicious flame,
And bright as heaven, from whence the blessing came.
But few—O few! souls pre-ordained by fate,
The race of gods, have reached that envied height.
No rebel Titans' sacrilegious crime,
By heaping hills on hills, can hither climb:
The grisly ferryman of hell denied
Æneas entrance, till he knew his guide.
How justly then will impious mortals fall,
Whose pride would soar to heaven without a call!
  Pride—of all others the most dangerous fault—
Proceeds from want of sense, or want of thought.
The men who labour and digest things most,
Will be much apter to despond than boast;
For if your author be profoundly good,
'Twill cost you dear before he's understood.

How many ages since has Virgil writ!
How few are they who understand him yet!
Approach his altars with religious fear;
No vulgar deity inhabits there.
Heaven shakes not more at Jove's imperial nod
Than poets should before their Mantuan god.
Hail, mighty Maro! may that sacred name
Kindle my breast with thy celestial flame,
Sublime ideas and apt words infuse;
The Muse instruct my voice, and thou inspire the Muse!

### *An Author must Feel what he Writes.*

I pity, from my soul, unhappy men,
Compelled by want to prostitute the pen;
Who must, like lawyers, either starve or plead,
And follow, right or wrong, where guineas lead!
But you, Pompilian, wealthy pampered heirs,
Who to your country owe your swords and cares;
Let no vain hope your easy mind seduce,
For rich ill poets are without excuse;
'Tis very dangerous tampering with the Muse;
The profit 's small, and you have much to lose;
For though true wit adorns your birth or place,
Degenerate lines degrade the attainted race.
No poet any passion can excite,
But what they feel transport them when they write.

### *On the Day of Judgment.*

Version of the *Dies Iræ.*

That day of wrath, that dreadful day,
Shall the whole world in ashes lay,
As David and the Sibyls say.

What horror will invade the mind,
When the strict Judge, who would be kind,
Shall have few venial faults to find!

The last loud trumpet's wondrous sound
Shall through the rending tombs rebound,
And wake the nations under ground.

Nature and Death shall, with surprise,
Behold the pale offender rise,
And view the Judge with conscious eyes.

Then shall, with universal dread,
The sacred mystic book be read,
To try the living and the dead.

The Judge ascends his awful throne;
He makes each secret sin be known,
And all with shame confess their own.

O then, what interest shall I make
To save my last important stake,
When the most just have cause to quake?

Thou mighty, formidable King,
Thou mercy's unexhausted spring,
Some comfortable pity bring!

Forget not what my ransom cost,
Nor let my dear-bought soul be lost
In storms of guilty terror tossed. . . .

Prostrate my contrite heart I rend,
My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me in my end!

Well may they curse their second breath,
Who rise to a reviving death.
Thou great Creator of mankind,
Let guilty man compassion find!

## EARL OF ROCHESTER.

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER (1647-1680), is known principally from his having—to use the figurative language of Johnson—'blazed out his youth and his health in lavish voluptuousness,' and died from physical exhaustion and decay at the age of thirty-three. Like most of the courtiers of the day, Rochester travelled in France and Italy. He was at sea with the Earl of Sandwich and Sir Edward Spragge, and distinguished himself for bravery. In the heat of an engagement, he went to carry a message in an open boat amidst a storm of shot. This manliness of character forsook Rochester in England, for he was accused of betraying cowardice in street-quarrels, and he refused to fight with the Duke of Buckingham. In the profligate court of Charles, Rochester was the most profligate; his intrigues, his low amours and disguises, his erecting a stage and playing the mountebank on Tower-hill, and his having been *five years* in a state of inebriety, are circumstances well known and partly admitted by himself. It is remarkable, however, that his domestic letters shew him in a different light—'tender, playful, and alive to all the affections of a husband, a father, and a son.' His repentance itself says something for the natural character of the unfortunate profligate: to judge from the memoir left by Dr Burnet, who was his lordship's spiritual guide on his death-bed, it was sincere and unreserved. We may, therefore, with some confidence, set down Rochester as one of those whose vices are less the effect of an inborn tendency, than of external corrupting circumstances. It may fairly be said of him, 'Nothing in his life became him like the leaving it.' His poems consist of slight effusions, thrown off without labour. Many of them are so very licentious as to be unfit for publication; but in one of these, he has given *in one line* a happy character of Charles II.:

A merry monarch, scandalous and poor.

His songs are sweet and musical. Rochester wrote a poem *Upon Nothing*, which is merely a string of puns and conceits. It opens, however, with a fine image:

Nothing! thou elder brother even to shade,
That hadst a being ere the world was made,
And, well fixed, art alone of ending not afraid.

### *Song.*

While on those lovely looks I gaze,
  To see a wretch pursuing,
In raptures of a blest amaze,
  His pleasing happy ruin;
'Tis not for pity that I move;
  His fate is too aspiring,
Whose heart, broke with a load of love,
  Dies wishing and admiring.

But if this murder you 'd forego,
  Your slave from death removing,
Let me your art of charming know,
  Or learn you mine of loving.
But whether life or death betide,
  In love 'tis equal measure;
The victor lives with empty pride,
  The vanquished die with pleasure.

### *Constancy—A Song.*

I cannot change as others do,
  Though you unjustly scorn;
Since that poor swain that sighs for you,
  For you alone was born.
No, Phillis, no; your heart to move
  A surer way I 'll try;
And, to revenge my slighted love,
  Will still love on, will still love on, and die.

When, killed with grief, Amyntas lies,
  And you to mind shall call
The sighs that now unpitied rise,
  The tears that vainly fall;
That welcome hour that ends this smart
  Will then begin your pain,
For such a faithful tender heart
  Can never break, can never break in vain.

### *Song.*

Too late, alas! I must confess,
  You need not arts to move me;
Such charms by nature you possess,
  'Twere madness not to love you.

Then spare a heart you may surprise,
  And give my tongue the glory
To boast, though my unfaithful eyes
  Betray a tender story.

### *Song.*

My dear mistress has a heart
  Soft as those kind looks she gave me,
When, with love's resistless art,
  And her eyes, she did enslave me.
But her constancy 's so weak,
  She 's so wild and apt to wander,
That my jealous heart would break,
  Should we live one day asunder.

Melting joys about her move,
  Killing pleasures, wounding blisses;
She can dress her eyes in love,
  And her lips can warm with kisses.
Angels listen when she speaks;
  She 's my delight, all mankind's wonder;
But my jealous heart would break,
  Should we live one day asunder.

A few specimens of Rochester's letters to his wife and son are subjoined:

I am very glad to hear news from you, and I think it very good when I hear you are well; pray be pleased to send me word what you are apt to be pleased with, that I may shew you how good a husband I can be; I would not have you so formal as to judge of the kindness of a letter by the length of it, but believe of everything that it is as you would have it.

'Tis not an easy thing to be entirely happy; but to be kind is very easy, and that is the greatest measure of happiness. I say not this to put you in mind of being kind to me; you have practised that so long, that I have a joyful confidence you will never forget it; but to shew that I myself have a sense of what the methods of my life seemed so utterly to contradict, I must not be too wise about my own follies, or else this letter had been a book dedicated to you, and published to the world. It will be more pertinent to tell you, that very shortly the king goes to Newmarket, and then I shall wait on you at Adderbury; in the meantime, think of anything you would have me do, and I shall thank you for the occasion of pleasing you.

Mr Morgan I have sent in this errand, because he plays the rogue here in town so extremely, that he is not to be endured; pray, if he behaves himself so at Adderbury, send me word, and let him stay till I send for him. Pray, let Ned come up to town; I have a little business with him, and he shall be back in a week.

Wonder not that I have not written to you all this while, for it was hard for me to know what to write upon several accounts; but in this I will only desire you not to be too much amazed at the thoughts my mother has of you, since, being mere imaginations, they will as easily vanish, as they were groundlessly erected; for my own part, I will make it my endeavour they may. What you desired of me in your other letter, shall punctually be performed. You must, I think, obey my mother in her commands to wait on her at Aylesbury, as I told you in my last letter. I am very dull at this time, and therefore think it pity in this humour to testify myself to you any further; only, dear wife, I am your humble servant, ROCHESTER.

MY WIFE—The difficulties of pleasing your ladyship do increase so fast upon me, and are grown so numerous, that, to a man less resolved than myself never to give it over, it would appear a madness ever to attempt it more; but through your frailties mine ought not to multiply; you may therefore secure yourself that it will not be easy for you to put me out of my constant resolutions to satisfy you in all I can. I confess there is nothing will so much contribute to my assistance in this as your dealing freely with me; for since you have thought it a wise thing to trust me less and have reserves, it has been out of my power to make the best of my proceedings effectual to what I intended them. At a distance, I am likeliest to learn your mind, for you have not a very obliging way of delivering it by word of mouth; if, therefore, you will let me know the particulars in which I may be useful to you, I will shew my readiness as to my own part; and if I fail of the success I wish, it shall not be the fault of your humble servant,

ROCHESTER.

I intend to be at Adderbury some time next week.

I hope, Charles, when you receive this, and know that I have sent this gentleman to be your tutor, you will be very glad to see I take such care of you, and be very grateful, which is best shewn in being obedient and diligent. You are now grown big enough to be a man, and you can be wise enough; for the way to be truly wise is to serve God, learn your book, and observe the instructions of your parents first, and next your tutor, to whom I have entirely resigned you for this seven years, and according as you employ that time, you are to be happy or unhappy for ever; but I have so good an opinion of you, that I am glad to think you will never deceive me; dear child, learn your book and be obedient, and you shall see what a father I will be to you. You shall want no pleasure while you are good, and that you may be so are my constant prayers.

ROCHESTER.

Charles, I take it very kindly that you write me, though seldom, and wish heartily you would behave yourself so as that I might shew how much I love you without being ashamed. Obedience to your grandmother, and those who instruct you in good things, is the way to make you happy here and for ever. Avoid idleness, scorn lying, and God will bless you.

ROCHESTER.

## SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY (1639–1701) was one of the brightest satellites of the court of Charles II.—as witty and gallant as Rochester, as fine a poet, and a better man. He was the son of a Kentish baronet, Sir John Sedley of Aylesford. The Restoration drew him to London, and he became such a favourite for his taste and accomplishments, that Charles is said to have asked him if he had not obtained from Nature a patent to be Apollo's viceroy. His estate, his time, and morals, were squandered away at court; but latterly the poet redeemed himself, became a constant attender of parliament, in which he had a seat, opposed the arbitrary measures of James II. and assisted to bring about the Revolution. James had seduced Sedley's daughter, and created her Countess of Dorchester — a circumstance which probably quickened the poet's zeal against the court. 'I hate ingratitude,' said the witty Sedley; 'and as the king has made my daughter a countess, I will endeavour to make his daughter a queen'—alluding to the Princess Mary, married to the Prince of Orange. Sir Charles wrote plays and poems, which were extravagantly praised by his contemporaries. Buckingham eulogised the *witchcraft* of Sedley, and Rochester spoke of his 'gentle prevailing art.' His songs are light and graceful, with a more studied and felicitous diction than is seen in most of the court-poets. One of the finest, *Ah! Chloris, that I now could sit*, has been often printed as the composition of the Scottish patriot, Duncan Forbes of Culloden, Lord President of the Court of Session:[*] the verses occur in Sedley's play, *The Mulberry Garden*, 1668. Sedley's conversation was highly prized, and he lived on, delighting all his friends, till past his sixtieth year. As he says of one of his own heroines, he

Bloomed in the winter of his days,
Like Glastonbury thorn.

*Song.*

Ah! Chloris, that I now could sit
As unconcerned as when
Your infant beauty could beget
No pleasure, nor no pain.

When I the dawn used to admire,
And praised the coming day,
I little thought the growing fire
Must take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay
Like metals in a mine;
Age from no face took more away,
Than youth concealed in thine.

But as your charms insensibly
To their perfection prest,
Fond love as unperceived did fly,
And in my bosom rest.

My passion with your beauty grew,
And Cupid at my heart,
Still as his mother favoured you,
Threw a new flaming dart.

Each gloried in their wanton part;
To make a lover, he
Employed the utmost of his art—
To make a beauty, she.

Though now I slowly bend to love,
Uncertain of my fate,
If your fair self my chains approve,
I shall my freedom hate.

Lovers, like dying men, may well
At first disordered be,
Since none alive can truly tell
What fortune they must see.

*Song.*

Love still has something of the sea,
From whence his mother rose;
No time his slaves from doubt can free,
Nor give their thoughts repose.

They are becalmed in clearest days,
And in rough weather tossed;
They wither under cold delays,
Or are in tempests lost.

One while they seem to touch the port,
Then straight into the main
Some angry wind, in cruel sport,
The vessel drives again.

At first disdain and pride they fear,
Which, if they chance to 'scape,
Rivals and falsehood soon appear
In a more dreadful shape.

By such degrees to joy they come,
And are so long withstood;
So slowly they receive the sum,
It hardly does them good.

'Tis cruel to prolong a pain;
And to defer a joy,
Believe me, gentle Celemene,
Offends the winged boy.

A hundred thousand oaths your fears
Perhaps would not remove;
And if I gazed a thousand years,
I could no deeper love.

*Song.*

Phillis, men say that all my vows
Are to thy fortune paid;
Alas! my heart he little knows,
Who thinks my love a trade.

Were I of all these woods the lord,
One berry from thy hand
More real pleasure would afford
Than all my large command.

My humble love has learned to live
On what the nicest maid,
Without a conscious blush, may give
Beneath the myrtle shade.

Of costly food it hath no need,
And nothing will devour;
But like the harmless bee can feed,
And not impair the flower.

A spotless innocence like thine
May such a flame allow;
Yet thy fair name for ever shine
As doth thy beauty now.

I heard thee wish my lambs might stray
Safe from the fox's power,
Though every one become his prey,
I'm richer than before!

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[*] The error may have arisen from the circumstance that Allan Ramsay published the song, without the author's name, in his *Tea-table Miscellany*, 1724. Ramsay made several alterations—for example:

Ah! Chloris, could I now but sit
As unconcerned as when
Your infant beauty could beget
No happiness nor pain.
When I this dawning did admire,
And praised the coming day,
I little thought that rising fire
Would take my rest away.

## DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE.

MARGARET, DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE (1624–1673), was specially distinguished for her faithful attachment to her lord in his long exile during the time of the Commonwealth, and for her indefatigable pursuit of literature. She was the daughter of Sir Charles Lucas, and one of the maids of honour to Henrietta Maria. Having accompanied the queen to France, she met with the Marquis (afterwards Duke) of Newcastle, and was married to him at Paris in 1645. The marquis took up his residence at Antwerp, till the troubles were over, and there his lady wrote and published (1653) a volume, entitled *Poems and Fancies.* The marquis assisted her in her compositions, a circumstance which Horace Walpole has ridiculed in his *Royal and Noble Authors;* and so indefatigable were the noble pair, that they filled nearly twelve volumes, folio, with plays, poems, orations, philosophical fancies, &c. 'It pleased God,' she said, 'to command his servant Nature, to indue me with a poetical and philosophical genius even from my very birth.' In her dresses the duchess was as peculiar as in her books. 'I took great delight,' she confesses, 'in attiring myself in fine dressing and fashions, especially such fashions as I did invent myself.' Of these we learn something from Secretary Pepys. 'Met my Lady Newcastle going with her coaches and footmen all in velvet; herself with her velvet cap, her hair about her ears, many black patches about her mouth, without anything about her neck, and a black vest fitted to the body.' Pepys afterwards saw her in her coach, with a hundred boys and girls running after her! The duchess wrote the life of her husband the duke, a work which Charles Lamb considered a jewel for which no casket was rich enough. It is interesting from the complete devotion of the writer to her husband (whom she ranks above Julius Cæsar), and from the picture it presents of antiquated gallantry, chivalrous loyalty, and pure affection. Loving and flattering one another, the duke and duchess lived on in their eccentric magnificent way for many years; and when both were gone, a stately monument in Westminster Abbey bore record that there lay 'the loyal Duke of Newcastle and his Duchess,' adding, in language written by the duchess, which Addison admired, 'Her name was Margaret Lucas, youngest sister to the Lord Lucas of Colchester; *a noble family, for all the brothers were valiant, and all the sisters virtuous.*' The most popular of the duchess's poetical effusions is entitled *The Pastime and Recreation of the Queen of Fairies in Fairy Land.* It often echoes the imagery of Shakspeare, but has some fine lines, descriptive of the elfish queen:

She on a dewy leaf doth bathe,
And as she sits, the leaf doth wave;
There like a new-fallen flake of snow,
Doth her white limbs in beauty shew.
Her garments fair her maids put on,
Made of the pure light from the sun.

*Mirth and Melancholy* is another of these fanciful personifications. The former woos the poetess to dwell with her, promising sport and pleasure, and drawing a gloomy but forcible and poetical sketch of her rival, Melancholy:

Her voice is low, and gives a hollow sound;
She hates the light, and is in darkness found;
Or sits with blinking lamps, or tapers small,
Which various shadows make against the wall.
She loves nought else but noise which discord makes,
As croaking frogs whose dwelling is in lakes;
The raven's hoarse, the mandrake's hollow groan,
And shrieking owls which fly i' the night alone;
The tolling bell, which for the dead rings out;
A mill, where rushing waters run about;
The roaring winds, which shake the cedars tall,
Plough up the seas, and beat the rocks withal.
She loves to walk in the still moonshine night,
And in a thick dark grove she takes delight;
In hollow caves, thatched houses, and low cells,
She loves to live, and there alone she dwells.

## KATHERINE PHILIPS.

MRS KATHERINE PHILIPS (1631–1664) was honoured with the praise of Cowley and Dryden, and Jeremy Taylor addressed to her a *Discourse on Friendship.* Her poetical name of *Orinda* was highly popular with her contemporaries. This amiable lady was the wife of James Philips of the Priory, Cardigan.

### *Against Pleasure—an Ode.*

There 's no such thing as pleasure here;
'Tis all a perfect cheat,
Which does but shine and disappear,
Whose charm is but deceit;
The empty bribe of yielding souls,
Which first betrays, and then controls.

'Tis true, it looks at distance fair;
But if we do approach,
The fruit of Sodom will impair,
And perish at a touch;
It being then in fancy less,
And we expect more than possess.

For by our pleasures we are cloyed,
And so desire is done;
Or else, like rivers, they make wide
The channels where they run;
And either way true bliss destroys,
Making us narrow, or our joys.

We covet pleasure easily,
But ne'er true bliss possess;
For many things must make it be,
But one may make it less;
Nay, were our state as we could choose it,
'Twould be consumed by fear to lose it.

What art thou, then, thou winged air,
More weak and swift than fame,
Whose next successor is Despair,
And its attendant Shame?
The experienced prince then reason had,
Who said of Pleasure—'It is mad.'

## JOHN DRYDEN.

JOHN DRYDEN, one of the great masters of English verse, and whose masculine satire has never been excelled, was born at Aldwinckle, in Northamptonshire, August 9, 1631. His father, Erasmus Driden (the poet first spelled the name with a *y*), was a strict Puritan, of an ancient family, long established in Northamptonshire, and possessed of a small estate, Blakesley—worth about £60 per annum—which the poet inherited. He was the eldest of fourteen children. His mother was Mary, daughter of the Rev. H. Pickering, rector of Aldwinckle All Saints. Dryden was educated first at Westminster, and afterwards at Trinity College, Cambridge. His first acknowledged publication was a poem on the death of Lord Hastings, 1649. Next year he wrote some commendatory verses prefixed to the poems of John Hoddesdon; but his most important and promising early production was a set of *Heroic Stanzas* on the death of Cromwell (1659), which possess a certain ripeness of style and versification that foretold future excellence. In all Waller's poem on the same subject, there is nothing equal to such verses as the following:

(6)
His grandeur he derived from Heaven alone,
For he was great ere Fortune made him so;
And wars, like mists that rise against the sun,
Made him but greater seem, not greater grow.

(18)
Nor was he like those stars which only shine
When to pale mariners they storms portend;
He had his calmer influence, and his mien
Did love and majesty together blend.

When monarchy was restored, Dryden went over with the tuneful throng who welcomed in Charles II. He had done with the Puritans, and he wrote poetical addresses to the king and the lord chancellor: *Astræa Redux* (1660); a *Panegyric*, addressed to the king on his coronation (1661); *To Lord Chancellor Clarendon* (1662). The amusements of the drama revived after the Restoration, and Dryden became a candidate for theatrical laurels. His numerous dramas will be afterwards noticed. In December 1663, he married the Lady Elizabeth Howard, daughter of the Earl of Berkshire. The match was an unhappy one; the lady's conduct had not been free from reproach, and her temper was violent. The poet afterwards revenged himself by constantly inveighing against matrimony. In his play of the *Spanish Friar*, he most unpolitely states that 'woman was made from the dross and refuse of a man;' upon which his antagonist, Jeremy Collier, remarks, with some humour and smartness, 'I did not know before that a man's dross lay in his ribs; I believe it sometimes lies higher.' All Dryden's plays are marked with licentiousness, that vice of the age, which he fostered, rather than attempted to check. In 1667, he published a long poem, *Annus Mirabilis*, being an account of the great events of the previous twelve months, 1665–6—the Dutch War, the Plague, and the Fire of London. This poem abounds in vigorous, picturesque description. Dryden's next work (published in 1668) was an *Essay on Dramatic Poesy*, in which he vindicates the use of rhyme in tragedy. The style of his prose was easy, natural, and graceful. The poet undertook to write for the king's players no less than three plays a year, for which he was to receive one share and a quarter in the profits of the theatre—said to be about £300 per annum. He was afterwards made poet-laureate and royal historiographer, with a salary of £100 each office, and with the laureateship was the usual tierce of wine. It appears that, in 1684, four years of the laureate pension were due, and the poet wrote to Lord Rochester, First Lord of the Treasury, supplicating some payment to account, or 'some small employment in the Customs or Excise.' A certain portion of the arrear was paid, and a pension of £100 per annum was granted to him in addition to his salary as laureate and historiographer. Dryden went on manufacturing his rhyming plays, in accordance with the vitiated French taste which then prevailed. He got involved in controversies and quarrels, chiefly at the instigation of Rochester, who set up a wretched rhymester, Elkanah Settle, in opposition to Dryden. The great poet was also successfully ridiculed by Buckingham in his *Rehearsal*. In November 1681, Dryden published the satire of *Absalom and Achitophel*, written in the style of a scriptural narrative, the names and situations of personages in the holy text being applied to those contemporaries to whom the author assigned places in his poem. The Duke of Monmouth was Absalom; and the Earl of Shaftesbury, Achitophel; while the Duke of Buckingham was drawn under the character of Zimri. The success of this bold political satire—the most vigorous and elastic, the most finely versified, varied, and beautiful, which the English language can boast—was almost unprecedented. Dryden was now placed above all his poetical contemporaries. Shortly afterwards (March 1682), he continued the feeling against Shaftesbury in a poem called *The Medal, a Satire against Sedition*. The attacks of a rival poet, Shadwell, drew another vigorous satire from Dryden, *Mac-Flecknoe* (October 1682). A month afterwards, a second part of *Absalom and Achitophel* was published, but the body of the poem was written by Nahum Tate. Dryden contributed about two hundred lines, containing highly wrought characters of Settle and Shadwell, under the names of Doeg and Og. 'His antagonists,' says Scott, 'came on with infinite zeal and fury, discharged their ill-aimed blows on every side, and exhausted their strength in violent and ineffectual rage; but the keen and trenchant blade of Dryden never makes a thrust in vain, and never strikes but at a vulnerable point.' In the same year was published Dryden's *Religio Laici*, a poem written to defend the Church of England against the dissenters, yet evincing a sceptical spirit with regard to revealed religion. The opening of this poem is singularly solemn and majestic:

### *Reason and Religion.*

Dim as the borrowed beams of moon and stars
To lonely, weary, wandering travellers,
Is Reason to the soul; and as on high
Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
Not light us here; so Reason's glimmering ray
Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,
But guide us upward to a better day.
And as those nightly tapers disappear,
When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere;
So pale grows Reason at Religion's sight;
So dies, and so dissolves in supernatural light.

Dryden's doubts about religion were dispelled by his embracing the Roman Catholic faith. Satisfied or overpowered by the prospect of an infallible guide, he closed in with the court of James II. and gladly exclaimed:

Good life be now my task—my doubts are done.

His pension was at first stopped by James, but it was resumed. Mr Bell, one of the late editors of Dryden, has stated that the pension was resumed while the poet was still a Protestant, in 1685–6: 'the defence of the Duchess of York's paper, in which Dryden for the first time espoused the doctrines of the Church of Rome, appeared late in 1686.' We regret to find that this defence cannot be maintained. Dryden's pension was restored by letters-patent on the 4th of March 1685–6, but 'his apostasy,' says Lord Macaulay, 'had been the talk of the town at least six weeks before. See Evelyn's *Diary*, January 19, 1685–6.' And certainly, in Evelyn's *Diary* of the date specified, is an entry alluding to the talk that Dryden and his sons had gone over to the Romish Church, by which Evelyn thought the church would gain no great credit. The poet's change of religion happening at a time when it suited his interests to become a Catholic, was looked upon with suspicion. The candour evinced by Dr Johnson on this subject, and the patient inquiry of Sir Walter Scott, may be noted. We may lament the fall of the great poet, but his conduct is not necessarily open to the charge of sordid and unprincipled selfishness. He brought up his family, and died in his new belief. The first public fruits of Dryden's change of creed were his allegorical poem of the *Hind and Panther* (April 1687), in which the main argument of the Roman Church—all that has or can be said for tradition and authority—is fully stated. 'The wit in the *Hind and Panther*,' says Hallam, 'is sharp, ready, and pleasant; the reasoning is sometimes admirably close and strong; it is the energy of Bossuet in verse.' The hind is the Church of Rome; the panther, the Church of England. The Independents, Quakers, Anabaptists, and other sects are represented as bears, hares, boars, &c. The Calvinists are strongly but coarsely caricatured:

More haughty than the rest, the wolfish race
Appear, with belly gaunt and famished face—
Never was so deformed a beast of grace.
His ragged tail betwixt his legs he wears,[*]
Close clapped for shame, but his rough crest he rears,
And pricks up his predestinating ears.

The obloquy and censure which Dryden's change of religion entailed upon him, is glanced at in the *Hind and Panther*, with more depth of feeling than he usually evinced:

If joys hereafter must be purchased here
With loss of all that mortals hold so dear,
Then welcome infamy and public shame,
And last, a long farewell to worldly fame!
'Tis said with ease, but oh, how hardly tried
By haughty souls to human honour tied!
O sharp convulsive pangs of agonising pride!
Down, then, thou rebel, never more to rise,
And what thou didst, and dost so dearly prize,
That fame, that darling fame, make that thy sacrifice!
'Tis nothing thou hast given; then add thy tears
For a long race of unrepenting years:
'Tis nothing yet, yet all thou hast to give;
Then add those may-be years thou hast to live:
Yet nothing still; then poor and naked come;
Thy Father will receive his unthrift home,
And thy blest Saviour's blood discharge the mighty sum.

He had previously, in the same poem, alluded to the weight of ancient witness or tradition, which had prevailed over private reason; and his feelings were strongly excited:

But, gracious God! how well dost Thou provide
For erring judgments an unerring guide!
Thy throne is darkness in the abyss of light,
A blaze of glory that forbids the sight.
O teach me to believe Thee thus concealed,
And search no farther than Thyself revealed,
But her alone for my director take
Whom Thou hast promised never to forsake!
My thoughtless youth was winged with vain desires,
My manhood, long misled by wandering fires,
Followed false lights; and when their glimpse was gone,
My pride struck out new sparkles of her own.
Such was I, such by nature still I am;
Be Thine the glory, and be mine the shame!

The Revolution in 1688 deprived Dryden of his offices. But the want of independent income seems only to have stimulated his faculties, and his latter unendowed years produced the noblest of his works. Besides several plays, he gave to the world, in 1692, versions of Juvenal and Persius, in which he was aided by his sons; and a translation of Virgil, published in 1697, but the work of nearly three years. This is considered the least happy of all his great works. Dryden was deficient in sensibility, while Virgil excels in tenderness and in a calm and serene dignity. This laborious undertaking brought the poet a sum of about £1200. His publisher, Tonson, endeavoured in vain to get the poet to inscribe the translation to King William, and failing in this, he took care to make the engraver 'aggravate the nose of Æneas in the plates into a sufficient resemblance of the hooked promontory of the Deliverer's countenance.' The immortal *Ode to St Cecilia*, commonly called *Alexander's Feast*, was Dryden's next work (1697); and it is the loftiest and most imaginative of all his compositions. 'No one has ever qualified his admiration of this noble poem.' In 1700, Dryden published his *Fables*, 7500 verses, more or less, as the contract with Tonson bears, being a partial delivery to account of 10,000 verses, which he agreed to furnish for the sum of 250 guineas, to be made up to £300 upon publication of a second edition. The poet was then in his sixty-eighth year, but his fancy was brighter and more prolific than ever; it was like a brilliant sunset, or a river that expands in breadth, and fertilises a wider tract of country, ere it is finally engulfed in the ocean. The *Fables* are imitations of Boccaccio and Chaucer, and afford the finest specimens of Dryden's happy versification. No narrative poems in the language have been more generally admired or read. They shed a glory on the last days of the poet, who died on the 1st of May 1700. A subscription was made for a public funeral; and his remains, after being embalmed, and lying in state twelve days, were interred with great pomp in Westminster Abbey.

Dryden has been very fortunate in his critics, annotators, and biographers. His life by Johnson is the most carefully written, the most eloquent and discriminating, of all the *Lives of the Poets*. Malone collected and edited his essays and other prose writings. Sir Walter Scott wrote a copious life of the poet, and edited a complete edition of his works, the whole extending to eighteen volumes. A late edition (1870) has been ably and carefully edited by Mr W. D. Christie.

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[*] An allusion, no doubt, to the Geneva gown.

It has become the fashion to print the works of some of our poets in the order in which they were written, not as arranged and published by themselves. Cowper and Burns have been presented in this shape, and the consequence is, that light ephemeral trifles, or personal sallies, are thrust in between the more durable memorials of genius, disturbing their symmetry and effect. In the case of Dryden, however, such a chronological survey would be instructive; for between the *Annus Mirabilis* and the *Ode to St Cecilia* or the *Fables*, through the plays and poems, how varied is the range in style and taste! It is like the progress of Spenser's 'Good Knight,' through labyrinths of uncertainty, fantastic conceits, flowery vice, and unnatural splendour, to the sober daylight of truth, virtue, and reason. Dryden never attained to finished excellence in composition. His genius was debased by the false taste of the age, and his mind vitiated by its bad morals. He mangled the natural delicacy and simplicity of Shakspeare's *Tempest;* and where even Chaucer is pure, Dryden is impure. 'This great high-priest of all the nine,' remarks Campbell, 'was not a confessor to the finer secrets of the human breast. Had the subject of "Eloisa" fallen into his hands, he would have left but a coarse draught of her passion.' But if Dryden was deficient in the higher emotions of love and tenderness, their absence is partly atoned for in his late works, by wide surveys of nature and mankind, by elevated reasoning and declamation, and by the hearty individuality of his satire. The 'brave negligence' of his versification, and his 'long resounding line,' have an indescribable charm. His style is like his own panther, of the 'spotted kind,' and its faults and virtues lie equally mixed; but it is beloved in spite of spots and blemishes, and pleases longer than the verse of Pope, which, like the milk-white hind, is 'immortal and unchanged.' The satirical portraits of Pope, excepting those of Addison, Atossa, and Lord Hervey, are feeble compared with those of Dryden, whom he acknowledged to be his master and instructor in versification. Dryden, with his tried and homely materials, and bold pencil, was true to nature; his sketches are still fresh as a Van Dyck or Rembrandt. His language was genuine English. He was sometimes *Gallicised* by the prevailing taste of the day; but he felt that this was a license to be sparingly used. 'If too many foreign words are poured in upon us,' said he, 'it looks as if they were designed not to assist the natives, but to conquer them.' In better times, and with more careful culture, Dryden's genius would have avoided the vulgar descents which he seldom escaped, except in his most finished passages and his choicest lyrical odes. As it is, his muse was a fallen angel, cast down for manifold sins and impurities, yet radiant with light from heaven. The natural freedom and magnificence of his verse it would be vain to eulogise.

### *Character of Shaftesbury.*

From *Absalom and Achitophel.*

Of these the false Achitophel was first;
A name to all succeeding ages curst:
For close designs and crooked counsels fit,
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit,
Restless, unfixed in principles and place,
In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace:
A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
And o'er-informed the tenement of clay.
A daring pilot in extremity;
Pleased with the danger, when the waves went high,
He sought the storms; but, for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.
Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide;*
Else why should he, with wealth and honour blest,
Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
Punish a body which he could not please;
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?
And all to leave what with his toil he won,
To that unfeathered two-legged thing, a son;
Got, while his soul did huddled notions try,
And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy.
In friendship false, implacable in hate;
Resolved to ruin or to rule the state:
To compass this, the triple bond he broke,
The pillars of the public safety shook,
And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke:
Then, seized with fear, yet still affecting fame,
Usurped a patriot's all-atoning name.
So easy still it proves, in factious times,
With public zeal to cancel private crimes;
How safe is treason, and how sacred ill,
Where none can sin against the people's will!
Where crowds can wink, and no offence be known,
Since in another's guilt they find their own!
Yet fame deserved no enemy can grudge;
The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.
In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abbethdin †
With more discerning eyes, or hands more clean,
Unbribed, unsought, the wretched to redress,
Swift of despatch, and easy of access.
Oh! had he been content to serve the crown
With virtues only proper to the gown,
Or had the rankness of the soil been freed
From cockle, that oppressed the noble seed,
David for him his tuneful harp had strung,
And heaven had wanted one immortal song.
But wild ambition loves to slide, not stand,
And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land.
Achitophel, grown weary to possess
A lawful fame and lazy happiness
Disdained the golden fruit to gather free,
And lent the crowd his arm to shake the tree.

### *Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.—From the same.*

Some of their chiefs were princes of the land:
In the first rank of these did Zimri stand;
A man so various that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was everything by starts, and nothing long;
But, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon;
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Blest madman, who could every hour employ
With something new to wish or to enjoy!
Railing and praising were his usual themes,
And both, to shew his judgment, in extremes;

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[*] The proposition of Dryden, that great wit is allied to madness, will not bear the test of scrutiny. It has been successfully combated by Hazlitt and Charles Lamb. 'The greatest wits,' says Lamb, 'will ever be found to be the sanest writers. It is impossible for the mind to conceive of a mad Shakspeare. The greatness of wit, by which the poetic talent is here chiefly to be understood, manifests itself in the admirable balance of all the faculties. Madness is the disproportionate straining or excess of any one of them.' Shaftesbury's restlessness was owing to his ambition and his vanity; to a want of judgment and principle, not to an excess of wit.

[†] The Abbethdin (so spelt by Dryden) was president of the Jewish judicature, literally father (*ab*) of the house of judgment (*beth-din*).—CHRISTIE.

So over-violent, or over-civil,
That every man with him was god or devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art;
Nothing went unrewarded but desert:
Beggared by fools, whom still he found too late,
He had his jest, and they had his estate;
He laughed himself from court, then sought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief;
For, spite of him, the weight of business fell
On Absalom and wise Achitophel:
Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left.

### *Shaftesbury's Address to Monmouth.—From the same.*

Auspicious prince, at whose nativity
Some royal planet ruled the southern sky,
Thy longing country's darling and desire,
Their cloudy pillar and their guardian fire;
Their second Moses, whose extended wand
Divides the seas, and shews the promised land;
Whose dawning day in every distant age
Has exercised the sacred prophet's rage:
The people's prayer, the glad diviner's theme,
The young men's vision, and the old men's dream!
Thee, Saviour, thee, the nation's vows confess,
And, never satisfied with seeing, bless:
Swift unbespoken pomps thy steps proclaim,
And stammering babes are taught to lisp thy name:
How long wilt thou the general joy detain,
Starve and defraud the people of thy reign?
Content ingloriously to pass thy days,
Like one of Virtue's fools, that feed on praise;
Till thy fresh glories, which now shine so bright,
Grow stale, and tarnish with our daily sight;
Believe me, royal youth, thy fruit must be
Or gathered ripe, or rot upon the tree:
Heaven has to all allotted, soon or late,
Some lucky revolution of their fate;
Whose motions, if we watch and guide with skill—
For human good depends on human will—
Our fortune rolls as from a smooth descent,
And from the first impression takes the bent;
But if unseized, she glides away like wind,
And leaves repenting folly far behind.
Now, now she meets you with a glorious prize,
And spreads her locks before you as she flies!
Had thus old David, from whose loins you spring,
Not dared, when fortune called him to be king,
At Gath an exile he might still remain,
And heaven's anointing oil had been in vain.
Let his successful youth your hopes engage,
But shun the example of declining age;
Behold him setting in his western skies,
The shadows lengthening as the vapours rise.
He is not now as when on Jordan's sand,
The joyful people thronged to see him land,
Covering the beach, and blackening all the strand!

### *The Hind and the Panther.*

A milk-white Hind, immortal and unchanged,
Fed on the lawns, and in the forest ranged;
Without unspotted, innocent within,
She feared no danger, for she knew no sin.
Yet had she oft been chased with horns and hounds,
And Scythian shafts, and many winged wounds
Aimed at her heart; was often forced to fly,
And doomed to death, though fated not to die. . . .
The Panther, sure the noblest next the Hind,
And fairest creature of the spotted kind;
Oh, could her inborn stains be washed away,
She were too good to be a beast of prey!
How can I praise or blame, and not offend,
Or how divide the frailty from the friend?
Her faults and virtues lie so mixed, that she
Nor wholly stands condemned nor wholly free.
Then, like her injured Lion, let me speak;
He cannot bend her, and he would not break.
Unkind already, and estranged in part,
The Wolf begins to shew her wandering heart.
Though unpolluted yet with actual ill,
She half commits who sins but in her will.
If, as our dreaming Platonists report,
There could be spirits of a middle sort,
Too black for heaven, and yet too white for hell,
Who just dropped halfway down, nor lower fell;
So poised, so gently she descends from high,
It seems a soft dismission from the sky.

### *Ode to the Memory of Mrs Anne Killigrew.**

Thou youngest virgin-daughter of the skies,
Made in the last promotion of the blest;
Whose palms, new-plucked from Paradise,
In spreading branches more sublimely rise,
Rich with immortal green above the rest:
Whether, adopted to some neighbouring star,
Thou roll'st above us, in thy wandering race,
Or, in procession fixed and regular,
Mov'st with the heaven-majestic pace;
Or, called to more superior bliss,
Thou tread'st, with seraphims, the vast abyss:
Whatever happy region is thy place,
Cease thy celestial song a little space;
Thou wilt have time enough for hymns divine,
Since Heaven's eternal year is thine.
Hear, then, a mortal Muse thy praise rehearse,
In no ignoble verse;
But such as thy own voice did practise here,
When thy first-fruits of poesy were given;
To make thyself a welcome inmate there:
While yet a young probationer,
And candidate of heaven.

If by traduction came thy mind,
Our wonder is the less to find
A soul so charming from a stock so good;
Thy father was transfused into thy blood:
So wert thou born into the tuneful strain,
An early, rich, and inexhausted vein.
But if thy pre-existing soul
Was formed at first with myriads more,
It did through all the mighty poets roll,
Who Greek or Latin laurels wore,
And was that Sappho last, which once it was before.
If so, then cease thy flight, O heaven-born mind!
Thou hast no dross to purge from thy rich ore:
Nor can thy soul a fairer mansion find
Than was the beauteous frame she left behind.
Return to fill or mend the quire of thy celestial kind. . . .

O gracious God! how far have we
Profaned thy heavenly gift of Poesy!
Made prostitute and profligate the Muse,
Debased to each obscene and impious use,
Whose harmony was first ordained above
For tongues of angels, and for hymns of love!
Oh wretched we! why were we hurried down
This lubric and adulterate age—
Nay, added fat pollutions of our own—
To increase the steaming ordures of the stage?
What can we say to excuse our second fall?
Let this thy vestal, Heaven, atone for all;
Her Arethusian stream remains unsoiled,
Unmixed with foreign filth, and undefiled;
Her wit was more than man; her innocence a child. . . .

When in mid-air the golden trump shall sound,
To raise the nations underground;

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* Daughter of Dr Henry Killigrew, a prebendary of Westminster. She died of small-pox in 1685, aged twenty-five. A volume of her poems was published after her death.

When in the valley of Jehoshaphat
The judging God shall close the book of Fate;
And there the last assizes keep
For those who wake, and those who sleep;
When rattling bones together fly
From the four corners of the sky;
When sinews o'er the skeletons are spread,
Those clothed with flesh, and life inspires the dead;
The sacred poets first shall hear the sound,
And foremost from the tomb shall bound,
For they are covered with the lightest ground;
And straight, with inborn vigour, on the wing,
Like mountain larks, to the new morning sing.
There thou, sweet saint, before the quire shall go,
As harbinger of heaven, the way to shew,
The way which thou so well hast learned below.

### *Satire on Shadwell.—From 'Mac-Flecknoe.'*

All human things are subject to decay;
And, when Fate summons, monarchs must obey.
This Flecknoe[1] found, who, like Augustus, young
Was called to empire, and had governed long;
In prose and verse was owned, without dispute,
Through all the realms of Nonsense, absolute.
This aged prince, now flourishing in peace,
And blest with issue of a large increase,
Worn out with business, did at length debate
To settle the succession of the state;
And pondering which of all his sons was fit
To reign, and wage immortal war with Wit,
Cried: ''Tis resolved; for Nature pleads, that he
Should only rule who most resembles me.
Shadwell,[2] alone, my perfect image bears,
Mature in dulness from his tender years:
Shadwell, alone, of all my sons, was he,
Who stands confirmed in full stupidity.
The rest to some faint meaning make pretence;
But Shadwell never deviates into sense.
Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
Strike through, and make a lucid interval;
But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray;
His rising fogs prevail upon the day.
Besides, his goodly fabric fills the eye,
And seems designed for thoughtless majesty:
Thoughtless as monarch oaks, that shade the plain,
And, spread in solemn state, supinely reign.
Heywood and Shirley were but types of thee,
Thou last great prophet of tautology!'

### *From the Epistle 'To my dear Friend, Mr Congreve, on his Comedy called the Double Dealer.'*

O that your brows my laurel had sustained!
Well had I been deposed, if you had reigned:
The father had descended for the son;
For only you are lineal to the throne.
Thus, when the state one Edward did depose,
A greater Edward in his room arose:
But now, not I, but poetry is cursed;
For Tom the second reigns like Tom the first.[3]
But let them not mistake my patron's part,
Nor call his charity their own desert.
Yet this I prophesy—thou shalt be seen,
Though with some short parenthesis between,
High on the throne of wit, and, seated there,
Not mine—that's little—but thy laurel wear.
Thy first attempt an early promise made,
That early promise this has more than paid.
So bold, yet so judiciously you dare,
That your least praise is to be regular.
Time, place, and action may with pains be wrought,
But genius must be born, and never can be taught.
This is your portion; this your native store;
Heaven, that but once was prodigal before,
To Shakspeare gave as much; she could not give him more.
Maintain your post: that's all the fame you need;
For 'tis impossible you should proceed.
Already I am worn with cares and age,
And just abandoning the ungrateful stage:
Unprofitably kept at Heaven's expense,
I live a rent-charge on His providence;
But you, whom every Muse and Grace adorn,
Whom I foresee to better fortune born,
Be kind to my remains; and oh, defend,
Against your judgment, your departed friend!
Let not the insulting foe my fame pursue,
But shade those laurels which descend to you:
And take for tribute what these lines express:
You merit more, nor could my love do less.

### *On Milton.**

Three poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed;
The next in majesty; in both the last.
The force of Nature could no farther go;
To make a third, she joined the former two.

### *The Swallow.—From the Hind and Panther.*

The swallow, privileged above the rest
Of all the birds as man's familiar guest,
Pursues the sun in summer, brisk and bold,
But wisely shuns the persecuting cold;
Is well to chancels and to chimneys known,
Though 'tis not thought she feeds on smoke alone.
From hence she has been held of heavenly line,
Endued with particles of soul divine:
This merry chorister had long possessed
Her summer seat, and feathered well her nest,
Till frowning skies began to change their cheer,
And time turned up the wrong side of the year;
The shedding trees began the ground to strow
With yellow leaves, and bitter blasts to blow:
Such auguries of winter thence she drew,
Which by instinct or prophecy she knew;
When prudence warned her to remove betimes,
And seek a better heaven and warmer climes,
Her sons were summoned on a steeple's height,
And, called in common council, vote a flight.
The day was named, the next that should be fair;
All to the general rendezvous repair;
They try their fluttering wings, and trust themselves in air.
Who but the swallow now triumphs alone?
The canopy of heaven is all her own:
Her youthful offspring to their haunts repair,
And glide along in glades, and skim in air,
And dip for insects in the purling springs,
And stoop on rivers, to refresh their wings.

### *Dreams.—From 'The Cock and the Fox,' modernised from Chaucer.*

Dreams are but interludes which Fancy makes;
When monarch Reason sleeps, this mimic wakes:
Compounds a medley of disjointed things,
A mob of cobblers, and a court of kings:[1]
Light fumes are merry, grosser fumes are sad:
Both are the reasonable soul run mad;

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[1] Richard Flecknoe, an Irish Roman Catholic priest, and a well-known poetaster and dramatist, who died in 1678.

[2] Thomas Shadwell, the dramatic author, was a rival of Dryden, both in politics and poetry. His scenes of low comedy evince considerable talent in the style of Ben Jonson, whom he also resembled in his person and habits.

[3] Thomas Shadwell and Thomas Rymer, editor of the *Fœdera.*

* Printed under a portrait of Milton prefixed to *Paradise Lost*, folio, 1688.

[1] Perhaps a misprint, as suggested by Leigh Hunt, for

A court of cobblers, and a mob of kings.

And many monstrous forms in sleep we see,
That neither were, nor are, nor e'er can be.
Sometimes forgotten things long cast behind
Rush forward in the brain, and come to mind.
The nurse's legends are for truths received,
And the man dreams but what the boy believed.
Sometimes we but rehearse a former play,
The night restores our actions done by day,
As hounds in sleep will open for their prey.

### *Alexander's Feast; or, the Power of Music—A Song in Honour of St Cecilia's Day*, 1697.

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son:
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne;
His valiant peers were placed around,
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound:
(So should desert in arms be crowned).
The lovely Thaïs by his side
Sate like a blooming Eastern bride,
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus, placed on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touched the lyre:
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above—
Such is the power of mighty Love!
A dragon's fiery form belied the god:
Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
When he to fair Olympia pressed;
And while he sought her snowy breast,
Then round her slender waist he curled,
And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.
The listening crowd admire the lofty sound;
A present deity, they shout around;
A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound:
With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young:
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;
Flushed with a purple grace
He shews his honest face.
Now, give the hautboys breath; he comes! he comes!
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain:
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure;
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain:
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.
The master saw the madness rise,
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And, while he heaven and earth defied,
Changed his hand, and checked his pride.
He chose a mournful Muse,
Soft pity to infuse:
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood;
Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast look the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of chance below;
And now and then a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled to see
That love was in the next degree;
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet in Lydian measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures;
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honour but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying;
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying:
Lovely Thaïs sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So Love was crowned, but Music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again.
At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again;
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark! hark! the horrid sound
Has raised up his head,
As awaked from the dead,
And, amazed, he stares around.
'Revenge, revenge!' Timotheus cries;
'See the Furies arise;
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toss their torches on high!
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods!'
The princes applaud with a furious joy;
And the king seized a flambeau, with zeal to destroy;
Thaïs led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

Thus long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.

At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown:
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

### *Theodore and Honoria.—From Boccace.*

Of all the cities in Romanian lands,
The chief, and most renowned, Ravenna stands,
Adorned in ancient times with arms and arts,
And rich inhabitants with generous hearts.
But Theodore the brave, above the rest,
With gifts of fortune and of nature blessed,
The foremost place for wealth and honour held,
And all in feats of chivalry excelled.
This noble youth to madness loved a dame
Of high degree; Honoria was her name;
Fair as the fairest, but of haughty mind,
And fiercer than became so soft a kind.
Proud of her birth—for equal she had none—
The rest she scorned, but hated him alone.
His gifts, his constant courtship, nothing gained;
For she, the more he loved, the more disdained.
He lived with all the pomp he could devise,
At tilts and tournaments obtained the prize,
But found no favour in his lady's eyes:
Relentless as a rock, the lofty maid
Turned all to poison that he did or said:
Nor prayers, nor tears, nor offered vows, could move;
The work went backward; and the more he strove
T' advance his suit, the farther from her love.
Wearied at length, and wanting remedy,
He doubted oft, and oft resolved to die.
But pride stood ready to prevent the blow,
For who would die to gratify a foe?
His generous mind disdained so mean a fate;
That passed, his next endeavour was to hate.
But vainer that relief than all the rest;
The less he hoped, with more desire possessed;
Love stood the siege, and would not yield his breast.
Change was the next, but change deceived his care;
He sought a fairer, but found none so fair.
He would have worn her out by slow degrees,
As men by fasting starve the untamed disease:
But present love required a present ease.
Looking, he feeds alone his famished eyes,
Feeds lingering death, but looking not, he dies.
Yet still he chose the longest way to fate,
Wasting at once his life and his estate.
His friends beheld, and pitied him in vain,
For what advice can ease a lover's pain?
Absence, the best expedient they could find,
Might save the fortune, if not cure the mind:
This means they long proposed, but little gained,
Yet, after much pursuit, at length obtained.
Hard you may think it was to give consent,
But struggling with his own desires he went,
With large expense, and with a pompous train,
Provided as to visit France or Spain,
Or for some distant voyage o'er the main.
But Love had clipped his wings, and cut him short;
Confined within the purlieus of the court,
Three miles he went, no farther could retreat;
His travels ended at his country-seat:
To Chassi's pleasing plains he took his way,
There pitched his tents, and there resolved to stay.
The spring was in the prime; the neighbouring grove
Supplied with birds, the choristers of love,
Music unbought, that ministered delight
To morning walks, and lulled his cares by night:
There he discharged his friends, but not the expense
Of frequent treats and proud magnificence.
He lived as kings retire, though more at large
From public business, yet with equal charge;
With house and heart still open to receive;
As well content as love would give him leave:
He would have lived more free; but many a guest,
Who could forsake the friend, pursued the feast.
It happed one morning, as his fancy led,
Before his usual hour he left his bed;
To walk within a lonely lawn, that stood
On every side surrounded by the wood:
Alone he walked, to please his pensive mind,
And sought the deepest solitude to find;
'Twas in a grove of spreading pines he strayed;
The winds within the quivering branches played,
And dancing trees a mournful music made.
The place itself was suiting to his care,
Uncouth and savage, as the cruel fair.
He wandered on, unknowing where he went,
Lost in the wood, and all on love intent:
The day already half his race had run,
And summoned him to due repast at noon,
But love could feel no hunger but his own.
Whilst listening to the murmuring leaves he stood,
More than a mile immersed within the wood,
At once the wind was laid; the whispering sound
Was dumb; a rising earthquake rocked the ground:
With deeper brown the grove was overspread;
A sudden horror seized his giddy head,
And his ears tinkled, and his colour fled;
Nature was in alarm; some danger nigh
Seemed threatened, though unseen to mortal eye.
Unused to fear, he summoned all his soul,
And stood collected in himself—and whole;
Not long: for soon a whirlwind rose around,
And from afar he heard a screaming sound,
As of a dame distressed, who cried for aid,
And filled with loud laments the secret shade.
A thicket close beside the grove there stood,
With briers and brambles choked, and dwarfish wood;
From thence the noise, which now, approaching near,
With more distinguished notes invades his ear;
He raised his head, and saw a beauteous maid,
With hair dishevelled, issuing through the shade;
Stripped of her clothes, and even those parts revealed
Which modest nature keeps from sight concealed.
Her face, her hands, her naked limbs were torn,
With passing through the brakes and prickly thorn;
Two mastiffs gaunt and grim her flight pursued,
And oft their fastened fangs in blood imbrued:
Oft they came up, and pinched her tender side;
'Mercy, O mercy, Heaven!' she ran, and cried;
When Heaven was named, they loosed their hold again,
Then sprung she forth, they followed her amain.
Not far behind, a knight of swarthy face,
High on a coal-black steed pursued the chase;
With flashing flames his ardent eyes were filled,
And in his hands a naked sword he held:
He cheered the dogs to follow her who fled,
And vowed revenge on her devoted head.
As Theodore was born of noble kind,
The brutal action roused his manly mind;
Moved with unworthy usage of the maid,
He, though unarmed, resolved to give her aid.
A sapling pine he wrenched from out the ground,
The readiest weapon that his fury found.
Thus furnished for offence, he crossed the way
Betwixt the graceless villain and his prey.
The knight came thundering on, but, from afar,
Thus in imperious tone forbad the war:
'Cease, Theodore, to proffer vain relief,
Nor stop the vengeance of so just a grief;
But give me leave to seize my destined prey,
And let eternal justice take the way:

I but revenge my fate, disdained, betrayed,
And suffering death for this ungrateful maid.'
He said, at once dismounting from the steed;
For now the hell-hounds with superior speed
Had reached the dame, and, fastening on her side,
The ground with issuing streams of purple dyed;
Stood Theodore surprised in deadly fright,
With chattering teeth, and bristling hair upright;
Yet armed with inborn worth: 'Whate'er,' said he,
'Thou art, who know'st me better than I thee;
Or prove thy rightful cause, or be defied;'
The spectre, fiercely staring, thus replied:
'Know, Theodore, thy ancestry I claim,
And Guido Cavalcanti was my name.
One common sire our fathers did beget;
My name and story some remember yet:
Thee, then a boy, within my arms I laid,
When for my sins I loved this haughty maid;
Not less adored in life, nor served by me,
Than proud Honoria now is loved by thee.
What did I not her stubborn heart to gain?
But all my vows were answered with disdain:
She scorned my sorrows, and despised my pain.
Long time I dragged my days in fruitless care;
Then, loathing life, and plunged in deep despair,
To finish my unhappy life, I fell
On this sharp sword, and now am damned in hell.
'Short was her joy; for soon the insulting maid
By Heaven's decree in the cold grave was laid.
And as in unrepenting sin she died,
Doomed to the same bad place is punished for her pride;
Because she deemed I well deserved to die,
And made a merit of her cruelty.
There, then, we met; both tried, and both were cast,
And this irrevocable sentence passed:
That she, whom I so long pursued in vain,
Should suffer from my hands a lingering pain:
Renewed to life, that she might daily die,
I daily doomed to follow, she to fly;
No more a lover, but a mortal foe,
I seek her life (for love is none below):
As often as my dogs with better speed
Arrest her flight, is she to death decreed:
Then with this fatal sword, on which I died,
I pierce her opened back or tender side,
And tear that hardened heart from out her breast,
Which, with her entrails, makes my hungry hounds a feast.
Nor lies she long, but, as her fates ordain,
Springs up to life, and fresh to second pain,
Is saved to-day, to-morrow to be slain.'
This, versed in death, the infernal knight relates,
And then for proof fulfilled their common fates;
Her heart and bowels through her back he drew,
And fed the hounds that helped him to pursue;
Stern looked the fiend, as frustrate of his will,
Not half sufficed, and greedy yet to kill.
And now the soul, expiring through the wound,
Had left the body breathless on the ground,
When thus the grisly spectre spoke again:
'Behold the fruit of ill-rewarded pain:
As many months as I sustained her hate,
So many years is she condemned by Fate
To daily death; and every several place,
Conscious of her disdain and my disgrace,
Must witness her just punishment, and be
A scene of triumph and revenge to me!
As in this grove I took my last farewell,
As on this very spot of earth I fell,
As Friday saw me die, so she my prey
Becomes even here, on this revolving day.'
Thus, while he spoke, the virgin from the ground
Upstarted fresh, already closed the wound,
And unconcerned for all she felt before,
Precipitates her flight along the shore:
The hell-hounds, as ungorged with flesh and blood,
Pursue their prey, and seek their wonted food:
The fiend remounts his courser, mends his pace,
And all the vision vanished from the place.
Long stood the noble youth oppressed with awe,
And stupid at the wondrous things he saw,
Surpassing common faith, transgressing Nature's law.
He would have been asleep, and wished to wake,
But dreams, he knew, no long impression make,
Though strong at first; if vision, to what end,
But such as must his future state portend,
His love the damsel, and himself the fiend?
But yet, reflecting that it could not be
From Heaven, which cannot impious acts decree,
Resolved within himself to shun the snare
Which hell for his destruction did prepare;
And, as his better genius should direct,
From an ill cause to draw a good effect.
Inspired from Heaven, he homeward took his way,
Nor palled his new design with long delay:
But of his train a trusty servant sent
To call his friends together at his tent.
They came, and, usual salutations paid,
With words premeditated thus he said:
'What you have often counselled, to remove
My vain pursuit of unregarded love,
By thrift my sinking fortune to repair,
Though late, yet is at last become my care:
My heart shall be my own; my vast expense
Reduced to bounds by timely providence;
This only I require; invite for me
Honoria, with her father's family,
Her friends and mine; the cause I shall display
On Friday next, for that 's the appointed day.'
Well pleased were all his friends, the task was light;
The father, mother, daughter, they invite;
Hardly the dame was drawn to this repast;
But yet resolved, because it was the last.
The day was come, the guests invited came,
And, with the rest, the inexorable dame:
A feast prepared with riotous expense,
Much cost, more care, and most magnificence.
The place ordained was in that haunted grove
Where the revenging ghost pursued his love:
The tables in a proud pavilion spread,
With flowers below, and tissue overhead:
The rest in rank, Honoria chief in place,
Was artfully contrived to set her face
To front the thicket, and behold the chase.
The feast was served, the time so well forecast,
That just when the dessert and fruits were placed,
The fiend's alarm began; the hollow sound
Sung in the leaves, the forest shook around,
Air blackened, rolled the thunder, groaned the ground.
Nor long before the loud laments arise
Of one distressed, and mastiffs' mingled cries;
And first the dame came rushing through the wood,
And next the famished hounds that sought their food,
And griped her flanks, and oft essayed their jaws in blood.
Last came the felon on his sable steed,
Armed with his naked sword, and urged his dogs to speed.
She ran, and cried, her flight directly bent—
A guest unbidden—to the fatal tent,
The scene of death, and place ordained for punishment.
Loud was the noise, aghast was every guest.
The women shrieked, the men forsook the feast;
The hounds at nearer distance hoarsely bayed;
The hunter close pursued the visionary maid;
She rent the heaven with loud laments, imploring aid.
The gallants, to protect the lady's right,
Their falchions brandished at the grisly sprite;
High on his stirrups he provoked the fight.
Then on the crowd he cast a furious look,
And withered all their strength before he strook:

'Back, on your lives! let be,' said he, 'my prey,
And let my vengeance take the destined way:
Vain are your arms, and vainer your defence,
Against the eternal doom of Providence:
Mine is the ungrateful maid by Heaven designed:
Mercy she would not give, nor mercy shall she find.'
At this the former tale again he told
With thundering tone, and dreadful to behold:
Sunk were their hearts with horror of the crime,
Nor needed to be warned a second time,
But bore each other back: some knew the face,
And all had heard the much-lamented case
Of him who fell for love, and this the fatal place.
And now the infernal minister advanced,
Seized the due victim, and with fury lanced
Her back, and, piercing through her inmost heart,
Drew backward, as before, the offending part.
The reeking entrails next he tore away,
And to his meagre mastiffs made a prey.
The pale assistants on each other stared,
With gaping mouths for issuing words prepared;
The still-born sounds upon the palate hung,
And died imperfect on the faltering tongue.
The fright was general; but the female band—
A helpless train—in more confusion stand:
With horror shuddering, on a heap they run,
Sick at the sight of hateful justice done;
For conscience rung the alarm, and made the case their own.
So, spread upon a lake with upward eye,
A plump of fowl behold their foe on high;
They close their trembling troop; and all attend
On whom the sousing eagle will descend.
But most the proud Honoria feared the event,
And thought to her alone the vision sent.
Her guilt presents to her distracted mind
Heaven's justice, Theodore's revengeful kind,
And the same fate to the same sin assigned;
Already sees herself the monster's prey,
And feels her heart and entrails torn away.
'Twas a mute scene of sorrow, mixed with fear;
Still on the table lay the unfinished cheer:
The knight and hungry mastiffs stood around;
The mangled dame lay breathless on the ground:
When on a sudden, re-inspired with breath,
Again she rose, again to suffer death;
Nor stayed the hell-hounds, nor the hunter stayed,
But followed, as before, the flying maid:
The avenger took from earth the avenging sword,
And mounting light as air, his sable steed he spurred:
The clouds dispelled, the sky resumed her light,
And Nature stood recovered of her fright.
But fear, the last of ills, remained behind,
And horror heavy sat on every mind.
Nor Theodore encouraged more his feast,
But sternly looked, as hatching in his breast
Some deep designs; which, when Honoria viewed,
The fresh impulse her former fright renewed;
She thought herself the trembling dame who fled,
And him the grisly ghost that spurred the infernal steed:
The more dismayed, for when the guests withdrew,
Their courteous host, saluting all the crew,
Regardless passed her o'er; nor graced with kind adieu;
That sting infixed within her haughty mind
The downfall of her empire she divined,
And her proud heart with secret sorrow pined.
Home as they went, the sad discourse renewed,
Of the relentless dame to death pursued,
And of the sight obscene so lately viewed.
None dost arraign the righteous doom she bore;
Even they who pitied most, yet blamed her more;
The parallel they needed not to name,
But in the dead they damned the living dame.
At every little noise she looked behind,
For still the knight was present to her mind:
And anxious oft she started on the way,
And thought the horseman-ghost came thundering for his prey.
Returned, she took her bed with little rest,
But in short slumbers dreamt the funeral feast:
Awaked, she turned her side, and slept again;
The same black vapours mounted in her brain,
And the same dreams returned with double pain.
Now forced to wake, because afraid to sleep,
Her blood all fevered, with a furious leap
She sprung from bed, distracted in her mind,
And feared, at every step, a twitching sprite behind.
Darkling and desperate, with a staggering pace,
Of death afraid, and conscious of disgrace;
Fear, pride, remorse, at once her heart assailed;
Pride put remorse to flight, but fear prevailed.
Friday, the fatal day, when next it came,
Her soul forethought the fiend would change his game,
And her pursue, or Theodore be slain,
And two ghosts join their packs to hunt her o'er the plain.
This dreadful image so possessed her mind,
That, desperate any succour else to find,
She ceased all farther hope; and now began
To make reflection on the unhappy man,
Rich, brave, and young, who past expression loved;
Proof to disdain, and not to be removed:
Of all the men respected and admired;
Of all the dames, except herself, desired:
Why not of her? preferred above the rest
By him with knightly deeds, and open love professed?
So had another been, where he his vows addressed.
This quelled her pride, yet other doubts remained,
That, once disdaining, she might be disdained.
The fear was just, but greater fear prevailed;
Fear of her life by hellish hounds assailed:
He took a lowering leave; but who can tell
What outward hate might inward love conceal?
Her sex's arts she knew; and why not then
Might deep dissembling have a place in men?
Here hope began to dawn; resolved to try,
She fixed on this her utmost remedy:
Death was behind, but hard it was to die.
'Twas time enough at last on death to call,
The precipice in sight, a shrub was all
That kindly stood betwixt to break the fatal fall.
One maid she had, beloved above the rest;
Secure of her, the secret she confessed;
And now the cheerful light her fears dispelled;
She with no winding turns the truth concealed,
But put the woman off, and stood revealed:
With faults confessed, commissioned her to go,
If pity yet had place, and reconcile her foe;
The welcome message made, was soon received;
'Twas what he wished, and hoped, but scarce believed;
Fate seemed a fair occasion to present;
He knew the sex, and fearèd she might repent,
Should he delay the moment of consent.
There yet remained to gain her friends (a care
The modesty of maidens well might spare);
But she with such a zeal the cause embraced
(As women, where they will, are all in haste),
The father, mother, and the kin beside,
Were overborne by fury of the tide;
With full consent of all, she changed her state;
Resistless in her love, as in her hate.
By her example warned, the rest beware;
More easy, less imperious, were the fair;
And that one hunting, which the devil designed
For one fair female, lost him half the kind.

### *Enjoyment of the Present Hour.*

From the twenty-ninth ode of the Third Book of Horace.

Enjoy the present smiling hour,
And put it out of Fortune's power:

The tide of business, like the running stream,
Is sometimes high and sometimes low,
A quiet ebb or a tempestuous flow,
And always in extreme.
Now with a noiseless gentle course
It keeps within the middle bed;
Anon it lifts aloft the head,
And bears down all before it with impetuous force;
And trunks of trees come rolling down;
Sheep and their folds together drown:
Both house and homestead into seas are borne;
And rocks are from their old foundations torn;
And woods, made thin with winds, their scattered honours mourn.

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call to-day his own:
He who, secure within, can say,
To-morrow, do thy worst, for I have lived to-day.
Be fair or foul, or rain or shine,
The joys I have possessed, in spite of fate, are mine.
Not heaven itself upon the past has power;
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour!

Fortune, that with malicious joy
Does man, her slave, oppress,
Proud of her office to destroy,
Is seldom pleased to bless:
Still various, and inconstant still,
But with an inclination to be ill,
Promotes, degrades, delights in strife,
And makes a lottery of life.
I can enjoy her while she 's kind;
But when she dances in the wind,
And shakes her wings, and will not stay,
I puff the prostitute away:
The little or the much she gave is quietly resigned:
Content with poverty, my soul I arm;
And virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm.

What is 't to me,
Who never sail in her unfaithful sea,
If storms arise, and clouds grow black;
If the mast split, and threaten wreck?
Then let the greedy merchant fear
For his ill-gotten gain;
And pray to gods that will not hear,
While the debating winds and billows bear
His wealth into the main.
For me, secure from Fortune's blows,
Secure of what I cannot lose,
In my small pinnace I can sail,
Contemning all the blustering roar;
And running with a merry gale,
With friendly stars my safety seek,
Within some little winding creek,
And see the storm ashore.

## JOHN PHILIPS.

Southey has said that the age from Dryden to Pope is the worst age of English poetry. In this interval—which was but short, for Dryden bore fruit to the last, and Pope was early in blossom—there were about twenty poets, most of whom might be blotted from our literature, without being missed or regretted. The names of Smith, Duke, King, Sprat, Hughes, Blackmore, Fenton, Yalden, Hammond, Savage, &c. have been preserved by Dr Johnson, but they excite no poetical associations. Their works present a dead-level of tame and uninteresting mediocrity. The artificial taste introduced in the reign of Charles II. to the exclusion of the romantic spirit which animated the previous reign, sunk at last into a mere collocation of certain phrases and images, of which each repetition was more weak than the last. Pope revived the national spirit by his polished satire and splendid versification; but the true poetical feeling lay dormant till Thomson's *Seasons* and Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry* spoke to the heart of the people, and recalled the public taste from art to nature.

Of the artificial poets of this age, JOHN PHILIPS (1676–1708) evinced considerable talent in his *Splendid Shilling*, a parody on the style of Milton. He was the son of Dr Philips, archdeacon of Salop. Philips wrote a poem on the victory of Blenheim (1705), and another on Cider, the latter in imitation of the *Georgics*. This was published in 1708, Tonson the publisher purchasing the copyright for forty guineas. Philips was an avowed imitator of Milton, but regretted that, like his own Abdiel, the great poet had not been 'faithful found:'

But he—however let the Muse abstain,
Nor *blast his fame*, from whom she learned to sing
In much inferior strains, grovelling beneath
Th' Olympian hill, on plains and vales intent—
Mean follower.

The notion that Philips was able, by whatever he might write, to blast the fame of Milton, is one of those preposterous conceits which even able men will sometimes entertain.

### *The Splendid Shilling.*

Happy the man who, void of care and strife,
In silken or in leathern purse retains
A Splendid Shilling: he nor hears with pain
New oysters cried, nor sighs for cheerful ale;
But with his friends, when nightly mists arise,
To Juniper's Magpie or Town-hall[1] repairs:
Where, mindful of the nymph, whose wanton eye
Transfixed his soul, and kindled amorous flames,
Chloe or Phillis, he each circling glass
Wishes her health, and joy, and equal love.
Meanwhile he smokes, and laughs at merry tale,
Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint.
But I, whom griping penury surrounds,
And hunger, sure attendant upon want,
With scanty offals, and small acid tiff,
Wretched repast! my meagre corps sustain:
Then solitary walk, or doze at home
In garret vile, and with a warming puff
Regale chilled fingers; or from tube as black
As winter-chimney, or well-polished jet,
Exhale mundungus, ill-perfuming scent:
Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size,
Smokes Cambro-Briton—versed in pedigree,
Sprung from Cadwallader and Arthur, kings
Full famous in romantic tale—when he
O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,
Upon a cargo of famed Cestrian cheese,
High overshadowing rides, with a design
To vend his wares, or at the Avonian mart,
Or Maridunum, or the ancient town
Ycleped Brechinia, or where Vaga's stream
Encircles Ariconium, fruitful soil!
Whence flow nectareous wines, that well may vie
With Massic, Setin, or renowned Falern.
  Thus, while my joyless minutes tedious flow
With looks demure, and silent pace, a dun,
Horrible monster! hated by gods and men,
To my aerial citadel ascends:
With vocal heel thrice thundering at my gate;

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[1] Two noted alehouses in Oxford, 1700.

With hideous accent thrice he calls; I know
The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.
What should I do? or whither turn? Amazed,
Confounded, to the dark recess I fly
Of wood-hole; straight my bristling hairs erect
Through sudden fear: a chilly sweat bedews
My shuddering limbs, and—wonderful to tell!—
My tongue forgets her faculty of speech;
So horrible he seems! His faded brow
Intrenched with many a frown, and conic beard,
And spreading band, admired by modern saints,
Disastrous acts forbode; in his right hand
Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,
With characters and figures dire inscribed,
Grievous to mortal eyes—ye gods, avert
Such plagues from righteous men!—Behind him stalks
Another monster, not unlike himself,
Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar called
A catchpole, whose polluted hands the gods
With force incredible, and magic charms,
First have endued: if he his ample palm
Should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay
Of debtor, straight his body, to the touch
Obsequious—as whilom knights were wont—
To some enchanted castle is conveyed,
Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains,
In durance strict detain him, till, in form
Of money, Pallas sets the captive free.
  Beware, ye debtors! when ye walk, beware,
Be circumspect; oft with insidious ken
This caitiff eyes your steps aloof, and oft
Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,
Prompt to enchant some inadvertent wretch
With his unhallowed touch. So—poets sing—
Grimalkin, to domestic vermin sworn
An everlasting foe, with watchful eye
Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
Portending her fell claws, to thoughtless mice
Sure ruin. So her disembowelled web
Arachne, in a hall or kitchen, spreads
Obvious to vagrant flies: she secret stands
Within her woven cell; the humming prey,
Regardless of their fate, rush on the toils
Inextricable; nor will aught avail
Their arts, or arms, or shapes of lovely hue;
The wasp insidious, and the buzzing drone,
And butterfly, proud of expanded wings
Distinct with gold, entangled in her snares,
Useless resistance make: with eager strides,
She tow'ring flies to her expected spoils:
Then, with envenomed jaws, the vital blood
Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
Their bulky carcasses triumphant drags.
  So pass my days. But, when nocturnal shades
This world envelop, and th' inclement air
Persuades men to repel benumbing frosts
With pleasant wines and crackling blaze of wood,
Me, lonely sitting, nor the glimmering light
Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk
Of loving friend, delights; distressed, forlorn,
Amidst the horrors of the tedious night,
Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal thoughts
My anxious mind; or sometimes mournful verse
Indite, and sing of groves and myrtle shades,
Or desperate lady near a purling stream,
Or lover pendent on a willow-tree.
Meanwhile I labour with eternal drought,
And restless wish, and rave; my parched throat
Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repose:
But if a slumber haply does invade
My weary limbs, my fancy 's still awake;
Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream,
Tipples imaginary pots of ale,
In vain; awake, I find the settled thirst
Still gnawing, and the pleasant phantom curse.
  Thus do I live, from pleasure quite debarred,
Nor taste the fruits that the sun's genial rays
Mature, John-apple, nor the downy peach,
Nor walnut in rough-furrowed coat secure,
Nor medlar, fruit delicious in decay.
Afflictions great! yet greater still remain:
My galligaskins, that have long withstood
The winter's fury and encroaching frosts,
By time subdued—what will not time subdue!—
A horrid chasm disclosed with orifice
Wide, discontinuous; at which the winds
Eurus and Auster, and the dreadful force
Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,
Tumultuous enter with dire chilling blasts,
Portending agues. Thus, a well-fraught ship,
Long sailed secure, or through th' Ægean deep,
Or the Ionian, till, cruising near
The Lilybean shore, with hideous crush
On Scylla or Charybdis—dangerous rocks!—
She strikes rebounding; whence the shattered oak,
So fierce a shock unable to withstand,
Admits the sea; in at the gaping side
The crowding waves gush with impetuous rage,
Resistless, overwhelming! horrors seize
The mariners; death in their eyes appears;
They stare, they lave, they pump, they swear, they pray;
(Vain efforts!) still the battering waves rush in,
Implacable; till, deluged by the foam,
The ship sinks foundering in the vast abyss.

### JOHN POMFRET.

JOHN POMFRET (1667-1703) was the son of a clergyman, rector of Luton, in Bedfordshire, and himself a minister of the Church of England. He obtained the rectory of Malden, also in Bedfordshire, and had the prospect of preferment; but the bishop of London considered, unjustly, his poem, the *Choice*, as conveying an immoral sentiment, and rejected the poetical candidate. Detained in London by this unsuccessful negotiation, Pomfret caught the small-pox, and died. His works consist of occasional poems and some *Pindaric Essays*, the latter evidently copied from Cowley. The only piece of Pomfret's now remembered—we can hardly say read—is the *Choice*. Dr Johnson remarks that no composition in our language has been oftener perused; and Southey asks why Pomfret's *Choice* is the most popular poem in the English language. To the latter observation, Campbell makes a quaint reply: 'It might have been demanded with equal propriety, why London Bridge is built of Parian marble.' It is difficult in the present day, when the English muse has awakened to so much higher a strain of thought and expression, and a large body of poetry, full of passion, natural description, and emotion, lies between us and the times of Pomfret, to conceive that the *Choice* could ever have been a very popular poem. It is tame and commonplace. The idea, however, of a country retirement, a private seat, with a wood, garden, and stream, a clear and competent estate, and the enjoyment of lettered ease and happiness, is so grateful and agreeable to the mind of man, especially in large cities, that we can hardly forbear liking a poem that recalls so beloved an image to our recollection. Swift and Pope, in their exquisite imitation of Horace (*Sat.* Book ii. 6), have drawn a similar picture; and Thomson and Cowper, by their descriptions of rural life, have completely obliterated from the public mind the feeble draft of Pomfret.

### *Extract from 'The Choice.'*

If Heaven the grateful liberty would give
That I might choose my method how to live;
And all those hours propitious fate should lend,
In blissful ease and satisfaction spend;
Near some fair town I 'd have a private seat,
Built uniform, not little, nor too great;
Better, if on a rising-ground it stood;
On this side fields, on that a neighbouring wood.
It should within no other things contain
But what are useful, necessary, plain;
Methinks 'tis nauseous, and I 'd ne'er endure
The needless pomp of gaudy furniture.
A little garden grateful to the eye,
And a cool rivulet run murmuring by;
On whose delicious banks a stately row
Of shady limes or sycamores should grow.
At the end of which a silent study placed,
Should be with all the noblest authors graced:
Horace and Virgil, in whose mighty lines
Immortal wit and solid learning shines;
Sharp Juvenal, and amorous Ovid too,
Who all the turns of love's soft passion knew:
He that with judgment reads his charming lines,
In which strong art with stronger nature joins,
Must grant his fancy does the best excel—
His thoughts so tender, and expressed so well:
With all those moderns, men of steady sense,
Esteemed for learning and for eloquence.
In some of these, as fancy should advise,
I 'd always take my morning exercise;
For sure no minutes bring us more content
Than those in pleasing useful studies spent.
  I 'd have a clear and competent estate,
That I might live genteelly, but not great;
As much as I could moderately spend;
A little more, sometimes to oblige a friend.
Nor should the sons of poverty repine
Too much at fortune; they should taste of mine;
And all that objects of true pity were,
Should be relieved with what my wants could spare;
For that our Maker has too largely given
Should be returned in gratitude to Heaven.
A frugal plenty should my table spread;
With healthy, not luxurious, dishes spread;
Enough to satisfy, and something more,
To feed the stranger, and the neighbouring poor.
Strong meat indulges vice, and pampering food
Creates diseases, and inflames the blood.
But what 's sufficient to make nature strong,
And the bright lamp of life continue long,
I 'd freely take; and, as I did possess,
The bounteous Author of my plenty bless.

## EARL OF DORSET.

CHARLES SACKVILLE, EARL OF DORSET (1637-8—1705-6), wrote little, but was capable of doing more, and being a liberal patron of poets, was a nobleman highly popular in his day. In the first Dutch war, 1665, when Earl of Buckhurst, he went a volunteer under the Duke of York, and was said to have written or finished a song—his best composition, 'one of the prettiest that ever was made,' according to Prior—the night before the naval engagement in which Opdam, the Dutch admiral, was blown up, with all his crew. The circumstance of such a lively, easy-flowing song, consisting of eleven stanzas, having been written on board ship, on the eve of an engagement, was justly held to be a fine instance of courage and gallantry. But when Pepys's *Diary* was published, it was found that the song existed six months before the great sea-fight. Prior's story was an embellishment. Dorset was a lord of the bedchamber to Charles II. and was chamberlain of the household to William and Mary. Prior relates, that when Dorset, as lord-chamberlain, was obliged to take the king's pension from Dryden, he allowed him an equivalent out of his own estate. He introduced Butler's ***Hudibras*** to the notice of the court, was consulted by Waller, and almost idolised by Dryden. Hospitable, generous, and refined, we need not wonder at the incense which was heaped upon Dorset by his contemporaries. His works are trifling; a few satires and songs make up the catalogue. They are elegant, and sometimes forcible; but when a man like Prior writes of them, 'there is a lustre in his verses like that of the sun in Claude Lorraine's landscapes,' it is impossible not to be struck with that gross adulation of rank and fashion which disgraced the literature of the age.

### *Song.*

Dorinda's sparkling wit and eyes,
  United, cast too fierce a light,
Which blazes high, but quickly dies;
  Pains not the heart, but hurts the sight.

Love is a calmer, gentler joy;
  Smooth are his looks, and soft his pace;
Her Cupid is a blackguard boy,
  That runs his link full in your face.

### *Song.*

'Written at sea, by the late Earl of Dorset, in the First Dutch War.' (Lintot's *Miscellany*, 1712.)

To all you ladies now at land,
  We men at sea indite;
But first would have you understand
  How hard it is to write;
The Muses now, and Neptune too,
We must implore to write to you.
    With a fa la, la, la, la.

For though the Muses should prove kind,
  And fill our empty brain;
Yet if rough Neptune rouse the wind,
  To wave the azure main,
Our paper, pen, and ink, and we,
Roll up and down our ships at sea.
    With a fa, &c.

Then, if we write not by each post,
  Think not we are unkind;
Nor yet conclude our ships are lost
  By Dutchmen or by wind:
Our tears we 'll send a speedier way—
The tide shall bring them twice a day.
    With a fa, &c.

The king with wonder and surprise,
  Will swear the seas grow bold;
Because the tides will higher rise
  Than e'er they used of old:
But let him know it is our tears
Bring floods of grief to Whitehall-stairs.
    With a fa, &c.

Should foggy Opdam chance to know
  Our sad and dismal story,
The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,
  And quit their fort at Goree;
For what resistance can they find
From men who 've left their hearts behind?
    With a fa, &c.

Let wind and weather do its worst,
Be you to us but kind;
Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curse,
No sorrow we shall find:
'Tis then no matter how things go,
Or who's our friend, or who's our foe.
With a fa, &c.

To pass our tedious hours away,
We throw a merry main;
Or else at serious ombre play;
But why should we in vain
Each other's ruin thus pursue?
We were undone when we left you.
With a fa, &c.

But now our fears tempestuous grow,
And cast our hopes away;
Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
Sit careless at a play:
Perhaps permit some happier man
To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan.
With a fa, &c.

When any mournful tune you hear,
That dies in every note,
As if it sighed with each man's care
For being so remote:
Think then how often love we've made
To you, when all those tunes were played.
With a fa, &c.

In justice, you can not refuse
To think of our distress,
When we for hopes of honour lose
Our certain happiness;
All those designs are but to prove
Ourselves more worthy of your love.
With a fa, &c.

And now we've told you all our loves,
And likewise all our fears,
In hopes this declaration moves
Some pity for our tears;
Let's hear of no inconstancy,
We have too much of that at sea.
With a fa la, la, la, la.

## DUKE OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

JOHN SHEFFIELD, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE (1649—1720-21), was associated in his latter days with the wits and poets of the reign of Queen Anne, but he properly belongs to the previous age. He went with Prince Rupert against the Dutch, and was afterwards colonel of a regiment of foot. In order to learn the art of war under Marshal Turenne, he made a campaign in the French service. The literary taste of Sheffield was never neglected amidst the din of arms, and he made himself an accomplished scholar. He was a member of the privy council of James II. but *acquiesced* in the Revolution, and was afterwards a member of the cabinet council of William and Mary, with a pension of £3000. Sheffield is said to have 'made love' to Queen Anne when they were both young, and her majesty heaped honours on the favourite immediately on her accession to the throne. He lived in great state in a magnificent house he had built in St James's Park, of which he has given a long description—dwelling with delight on its gardens, terrace, park, and canal, and the rows of goodly elms and limes through which he approached his mansion. This stately residence was purchased by George III. and taken down by George IV. to make way for the present royal palace, which still bears the name of Buckingham. The noble poet continued actively engaged in public affairs till his death. Sheffield wrote several poems and copies of verses. Among the former is an *Essay on Satire*, which Dryden is reported, but erroneously, to have revised. His principal work, however, is his *Essay on Poetry*, which was published anonymously in 1682; the second edition, enlarged in 1691, received the praises of Roscommon, Dryden, and Pope. This poem was retouched by Pope, and in return some of the last lines of Buckingham were devoted to the praise of the young poet of *Windsor Forest*. The *Essay on Poetry* is written in the heroic couplet, and seems to have suggested Pope's *Essay on Criticism*. It is of the style of Denham and Roscommon, plain, perspicuous, and sensible, but contains little true poetry—less than any of Dryden's prose essays.

### *Extract from the 'Essay on Poetry.'*

Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief master-piece is writing well;
No writing lifts exalted man so high
As sacred and soul-moving Poesy:
No kind of work requires so nice a touch,
And, if well finished, nothing shines so much.
But Heaven forbid we should be so profane
To grace the vulgar with that noble name.
'Tis not a flash of fancy, which, sometimes
Dazzling our minds, sets off the slightest rhymes;
Bright as a blaze, but in a moment done:
True wit is everlasting like the sun,
Which, though sometimes behind a cloud retired,
Breaks out again, and is by all admired.
Number and rhyme, and that harmonious sound
Which not the nicest ear with harshness wound,
Are necessary, yet but vulgar arts;
And all in vain these superficial parts
Contribute to the structure of the whole;
Without a genius, too, for that's the soul:
A spirit which inspires the work throughout,
As that of nature moves the world about;
A flame that glows amidst conceptions fit,
Even something of divine, and more than wit;
Itself unseen, yet all things by it shewn,
Describing all men, but described by none. . . .
First, then, of songs, which now so much abound,
Without his song no fop is to be found;
A most offensive weapon which he draws
On all he meets, against Apollo's laws.
Though nothing seems more easy, yet no part
Of poetry requires a nicer art;
For as in rows of richest pearl there lies
Many a blemish that escapes our eyes,
The least of which defects is plainly shewn
In one small ring, and brings the value down:
So songs should be to just perfection wrought;
Yet when can one be seen without a fault?
Exact propriety of words and thought;
Expression easy, and the fancy high;
Yet that not seem to creep, nor this to fly;
No words transposed, but in such order all,
As wrought with care, yet seem by chance to fall. . . .
Of all the ways that wisest men could find
To mend the age, and mortify mankind,
Satire well writ has most successful proved,
And cures, because the remedy is loved.
'Tis hard to write on such a subject more,
Without repeating things oft said before.
Some vulgar errors only we'll remove,
That stain a beauty which we so much love.

Of chosen words some take not care enough,
And think they should be, as the subject, rough;
This poem must be more exactly made,
And sharpest thoughts in smoothest words conveyed.
Some think, if sharp enough, they cannot fail,
As if their only business was to rail;
But human frailty, nicely to unfold,
Distinguishes a satire from a scold.
Rage you must hide, and prejudice lay down;
A satyr's smile is sharper than his frown;
So, while you seem to slight some rival youth,
Malice itself may pass sometimes for truth. . . .
By painful steps at last we labour up
Parnassus' hill, on whose bright airy top
The epic poets so divinely shew,
And with just pride behold the rest below.
Heroic poems have a just pretence
To be the utmost stretch of human sense;
A work of such inestimable worth,
There are but two the world has yet brought forth—
Homer and Virgil; with what sacred awe
Do those mere sounds the world's attention draw!
Just as a changeling seems below the rest
Of men, or rather as a two-legged beast,
So these gigantic souls, amazed, we find
As much above the rest of human-kind!
Nature's whole strength united! endless fame
And universal shouts attend their name!
Read Homer once, and you can read no more,
For all books else appear so mean, so poor,
Verse will seem prose; but still persist to read,
And Homer will be all the books you need.

## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

### *A Hymn to my Redeemer.*

By George Sandys, the accomplished traveller, translator of Ovid, and author of *Metrical Paraphrases of the Psalms, the Book of Job*, &c. 1635. This hymn was hung by Sandys as an offering on the sepulchre of Christ.

Saviour of mankind—man—Emmanuel,
Who sinless died for sin, who vanquished hell,
The first-fruits of the grave; whose life did give
Light to our darkness; in whose death we live,
O strengthen Thou my faith! correct my will,
That mine may thine obey! Protect me still,
So that the latter death may not devour
My soul, sealed with thy seal!—so in the hour
When Thou, whose body sanctified this tomb,
Unjustly judged, a glorious judge shalt come
To judge the world with justice, by that sign
I may be known, and entertained for thine!

### *From Sandys' Version of the Nineteenth Psalm.*

God's glory the vast heavens proclaim,
The firmament His mighty frame;
Day unto day, and night to night,
The wonders of His works recite.
To these nor speech nor words belong,
Yet understood without a tongue.
The globe of earth they compass round,
Through all the world disperse their sound.
There is the sun's pavilion set,
Who from his rosy cabinet,
Like a fresh bridegroom shews his face,
And as a giant runs his race.

### *The Old Man's Wish.*

This song, by Dr Walter Pope (died in 1714), was first published in 1685. It was imitated in Latin by Vincent Bourne (1697-1747), usher in Westminster School, who was affectionately remembered by Cowper and other pupils.

If I live to grow old, as I find I go down,
Let this be my fate in a country town:
May I have a warm house, with a stone at my gate,
And a cleanly young girl to rub my bald pate.
May I govern my passions with an absolute sway,
Grow wiser and better as my strength wears away,
Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

In a country town, by a murmuring brook,
With the ocean at distance on which I may look,
With a spacious plain without hedge or stile,
And an easy pad nag to ride out a mile.
May I govern, &c.

With Horace and Plutarch, and one or two more
Of the best wits that lived in the ages before;
With a dish of roast-mutton, not ven'son nor teal,
And clean, though coarse linen at every meal.
May I govern, &c.

With a pudding on Sunday, and stout humming liquor,
And remnants of Latin to puzzle the vicar;
With a hidden reserve of Burgundy wine
To drink the king's health as oft as I dine.
May I govern, &c.

With a courage undaunted, may I face my last day,
And when I am dead may the better sort say,
In the morning when sober, in the evening when mellow,
'He's gone and han't left behind him his fellow;
For he governed his passions with an absolute sway,
And grew wiser and better as his strength wore away,
Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.'

### *Colin's Complaint.—By* Nicholas Rowe.

Despairing beside a clear stream,
A shepherd forsaken was laid;
And while a false nymph was his theme,
A willow supported his head.
The wind that blew over the plain,
To his sighs with a sigh did reply;
And the brook, in return to his pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

'Alas, silly swain that I was!'
Thus sadly complaining he cried;
'When first I beheld that fair face
'Twere better by far I had died.
She talked, and I blessed the dear tongue;
When she smiled 'twas a pleasure too great:
I listened and cried when she sung,
"Was nightingale ever so sweet?"

'How foolish was I to believe
She could dote on so lowly a clown,
Or that her fond heart would not grieve
To forsake the fine folk of the town.
To think that a beauty so gay,
So kind and so constant could prove,
Or go clad like our maidens in gray,
Or live in a cottage on love.

'What though I have skill to complain,
Though the Muses my temple have crowned?
What though, when they hear my soft strain,
The virgins sit weeping around?
Ah, Colin, thy hopes are in vain;
Thy pipe and thy laurel resign;
Thy false one inclines to a swain
Whose music is sweeter than thine.

'And you, my companions so dear,
Who sorrow to see me betrayed,
Whatever I suffer, forbear—
Forbear to accuse the false maid.

Though through the wide world I should range,
'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly;
'Twas hers to be false and to change,
'Tis mine to be constant and die.

'If while my hard fate I sustain,
In her breast any pity is found,
Let her come with the nymph of the plain,
And see me laid low in the ground.
The last humble boon that I crave,
Is to shade me with cypress and yew;
And when she looks down on my grave,
Let her own that her shepherd was true.

'Then to her new love let her go,
And deck her in golden array,
Be finest at every fine show,
And frolic it all the long day;
While Colin, forgotten and gone,
No more shall be talked of or seen,
Unless when beneath the pale moon
His ghost shall glide over the green.'

### *The Blind Boy.—By* COLLEY CIBBER.

O say what is that thing called light,
Which I must ne'er enjoy,
What are the blessings of the sight—
O tell your poor blind boy!

You talk of wondrous things you see;
You say the sun shines bright;
I feel him warm, but how can he
Or make it day or night?

My day or night myself I make,
Whene'er I sleep or play;
And could I ever keep awake,
With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hapless woe;
But, sure, with patience I can bear
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind destroy;
While thus I sing, I am a king,
Although a poor blind boy.

## SCOTTISH POETS.

### THE MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

The celebrated JAMES GRAHAM, Marquis of Montrose (1612–1650), had some taste for literature. He wrote a few copies of verses, irregular in style, but occasionally happy and vigorous in expression, and characteristic of that daring, romantic spirit he displayed both as Covenanter and cavalier. The following is the most popular of his effusions:

### *Ballad—I'll Never Love Thee More.*

My dear and only love, I pray
That little world of thee
Be governed by no other sway
Than purest monarchy;
For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor,
And hold a synod in thine heart,
I 'll never love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone;
My thoughts did ever more disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all!

But I will reign and govern still,
And always give the law,
And have each subject at my will,
And all to stand in awe.
But 'gainst my batteries if I find
Thou kick, or vex me sore,
As that thou set me up a blind,
I 'll never love thee more.

And in the empire of thine heart,
Where I should solely be,
If others do pretend a part,
Or dare to vie with me;
Or committees if thou erect,
And go on such a score,
I 'll laugh and sing at thy neglect,
And never love thee more.

But if thou wilt prove faithful, then,
And constant of thy word,
I 'll make thee glorious by my pen,
And famous by my sword;
I 'll serve thee in such noble ways
Was never heard before;
I 'll crown and deck thee all with bays,
And love thee more and more.

### *Lines written by Montrose after sentence of death was passed upon him.*

Let them bestow on every airt[1] a limb,
Then open all my veins, that I may swim
To Thee, my Maker, in that crimson lake;
Then place my parboiled head upon a stake,
Scatter my ashes, strew them in the air:
Lord! since Thou know'st where all those atoms are,
I 'm hopeful Thou 'lt recover once my dust,
And confident Thou 'lt raise me with the just!

### ROBERT SEMPILL.

The Semples of Beltrees were a poetical family, and one piece by ROBERT SEMPILL (1595–1659) evinces a talent for humorous description. Allan Ramsay, and afterwards Burns, copied the style and form of verse in Sempill's poem, ***The Piper of Kilbarchan:***

Kilbarchan now may say 'Alas!'
For she hath lost her game and grace,
Both Trixie and the Maiden Trace;
But what remead?
For no man can supply his place—
Hab Simson 's dead!

Now who shall play, 'The Day it daws,'
Or 'Hunts up,' when the cock he craws?
Or who can for our kirk-town cause
Stand us in stead?
On bagpipes now naebody blaws
Sin' Habbie 's dead.

Sempill wrote other pieces, which have not been preserved. He was a royalist, and fought on the side of Charles I.

### WILLIAM CLELAND.

WILLIAM CLELAND (*circa* 1661–1689) wrote a Hudibrastic satire on the Jacobite army known as the 'Highland Host,' in 1678. He was author also of a wild, fanciful piece, *Hallo, my Fancy.* Cleland commanded the Covenanting forces, and fell in the moment of victory at Dunkeld. The poems of this gallant young officer were not published till 1697. Sir Walter Scott, in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, has stated that Colonel Cleland was father of a certain Major Cleland, the friend of Pope, whose name is signed to a letter prefixed to the *Dunciad;* but this is an error; the Covenanting officer was only twelve or thirteen years of age when Major Cleland was born.

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[1] Every point of the compass (Gaelic *aird*, a cardinal point).

### *The Highland Host.*

But those who were their chief commanders,
As such who bore the pirnie[1] standarts;
Who led the van and drove the rear,
Were right well mounted of their gear;
With brogues, and trews, and pirnie plaids,
And good blue bonnets on their heads,
Which on the one side had a flipe,[2]
Adorned with a tobacco pipe;
With dirk, and snap-work,[3] and snuff-mill,
A bag which they with onions fill,
And, as their strict observers say,
A tass-horn filled with usquebae;
A slashed-cut coat beneath their plaids,
A targe of timber, nails, and hides;
With a long two-handed sword,
As good 's the country can afford—
Had they not need of bulk and bones,
Who fight with all these arms at once?
It 's marvellous how in such weather,
O'er hill and moss they came together;
How in such storms they came so far;
The reason is they 're smeared with tar,
Which doth defend them heel and neck,
Just as it doth their sheep protect.[4] . . .
Nought like religion they retain,
Of moral honesty they 're clean;
In nothing they 're accounted sharp,
Except in bagpipe and in harp.
For a misobliging word
She 'll durk her neighbour o'er the board;
And then she 'll flee like fire from flint,
She 'll scarcely ward the second dint;
If any ask her of her thrift,
Forsooth, her *nainsel* lives by theft.

### *From 'Hallo, my Fancy.'*

When I look before me,
There I do behold
There's none that sees or knows me;
All the world's a-gadding,
Running madding;
None doth his station hold.
He that is below envieth him that riseth,
And he that is above, him that's below despiseth,
So every man his plot and counter-plot deviseth.
Hallo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

Look, look, what bustling
Here I do espy;
Each another jostling,
Every one turmoiling,
Th' other spoiling,
As I did pass them by.
One sitteth musing in a dumpish passion,
Another hangs his head because he's out of fashion,
A third is fully bent on sport and recreation.
Hallo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

Amidst the foamy ocean,
Fain would I know
What doth cause the motion,
And returning
In its journeying,
And doth so seldom swerve!
And how these little fishes that swim beneath salt water,
Do never blind their eye; methinks it is a matter
An inch above the reach of old Erra Pater!
Hallo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

Fain would I be resolved
How things are done;
And where the bull was calved
Of bloody Phalaris,
And where the tailor is
That works to the man i' the moon!
Fain would I know how Cupid aims so rightly;
And how these little fairies do dance and leap so lightly;
And where fair Cynthia makes her ambles nightly.
Hallo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

In conceit like Phaeton,
I'll mount Phœbus' chair,
Having ne'er a hat on,
All my hair a-burning
In my journeying,
Hurrying through the air.
Fain would I hear his fiery horses neighing,
And see how they on foamy bits are playing;
All the stars and planets I will be surveying!
Hallo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go? . . .

Hallo, my fancy, hallo,
Stay, stay at home with me;
I can thee no longer follow,
For thou hast betrayed me,
And bewrayed me;
It is too much for thee.
Stay, stay at home with me; leave off thy lofty soaring;
Stay thou at home with me, and on thy books be poring;
For he that goes abroad, lays little up in storing:
Thou 'rt welcome home, my fancy, welcome home to me.

Some of the interesting ballads and fragments in Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* belong to this period. One of these is *Gilderoy* (that is, the Red Lad), a Highland freebooter, who was executed in 1636. He was a noted cateran or robber, but a dashing one like Captain Macheath, with roses in his shoon, silken hose, and fine garters. There is one true touch of feeling in the ballad. Alluding to the scene of Gilderoy's death on the scaffold, the heroine who laments his fate, says:

I never loved to see the face
That gazed on Gilderoy.

Another ballad entitled *Lady Anne Bothwell's Lament*, is about the same date:

Balow,[1] my babe, lie still and sleep;
It grieves me sair to hear thee weep:
If thou 'lt be silent, I 'll be glad;
Thy mourning makes my heart full sad.

One of the finest of these poetical relics (for which, Professor Aytoun says, there is evidence to shew that it was composed before 1566) we print entire:

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[1] Having unequal threads or different colours. [2] A fold, a lap.
[3] Pistol. [4] The Highlanders at an early period wore linen shirts smeared with wax or tar.

[1] *Balow*, a lullaby; probably from the French *bas, là le loup*, be still, the wolf is coming.

### *Waly, Waly.*[1]

O waly, waly up the bank,
  And waly, waly down the brae,
And waly, waly by yon burnside,
  Where I and my love were wont to gae!
I leant my back unto an aik,
  I thought it was a trusty tree;
But first it bowed, and syne it brak,
  Sae my true love did lightly me.

O waly, waly gin my love be bonny,
  A little time while it is new;
But when it's auld, it waxeth cauld,
  And fades away like morning dew.
O wherefore should I busk my head,
  Or wherefore should I kaim my hair;
For my true love has me forsook,
  And says he'll never lo'e me mair?

Now Arthur's Seat shall be my bed,
  The sheets shall ne'er be pressed by me;
Saint Anton's well shall be my drink,
  Since my true love's forsaken me.
Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
  And shake the green leaves aff the tree?
O gentle death, when wilt thou come,
  For of my life I am wearie?

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
  Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie;
'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,
  But my love's heart grown cauld to me.
When we came in by Glasgow town
  We were a comely sight to see;
My love was clad i' the black velvet,
  And I myself in cramosie.

But had I wissed before I kissed,
  That love had been sae ill to win,
I had locked my heart in a case of gowd,
  And pinned it wi' a siller pin.
Oh, oh! if my young babe were born,
  And set upon the nurse's knee,
And I myself were dead and gane,
  For a maid again I'll never be.

We should perhaps include among the poetical productions of this time the translation of the Psalms which is still sung in the Scottish Presbyterian churches. A version was made in 1643 by a Puritanical versifier, FRANCIS ROUSE (1579-1659), which was revised and adopted as now in use. The fine old version of the Hundredth Psalm, however, was in use, words and music, so early as 1565.

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## DRAMATISTS.

### JASPER MAYNE.

Two comedies, illustrative of city manners in the time of Charles I. were produced by JASPER MAYNE (1604-1672). The first of these, *The City Madam* (1639), is one of the best of our early comedies—humorous, but not indelicate; the second, entitled *The Amorous War*, is a tragi-comedy, published in 1648. Mayne was a native of Devonshire, educated for the church, and afterwards archdeacon of Chichester, and chaplain in ordinary to King Charles II. He was a humorist, and has been compared even to Dean Swift,* though little remains to justify the comparison. Besides his plays, he wrote occasional poems, and translated Lucian's *Dialogues*. The Puritans, of course, found no favour with this dramatic divine.

#### *A Puritanical Waiting-maid.*

AURELIA. BANESWRIGHT.

*Aurelia.* Oh, Mr Baneswright, are you come? My woman
Was in her preaching fit; she only wanted
A table's end.
  *Baneswright.* Why, what 's the matter?
  *Aur.* Never
Poor lady had such unbred holiness
About her person; I am never drest
Without a sermon; but am forced to prove
The lawfulness of curling-irons before.
She 'll crisp me in a morning. I must shew
Texts for the fashions of my gowns. She 'll ask
Where jewels are commanded? Or what lady
I' the primitive times wore robes of pearl or rubies?
She will urge councils for her little ruff,
Called in Northamptonshire; and her whole service
Is a mere confutation of my clothes.
  *Bane.* Why, madam, I assure you, time hath been,
However she be otherwise, when she had
A good quick wit, and would have made to a lady
A serviceable sinner.
  *Aur.* She can't preserve
The gift for which I took her; but as though
She were inspired from Ipswich, she will make
The acts and monuments in sweetmeats; quinces,
Arraigned and burnt at a stake; all my banquets
Are persecutions; Diocletian's days
Are brought for entertainment; and we eat martyrs.
  *Bane.* Madam, she is far gone.
  *Aur.* Nay, sir, she is a Puritan at her needle too.
  *Bane.* Indeed!
  *Aur.* She works religious petticoats; for flowers
She 'll make church histories. Her needle doth
So sanctify my cushionets! Besides,
My smock-sleeves have such holy embroideries,
And are so learned, that I fear, in time,
All my apparel will be quoted by
Some pure instructor. Yesterday I went
To see a lady that has a parrot; my woman,
While I was in discourse, converted the fowl;
And now it can speak nought but Knox's works;
So there 's a parrot lost.

### DAVENANT AND DRYDEN.

The civil war was for a time fatal to the dramatic Muse. In 1642, the nation was convulsed with the elements of discord, and in the same month that the sword was drawn, the theatres were closed. On the 2d of September, the Long Parliament issued an ordinance, 'suppressing public stage-plays throughout the kingdom during these calamitous times.' An infraction of this ordinance took place in 1644, when some players were apprehended for performing Beaumont and Fletcher's *King and no King*—an ominous title for a drama at that period. Another ordinance was issued in 1647, and a third in the following year, when the House of Commons appointed a provost-marshal, for the purpose of suppressing plays and seizing ballad-singers. Parties of strolling actors occasionally performed in the country; but there were no regular theatrical performances in London, till Davenant brought out his opera, the *Siege of Rhodes*, in the year 1656. Two years afterwards, he removed to the Cockpit Theatre, Drury Lane, where he performed until the eve of the Restoration. A strong partiality for the drama existed in the nation, which all the storms of the civil war, and the zeal of the Puritans, had not been able to crush or subdue. At the restoration of the monarchy, the drama was also restored, and with new lustre, though less decency. Two theatres were licensed in the metropolis, one under the direction of Sir William Davenant, whose performers were, in compliment to the Duke of York, named the Duke's Company. The other establishment was managed by Thomas Killigrew, a well-known wit and courtier, whose company took the name of the King's Servants. Davenant effected two great improvements in theatrical representation—the regular introduction of actresses, or female players, and the use of movable scenery and appropriate decorations. Females had performed on the stage previous to the Restoration, and considerable splendour and variety of scenery had been exhibited in the court masks and revels. Neither, however, had been familiar to the public, and they now formed a great attraction to the two patent theatres. Unfortunately, these powerful auxiliaries were not brought in aid of the good old dramas of the age of Elizabeth and James. Instead of adding grace and splendour to the creations of Shakspeare and Jonson, they were lavished to support a new and degenerate dramatic taste, which Charles II. had brought with him from the continent. Rhyming or heroic plays had long been fashionable in France, and were dignified by the genius of Corneille and Racine. They had little truth of colouring or natural passion, but dealt exclusively with personages in high life and of transcendent virtue or ambition; with fierce combats and splendid processions; with superhuman love and beauty; and with long dialogues alternately formed of metaphysical subtlety and the most extravagant and bombastic expression. 'Blank verse,' says Dryden, 'is acknowledged to be *too low for a poem*, nay, more, for a paper of verses; but if too low for an ordinary sonnet, how much more for tragedy!' Accordingly, the heroic plays were all in rhyme, set off not only with superb dresses and decorations, but with 'the richest and most ornate kind of verse, and the furthest removed from ordinary colloquial diction.' The comedies were degenerate in a different way. They were framed after the model of the Spanish stage, and adapted to the taste of the king, as exhibiting a variety of complicated intrigues, successful disguises, and constantly shifting scenes and adventures. The old native English virtues of sincerity, conjugal fidelity, and prudence were held up to constant ridicule, as if amusement could only be obtained by obliterating the moral feelings. Dryden ascribes the licentiousness of the stage to the example of the king. Part, however, must be assigned to the earlier comedies of Beaumont and Fletcher, and part to the ascetic puritanism and denial of all public amusements during the time of the Commonwealth. If the Puritans had contented themselves with regulating and purifying the theatres, they would have conferred a benefit on the nation; but, by shutting them up entirely, and denouncing all public recreations, they provoked a counteraction in the taste and manners of the people. The over-austerity of one period led naturally to the shameless degeneracy of the succeeding period; and deeply is it to be deplored that the great talents of Dryden were the most instrumental in extending and prolonging this depravation of the national taste.

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[1] *Waly*, expressive of lamentation (Ang.-Sax. *wa-la*, from *wa*, woe, and *la*, oh!).

* A practical joke is related of him. One of his servants waiting upon him with attention in his last illness, was told by his master that if he would look in one of his chests, after his death, he would find something that would make him drink. The man redoubled his attentions; and after the master's death, on examining the chest, found that his legacy was a red herring!

The operas and comedies of Sir William Davenant were the first pieces brought out on the stage after the Restoration. He wrote twenty-five in all; but, notwithstanding the partial revival of the old dramatists, none of Davenant's productions continue to be read. 'His last work,' says Southey, 'was his worst; it was an alteration of the *Tempest*, executed in conjunction with Dryden; and marvellous indeed it is that two men of such great and indubitable genius should have combined to debase, and vulgarise, and pollute such a poem as the *Tempest*.' The marvel is enhanced when we consider that Dryden writes of their joint labour with evident complacency, at the same time that his prologue to the adapted play contains the following just and beautiful character of his great predecessor:

As when a tree's cut down, the secret root
Lives under ground, and thence new branches shoot;
So, from old Shakspeare's honoured dust, this day
Springs up and buds a new reviving play.
Shakspeare, who, taught by none, did first impart
To Fletcher, *wit*; to labouring Jonson, *art*;
He, monarch-like, gave these his subjects law,
And is that nature which they paint and draw.
Fletcher reached that which on his heights did grow,
Whilst Jonson crept and gathered all below.
This did his love, and this his mirth digest;
One imitates him most, the other best.
If they have since outwrit all other men,
'Tis with the drops which fell from Shakspeare's pen.
The storm which vanished on the neighbouring shore,
Was taught by Shakspeare's *Tempest* first to roar.
That innocence and beauty which did smile
In Fletcher, grew on this Enchanted Isle.
*But Shakspeare's magic could not copied be;*
*Within that circle none durst walk but he.*

Dryden was in the full tide of his theatrical popularity when Davenant died, in 1668. The great poet commenced writing for the stage in 1662–3, when he produced his *Wild Gallant*, which was followed next year by the *Rival Ladies*, the serious parts of which are in rhyme. He then joined Sir Robert Howard in composing the *Indian Queen*, a rhyming heroic play, brought out in 1663-4 with a splendour never before seen in England upon a public stage. A continuation of this piece was shortly afterwards written by Dryden, entitled the *Indian Emperor*, and both were received with great applause. All the defects of his style, and many of the choicest specimens of his smooth and easy versification, are to be found in these inflated tragedies. In 1666-7 was represented his *Maiden Queen*, a tragi-comedy; and shortly afterwards the *Tempest*. These were followed by two comedies copied from the French of Molière and Corneille; by the *Royal Martyr*, another furious tragedy, and by his *Conquest of Granada*, in two parts (1672), in which he concentrated the wild magnificence, incongruous splendour, and absurd fable that run through all his heroic plays, mixed up with occasional gleams of true genius. The extravagance and unbounded popularity of the heroic drama, now at its height, prompted the Duke of Buckingham to compose a lively and amusing farce, in ridicule of Dryden and the prevailing taste of the public, which was produced in 1671, under the title of the *Rehearsal*. The success of the *Rehearsal* was unbounded; 'the very popularity of the plays ridiculed, aiding,' as Sir Walter Scott has remarked, 'the effect of the satire, since everybody had in their recollection the originals of the passages parodied.' The *Rehearsal* is a clever travesty, and it was well timed. A fatal blow was struck at the rhyming plays, and at the rant and fustian to which they gave birth. Dryden now resorted to comedy, and produced *Marriage à-la-Mode* and the *Assignation*. In 1673, he constructed a dramatic poem, the *State of Innocence, or the Fall of Man*, out of the great epic of Milton, destroying, of course, nearly all that is sublime, simple, and pure in the original. His next play, *Aurengzebe* (1675), was also 'heroic,' stilted, and unnatural; but this was the last great literary sin of Dryden. He was now engaged in his immortal satires and fables, and he abandoned henceforward the false and glittering taste which had so long deluded him. His *All for Love* and *Troilus and Cressida* are able adaptations from Shakspeare *in blank verse*. The *Spanish Friar* is a good comedy, remarkable for its happy union of two plots, and its delineation of comic character. His principal remaining plays are *Don Sebastian* (1690), *Amphitryon* (1690), *Cleomenes* (1692), and *Love Triumphant* (1694). *Don Sebastian* is his highest effort in dramatic composition, and though deformed, like all his other plays, by scenes of spurious and licentious comedy, it contains passages that approach closely to Shakspeare. The quarrel and reconciliation of Sebastian and Dorax is a masterly copy from the similar scene between Brutus and Cassius. In the altercation between Ventidius and Antony in *All for Love*, he has also challenged comparison with the great poet, and seems to have been inspired to new vigour by the competition. This latter triumph in the genius of Dryden was completed by his *Ode to St Cecilia*, and the *Fables*, published together in the spring of 1700, a few weeks before his death—thus realising a saying of his own Sebastian:

A setting sun
Should leave a track of glory in the skies.

Dryden's plays have fallen completely into oblivion. He could reason powerfully in verse, and had the command of rich stores of language, information, and imagery. Strong energetic characters and passions he could portray with considerable success, but he had not art or judgment to construct an interesting or consistent drama, or to preserve himself from extravagance and absurdity. The female character and softer passions seem to have been entirely beyond his reach. His love is always licentiousness—his tenderness a mere trick of the stage. Like Voltaire, he probably never drew a tear from reader or spectator. His merit consists in a sort of Eastern magnificence of style, and in the richness of his versification. The bowl and dagger—glory, ambition, lust, and crime—are the staple materials of his tragedy, and lead occasionally to poetical grandeur and brilliancy of fancy. His comedy is, with scarce an exception, false to nature, improbable and ill-arranged, and offensive equally to taste and morality.

Before presenting a scene from Dryden, we shall string together a few of those similes or detached sentiments which relieve the great mass of his turgid dramatic verse:

Love is that madness which all lovers have;
But yet 'tis sweet and pleasing so to rave.
'Tis an enchantment, where the reason 's bound;
But Paradise is in th' enchanted ground.
A palace void of envy, cares, and strife;
Where gentle hours delude so much of life.
To take those charms away, and set me free,
Is but to send me into misery.
And prudence, of whose care so much you boast,
Restores those pains which that sweet folly lost.
*Conquest of Granada, Part II.*

As some fair tulip, by a storm oppressed,
Shrinks up, and folds its silken arms to rest;
And bending to the blast, all pale and dead,
Hears from within the wind sing round its head:
So, shrouded up, your beauty disappears.
Unveil, my love, and lay aside your fears;
The storm that caused your fright is past and done.
*Ibid. Part I.*

That friendship which from withered love doth shoot,
Like the faint herbage on a rock, wants root;
Love is a tender amity, refined:
Grafted on friendship, it exalts the mind;
But when the graff no longer does remain,
The dull stock lives, but never bears again.
*Ibid. Part II.*

So Venus moves, when to the Thunderer,
In smiles or tears, she would some suit prefer.
When, with her cestus girt,
And drawn by doves, she cuts the liquid skies,
To every eye a goddess is confest;
By all the heavenly nations she is blest,
And each with secret joy admits her to his breast.
*Ibid. Part I.*

Love various minds does variously aspire:
He stirs in gentle natures gentle fire,
Like that of incense on the altars laid;
But raging flames tempestuous souls invade.
A fire which every windy passion blows;
With pride it mounts, and with revenge it glows.
*Tyrannic Love.*

### *Savage Freedom.*

No man has more contempt than I of breath;
But whence hast thou the right to give me death?
I am as free as Nature first made man,
Ere the base laws of servitude began,
When wild in woods the noble savage ran.
*Conquest of Granada, Part I.*

### *Love and Beauty.*

A change so swift what heart did ever feel!
It rushed upon me like a mighty stream,
And bore me in a moment far from shore.
I 've loved away myself; in one short hour
Already am I gone an age of passion.
Was it his youth, his valour, or success?
These might, perhaps, be found in other men.
'Twas that respect, that awful homage paid me;
That fearful love which trembled in his eyes,
And with a silent earthquake shook his soul.
But when he spoke, what tender words he said!
So softly, that, like flakes of feathered snow,
They melted as they fell.
*Spanish Friar.*

### *Midnight Repose.*

All things are hushed, as Nature's self lay dead;
The mountains seem to nod their drowsy head,
The little birds in dreams their songs repeat,
And sleeping flowers beneath the night-dew sweat;
Even lust and envy sleep, yet love denies
Rest to my soul and slumber to my eyes.
Three days I promised to attend my doom,
And two long days and nights are yet to come;
'Tis sure the noise of a tumultuous fight;
[*Noise within.*
They break the truce, and sally out by night.
*Indian Emperor.*

Wordsworth has remarked that the above lines on midnight, once highly celebrated, are 'vague, bombastic, and senseless.' Their charm consists in their melody.

### *Tears.*

What precious drops are those
Which silently each other's track pursue,
Bright as young diamonds in their infant dew!
*Conquest of Granada, Part II.*

### *Mankind.*

Men are but children of a larger growth;
Our appetites as apt to change as theirs,
And full as craving too, and full as vain;
And yet the soul shut up in her dark room,
Viewing so clear abroad, at home sees nothing;
But, like a mole in earth, busy and blind,
Works all her folly up, and casts it outward
To the world's open view.
*All for Love.*

Man is but man; unconstant still, and various;
There's no to-morrow in him like to-day.
Perhaps the atoms rolling in his brain
Make him think honestly this present hour;
The next, a swarm of base ungrateful thoughts
May mount aloft; and where's our Egypt then?
Who would trust chance? since all men have the seeds
Of good and ill, which should work upward first.
*Cleomenes.*

### *Picture of Life.*

When I consider life, 'tis all a cheat;
Yet, fooled with hope, men favour the deceit,
Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay.
To-morrow's falser than the former day;
Lies worse; and while it says, 'We shall be blest
With some new joys,' cuts off what we possessed.
Strange cozenage! None would live past years again,
Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain;
And from the dregs of life think to receive
What the first sprightly running could not give.
I'm tired of waiting for this chemic gold,
Which fools us young, and beggars us when old.
—'Tis not for nothing that we life pursue;
It pays our hopes with something still that's new:
Each day's a mistress unenjoyed before;
Like travellers, we're pleased with seeing more.
Did you but know what joys your way attend,
You would not hurry to your journey's end.
*Aurengzebe.*

### *Fear of Death.*

BERENICE. ST CATHERINE.

*Berenice.* Now death draws near, a strange perplexity
Creeps coldly on me, like a fear to die:
Courage uncertain dangers may abate,
But who can bear the approach of certain fate?
*St Catherine.* The wisest and the best some fear may show,
And wish to stay, though they resolve to go.
*Ber.* As some faint pilgrim, standing on the shore,
First views the torrent he would venture o'er,
And then his inn upon the farther ground,
Loath to wade through, and loather to go round:
Then dipping in his staff, does trial make
How deep it is, and, sighing, pulls it back:
Sometimes resolved to fetch his leap; and then
Runs to the bank, but there stops short again.
So I at once
Both heavenly faith and human fear obey;
And feel before me in an unknown way.
For this blest voyage I with joy prepare,
Yet am ashamed to be a stranger there.
*Tyrannic Love.*

### *Scene between Mark Antony and Ventidius, his general.*

Dryden says he preferred this scene to anything which he had written of that kind. It occurs in the first act of *All for Love*, a tragedy founded on the story of Antony and Cleopatra, and avowedly written in imitation of Shakspeare. *All for Love* was the only play Dryden ever wrote for himself; the rest, he says, were given to the people. It will be observed that this scene, as also that between Dorax and Sebastian, is copied from the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius in *Julius Cæsar.*

*Antony.* They tell me 'tis my birthday, and I'll keep it
With double pomp of sadness.
'Tis what the day deserves which gave me breath.
Why was I raised the meteor of the world,
Hung in the skies, and blazing as I travelled,
Till all my fires were spent, and then cast downward
To be trod out by Cæsar?
*Ventidius.* [*Aside.*] On my soul
'Tis mournful, wondrous mournful!
*Ant.* Count thy gains,
Now, Antony: wouldst thou be born for this?
Glutton of fortune, thy devouring youth
Has starved thy wanting age.
*Vent.* [*Aside.*] How sorrow shakes him!
So now the tempest tears him by the roots,
And on the ground extends the noble ruin.
*Ant.* [*Having thrown himself down.*] Lie there, thou shadow of an emperor;
The place thou pressest on thy mother-earth
Is all thy empire now: now it contains thee;
Some few days hence, and then 'twill be too large,
When thou'rt contracted in thy narrow urn,
Shrunk to a few cold ashes; then Octavia—
For Cleopatra will not live to see it—
Octavia then will have thee all her own,
And bear thee in her widowed hand to Cæsar.
Cæsar will weep, the crocodile will weep,
To see his rival of the universe
Lie still and peaceful there. I'll think no more on't.
Give me some music; look that it be sad;
I'll soothe my melancholy, till I swell,
And burst myself with sighing.
'Tis somewhat to my humour. Stay, I fancy
I'm now turned wild, a commoner of nature;
Of all forsaken, and forsaking all;
Live in a shady forest's silvan scene;
Stretched at my length beneath some blasted oak,
I lean my head upon the mossy bark,
And look just of a piece, as I grew from it;
My uncombed locks, matted like mistletoe,
Hang o'er my hoary face; a murm'ring brook
Runs at my foot——
*Vent.* Methinks I fancy
Myself there too.
*Ant.* The herd come jumping by me,
And, fearless, quench their thirst, while I look on
And take me for their fellow-citizen.
More of this image; more; it lulls my thoughts.

*Vent.* I must disturb him. I can hold no longer.
[*Stands before him.*
*Ant.* [*Starting up.*] Art thou Ventidius?
*Vent.* Are you Antony?
I'm liker what I was, than you to him
I left you last.
*Ant.* I'm angry.
*Vent.* So am I.
*Ant.* I would be private. Leave me.
*Vent.* Sir, I love you,
And therefore will not leave you.
*Ant.* Will not leave me!
Where have you learned that answer? Who am I!
*Vent.* My emperor; the man I love next heaven.
If I said more, I think 'twere scarce a sin:
You're all that's good and godlike.
*Ant.* All that's wretched.
You will not leave me, then?
*Vent.* 'Twas too presuming
To say I would not: but I dare not leave you;
And 'tis unkind in you to chide me hence
So soon, when I so far have come to see you.
*Ant.* Now thou hast seen me, art thou satisfied?
For, if a friend, thou hast beheld enough,
And, if a foe, too much.
*Vent.* Look, emperor; this is no common dew;
I have not wept this forty years; but now
My mother comes afresh unto my eyes;
I cannot help her softness.
*Ant.* By heaven, he weeps! poor good old man, he weeps!
The big round drops course one another down
The furrows of his cheeks. Stop 'em, Ventidius,
Or I shall blush to death; they set my shame,
That caused 'em, full before me.
*Vent.* I'll do my best.
*Ant.* Sure there's contagion in the tears of friends;
See, I have caught it too. Believe me, 'tis not
For my own griefs, but thine—— Nay, father——
*Vent.* Emperor!
*Ant.* Emperor! Why, that's the style of victory.
The conquering soldier, and with unfelt wounds,
Salutes his general so: but never more
Shall that sound reach my ears.
*Vent.* I warrant you.
*Ant.* Actium, Actium! Oh——
*Vent.* It sits too near you.
*Ant.* Here, here it lies; a lump of lead by day;
And in my short, distracted, nightly slumbers,
The hag that rides my dreams——
*Vent.* Out with it; give it vent.
*Ant.* Urge not my shame—
I lost a battle.
*Vent.* So has Julius done.
*Ant.* Thou favour'st me, and speak'st not half thou think'st;
For Julius fought it out, and lost it fairly;
But Antony——
*Vent.* Nay, stop not.
*Ant.* Antony—
Well, thou wilt have it—like a coward, fled,
Fled while his soldiers fought! fled first, Ventidius.
Thou long'st to curse me, and I give thee leave.
I know thou cam'st prepared to rail.
*Vent.* I did.
*Ant.* I'll help thee—I have been a man, Ventidius.
*Vent.* Yes, and a brave one; but——
*Ant.* I know thy meaning.
But I have lost my reason, have disgraced
The name of soldier with inglorious ease;
In the full vintage of my flowing honours
Sat still, and saw it pressed by other hands.
Fortune came smiling to my youth, and wooed it.
And purple greatness met my ripened years.
When first I came to empire, I was borne
On tides of people, crowding to my triumphs.
The wish of nations, and the willing world,
Received me as its pledge of future peace.
I was so great, so happy, so beloved,
Fate could not ruin me; till I took pains,
And worked against my fortune, chid her from me,
And turned her loose: yet still she came again.
My careless days and my luxurious nights
At length have wearied her, and now she's gone;
Gone, gone, divorced for ever. Help me, soldier,
To curse this madman, this industrious fool,
Who laboured to be wretched. Pr'ythee, curse me.
*Vent.* No.
*Ant.* Why?
*Vent.* You are too sensible already
Of what you've done; too conscious of your failings.
And like a scorpion, whipped by others first
To fury, sting yourself in mad revenge.
I would bring balm, and pour it in your wounds,
Cure your distempered mind, and heal your fortunes.
*Ant.* I know thou wouldst.
*Vent.* I will.
*Ant.* Ha, ha, ha, ha!
*Vent.* You laugh.
*Ant.* I do, to see officious love
Give cordials to the dead.
*Vent.* You would be lost, then?
*Ant.* I am.
*Vent.* I say you are not. Try your fortune.
*Ant.* I have to the utmost. Dost thou think me desperate
Without just cause? No; when I found all lost
Beyond repair, I hid me from the world,
And learned to scorn it here; which now I do
So heartily, I think it is not worth
The cost of keeping.
*Vent.* Cæsar thinks not so:
He'll thank you for the gift he could not take.
You would be killed like Tully, would you? Do
Hold out your throat to Cæsar, and die tamely.
*Ant.* No, I can kill myself; and so resolve.
*Vent.* I can die with you, too, when time shall serve;
But fortune calls upon us now to live,
To fight, to conquer.
*Ant.* Sure thou dream'st, Ventidius!
*Vent.* No; 'tis you dream; you sleep away your hours
In desperate sloth, miscalled philosophy.
Up, up, for honour's sake; twelve legions wait you,
And long to call you chief. By painful journeys
I led 'em patient both of heat and hunger,
Down from the Parthian marches to the Nile.
'Twill do you good to see their sunburnt faces,
Their scarred cheeks, and chopt hands; there's virtue in 'em:
They'll sell those mangled limbs at dearer rates
Than you trim bands can buy.
*Ant.* Where left you them?
*Vent.* I said in Lower Syria.
*Ant.* Bring 'em hither;
There may be life in these.
*Vent.* They will not come.
*Ant.* Why didst thou mock my hopes with promised aids,
To double my despair? They're mutinous.
*Vent.* Most firm and loyal.
*Ant.* Yet they will not march
To succour me. Oh, trifler!
*Vent.* They petition
You would make haste to head 'em.
*Ant.* I'm besieged.
*Vent.* There's but one way shut up. How came I hither?
*Ant.* I will not stir.
*Vent.* They would perhaps desire
A better reason.
*Ant.* I have never used

My soldiers to demand a reason of
My actions. Why did they refuse to march?
*Vent.* They said they would not fight for Cleopatra.
*Ant.* What was't they said?
*Vent.* They said they would not fight for Cleopatra.
Why should they fight, indeed, to make her conquer,
And make you more a slave? To gain you kingdoms
Which, for a kiss, at your next midnight feast
You'll sell to her? Then she new-names her jewels,
And calls this diamond such or such a tax.
Each pendant in her ear shall be a province.
*Ant.* Ventidius, I allow your tongue free licence
On all my other faults; but, on your life,
No word of Cleopatra; she deserves
More worlds than I can lose.
*Vent.* Behold, you powers,
To whom you have intrusted humankind;
See Europe, Afric, Asia put in balance,
And all weighed down by one light worthless woman!
I think the gods are Antonies, and give,
Like prodigals, this nether world away
To none but wasteful hands.
*Ant.* You grow presumptuous.
*Vent.* I take the privilege of plain love to speak.
*Ant.* Plain love! plain arrogance! plain insolence!
Thy men are cowards, thou an envious traitor;
Who, under seeming honesty, hath vented
The burden of thy rank o'erflowing gall.
Oh, that thou wert my equal; great in arms
As the first Cæsar was, that I might kill thee
Without stain to my honour!
*Vent.* You may kill me.
You have done more already—called me traitor——
*Ant.* Art thou not one?
*Vent.* For shewing you yourself,
Which none else durst have done. But had I been
That name which I disdain to speak again,
I needed not have sought your abject fortunes,
Come to partake your fate, to die with you.
What hindered me to've led my conquering eagles
To fill Octavius' bands? I could have been
A traitor then, a glorious happy traitor,
And not have been so called.
*Ant.* Forgive me, soldier;
I've been too passionate.
*Vent.* You thought me false;
Thought my old age betrayed you. Kill me, sir;
Pray, kill me; yet you need not; your unkindness
Has left your sword no work.
*Ant.* I did not think so;
I said it in my rage; pr'ythee, forgive me.
Why didst thou tempt my anger, by discovery
Of what I would not hear?
*Vent.* No prince but you
Could merit that sincerity I used;
Nor durst another man have ventured it;
But you, ere love misled your wandering eyes,
Were sure the chief and best of human race,
Framed in the very pride and boast of nature.
*Ant.* But Cleopatra——
Go on; for I can bear it now.
*Vent.* No more.
*Ant.* Thou dar'st not trust my passion; but thou mayst;
Thou only lov'st, the rest have flattered me.
*Vent.* Heaven's blessing on your heart for that kind word.
May I believe you love me? Speak again.
*Ant.* Indeed I do. Speak this, and this, and this.
Thy praises were unjust; but I'll deserve 'em,
And yet mend all. Do with me what thou wilt;
Lead me to victory; thou know'st the way.
*Vent.* And will you leave this——
*Ant.* Pr'ythee, do not curse her,
And I will leave her; though, Heaven knows, I love
Beyond life, conquest, empire, all but honour:
But I will leave her.
*Vent.* That's my royal master.
And shall we fight?
*Ant.* I warrant thee, old soldier;
Thou shalt behold me once again in iron,
And, at the head of our old troops, that beat
The Parthians, cry aloud, 'Come, follow me.'
*Vent.* Oh, now I hear my emperor! In that word
Octavius fell. Gods, let me see that day,
And, if I have ten years behind, take all;
I'll thank you for the exchange.
*Ant.* Oh, Cleopatra!
*Vent.* Again!
*Ant.* I've done. In that last sigh she went;
Cæsar shall know what 'tis to force a lover
From all he holds most dear.
*Vent.* Methinks you breathe
Another soul; your looks are more divine;
You speak a hero, and you move a god.
*Ant.* Oh, thou hast fired me; my soul's up in arms,
And mans each part about me. Once again
That noble eagerness of fight has seized me;
That eagerness with which I darted upward
To Cassius' camp. In vain the steepy hill
Opposed my way; in vain a war of spears
Sung round my head, and planted all my shield;
I won the trenches, while my foremost men
Lagged on the plain below.
*Vent.* Ye gods, ye gods,
For such another honour!
*Ant.* Come on, my soldier!
Our hearts and arms are still the same. I long
Once more to meet our foes; that thou and I,
Like Time and Death, marching before our troops,
May taste fate to 'em, mow 'em out a passage,
And, entering where the utmost squadrons yield,
Begin the noble harvest of the field.

### *Scene between Dorax and Sebastian.*

Don Sebastian, king of Portugal, is defeated in battle, and taken prisoner by the Moors. He is saved from death by Dorax, a noble Portuguese, then a renegade in the court of the Emperor of Barbary, but formerly Don Alonzo of Alcazar. The train being dismissed, Dorax takes off his turban, and assumes his Portuguese dress and manner. (*Act IV. last scene.*)

*Dorax.* Now, do you know me?
*Sebastian.* Thou shouldst be Alonzo.
*Dor.* So you should be Sebastian;
But when Sebastian ceased to be himself,
I ceased to be Alonzo.
*Seb.* As in a dream
I see thee here, and scarce believe mine eyes.
*Dor.* Is it so strange to find me where my wrongs
And your inhuman tyranny have sent me?
Think not you dream: or, if you did, my injuries
Shall call so loud, that lethargy should wake,
And death should give you back to answer me.
A thousand nights have brushed their balmy wings
Over these eyes; but ever when they closed,
Your tyrant image forced them ope again,
And dried the dews they brought.
The long-expected hour is come at length,
By manly vengeance to redeem my fame:
And that once cleared, eternal sleep is welcome.
*Seb.* I have not yet forgot I am a king,
Whose royal office is redress of wrongs:
If I have wronged thee, charge me face to face;
I have not yet forgot I am a soldier.
*Dor.* 'Tis the first justice thou hast ever done me;
Then, though I loathe this woman's war of tongues,
Yet shall my cause of vengeance first be clear;
And, honour, be thou judge.
*Seb.* Honour befriend us both.
Beware, I warn thee yet, to tell thy griefs
In terms becoming majesty to hear:
I warn thee thus, because I know thy temper
Is insolent and haughty to superiors:
How often hast thou braved my peaceful court,

Filled it with noisy brawls and windy boasts;
And with past service, nauseously repeated,
Reproached even me, thy prince?
*Dor.* And well I might, when you forgot reward,
The part of heaven in kings; for punishment
Is hangman's work, and drudgery for devils.
I must and will reproach thee with my service,
Tyrant! It irks me so to call my prince;
But just resentment and hard usage coined
The unwilling word, and, grating as it is,
Take it, for 'tis thy due.
*Seb.* How, tyrant?
*Dor.* Tyrant!
*Seb.* Traitor! that name thou canst not echo back:
That robe of infamy, that circumcision,
Ill hid beneath that robe, proclaim thee traitor;
And if a name
More foul than traitor be, 'tis renegade.
*Dor.* If I'm a traitor, think, and blush, thou tyrant,
Whose injuries betrayed me into treason,
Effaced my loyalty, unhinged my faith,
And hurried me from hopes of heaven to hell;
All these, and all my yet unfinished crimes,
When I shall rise to plead before the saints,
I charge on thee, to make thy damning sure.
*Seb.* Thy old presumptuous arrogance again,
That bred my first dislike, and then my loathing;
Once more be warned, and know me for thy king.
*Dor.* Too well I know thee, but for king no more:
This is not Lisbon, nor the circle this,
Where, like a statue, thou hast stood besieged
By sycophants and fools, the growth of courts;
Where thy gulled eyes, in all the gaudy round,
Met nothing but a lie in every face;
And the gross flattery of a gaping crowd,
Envious who first should catch, and first applaud
The stuff or royal nonsense: when I spoke,
My honest homely words were carped, and censured,
For want of courtly style: related actions,
Though modestly reported, passed for boasts:
Secure of merit, if I asked reward,
Thy hungry minions thought their rights invaded,
And the bread snatched from pimps and parasites.
Henriquez answered, with a ready lie,
To save his king's, the boon was begged before.
*Seb.* What say'st thou of Henriquez? Now, by Heaven,
Thou mov'st me more by barely naming him,
Than all thy foul, unmannered, scurril taunts.
*Dor.* And therefore 'twas to gall thee that I named him;
That thing, that nothing, but a cringe and smile;
That woman, but more daubed; or if a man,
Corrupted to a woman; thy man-mistress.
*Seb.* All false as hell or thou.
*Dor.* Yes; full as false
As that I served thee fifteen hard campaigns,
And pitched thy standard in these foreign fields:
By me thy greatness grew; thy years grew with it,
But thy ingratitude outgrew them both.
*Seb.* I see to what thou tend'st; but tell me first,
If those great acts were done alone for me:
If love produced not some, and pride the rest?
*Dor.* Why, love does all that's noble here below:
But all the advantage of that love was thine:
For, coming fraughted back, in either hand
With palm and olive, victory and peace,
I was indeed prepared to ask my own—
For Violante's vows were mine before—
Thy malice had prevention, ere I spoke;
And asked me Violante for Henriquez.
*Seb.* I meant thee a reward of greater worth.
*Dor.* Where justice wanted, could reward be hoped?
Could the robbed passenger expect a bounty
From those rapacious hands who stripped him first?
*Seb.* He had my promise ere I knew thy love.
*Dor.* My services deserved thou shouldst revoke it.
*Seb.* Thy insolence had cancelled all thy service;
To violate my laws, even in my court,
Sacred to peace, and safe from all affronts;
Even to my face, and done in my despite,
Under the wing of awful majesty
To strike the man I loved!
*Dor.* Even in the face of heaven, a place more sacred,
Would I have struck the man who, prompt by power,
Would seize my right, and rob me of my love:
But, for a blow provoked by thy injustice,
The hasty product of a just despair,
When he refused to meet me in the field,
That thou shouldst make a coward's cause thy own!
*Seb.* He durst: nay, more, desired and begged with tears,
To meet thy challenge fairly: 'twas thy fault
To make it public; but my duty then
To interpose, on pain of my displeasure,
Betwixt your swords.
*Dor.* On pain of infamy
He should have disobeyed.
*Seb.* The indignity thou didst was meant to me:
Thy gloomy eyes were cast on me with scorn,
As who should say, the blow was there intended;
But that thou didst not dare to lift thy hands
Against anointed power: so was I forced
To do a sovereign justice to myself,
And spurn thee from my presence.
*Dor.* Thou hast dared
To tell me what I durst not tell myself:
I durst not think that I was spurned, and live;
And live to hear it boasted to my face.
All my long avarice of honour lost,
Heaped up in youth, and hoarded up for age:
Has honour's fountain then sucked back the stream?
He has; and hooting boys may dry-shod pass,
And gather pebbles from the naked ford.
Give me my love, my honour; give them back—
Give me revenge, while I have breath to ask it.
*Seb.* Now, by this honoured order which I wear,
More gladly would I give than thou dar'st ask it.
Nor shall the sacred character of king
Be urged to shield me from thy bold appeal.
If I have injured thee, that makes us equal:
The wrong, if done, debased me down to thee:
But thou hast charged me with ingratitude;
Hast thou not charged me? Speak.
*Dor.* Thou know'st I have:
If thou disown'st that imputation, draw,
And prove my charge a lie.
*Seb.* No; to disprove that lie, I must not draw:
Be conscious to thy worth, and tell thy soul
What thou hast done this day in my defence;
To fight thee, after this, what were it else
Than owning that ingratitude thou urgest?
That isthmus stands between two rushing seas,
Which, mounting, view each other from afar,
And strive in vain to meet.
*Dor.* I'll cut that isthmus:
Thou know'st I meant not to preserve thy life,
But to reprieve it, for my own revenge.
I saved thee out of honourable malice:
Now, draw; I should be loath to think thou dar'st not:
Beware of such another vile excuse.
*Seb.* Oh, patience, Heaven!
*Dor.* Beware of patience too;
That's a suspicious word: it had been proper,
Before thy foot had spurned me; now, 'tis base:
Yet, to disarm thee of thy last defence,
I have thy oath for my security:
The only boon I begged was this fair combat:
Fight, or be perjured now; that's all thy choice.
*Seb.* Now can I thank thee as thou wouldst be thanked: [*Drawing.*
Never was vow of honour better paid,
If my true sword but hold, than this shall be.
The sprightly bridegroom, on his wedding night,

More gladly enters not the lists of love.
Why, 'tis enjoyment to be summoned thus.
Go; bear my message to Henriquez' ghost;
And say his master and his friend revenged him.
*Dor.* His ghost! then is my hated rival dead?]
*Seb.* The question is beside our present purpose;
Thou seest me ready; we delay too long.
*Dor.* A minute is not much in either's life,
When there's but one betwixt us; throw it in,
And give it him of us who is to fall.
*Seb.* He's dead: make haste, and thou mayst yet o'ertake him.
*Dor.* When I was hasty, thou delay'dst me longer.
I pr'ythee, let me hedge one moment more
Into thy promise: for thy life preserved,
Be kind; and tell me how that rival died,
Whose death, next thine, I wished.
*Seb.* If it would please thee, thou shouldst never know.
But thou, like jealousy, inquir'st a truth,
Which found, will torture thee: he died in fight:
Fought next my person; as in concert fought:
Kept pace for pace, and blow for every blow;
Save when he heaved his shield in my defence,
And on his naked side received my wound:
Then, when he could no more, he fell at once,
But rolled his falling body cross their way,
And made a bulwark of it for his prince.
*Dor.* I never can forgive him such a death!
*Seb.* I prophesied thy proud soul could not bear it.
Now, judge thyself, who best deserved my love.
I knew you both; and, durst I say, as Heaven
Foreknew among the shining angel host
Who should stand firm, who fall.
*Dor.* Had he been tempted so, so had he fallen;
And so had I been favoured, had I stood.
*Seb.* What had been, is unknown; what is, appears;
Confess he justly was preferred to thee.
*Dor.* Had I been born with his indulgent stars,
My fortune had been his, and his been mine.
Oh, worse than hell! what glory have I lost,
And what has he acquired by such a death!
I should have fallen by Sebastian's side;
My corpse had been the bulwark of my king.
His glorious end was a patched work of fate,
Ill-sorted with a soft effeminate life:
It suited better with my life than his
So to have died: mine had been of a piece,
Spent in your service, dying at your feet.
*Seb.* The more effeminate and soft his life,
The more his fame, to struggle to the field,
And meet his glorious fate: confess, proud spirit—
For I will have it from thy very mouth—
That better he deserved my love than thou.
*Dor.* Oh, whither would you drive me! I must grant,
Yes, I must grant, but with a swelling soul,
Henriquez had your love with more desert:
For you he fought and died; I fought against you;
Through all the mazes of the bloody field
Hunted your sacred life; which that I missed,
Was the propitious error of my fate,
Not of my soul; my soul's a regicide.
*Seb.* Thou mightst have given it a more gentle name;
Thou meant'st to kill a tyrant, not a king.
Speak; didst thou not, Alonzo?
*Dor.* Can I speak?
Alas! I cannot answer to Alonzo:
No, Dorax cannot answer to Alonzo:
Alonzo was too kind a name for me.
Then, when I fought and conquered with your arms,
In that blest age I was the man you named;
Till rage and pride debased me into Dorax,
And lost, like Lucifer, my name above.
*Seb.* Yet twice this day I owed my life to Dorax.
*Dor.* I saved you but to kill you: there's my grief.
*Seb.* Nay, if thou canst be grieved, thou canst repent;
Thou couldst not be a villain, though thou wouldst:
Thou own'st too much, in owning thou hast erred;
And I too little, who provoked thy crime.
*Dor.* Oh, stop this headlong torrent of your goodness;
It comes too fast upon a feeble soul
Half-drowned in tears before; spare my confusion:
For pity, spare, and say not first you erred.
For yet I have not dared, through guilt and shame,
To throw myself beneath your royal feet.
[*Falls at his feet.*
Now spurn this rebel, this proud renegade:
'Tis just you should, nor will I more complain.
*Seb.* Indeed thou shouldst not ask forgiveness first;
But thou prevent'st me still, in all that's noble.
[*Taking him up.*
Yes, I will raise thee up with better news:
Thy Violante's heart was ever thine;
Compelled to wed, because she was my ward,
Her soul was absent when she gave her hand:
Nor could my threats, or his pursuing courtship,
Effect the consummation of his love:
So, still indulging tears, she pines for thee,
A widow and a maid.
*Dor.* Have I been cursing Heaven, while Heaven blessed me?
I shall run mad with ecstasy of joy:
What, in one moment to be reconciled
To Heaven, and to my king, and to my love!
But pity is my friend, and stops me short,
For my unhappy rival. Poor Henriquez!
*Seb.* Art thou so generous, too, to pity him?
Nay, then, I was unjust to love him better.
Here let me ever hold thee in my arms;
[*Embracing him.*
And all our quarrels be but such as these,
Who shall love best, and closest shall embrace:
Be what Henriquez was: be my Alonzo.
*Dor.* What! my Alonzo, said you? My Alonzo?
Let my tears thank you; for I cannot speak;
And if I could,
Words were not made to vent such thoughts as mine.
*Seb.* Thou canst not speak, and I can ne'er be silent.
Some strange reverse of fate must sure attend
This vast profusion, this extravagance
Of Heaven to bless me thus. 'Tis gold so pure,
It cannot bear the stamp, without alloy.
Be kind, ye powers, and take but half away:
With ease the gifts of fortune I resign;
But let my love and friend be ever mine.

## THOMAS OTWAY.

Where Dryden failed, one of his young contemporaries succeeded. The tones of domestic tragedy and the deepest distress were sounded, with a power and intenseness of feeling never surpassed, by the unfortunate THOMAS OTWAY—a brilliant name associated with the most melancholy history. Otway was born at Trotting, in Sussex, March 3, 1651, the son of a clergyman. He was educated first at Winchester School, and afterwards at Oxford, but left college without taking his degree. In 1672, he made his appearance as an actor on the London stage. To this profession his talents were ill adapted, but he probably acquired a knowledge of dramatic art, which was serviceable to him when he began to write for the theatre. He produced three tragedies, *Alcibiades*, *Don Carlos*, and *Titus and Berenice*, which were successfully performed; but Otway was always in poverty. In 1677, the Earl of Plymouth prócured him an appointment as a cornet of dragoons, and the poet went with his regiment to Flanders. He was soon cashiered, in consequence of his irregularities, and returning to England, he resumed writing for the stage. In 1680, he produced *Caius Marcius* and the *Orphan*, tragedies; in 1681, the *Soldier's Fortune;* and in 1682, *Venice Preserved.* The short eventful life of Otway, checkered by want and extravagance, was prematurely closed April 14, 1685. One of his biographers relates that the immediate cause of his death was his hastily swallowing, after a long fast, a piece of bread which charity had supplied. According to another account, he died of fever, occasioned by fatigue, or by drinking water when violently heated. Whatever was the immediate cause of his death, he was at the time in circumstances of great poverty.

The fame of Otway now rests on his two tragedies, the *Orphan* and *Venice Preserved;* but on these it rests as on the pillars of Hercules. His talents in scenes of passionate affection 'rival, at least,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'and sometimes excel, those of Shakspeare: more tears have been shed, probably, for the sorrows of Belvidera and Monimia than for those of Juliet and Desdemona.' This is excessive praise. The plot of the *Orphan*, from its inherent indelicacy and painful associations, has driven that play from the theatres; but *Venice Preserved* is still one of the most popular and effective tragedies. The stern plotting character of Pierre is well contrasted with the irresolute, sensitive, and affectionate nature of Jaffier; and the harsh unnatural cruelty of Priuli serves as a dark shade, to set off the bright purity and tenderness of his daughter. The pathetic and harrowing plot is well managed, and deepens towards the close; and the genius of Otway shines in his delineation of the passions of the heart, the ardour of love, and the excess of misery and despair. The versification of these dramas is sometimes rugged and irregular, and there are occasional redundancies and inflated expressions, which a more correct taste would have expunged; yet, even in propriety of style and character, how much does this young and careless poet excel the great master Dryden!

### *Scene from 'Venice Preserved.'*

Scene—St Mark's. Enter PRIULI and JAFFIER.

*Priuli.* No more! I 'll hear no more! begone, and leave me!
*Jaffier.* Not hear me! by my sufferings but you shall!
My lord—my lord! I 'm not that abject wretch
You think me. Patience! where 's the distance throws
Me back so far, but I may boldly speak
In right, though proud oppression will not hear me?
*Pri.* Have you not wronged me?
*Jaf.* Could my nature e'er
Have brooked injustice, or the doing wrong,
I need not now thus low have bent myself
To gain a hearing from a cruel father.
Wronged you?
*Pri.* Yes, wronged me! in the nicest point,
The honour of my house, you 've done me wrong.
You may remember—for I now will speak,
And urge its baseness—when you first came home
From travel, with such hopes as made you looked on
By all men's eyes, a youth of expectation;
Pleased with your growing virtue, I received you;
Courted, and sought to raise you to your merits;
My house, my table, nay, my fortune too,
My very self, was yours; you might have used me
To your best service; like an open friend
I treated, trusted you, and thought you mine;
When, in requital of my best endeavours,
You treacherously practised to undo me;
Seduced the weakness of my age's darling,
My only child, and stole her from my bosom.
Oh, Belvidera!
*Jaf.* 'Tis to me you owe her:
Childless had you been else, and in the grave
Your name extinct; no more Priuli heard of.
You may remember, scarce five years are past,
Since in your brigantine you sailed to see
The Adriatic wedded by our duke;
And I was with you: your unskilful pilot
Dashed us upon a rock; when to your boat
You made for safety: entered first yourself;
The affrighted Belvidera, following next,
As she stood trembling on the vessel's side,
Was by a wave washed off into the deep;
When instantly I plunged into the sea,
And buffeting the billows to her rescue,
Redeemed her life with half the loss of mine.
Like a rich conquest, in one hand I bore her,
And with the other dashed the saucy waves,
That thronged and pressed to rob me of my prize.
I brought her, gave her to your despairing arms:
Indeed, you thanked me; but a nobler gratitude
Rose in her soul: for from that hour she loved me,
Till for her life she paid me with herself.
*Pri.* You stole her from me; like a thief you stole her,
At dead of night! that cursed hour you chose
To rifle me of all my heart held dear.
May all your joys in her prove false, like mine!
A sterile fortune and a barren bed
Attend you both: continual discord make
Your days and nights bitter, and grievous still:
May the hard hand of a vexatious need
Oppress and grind you; till at last you find
The curse of disobedience all your portion!
*Jaf.* Half of your curse you have bestowed in vain.
Heaven has already crowned our faithful loves
With a young boy, sweet as his mother's beauty:
May he live to prove more gentle than his grandsire,
And happier than his father!
*Pri.* Rather live
To bate thee for his bread, and din your ears
With hungry cries; whilst his unhappy mother
Sits down and weeps in bitterness of want.
*Jaf.* You talk as if 'twould please you.
*Pri.* 'Twould, by Heaven!
*Jaf.* Would I were in my grave!
*Pri.* And she, too, with thee;
For, living here, you 're but my cursed remembrancers
I once was happy!
*Jaf.* You use me thus, because you know my soul
Is fond of Belvidera. You perceive
My life feeds on her, therefore thus treat you me.
Were I that thief, the doer of such wrongs
As you upbraid me with, what hinders me
But I might send her back to you with contumely,
And court my fortune where she would be kinder?
*Pri.* You dare not do 't.
*Jaf.* Indeed, my lord, I dare not.
My heart, that awes me, is too much my master:
Three years are past since first our vows were plighted,
During which time the world must bear me witness
I 've treated Belvidera like your daughter,
The daughter of a senator of Venice:
Distinction, place, attendance, and observance,
Due to her birth, she always has commanded:
Out of my little fortune I 've done this;
Because—though hopeless e'er to win your nature—
The world might see I loved her for herself;
Not as the heiress of the great Priuli.
*Pri.* No more.
*Jaf.* Yes, all, and then adieu for ever.

There 's not a wretch that lives on common charity
But 's happier than me; for I have known
The luscious sweets of plenty; every night
Have slept with soft content about my head,
And never waked but to a joyful morning:
Yet now must fall, like a full ear of corn,
Whose blossom 'scaped, yet 's withered in the ripening.
*Pri.* Home, and be humble; study to retrench;
Discharge the lazy vermin in thy hall,
Those pageants of thy folly:
Reduce the glittering trappings of thy wife
To humble weeds, fit for thy little state:
Then to some suburb cottage both retire;
Drudge to feed loathsome life; get brats, and starve.
Home, home, I say. [*Exit.*
*Jaf.* Yes, if my heart would let me—
This proud, this swelling heart: home I would go,
But that my doors are hateful to my eyes,
Filled and dammed up with gaping creditors:
I 've now not fifty ducats in the world,
Yet still I am in love, and pleased with ruin.
O Belvidera! Oh! she is my wife—
And we will bear our wayward fate together,
But ne'er know comfort more. . . .

Enter BELVIDERA.

*Belvidera.* My lord, my love, my refuge!
Happy my eyes when they behold thy face!
My heavy heart will leave its doleful beating
At sight of thee, and bound with sprightly joys.
Oh, smile as when our loves were in their spring,
And cheer my fainting soul!
*Jaf.* As when our loves
Were in their spring! Has, then, my fortune changed thee?
Art thou not, Belvidera, still the same,
Kind, good, and tender, as my arms first found thee?
If thou art altered, where shall I have harbour?
Where ease my loaded heart? Oh! where complain?
*Bel.* Does this appear like change, or love decaying,
When thus I throw myself into thy bosom,
With all the resolution of strong truth?
I joy more in thee
Than did thy mother, when she hugged thee first,
And blessed the gods for all her travail past.
*Jaf.* Can there in woman be such glorious faith?
Sure, all ill stories of thy sex are false!
Oh, woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee
To temper man: we had been brutes without you!
Angels are painted fair, to look like you:
There 's in you all that we believe of Heaven;
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love!
*Bel.* If love be treasure, we 'll be wondrous rich.
Oh! lead me to some desert, wide and wild,
Barren as our misfortunes, where my soul
May have its vent, where I may tell aloud
To the high heavens, and every list'ning planet,
With what a boundless stock my bosom 's fraught.
*Jaf.* O Belvidera! doubly I 'm a beggar:
Undone by fortune, and in debt to thee.
Want, worldly want, that hungry meagre fiend,
Is at my heels, and chases me in view.
Canst thou bear cold and hunger? Can these limbs,
Framed for the tender offices of love,
Endure the bitter gripes of smarting poverty?
When banished by our miseries abroad—
As suddenly we shall be—to seek out
In some far climate, where our names are strangers,
For charitable succour, wilt thou then,
When in a bed of straw we shrink together,
And the bleak winds shall whistle round our heads;
Wilt thou then talk thus to me? Wilt thou then
Hush my cares thus, and shelter me with love?
*Bel.* Oh! I will love, even in madness love thee!
Though my distracted senses should forsake me,
I 'd find some intervals when my poor heart
Should 'suage itself, and be let loose to thine
Though the bare earth be all our resting-place,
Its roots our food, some cliff our habitation,
I 'll make this arm a pillow for thine head;
And, as thou sighing liest, and swelled with sorrow,
Creep to thy bosom, pour the balm of love
Into thy soul, and kiss thee to thy rest;
Then praise our God, and watch thee till the morning.
*Jaf.* Hear this, you Heavens, and wonder how you made her!
Reign, reign, ye monarchs, that divide the world;
Busy rebellion ne'er will let you know
Tranquillity and happiness like mine;
Like gaudy ships, the obsequious billows fall,
And rise again, to lift you in your pride;
They wait but for a storm, and then devour you!
I, in my private bark already wrecked,
Like a poor merchant, driven to unknown land,
That had, by chance, packed up his choicest treasure
In one dear casket, and saved only that:
Since I must wander farther on the shore,
Thus hug my little, but my precious store,
Resolved to scorn and trust my fate no more. [*Exeunt.*

### *Parting.*

Where am I? Sure I wander 'midst enchantment,
And never more shall find the way to rest.
But, O Monimia! art thou indeed resolved
To punish me with everlasting absence?
Why turn'st thou from me? I 'm alone already!
Methinks I stand upon a naked beach
Sighing to winds, and to the seas complaining;
Whilst afar off the vessel sails away,
Where all the treasure of my soul 's embarked!
Wilt thou not turn? O could those eyes but speak!
I should know all, for love is pregnant in them!
They swell, they press their beams upon me still!
Wilt thou not speak? If we must part for ever,
Give me but one kind word to think upon,
And please myself with, while my heart is breaking.
*The Orphan.*

### *Picture of a Witch.*

Through a close lane as I pursued my journey,
And meditating on the last night's vision,
I spied a wrinkled hag, with age grown double,
Picking dry sticks, and mumbling to herself;
Her eyes with scalding rheum were galled and red,
And palsy shook her head; her hands seemed withered;
And on her crooked shoulder had she wrapped
The tattered remnant of an old striped hanging,
Which served to keep her carcass from the cold.
So there was nothing of a piece about her.
Her lower weeds were all o'er coarsely patched
With different coloured rags—black, red, white, yellow,
And seemed to speak variety of wretchedness.
I asked her of the way, which she informed me;
Then craved my charity, and bade me hasten
To save a sister.

### *Description of Morning.*

Wished Morning 's come; and now upon the plains
And distant mountains, where they feed their flocks,
The happy shepherds leave their homely huts,
And with their pipes proclaim the new-born day.
The lusty swain comes with his well-filled scrip
Of healthful viands, which, when hunger calls,
With much content and appetite he eats,
To follow in the field his daily toil,
And dress the grateful glebe that yields him fruits.
The beasts that under the warm hedges slept,
And weathered out the cold bleak night, are up;
And, looking towards the neighbouring pastures, raise
Their voice, and bid their fellow-brutes good-morrow.

The cheerful birds, too, on the tops of trees,
Assemble all in choirs; and with their notes
Salute and welcome up the rising sun.

*Killing a Boar.*

Forth from the thicket rushed another boar,
So large, he seemed the tyrant of the woods,
With all his dreadful bristles raised on high;
They seemed a grove of spears upon his back;
Foaming, he came at me, where I was posted,
Whetting his huge long tusks, and gaping wide,
As he already had me for his prey;
Till, brandishing my well-poised javelin high,
With this bold executing arm I struck
The ugly brindled monster to the heart.

### NATHANIEL LEE.

Another tragic poet of this period was NATHANIEL LEE, who possessed no small portion of the fire of genius, though unfortunately 'near allied' to madness. Lee was the son of a Hertfordshire clergyman, and received a classical education, first at Westminster School, and afterwards at Trinity College, Cambridge. He tried the stage both as an actor and author, was four years in Bedlam from wild insanity; but recovering his reason, resumed his labours as a dramatist, and though subject to fits of partial derangement, continued to write till the end of his life. He was the author of eleven tragedies, besides assisting Dryden in the composition of two pieces, *Œdipus* and the *Duke of Guise*. The unfortunate poet was in his latter days supported by charity: he died in London, and was buried in St Clement's Church, April 6, 1692, aged thirty-seven. The best of Lee's tragedies are the *Rival Queens, or Alexander the Great*, *Mithridates*, *Theodosius*, and *Lucius Junius Brutus*. In praising *Alexander*, Dryden alludes to the power of his friend in moving the passions, and counsels him to despise those critics who condemn

The too much vigour of his youthful muse.

We have here indicated the source both of Lee's strength and of his weakness. In tenderness and genuine passion, he excels Dryden; but his style often degenerates into bombast and extravagant frenzy—a defect which was heightened in his late productions by his mental malady. The author was aware of his weakness. 'It has often been observed against me,' he says in his dedication of *Theodosius*, 'that I abound in *ungoverned fancy*; but I hope the world will pardon the sallies of youth: age, despondency, and dulness come too fast of themselves. I discommend no man for keeping the beaten road; but I am sure the noble hunters that follow the game must leap hedges and ditches sometimes, and run at all, or never come into the fall of a quarry.' He wanted discretion to temper his tropical genius, and reduce his poetical conceptions to consistency and order; yet among his wild ardour and martial enthusiasm are very soft and graceful lines. Dryden himself has no finer image than the following:

Speech is morning to the mind;
It spreads the beauteous images abroad,
Which else lie furled and clouded in the soul.

Or this declaration of love:

I disdain
All pomp when thou art by: far be the noise
Of kings and courts from us, whose gentle souls
Our kinder stars have steered another way.
Free as the forest-birds we'll pair together,
Fly to the arbours, grots, and flowery meads,
And, in soft murmurs, interchange our souls:
Together drink the crystal of the stream,
Or taste the yellow fruit which autumn yields;
And when the golden evening calls us home,
Wing to our downy nest, and sleep till morn.

The heroic style of Lee—verging upon rodomontade—may be seen in such lines as the following, descriptive of Junius Brutus throwing off his disguise of idiocy after the rape of Lucrece by Tarquin:

As from night's womb the glorious day breaks forth,
And seems to kindle from the setting stars;
So, from the blackness of young Tarquin's crime
And furnace of his lust, the virtuous soul
Of Junius Brutus catches bright occasion.
I see the pillars of his kingdom totter:
The rape of Lucrece is the midnight lantern
That lights my genius down to the foundation.
Leave me to work, my Titus, O my son!
For from this spark a lightning shall arise,
That must ere night purge all the Roman air,
And then the thunder of his ruin follows.

*Self-murder.*

What torments are allotted those sad spirits,
Who, groaning with the burden of despair,
No longer will endure the cares of life,
But boldly set themselves at liberty,
Through the dark caves of death to wander on,
Like wildered travellers, without a guide;
Eternal rovers in the gloomy maze,
Where scarce the twilight of an infant morn,
By a faint glimmer check'ring through the trees,
Reflects to dismal view the walking ghosts,
That never hope to reach the blessed fields.
*Theodosius.*

### JOHN CROWNE.

JOHN CROWNE was a native of Nova Scotia, son of an Independent minister. Coming to England, he was some time gentleman-usher to an old lady, afterwards an author by profession. He died in obscurity about 1703. Crowne was patronised by Rochester, in opposition to Dryden, as a dramatic poet. Between 1661 and 1698, he wrote seventeen pieces, two of which—namely, the tragedy of *Thyestes*, and the comedy of *Sir Courtly Nice*—evince considerable talent. The former is, indeed, founded on a repulsive classical story. Atreus invites his banished brother, Thyestes, to the court of Argos, and there at a banquet sets before him the mangled limbs and blood of his own son, of which the father unconsciously partakes. The return of Thyestes from his retirement, with the fears and misgivings which follow, are vividly described:

*Extract from Thyestes.*

THYESTES. PHILISTHENES. PENEUS.

*Thyestes.* O wondrous pleasure to a banished man,
I feel my loved, long looked-for native soil!
And oh! my weary eyes, that all the day
Had from some mountain travelled toward this place,
Now rest themselves upon the royal towers
Of that great palace where I had my birth.
O sacred towers, sacred in your height,
Mingling with clouds, the villas of the gods,

Whither for sacred pleasures they retire:
Sacred, because you are the work of gods;
Your lofty looks boast your divine descent;
And the proud city which lies at your feet,
And would give place to nothing but to you,
Owns her original is short of yours.
And now a thousand objects more ride fast
On morning beams, and meet my eyes in throngs:
And see, all Argos meets me with loud shouts!
*Philisthenes.* O joyful sound!
*Thy.* But with them Atreus too——
*Phil.* What ails my father that he stops, and shakes,
And now retires?
*Thy.* Return with me, my son,
And old friend Peneus, to the honest beasts,
And faithful desert, and well-seated caves;
Trees shelter man, by whom they often die,
And never seek revenge; no villainy
Lies in the prospect of a humble cave.
*Pen.* Talk you of villainy, of foes, and fraud?
*Thy.* I talk of Atreus.
*Pen.* What are these to him?
*Thy.* Nearer than I am, for they are himself.
*Pen.* Gods drive these impious thoughts out of your mind.
*Thy.* The gods for all our safety put them there.
Return, return with me.
*Pen.* Against our oaths?
I cannot stem the vengeance of the gods.
*Thy.* Here are no gods; they've left this dire abode.
*Pen.* True race of Tantalus! who parent-like
Are doomed in midst of plenty to be starved,
His hell and yours differ alone in this:
When he would catch at joys, they fly from him;
When glories catch at you, you fly from them.
*Thy.* A fit comparison; our joys and his
Are lying shadows, which to trust is hell.

### *Wishes for Obscurity.*

How miserable a thing is a great man!
Take noisy vexing greatness they that please;
Give me obscure and safe and silent ease.
Acquaintance and commérce let me have none
With any powerful thing but Time alone:
My rest let Time be fearful to offend,
And creep by me as by a slumbering friend;
Till, with ease glutted, to my bed I steal,
As men to sleep after a plenteous meal.
Oh, wretched he who, called abroad by power,
To know himself can never find an hour!
Strange to himself, but to all others known,
Lends every one his life, but uses none;
So, ere he tasted life, to death he goes,
And himself loses ere himself he knows.

### *Passions.*

We oft by lightning read in darkest nights;
And by your passions I read all your natures,
Though you at other times can keep them dark.

### *Love in Women.*

These are great maxims, sir, it is confessed;
Too stately for a woman's narrow breast.
Poor love is lost in men's capacious minds;
In ours, it fills up all the room it finds.

### *Inconstancy of the Multitude.*

I'll not such favour to rebellion shew,
To wear a crown the people do bestow;
Who, when their giddy violence is past,
Shall from the king, the adored, revolt at last;
And then the throne they gave they shall invade,
And scorn the idol which themselves have made.

### *Warriors.*

I hate these potent madmen, who keep all
Mankind awake, while they, by their great deeds,
Are drumming hard upon this hollow world,
Only to make a sound to last for ages.

## THOMAS SHADWELL—SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE—WILLIAM WYCHERLEY—MRS APHRA BEHN.

A more popular rival and enemy of Dryden was **THOMAS SHADWELL** (1640—1692), who also wrote seventeen plays, chiefly comedies, in which he affected to follow Ben Jonson. Shadwell, though chiefly known now as the Mac-Flecknoe of Dryden's satire, possessed no inconsiderable comic power. His pictures of society are too coarse for quotation, but they are often true and well drawn. When the Revolution threw Dryden and other excessive royalists into the shade, Shadwell was promoted to the office of poet-laureate.—**SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE** (*circa* 1636—1689) gave a more sprightly air to the comic drama by his ***Man of Mode, or Sir Fopling Flutter***, a play which contains the first runnings of that vein of lively humour and witty dialogue which were afterwards displayed by Congreve and Farquhar. Sir George was a gay libertine, and whilst taking leave of a festive party one evening at his house in Ratisbon—where he resided as British plenipotentiary—he fell down the stairs and killed himself.—The greatest of the comic dramatists was **WILLIAM WYCHERLEY**, born in the year 1640, in Shropshire, where his father possessed a handsome property. Though bred to the law, Wycherley did not practise his profession, but lived gaily 'upon town.' Pope says he had 'a true nobleman look,' and he was one of the favourites of the abandoned Duchess of Cleveland. He wrote various comedies—***Love in a Wood*** (1672), the ***Gentleman Dancing-master*** (1673), the ***Country Wife*** (1675), and the ***Plain Dealer*** (1677). His name stood high as a dramatist, and Pope was proud to receive the notice of the author of the *Country Wife*. Their published correspondence is well known, and is interesting from the marked superiority maintained in their intercourse by the boy-poet of sixteen over his Mentor of sixty-four. The pupil grew too great for his master, and the unnatural friendship was dissolved. At the age of seventy-five, Wycherley married a young girl, in order to defeat the expectations of his nephew, and died eleven days afterwards, January 1, 1715. The subjects of most of Wycherley's plays were borrowed from the Spanish or French stage. He wrought up his dialogues and scenes with great care, and with considerable liveliness and wit, but without sufficient attention to character or probability. Destitute himself of moral feeling or propriety of conduct, his characters are equally objectionable, and his once fashionable plays may be said to be 'quietly inurned' in their own corruption and profligacy. Leigh Hunt thinks some of the detached ***Maxims and Reflections*** written by Wycherley in his old age not unworthy of his reputation. One he considers to be a noble observation. 'The silence of a wise man is more wrong to mankind than the slanderer's speech.'—A female Wycherley appeared in **MRS APHRA**

BEHN (1642—1689), celebrated in her day under the name of Astræa :

> The stage how loosely does Astræa tread !
>
> POPE.

The comedies of Mrs Behn are grossly indelicate ; and of the whole seventeen which she wrote—besides various novels and poems—not one is now generally read or remembered. The history of Mrs Behn is remarkable. She was daughter of the governor of Surinam, where she resided some time, and became acquainted with Prince Oroonoko, on whose story she founded a novel, that supplied Southerne with materials for a tragedy on the unhappy fate of the African prince. She was employed as a political spy by Charles II. ; and, while residing at Antwerp, she was enabled, by the aid of her lovers and admirers, to give information to the British government as to the intended Dutch attack on Chatham.

### *Extract from Wycherley's 'Plain Dealer.'*

MANLY and LORD PLAUSIBLE.

*Manly.* Tell not me, my good Lord Plausible, of your decorums, supercilious forms, and slavish ceremonies ! your little tricks, which you, the spaniels of the world, do daily over and over, for and to one another ; not out of love or duty, but your servile fear.

*Plausible.* Nay, i' faith, i' faith, you are too passionate ; and I must beg your pardon and leave to tell you they are the arts and rules the prudent of the world walk by.

*Man.* Let 'em. But I 'll have no leading-strings ; I can walk alone. I hate a harness, and will not tug on in a faction, kissing my leader behind, that another may do the like to me.

*Plaus.* What, will you be singular then ? like nobody ? follow, love, and esteem nobody ?

*Man.* Rather than be general, like you, follow everybody ; court and kiss everybody ; though perhaps at the same time you hate everybody.

*Plaus.* Why, seriously, with your pardon, my dear friend——

*Man.* With your pardon, my no friend, I will not, as you do, whisper my hatred or my scorn, call a man fool or knave by signs or mouths over his shoulder, whilst you have him in your arms. For such as you, like common women and pickpockets, are only dangerous to those you embrace.

*Plaus.* Such as I ! Heavens defend me ! upon my honour——

*Man.* Upon your title, my lord, if you'd have me believe you.

*Plaus.* Well, then, as I am a person of honour, I never attempted to abuse or lessen any person in my life.

*Man.* What, you were afraid ?

*Plaus.* No, but seriously, I hate to do a rude thing ; I speak well of all mankind.

*Man.* I thought so : but know, that speaking well of all mankind is the worst kind of detraction ; for it takes away the reputation of the few good men in the world, by making all alike. Now, I speak ill of most men, because they deserve it ; I that can do a rude thing, rather than an unjust thing.

*Plaus.* Well, tell not me, my dear friend, what people deserve ; I ne'er mind that. I, like an author in a dedication, never speak well of a man for his sake, but my own. I will not disparage any man to disparage myself : for to speak ill of people behind their backs, is not like a person of honour, and truly to speak ill of 'em to their faces, is not like a complaisant person ; but if I did say or do an ill thing to anybody, it should be behind their backs, out of pure good manners.

*Man.* Very well, but I that am an unmannerly sea-fellow, if I ever speak well of people—which is very seldom indeed—it should be sure to be behind their backs ; and if I would say or do ill to any, it should be to their faces. I would jostle a proud, strutting, overlooking coxcomb, at the head of his sycophants, rather than put out my tongue at him when he were past me ; would frown in the arrogant, big, dull face of an overgrown knave of business, rather than vent my spleen against him when his back were turned ; would give fawning slaves the lie whilst they embrace or commend me ; cowards, whilst they brag ; call a rascal by no other title, though his father had left him a duke's ; laugh at fools aloud before their mistresses ; and must desire people to leave me, when their visits grow at last as troublesome as they were at first impertinent.

[*Manly thrusts out Lord Plausible.*

*Freeman.* You use a lord with very little ceremony, it seems.

*Man.* A lord ! what, thou art one of those who esteem men only by the marks and value fortune has set upon 'em, and never consider intrinsic worth ! But counterfeit honour will not be current with me : I weigh the man, not his title ; 'tis not the king's stamp can make the metal better or heavier. Your lord is a leaden shilling, which you bend every way, and debases the stamp he bears, instead of being raised by it.*

### *Song.*

In Mrs Behn's *Abdelazer, or the Moor's Revenge.*

Love in fantastic triumph sat,
  Whilst bleeding hearts around him flowed,
For whom fresh pains he did create,
  And strange tyrannic power he shewed.
From thy bright eyes he took his fires,
  Which round about in sport he hurled :
But 'twas from mine he took desires
  Enough to undo the amorous world.

From me he took his sighs and tears,
  From thee his pride and cruelty ;
From me his languishment and fears,
  And every killing dart from thee :
Thus thou and I the god have armed,
  And set him up a deity ;
But my poor heart alone is harmed,
  While thine the victor is, and free.

## PROSE LITERATURE.

The productions of this period, possessing much of the nervous force and originality of the preceding era, make a nearer approach to that correctness and precision which have since been attained in English composition. We have already adverted to some of the great names by which the period is illustrated ; and we may here note the formation of the Royal Society of London in 1662, for the promotion of mathematical and physical science. There had previously been associations and clubs of a similar character, but they were small and obscure. The incorporation by royal charter of a body of scientific men and students of nature in England was a significant and memorable event. Following so soon after the restoration of Charles, it might seem to verify the couplet of Dryden:

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* Burns has versified part of this sentiment :

> The rank is but the guinea stamp,
> The man 's the gowd for a' that.

> For colleges on bounteous kings depend,
> And never rebel was to arts a friend.

The Civil War naturally directed the minds of philosophical men to the subject of government, in which it seemed desirable that some fixed fundamental principles should be arrived at, as a means of preventing future contests of the like nature. Neither at that time nor since has it been found possible to lay down a theory of government to which all nations would subscribe; but some political works produced at this period narrowed the debatable ground. The *Leviathan* of Hobbes was the most distinguished work on the monarchical side of the question; while Harrington's *Oceana*, published during the Protectorate of Cromwell, and some of the treatises of Milton, are the best works in favour of republican institutions.

## PHILOSOPHICAL AND POLITICAL WRITERS.

### JOHN SELDEN.

One of the most learned writers, and at the same time conspicuous political characters of the time, was JOHN SELDEN, born December 16, 1584, of a respectable family at Sabington, near Tering, in Sussex. After being educated at Chichester and Oxford, he studied law in London, and published in the Latin language, between 1607 and 1610, several historical and antiquarian works relative to his native country. These acquired for him, besides considerable reputation, the esteem and friendship of Camden, Spelman, Sir Robert Cotton, Ben Jonson, Browne, and also of Drayton, to whose *Polyolbion* he furnished notes. By Milton he is spoken of as 'the chief of learned men reputed in this land.' His largest English work, *A Treatise on Titles of Honour*, was published in 1614, and still continues a standard authority respecting the degrees of nobility and gentry in England, and the origin of such distinctions in other countries. In 1617 his fame was greatly extended, both at home and on the continent, by the publication of a Latin work on the idolatry of the Syrians, and more especially on the heathen deities mentioned in the Old Testament. In his next production, *A History of Tithes* (1618), by leaning to the side of those who question the divine right of the church to that tax, he gave great offence to the clergy, at whose instigation the king summoned the author to his presence and reprimanded him. He was, moreover, called before several members of the formidable High Commission Court, who extracted from him a written declaration of regret for what he had done, without, however, any retractation of his opinion. Several replies appeared, but to these he was not allowed to publish a rejoinder. During the subsequent part of his life, Selden evinced but little respect for his clerical contemporaries, whose conduct he deemed arrogant and oppressive. Nor did he long want an opportunity of shewing that civil tyranny was as little to his taste as ecclesiastical; for being consulted by the parliament in 1621, on occasion of the dispute with James concerning their powers and privileges, he spoke so freely on the popular side, and took so prominent a part in drawing up the spirited protestation of parliament, that he suffered a short confinement in consequence of the royal displeasure. As a member of parliament, both in this and in the subsequent reign, Selden continued to defend the liberty of the people, insomuch that on one occasion he was committed to the Tower on a charge of sedition. In 1640, when the Long Parliament met, he was unanimously elected one of the representatives of Oxford University; but though still opposing the abuses and oppressions of which the people complained, he was averse to extreme measures, and desirous to prevent the power of the sword from falling into the hands of either party. Finding his exertions to ward off a civil war unavailing, he seems to have withdrawn himself as much as possible from public life. While in parliament, he constantly employed his influence in behalf of learning and learned men, and performed great service to both universities. In 1643 he was appointed keeper of the records in the Tower. Meanwhile his political occupations were not allowed to divert his mind altogether from literary pursuits. Besides an account, published in 1628, of the celebrated Arundelian marbles, which had been brought from Greece the previous year,[*] he gave to the world various works on legal and ecclesiastical antiquities, particularly those of the Jewish nation; and also an elaborate Latin treatise in support of the right of British dominion over the circumjacent seas. This last work appeared in 1635, and found great favour with all parties. A defence of it against a Dutch writer was the last publication before the death of Selden, which took place November 30, 1654. His friend, Archbishop Usher, preached his funeral sermon, and his valuable library was added by his executors to the Bodleian at Oxford. In 1689, a collection of his sayings, entitled *Table-talk*, was published by his amanuensis, who states that he enjoyed for twenty years the opportunity of hearing his master's discourse, and was in the habit of committing faithfully to writing 'the excellent things that usually fell from him.' It is more by his *Table-talk* than by the works published in his lifetime, that Selden is now generally known as a writer; for though he was a man of great talent and learning, his style was deficient in ease and grace, and the class of subjects he selected was little suited to the popular taste. The following eulogy of him by Clarendon shews how highly Selden was respected even by his opponents: 'He was a person whom no character can flatter, or transmit any expressions equal to his merit and virtue. He was of so stupendous a learning in all kinds and in all languages—as may appear in his excellent writings—that a man would have thought he had been entirely conversant amongst books, and had never spent an hour but in reading and writing; yet his humanity, affability, and courtesy were such, that he would have been thought to have been bred in the best courts, but that his good-nature, charity, and delight in doing good exceeded that breeding. His style in all his writings seems harsh, and sometimes obscure, which is not wholly to be imputed to the abstruse subjects of which he commonly treated, out of the paths trod by other men, but to a little undervaluing the beauty of style, and too much propensity to the language of antiquity; but in his conversation he was the most clear discourser, and had the best faculty of making hard things easy, and presenting them to the understanding, that hath been known.'

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[*] Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel, who was a zealous patron of the fine arts, sent agents into Italy and Greece to collect and transmit to England interesting remains of antiquity. Among other relics so procured were the above-mentioned marbles, brought by Mr (afterwards Sir William) Petty from Smyrna, and on which were found certain Greek inscriptions—including that called the Parian Chronicle, from its being supposed to have been made in the Isle of Paros, about 263 years before Christ. This Chronicle, by furnishing the dates of many events in ancient history, proved of great use in chronological investigations.

Many of the sententious remarks in Selden's *Table-talk* are exceedingly acute; others are humorous; while some embody propositions which, though uttered in familiar conversation, he probably would not have seriously maintained. As might be expected, there are satirical observations on the clergy, and indications of that cautious spirit which distinguished him throughout his career. Marriage, for example, he characterises as 'a desperate thing: the frogs in Æsop were extreme wise; they had a great mind to some water, but they would not leap into the well, because they could not get out again.' The following are extracts from the *Table-talk:*

### *Evil Speaking.*

1. He that speaks ill of another, commonly before he is aware, makes himself such a one as he speaks against; for if he had civility or breeding, he would forbear such kind of language.

2. A gallant man is above ill words. An example we have in the old lord of Salisbury, who was a great wise man. Stone had called some lord about court, fool; the lord complains, and has Stone whipped; Stone cries: 'I might have called my lord of Salisbury fool often enough, before he would have had me whipped.'

3. Speak not ill of a great enemy, but rather give him good words, that he may use you the better if you chance to fall into his hands. The Spaniard did this when he was dying; his confessor told him, to work him to repentance, how the devil tormented the wicked that went to hell; the Spaniard replying, called the devil, my lord: 'I hope my lord the devil is not so cruel.' His confessor reproved him. 'Excuse me,' said the Don, 'for calling him so; I know not into what hands I may fall; and if I happen into his, I hope he will use me the better for giving him good words.'

### *Humility.*

1. Humility is a virtue all preach, none practise, and yet everybody is content to hear. The master thinks it good doctrine for his servant, the laity for the clergy, and the clergy for the laity.

2. There is *humilitas quædam in vitio* [a faulty excess of humility]. If a man does not take notice of that excellency and perfection that is in himself, how can he be thankful to God, who is the author of all excellency and perfection? Nay, if a man hath too mean an opinion of himself, it will render him unserviceable both to God and man.

3. Pride may be allowed to this or that degree, else a man cannot keep up his dignity. In gluttons there must be eating, in drunkenness there must be drinking; it is not the eating, nor it is not the drinking, that is to be blamed, but the excess. So in pride.

### *King.*

A king is a thing men have made for their own sakes, for quietness' sake; just as in a family one man is appointed to buy the meat: if every man should buy, or if there were many buyers, they would never agree; one would buy what the other liked not, or what the other had bought before, so there would be a confusion. But that charge being committed to one, he, according to his discretion, pleases all. If they have not what they would have one day, they shall have it the next, or something as good.

### *Heresy.*

It is a vain thing to talk of an heretic, for a man for his heart can think no otherwise than he does think. In the primitive times, there were many opinions, nothing scarce, but some or other held. One of these opinions being embraced by some prince, and received into his kingdom, the rest were condemned as heresies; and his religion, which was but one of the several opinions, first is said to be orthodox, and so to have continued ever since the apostles.

### *Learning and Wisdom.*

No man is wiser for his learning: it may administer matter to work in, or objects to work upon; but wit and wisdom are born with a man.

### *Oracles.*

Oracles ceased presently after Christ, as soon as nobody believed them: just as we have no fortune-tellers, nor wise men [wizards], when nobody cares for them. Sometimes you have a season for them, when people believe them; and neither of these, I conceive, wrought by the devil.

### *Dreams and Prophecies.*

Dreams and prophecies do thus much good: they make a man go on with boldness and courage upon a danger, or a mistress. If he obtains, he attributes much to them; if he miscarries, he thinks no more of them, or is no more thought of himself.

### *Sermons.*

Nothing is text but what is spoken of in the Bible, and meant there for person and place; the rest is application, which a discreet man may do well; but 'tis *his* scripture, not the Holy Ghost's.

First, in your sermons use your logic, and then your rhetoric: rhetoric without logic is like a tree with leaves and blossoms, but no root.

### *Libels.*

Though some make slight of libels, yet you may see by them how the wind sits: as take a straw and throw it up into the air, you shall see by that which way the wind is, which you shall not do by casting up a stone. More solid things do not shew the complexion of the times so well as ballads and libels.

### *Devils in the Head.*

A person of quality came to my chamber in the Temple, and told me he had two devils in his head—I wondered what he meant—and, just at that time, one of them bid him kill me. With that I began to be afraid, and thought he was mad. He said he knew I could cure him, and therefore entreated me to give him something, for he was resolved he would go to nobody else. I, perceiving what an opinion he had of me, and that it was only melancholy that troubled him, took him in hand, warranted him, if he would follow my directions, to cure him in a short time. I desired him to let me be alone about an hour, and then to come again; which he was very willing to. In the meantime, I got a card, and wrapped it up handsome in a piece of taffeta, and put strings to the taffeta; and when he came, gave it to him to hang about his neck; withal charged him that he should not disorder himself, neither with eating nor drinking, but eat very little of supper, and say his prayers duly when he went to bed; and I made no question but he would be well in three or four days. Within that time I went to dinner to his house, and asked him how he did. He said he was much better, but not perfectly well; for, in truth, he had not dealt clearly with me; he had four devils in his head, and he perceived two of them were gone, with that which I had given him, but the other two troubled him still. 'Well,' said I, 'I am glad two of them are gone; I make no doubt to get away the other two likewise.' So I gave him another thing to hang about his neck. Three days after, he came to me to my chamber, and professed he was now as well as ever he was in his life, and did extremely thank me for the great care I had taken of him. I, fearing lest he might relapse into the like distemper, told him that there was none but myself and one physician more in the whole town that could cure the devils in the head, and that was Dr Harvey, whom I had prepared, and wished him, if ever he found himself ill in my absence, to go to him, for he could cure his disease as well as myself. The gentleman lived many years, and was never troubled after.

We quote the following from the preface to Selden's *History of Tithes:*

### *Free Inquiry.*

For the old sceptics that never would profess that they had found a truth, yet shewed the best way to search for any, when they doubted as well of what those of the dogmatical sects too credulously received for infallible principles, as they did of the newest conclusions: they were indeed, questionless, too nice, and deceived themselves with the nimbleness of their own sophisms, that permitted no kind of established truth. But, plainly, he that avoids their disputing levity, yet, being able, takes to himself their liberty of inquiry, is in the only way that in all kinds of studies leads and lies open even to the sanctuary of truth; while others, that are servile to common opinion and vulgar suppositions, can rarely hope to be admitted nearer than into the base court of her temple, which too speciously often counterfeits her inmost sanctuary.

## MILTON.

MILTON began, at the commencement of the Civil War, to write against Episcopacy, and continued during the whole of the ensuing stormy period to devote his pen to the service of his party, even to the defence of that boldest of their measures, the execution of the king. His stern and inflexible principles, both in regard to religion and to civil government, are displayed in these treatises. The first, *Of Reformation touching Church Discipline in England*, was published in 1641, and the same year appeared a treatise, *Of Prelatical Episcopacy*, being a reply to Bishop Hall's *Humble Remonstrance* in favour of Episcopacy. A defence of Hall's *Remonstrance* having been published, Milton replied with *Animadversions upon the Remonstrant's Defence*, &c. (1641); and in the following year, *An Apology for Smectymnuus*,[*] and *The Reason of Church Government urged against Prelaty*, a more elaborate treatise in two books. In 1644 appeared the noblest of his prose works, his *Areopagitica, a Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing;* and a *Tractate of Education*. The same year produced his *Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce*, and *The Judgment of Martin Bucer concerning Divorce*. Next year he followed up these heretical but ably written works with *Expositions upon the Four Chief Places of Scripture which treat of Marriage*. Another celebrated work of Milton is a reply he published to the *Eikon Basilike*, under the title of *Eikonoclastes*,[*] a production to which reference will be found in the notice of Dr Gauden. Subsequently, he engaged in a controversy with the celebrated scholar Salmasius, or *De Saumaise*, who had published a defence of Charles I.; and the war on both sides was carried on with a degree of virulent abuse and personality which, though common in the age of the disputants, is calculated to strike a modern reader with astonishment. Salmasius triumphantly ascribes the loss of Milton's sight to the fatigues of the controversy; while Milton, on the other hand, is said to have boasted that his severities had tended to shorten the life of Salmasius.

In 1659 appeared *A Treatise of Civil Power in Ecclesiastical Causes*, and *Considerations touching the likeliest means to remove hirelings out of the Church*. In 1660, on the very brink of the Restoration, the eager and fearless poet published *A Ready and Easy Way to establish a Free Commonwealth* (which was in the form of a letter to General Monk), and *Brief Notes upon a late Sermon titled the Fear of God and the King:*

> What I have spoken is the language of that which is called not amiss *the good old cause.* If it seem strange to any, it will not seem more strange, I hope, than convincing to backsliders. Thus much I should perhaps have said, though I were sure I should have spoken only to trees and stones; and had none to cry to, but with the prophet: 'O earth, earth, earth!' to tell the very soil itself what her perverse inhabitants are deaf to. Nay, though what I have spoke should happen—which Thou suffer not who didst create mankind free, nor Thou next who didst redeem us from being servants of men!—to be the last words of our expiring liberty.

The more genial labours of the muse succeeded to these fierce controversial and political struggles, and *Paradise Lost* was composed. In 1670, Milton published his *History of England*, down to the time of the Norman Conquest, in which he has inserted the fables of Geoffrey of Monmouth and other chroniclers, as useful to poets and orators, and possibly 'containing in them many footsteps and relics of something true.' Two other prose works issued from his pen—a *Treatise of True Religion, Heresy, Schism, Toleration, and the Best Means to prevent the Growth of Popery* (1673), and a collection of *Familiar Epistles in Latin* (1674). It had been conjectured, from passages in *Paradise Regained*, and from his treatise on *True Religion*, that Milton's theological opinions underwent a change in his advanced years; and the fact was made apparent by the discovery, in 1823, in the State-paper Office, of an elaborate work in Latin, a *Treatise on Christian Doctrine*, which was translated by Dr Sumner, and published by authority of King George IV. In the beginning of this work, Milton explains his reasons for compiling it. 'I deemed it safest and most advisable,' he says, 'to compile for myself, by my own labour and study, some original treatise, which should be always at hand, derived solely from the Word of God itself.' In this treatise, Milton avows and defends

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[*] This word was composed of the initials of the names of five Puritan ministers: Stephen Marshall, Edward Calamy, Thomas Young, Matthew Newcomen, and William Spenstow. The *w* in the last name was resolved into two *u*s.

[*] *Eikon Basilike*, the Royal Image or Portraiture; *Eikonoclastes*, the Image-breaker.

Arian opinions, and supports not only his peculiar views on the subject of divorce, but the lawfulness of polygamy. It is the duty of believers, he says, to join themselves, if possible, to a church duly constituted; yet such as cannot do this conveniently or with full satisfaction of conscience, are not to be considered as excluded from the blessing bestowed by God on the churches.

Milton's prose style is lofty, clear, vigorous, expressive, and frequently adorned with profuse and glowing imagery. Like many other productions of the age, it is, however, deficient in simplicity and smoothness—qualities the absence of which is in some degree attributable to his fondness for the Latin idiom in the construction of his sentences. 'It is to be regretted,' says Lord Macaulay, 'that the prose writings of Milton should in our time be so little read. As compositions, they deserve the attention of every man who wishes to become acquainted with the full power of the English language. They abound with passages compared with which the finest declamations of Burke sink into insignificance. They are a perfect field of cloth of gold. The style is stiff with gorgeous embroidery. Not even in the earlier books of the *Paradise Lost* has he ever risen higher than in those parts of his controversial works in which his feelings, excited by conflict, find a vent in bursts of devotional and lyric rapture. It is, to borrow his own majestic language, "a sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies."'

The following extracts are taken respectively from *The Reason of Church Government*, *Tractate of Education*, and the *Areopagitica*. The first of them is peculiarly interesting, as an announcement of the poet's intention to attempt some great work.

### *Milton's Literary Musings.*

After I had, from my first years, by the ceaseless diligence and care of my father (whom God recompense!), been exercised to the tongues, and some sciences, as my age would suffer, by sundry masters and teachers, both at home and at the schools, it was found that whether aught was imposed me by them that had the overlooking, or betaken to of my own choice in English, or other tongue, prosing or versing, but chiefly the latter, the style, by certain vital signs it had, was likely to live. But much latelier, in the private academies of Italy, whither I was favoured to resort, perceiving that some trifles which I had in memory, composed at under twenty or thereabout—for the manner is, that every one must give some proof of his wit and reading there—met with acceptance above what was looked for; and other things which I had shifted, in scarcity of books and conveniences, to patch up among them, were received with written encomiums, which the Italian is not forward to bestow on men of this side the Alps, I began thus far to assent both to them and divers of my friends here at home; and not less to an inward prompting, which now grew daily upon me, that by labour and intent study, which I take to be my portion in this life, joined to the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave something so written, to after-times, as they should not willingly let it die. These thoughts at once possessed me, and these other, that if I were certain to write as men buy leases, for three lives and downward, there ought no regard be sooner had than to God's glory, by the honour and instruction of my country. For which cause, and not only for that I knew it would be hard to arrive at the second rank among the Latins, I applied myself to that resolution which Ariosto followed against the persuasions of Bembo, to fix all the industry and art I could unite to the adorning of my native tongue; not to make verbal curiosities the end—that were a toilsome vanity; but to be an interpreter, and relater of the best and sagest things among mine own citizens throughout this island, in the mother dialect. That what the greatest and choicest wits of Athens, Rome, or modern Italy, and those Hebrews of old did for their country, I, in my proportion, with this over and above, of being a Christian, might do for mine; not caring to be once named abroad, though perhaps I could attain to that, but content with these British islands as my world; whose fortune hath hitherto been, that if the Athenians, as some say, made their small deeds great and renowned by their eloquent writers, England hath had her noble achievements made small by the unskilful handling of monks and mechanics.

Time serves not now, and perhaps I might seem too profuse, to give any certain account of what the mind at home, in the spacious circuits of her musing, hath liberty to propose to herself, though of highest hope and hardest attempting. Whether that epic form, whereof the two poems of Homer, and those other two of Virgil and Tasso, are a diffuse, and the book of Job a brief model; or whether the rules of Aristotle herein are strictly to be kept, or nature to be followed, which in them that know art, and use judgment, is no transgression, but an enriching of art. And, lastly, what king or knight before the Conquest might be chosen, in whom to lay the pattern of a Christian hero. And as Tasso gave to a prince of Italy his choice, whether he would command him to write of Godfrey's expedition against the infidels, or Belisarius against the Goths, or Charlemagne against the Lombards; if to the instinct of nature and the emboldening of art aught may be trusted, and that there be nothing adverse in our climate, or the fate of this age, it haply would be no rashness, from an equal diligence and inclination, to present the like offer in our own ancient stories. Or whether those dramatic constitutions, wherein Sophocles and Euripides reign, shall be found more doctrinal and exemplary to a nation. The Scripture also affords us a fine pastoral drama in the Song of Solomon, consisting of two persons, and a double chorus, as Origen rightly judges; and the Apocalypse of St John is the majestic image of a high and stately tragedy, shutting up and intermingling her solemn scenes and acts with a sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies. And this my opinion, the grave authority of Paræus, commenting that book, is sufficient to confirm. Or if occasion shall lead, to imitate those magnific odes and hymns, wherein Pindarus and Callimachus are in most things worthy, some others in their frame judicious, in their matter most, and end faulty. But those frequent songs throughout the law and prophets, beyond all these, not in their divine argument alone, but in the very critical art of composition, may be easily made appear, over all the kinds of lyric poesy, to be incomparable. These abilities, wheresoever they be found, are the inspired gift of God, rarely bestowed, but yet to some—though most abuse—in every nation: and are of power, besides the office of a pulpit, to inbreed and cherish in a great people the seeds of virtue and public civility; to allay the perturbations of the mind, and set the affections in right tune; to celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns the throne and equipage of God's almightiness, and what he suffers to be wrought with high providence in his church; to sing victorious agonies of martyrs and saints, the deeds and triumphs of just and pious nations, doing valiantly through faith against the enemies of Christ; to deplore the general relapses of kingdoms and states from justice and God's true worship. Lastly, whatsoever in religion is holy and sublime, in virtue amiable or grave, whatsoever hath passion or admiration in all the changes of that which is called fortune from without, or the wily subtleties and refluxes of man's thoughts from within; all these things, with a solid and treatable smoothness, to paint out and describe; teaching over the whole book of sanctity and virtue, through all the instances of example, with such delight to those, especially of soft and delicious temper, who will not so much as look upon Truth herself, unless they see her elegantly dressed; that whereas the paths of honesty and good life appear now rugged and difficult, though they be indeed easy and pleasant, they would then appear to all men both easy and pleasant, though they were rugged and difficult indeed. And what a benefit would this be to our youth and gentry, may be soon guessed by what we know of the corruption and bane which they suck in daily from the writings and interludes of libidinous and ignorant poetasters, who having scarce ever heard of that which is the main consistence of a true poem, the choice of such persons as they ought to introduce, and what is moral and decent to each one, do for the most part lay up vicious principles in sweet pills, to be swallowed down, and make the taste of virtuous documents harsh and sour. But because the spirit of man cannot demean itself lively in this body without some repeating intermission of labour and serious things, it were happy for the commonwealth if our magistrates, as in those famous governments of old, would take into their care not only the deciding of our contentious law cases and brawls, but the managing of our public sports and festival pastimes, that they might be, not such as were authorised awhile since, the provocations of drunkenness and lust, but such as may inure and harden our bodies, by martial exercises, to all warlike skill and performances; and may civilise, adorn, and make discreet our minds, by the learned and affable meeting of frequent academies, and the procurement of wise and artful recitations, sweetened with eloquent and graceful enticements to the love and practice of justice, temperance, and fortitude; instructing and bettering the nation at all opportunities, that the call of wisdom and virtue may be heard everywhere, as Solomon saith: 'She crieth without, she uttereth her voice in the streets, in the top of high places, in the chief concourse, and in the openings of the gates.' Whether this may be not only in pulpits, but after another persuasive method, at set and solemn paneguries, in theatres, porches, or what other place or way may win most upon the people, to receive at once both recreation and instruction, let them in authority consult. The thing which I had to say, and those intentions which have lived within me ever since I could conceive myself anything worth to my country, I return to crave excuse, that urgent reason hath plucked from me, by an abortive and fore-dated discovery. And the accomplishment of them lies not but in a power above man's to promise; but that none hath by more studious ways endeavoured, and with more unwearied spirit that none shall, that I dare almost aver of myself, as far as life and free leisure will extend; and that the land had once enfranchised herself from this impertinent yoke of prelacy, under whose inquisitorious and tyrannical duncery no free and splendid wit can flourish. Neither do I think it shame to covenant with any knowing reader, that for some few years yet I may go on trust with him toward the payment of what I am now indebted, as being a work not to be raised from the heat of youth or the vapours of wine; like that which flows at waste from the pen of some vulgar amorist, or the trencher-fury of a rhyming parasite; nor to be obtained by the invocation of Dame Memory and her siren daughters; but by devout prayer to that eternal Spirit, who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases. To this must be added industrious and select reading, steady observation, insight into all seemly arts and affairs; till which in some measure be compassed, at mine own peril and cost, I refuse not to sustain this expectation from as many as are not loath to hazard so much credulity upon the best pledges that I can give them. Although it nothing content me to have disclosed thus much beforehand, but that I trust hereby to make it manifest with what small willingness I endure to interrupt the pursuit of no less hopes than these, and leave a calm and pleasing solitariness, fed with cheerful and confident thoughts, to embark in a troubled sea of noises and hoarse disputes; from beholding the bright countenance of truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies, to come into the dim reflection of hollow antiquities sold by the seeming bulk, and there be fain to club quotations with men whose learning and belief lies in marginal stuffings; who when they have, like good sumpters, laid you down their horse-load of citations and fathers at your door, with a rhapsody of who and who were bishops here or there, you may take off their pack-saddles, their day's work is done, and episcopacy, as they think, stoutly vindicated. Let any gentle apprehension that can distinguish learned pains from unlearned drudgery, imagine what pleasure or profoundness can be in this, or what honour to deal against such adversaries.

### *Education.*

And seeing every nation affords not experience and tradition enough for all kind of learning, therefore we are chiefly taught the languages of those people who have at any time been most industrious after wisdom; so that language is but the instrument conveying to us things useful to be known. And though a linguist should pride himself to have all the tongues that Babel cleft the world into, yet, if he have not studied the solid things in them, as well as the words and lexicons, he were nothing so much to be esteemed a learned man, as any yeoman or tradesman competently wise in his mother dialect only. Hence appear the many mistakes which have made learning generally so unpleasing and so unsuccessful: first, we do amiss to spend seven or eight years merely in scraping together so much miserable Latin and Greek, as might be learned otherwise easily and delightfully in one year.

And that which casts our proficiency therein so much behind, is our time lost partly in too oft idle vacancies given both to schools and universities; partly in a preposterous exaction, forcing the empty wits of children to compose themes, verses, and orations, which are the acts of ripest judgment, and the final work of a head filled by long reading and observing, with elegant maxims and copious invention. These are not matters to be wrung from poor striplings, like blood out of the nose, or the plucking of untimely fruit; besides the ill habit which they get of wretched barbarising against the Latin and Greek idiom, with their untutored Anglicisms, odious to be read, yet not to be avoided without a well-continued and judicious conversing among pure authors digested, which they scarce taste: whereas, if after some preparatory grounds of speech by their certain forms got into memory, they were led to the praxis thereof in some chosen short book lessoned thoroughly to them, they might then forthwith proceed to learn the substance of good things and arts in due order, which would bring the whole language quickly into their power. This I take to be the most rational and most profitable way of learning languages, and whereby we may best hope to give account to God of our youth spent herein.

And for the usual method of teaching arts, I deem it to be an old error of universities, not yet well recovered from the scholastic grossness of barbarous ages, that instead of beginning with arts most easy—and those be such as are most obvious to the sense—they present their young unmatriculated novices at first coming with the most intellective abstractions of logic and metaphysics, so that they having but newly left those grammatic flats and shallows where they stuck unreasonably to learn a few words with lamentable construction, and now on the sudden transported under another climate, to be tossed and turmoiled with their unballasted wits in fathomless and unquiet deeps of controversy, do for the most part grow into hatred and contempt of learning, mocked and deluded all this while with ragged notions and babblements, while they expected worthy and delightful knowledge; till poverty or youthful years call them importunately their several ways, and hasten them, with the sway of friends, either to an ambitious and mercenary, or ignorantly zealous divinity; some allured to the trade of law, grounding their purposes, not on the prudent and heavenly contemplation of justice and equity, which was never taught them, but on the promising and pleasing thoughts of litigious terms, fat contentions, and flowing fees; others betake them to state affairs, with souls so unprincipled in virtue and true generous breeding, that flattery and courtshifts, and tyrannous aphorisms, appear to them the highest points of wisdom; instilling their barren hearts with a conscientious slavery; if, as I rather think, it be not feigned. Others, lastly, of a more delicious and airy spirit, retire themselves, knowing no better, to the enjoyments of ease and luxury, living out their days in feasts and jollity; which, indeed, is the wisest and the safest course of all these, unless they were with more integrity undertaken. And these are the errors, and these are the fruits of misspending our prime youth at schools and universities as we do, either in learning mere words, or such things chiefly as were better unlearned.

I shall detain you now no longer in the demonstration of what we should not do, but straight conduct you to a hillside, where I will point you out the right path of a virtuous and noble education; laborious, indeed, at the first ascent, but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospect and melodious sounds on every side, that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming. I doubt not but ye shall have more ado to drive our dullest and laziest youth, our stocks and stubs, from the infinite desire of such a happy nurture, than we have now to hale and drag our choicest and hopefulest wits to that asinine feast of sowthistles and brambles which is commonly set before them, as all the food and entertainment of their tenderest and most docile age.

I call, therefore, a complete and generous education, that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously, all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war.

### *Liberty of Unlicensed Printing.*

I deny not but that it is of greatest concernment in the church and commonwealth, to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves as well as men; and thereafter to confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors; for books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them, to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve, as in a phial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragons' teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book: who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. 'Tis true no age can restore a life, whereof perhaps there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse. We should be wary, therefore, what persecution we raise against the living labours of public men, how we spill that seasoned life of man, preserved and stored up in books; since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a martyrdom, and if it extend to the whole impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at that ethereal and sift essence, the breath of reason itself, slays an immortality rather than a life. . . .

Good and evil, we know, in the field of this world grow up together almost inseparably; and the knowledge of good is so involved and interwoven with the knowledge of evil, and in so many cunning resemblances hardly to be discerned, that those confused seeds which were imposed on Psyche as an incessant labour to cull out, and sort asunder, were not more intermixed. It was from out the rind of one apple tasted, that the knowledge of good and evil, as two twins cleaving together, leaped forth into the world. And perhaps this is that doom which Adam fell into of knowing good and evil, that is to say, of knowing good by evil. As therefore the state of man now is, what wisdom can there be to choose, what continence to forbear, without the knowledge of evil? He that can apprehend and consider vice, with all her baits and seeming pleasures, and yet abstain, and yet distinguish, and yet prefer that which is truly better, he is the true warfaring Christian. I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat. Assuredly we bring not innocence into the world, we bring impurity much rather: that which purifies us is trial, and trial is by what is contrary. That virtue, therefore, which is but a youngling in the contemplation of evil, and knows not the utmost that vice promises to her followers, and rejects it, is but a blank virtue, not a pure; her whiteness is but an excremental whiteness: which was the reason why our sage and serious poet, Spenser—whom I dare be known to think a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas—describing true temperance under the person of Guion, brings him in with his Palmer through the cave of Mammon and the bower of earthly bliss, that he might see and know, and yet abstain. Since, therefore, the knowledge and survey of vice is in this world so necessary to the constituting of human virtue, and the scanning of error to the confirmation of truth, how can we more safely, and with less danger, scout into the regions of sin and falsity, than by reading all manner of tractates, and hearing all manner of reason? . . .

I lastly proceed, from the no good it can do, to the manifest hurt it causes, in being first the greatest discouragement and affront that can be offered to learning and to learned men. It was a complaint and lamentation of prelates, upon every least breath of a motion to remove pluralities, and distribute more equally church-revenues, that then all learning would be for ever dashed and discouraged. But as for that opinion, I never found cause to think that the tenth part of learning stood or fell with the clergy; nor could I ever but hold it for a sordid and unworthy speech of any churchman who had a competency left him. If, therefore, ye be loath to dishearten utterly and discontent, not the mercenary crew and false pretenders to learning, but the free and ingenuous sort of such as evidently were born to study and love learning for itself, not for lucre, or any other end, but the service of God and of truth, and perhaps that lasting fame and perpetuity of praise which God and good men have consented shall be the reward of those whose published labours advance the good of mankind; then know, that so far to distrust the judgment and the honesty of one who hath but a common repute in learning, and never yet offended, as not to count him fit to print his mind without a tutor and examiner, lest he should drop a schism, or something of corruption, is the greatest displeasure and indignity, to a free and knowing spirit, that can be put upon him. What advantage is it to be a man, over it is to be a boy at school, if we have only scaped the ferulaz to come under the fescue of an Imprimatur?—if serious and elaborate writings, as if they were no more than the theme of a grammar lad under his pedagogue, must not be uttered without the cursory eyes of a temporising and extemporising licenser? He who is not trusted with his own actions, his drift not being known to be evil, and standing to the hazard of law and penalty, has no great argument to think himself reputed in the commonwealth wherein he was born for other than a fool or a foreigner. When a man writes to the world, he summons up all his reason and deliberation to assist him; he searches, meditates, is industrious, and likely consults and confers with his judicious friends; after all which done, he takes himself to be informed in what he writes, as well as any that writ before him; if in this, the most consummate act of his fidelity and ripeness, no years, no industry, no former proof of his abilities can bring him to that state of maturity, as not to be still mistrusted and suspected, unless he carry all his considerate diligence, all his midnight watchings and expense of Palladian oil, to the hasty view of an unleisured licenser, perhaps much his younger, perhaps far his inferior in judgment, perhaps one who never knew the labour of book-writing; and if he be not repulsed, or slighted, must appear in print like a puny with his guardian, and his censor's hand on the back of his title, to be his bail and surety that he is no idiot or seducer; it cannot be but a dishonour and derogation to the author, to the book, to the privilege and dignity of learning. . . .

And lest some should persuade ye, Lords and Commons, that these arguments of learned men's discouragement at this your order are mere flourishes, and not real, I could recount what I have seen and heard in other countries, where this kind of inquisition tyrannises; when I have sat among their learned men—for that honour I had—and been counted happy to be born in such a place of philosophic freedom, as they supposed England was, while themselves did nothing but bemoan the servile condition into which learning amongst them was brought; that this was it which had damped the glory of Italian wits; that nothing had been there written now these many years but flattery and fustian. There it was that I found and visited the famous Galileo, grown old, a prisoner to the Inquisition for thinking in astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought. And though I knew that England then was groaning loudest under the prelatical yoke, nevertheless I took it as a pledge of future happiness that other nations were so persuaded of her liberty. Yet was it beyond my hope that those worthies were then breathing in her air, who should be her leaders to such a deliverance as shall never be forgotten by any revolution of time that this world hath to finish. . . .

Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam; purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about amazed at what she means. . . .

Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do, injuriously, by licensing and prohibiting, to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple; who ever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter? Her confuting is the best and surest suppressing. He who hears what praying there is for light and clear knowledge to be sent down among us, would think of other matters to be constituted beyond the discipline of Geneva, framed and fabricked already to our hands. Yet when the new light which we beg for shines in upon us, there be who envy and oppose, if it come not first in at their casements. What a collusion is this, whenas we are exhorted by the wise man to use diligence, 'to seek for wisdom as for hidden treasures,' early and late, that another order shall enjoin us to know nothing but by statute! When a man hath been labouring the hardest labour in the deep mines of knowledge, hath furnished out his findings in all their equipage, drawn forth his reasons, as it were a battle ranged, scattered and defeated all objections in his way, calls out his adversary into the plain, offers him the advantage of wind and sun, if he please, only that he may try the matter by dint of argument; for his opponents then to skulk, to lay ambushments, to keep a narrow bridge of licensing where the challenger should pass, though it be valour enough in soldiership, is but weakness and cowardice in the wars of Truth. For who knows not that Truth is strong, next to the Almighty? She needs no policies, no stratagems, no licensings, to make her victorious; those are the shifts and the defences that error uses against her power; give her but room, and do not bind her when she sleeps.

This appeal of Milton was unsuccessful, and it was not till 1694 that England was set free from the censors of the press.

### *The Reformation.*

When I recall to mind, at last, after so many dark ages, wherein the huge overshadowing train of error had almost swept all the stars out of the firmament of the church; how the bright and blissful Reformation, by Divine power, strook through the black and settled night of ignorance and antichristian tyranny, methinks a sovereign and reviving joy must needs rush into the bosom of him that reads or hears, and the sweet odour of the returning Gospel imbathe his soul with the fragrancy of heaven. Then was the sacred Bible sought out of the dusty corners, where profane falsehood and neglect had thrown it; the schools opened; divine and human learning raked out of the embers of forgotten tongues; the princes and cities trooping apace to the new-erected banner of salvation; the martyrs, with the unresistible might of weakness, shaking the powers of darkness, and scorning the fiery rage of the old red dragon.—*Of Reformation in England.*

### *Truth.*

Truth, indeed, came once into the world with her Divine Master, and was a perfect shape, most glorious to look on; but when he ascended, and his apostles after him were laid asleep, then straight arose a wicked race of deceivers, who, as that story goes of the Egyptian Typhon with his conspirators, how they dealt with the god Osiris, took the virgin Truth, hewed her lovely form into a thousand pieces, and scattered them to the four winds. From that time ever since, the sad friends of Truth, such as durst appear, imitating the careful search that Isis made for the mangled body of Osiris, went up and down gathering up limb by limb, still as they could find them. We have not yet found them all, Lords and Commons! nor ever shall do, till her Master's second coming; he shall bring together every joint and member, and mould them into an immortal feature of loveliness and perfection.—*Areopagitica.*

### *Expiration of the Roman Power in Britain.*

Thus expired this great empire of the Romans; first in Britain, soon after in Italy itself; having borne chief sway in this island—though never thoroughly subdued, or all at once in subjection—if we reckon from the coming in of Julius to the taking of Rome by Alaric, in which year Honorius wrote those letters of discharge into Britain, the space of four hundred and sixty-two years. And with the empire fell also what before in this western world was chiefly Roman—learning, valour, eloquence, history, civility, and even language itself—all these together, as it were with equal pace, diminishing and decaying. Henceforth we are to steer by another sort of authors, near enough to the times they write, as in their own country, if that would serve, in time not much belated, some of equal age, in expression barbarous; and to say how judicious, I suspend awhile. This we must expect; in civil matters to find them dubious relaters, and still to the best advantage of what they term Mother Church, meaning indeed themselves; in most other matters of religion blind, astonished, and strook with superstition as with a planet; in one word, monks. Yet these guides, where can be had no better, must be followed; in gross it may be true enough; in circumstance each man, as his judgment gives him, may reserve his faith or bestow it.—*History of England.*

### THOMAS HOBBES.

No literary man excited more attention in the middle of the seventeenth century, and none of that age has exercised a more wide and permanent influence on the philosophical opinions of succeeding generations, than THOMAS HOBBES, born at Malmesbury, April 5, 1588. His mother's alarm at the approach of the Spanish Armada is said to have hastened his birth, and was probably the cause of a constitutional timidity which possessed him through life. After studying for five years at Oxford, he travelled, in 1610, through France, Italy, and Germany, in the capacity of tutor to Lord Cavendish, afterwards Earl of Devonshire, with whom, on returning to England, he continued to reside as his secretary. At this time, he became intimate with Lord Bacon, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and Ben Jonson. His pupil dying in 1628, Hobbes again visited Paris; but in 1631 he undertook to superintend the education of the young Earl of Devonshire, with whom he set off, three years later, on a tour through France, Italy, and Savoy. At Pisa, he became intimate with Galileo the astronomer, and elsewhere held communication with other celebrated characters. After his return to England in 1637, he resided in the earl's family, at Chatsworth, in Derbyshire. He now devoted himself to study, in which, however, he was interrupted by the political contentions of the times. Being a zealous royalist, he found it necessary, in 1640, to retire to Paris, where he lived on terms of intimacy with Descartes and other learned men, whom the patronage of Cardinal de Richelieu had at that time drawn together. While at Paris, he engaged in a controversy about the quadrature of the circle; and in 1647, he was appointed mathematical instructor to Charles, Prince of Wales, who then resided in the French capital. Previously to this time, he had commenced the publication of those works which he sent forth in succession, with the view of curbing the spirit of freedom in England, by shewing the philosophical foundation of despotic monarchy. The first of them was originally printed in Latin at Paris, in 1642, under the title of *Elementa Philosophica de Cive;* when translated into English, in 1650, it was entitled *Philosophical Rudiments concerning Government and Society.* This treatise is regarded as the most exact account of the author's political system: it contains many profound views, but is disfigured by fundamental and dangerous errors. The principles maintained in it were more fully discussed in his larger work, published in 1651, under the title of *Leviathan: or the Matter, Form, and Power of a Commonwealth, Ecclesiastical and Civil.* Man is here represented as a selfish and ferocious animal, requiring the strong hand of despotism to keep him in check; and all notions of right and wrong are made to depend upon views of self-interest alone. Of this latter doctrine, commonly known as the Selfish System of moral philosophy, Hobbes was indeed the great champion, both in the *Leviathan* and more particularly in his small *Treatise on Human Nature,* published in 1650. There appeared in the same year another work from his pen, entitled *De Corpore Politico;* or, *Of the Body Politic.* The freedom with which theological subjects were handled in the *Leviathan,* as well as the offensive political views there maintained, occasioned a great outcry against the author, particularly among the clergy. This led Charles to dissolve his connection with the philosopher, who, according to Lord Clarendon, 'was compelled secretly to fly out of Paris, the justice having endeavoured to apprehend him, and soon after escaped into England, where he never received any disturbance.' He again took up his abode with the Devonshire family, and became intimate with Selden, Cowley, and Dr Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood. In 1654 he published a short but admirably clear and comprehensive *Letter upon Liberty and Necessity;* where the doctrine of the self-determining power of the will is opposed with a subtlety and profundity unsurpassed in any subsequent writer on that much agitated question. Indeed, he appears to have been the first who understood and expounded clearly the doctrine of philosophical necessity. On this subject, a long controversy between him and Bishop Bramhall of Londonderry took place. Here he fought with the skill of a master; but in a mathematical dispute with Dr Wallis, professor of geometry at Oxford, which lasted twenty years, he fairly went beyond his depth, and obtained no increase of reputation. The fact is, that Hobbes had not begun to study mathematics till the age of forty, and, like other late learners, greatly overestimated his knowledge. He supposed himself to have discovered the quadrature of the circle, and dogmatically upheld his claim in the face of the clearest refutation. In this controversy, personal feeling, according to the custom of the time, appeared without disguise. Hobbes having published a sarcastic piece, entitled *Six Lessons to the Professors of Mathematics in Oxford,* Wallis retorted by administering, in 1656, *Due Correction for Mr Hobbes, or School-discipline for not Saying his Lessons Right.* Here his language to the philosopher is in the following unceremonious strain: 'It seems, Mr Hobbes, that you have a mind to *say your lesson,* and that the mathematic professors of Oxford should *hear* you. You are too old to learn, though you have as much need as those that be younger, and yet will think much to be whipt. What moved you to say your lessons in English, when the books against which you do chiefly intend them were written in Latin? Was it chiefly for the perfecting your natural rhetoric, whenever you thought it convenient to repair to Billingsgate? You found that the oyster-women could not teach you to rail in Latin,' &c. 'Sir, those persons needed not a sight of *your ears,* but could tell by the *voice* what kind of creature brayed in your books: you dared not have said this to their faces.' When Charles II. came to the throne, he conferred on Hobbes an annual pension of £100; but notwithstanding this and other marks of the royal favour, much odium continued to prevail against him and his doctrines. The *Leviathan* and *De Cive* were censured in parliament in 1666, and also drew forth many printed replies. Among the authors of these, the most distinguished was Lord Clarendon, who, in 1676, published *A Brief View and Survey of the Dangerous and Pernicious Errors to Church and State, in Mr Hobbes's Book, entitled Leviathan.* In 1672, in his eighty-fifth year, Hobbes wrote his own life in Latin verse! He next appeared as a translator of Homer, having published a version of four books of the *Odyssey*, which was so well received, that, in 1675, he sent forth a translation of the remainder of that poem, and also of the whole *Iliad.* Here, according to Pope, 'Hobbes has given us a correct explanation of the sense in general; but for particulars and circumstances, he continually lops them, and often omits the most beautiful.' Nevertheless, the work became so popular, that three large editions were required within less than ten years. Hobbes was more successful as a translator in prose than in poetry; his version of the Greek historian Thucydides—which had appeared in 1629, and was the first work that he published—being still regarded as the best English translation of that author. Its faithfulness to the original is so great, that it frequently degenerates into servility. This work, he says, was undertaken by him 'from an honest desire of preventing, if possible, those disturbances in which he was apprehensive that his country would be involved, by shewing, in the history of the Peloponnesian war, the fatal consequences of intestine troubles.' At Chatsworth, to which he retired in 1674, to spend the remainder of his days, Hobbes continued to compose various works, the principal of which, entitled *Behemoth, or a History of the Civil Wars from* 1640 *to* 1660, was finished in 1679, but did not appear till after his death, which took place December 4, 1679, in his ninety-second year.

Hobbes is described by Lord Clarendon as one for whom he 'had always had a great esteem, as a man who, besides his eminent parts of learning and knowledge, hath been always looked upon as a man of probity and a life free from scandal.' It was a saying of Charles II. in reference to the opposition which the doctrines of Hobbes met from the clergy, that 'he was a bear, against whom the church played their young dogs, in order to exercise them.' In his latter years, he became morose and impatient of contradiction, both by reason of his growing infirmities, and from indulging too much in solitude, by which his natural arrogance and contempt for the opinions of other men were greatly increased. He at no time read extensively: Homer, Virgil, Thucydides, and Euclid were his favourite authors; and he used to say that, 'if he had read as much as other men, he should have been as ignorant as they.' Macaulay characterises the language of Hobbes as 'more precise and luminous than has ever been employed by any other metaphysical writer.' Among his greatest philosophical errors are those of making no distinction between the intellectual and emotive faculties of man—of representing all human actions as the results of intellectual deliberation alone—and of in every case deriving just and benevolent actions from a cool survey of the advantages to self which may be expected to flow from them. In short, he has given neither the moral nor the social sentiments a place in his scheme of human nature. The opponents of this selfish system have been numberless; nor is the controversy terminated even at the present day. The most eminent of those who have ranged themselves against Hobbes are Cumberland, Cudworth, Shaftesbury, Clarke, Butler, Hutcheson, Kames, Smith, Stewart, and Brown. Though he has been stigmatised as an atheist, the charge is groundless, as may be inferred from what he says in his *Treatise on Human Nature.*

### *Conceptions of the Deity.*

Forasmuch as God Almighty is incomprehensible, it followeth that we can have no conception or image of the Deity; and, consequently, all his attributes signify our inability and defect of power to conceive anything concerning his nature, and not any conception of the same, except only this, That there is a God. For the effects, we acknowledge naturally, do include a power of their producing, before they were produced; and that power presupposeth something existent that hath such power: and the thing so existing with power to produce, if it were not eternal, must needs have been produced by somewhat before it, and that, again, by something else before that, till we come to an eternal—that is to say, the first—Power of all Powers, and first Cause of all Causes: and thus is it which all men conceive by the name of GOD, implying eternity, incomprehensibility, and omnipotency. And this all that will consider may know that God is, though not *what* he is: even a man that is born blind, though it be not possible for him to have any imagination what kind of thing fire is, yet he cannot but know that something there is that men call fire, because it warmeth him.

### *Pity and Indignation.*

Pity is imagination or fiction of future calamity to ourselves, proceeding from the sense of another man's calamity. But when it lighteth on such as we think have not deserved the same, the compassion is greater, because then there appeareth more probability that the same may happen to us; for the evil that happeneth to an innocent man may happen to every man. But when we see a man suffer for great crimes, which we cannot easily think will fall upon ourselves, the pity is the less. And therefore men are apt to pity those whom they love; for whom they love they think worthy of good, and therefore not worthy of calamity. Thence it is also that men pity the vices of some persons at the first sight only, out of love to their aspect. The contrary of pity is hardness of heart, proceeding either from slowness of imagination, or some extreme great opinion of their own exemption from the like calamity, or from hatred of all or most men.

Indignation is that grief which consisteth in the conception of good success happening to them whom they think unworthy thereof. Seeing, therefore, men think all those unworthy whom they hate, they think them not only unworthy of the good-fortune they have, but also of their own virtues. And of all the passions of the mind, these two, indignation and pity, are most raised and increased by eloquence; for the aggravation of the calamity, and extenuation of the fault, augmenteth pity; and the extenuation of the worth of the person, together with the magnifying of his success, which are the parts of an orator, are able to turn these two passions into fury.

### *Emulation and Envy.*

Emulation is grief arising from seeing one's self exceeded or excelled by his concurrent, together with hope to equal or exceed him in time to come, by his own ability. But envy is the same grief joined with pleasure conceived in the imagination of some ill-fortune that may befall him.

### *Laughter.*

There is a passion that hath no name; but the sign of it is that distortion of the countenance which we call laughter, which is always joy: but what joy, what we think, and wherein we triumph when we laugh, is not hitherto declared by any. That it consisteth in wit, or, as they call it, in the jest, experience confuteth; for men laugh at mischances and indecencies, wherein there lieth no wit nor jest at all. And forasmuch as the same thing is no more ridiculous when it groweth stale or usual, whatsoever it be that moveth laughter, it must be new and unexpected. Men laugh often—especially such as are greedy of applause from everything they do well—at their own actions performed never so little beyond their own expectations; as also at their own jests: and in this case it is manifest that the passion of laughter proceedeth from a sudden conception of some ability in himself that laugheth. Also, men laugh at the infirmities of others, by comparison wherewith their own abilities are set off and illustrated. Also men laugh at jests, the wit whereof always consisteth in the elegant discovering and conveying to our minds some absurdity of another; and in this case also the passion of laughter proceeded from the sudden imagination of our own odds and eminency; for what is else the recommending of ourselves to our own good opinion, by comparison with another man's infirmity or absurdity? For when a jest is broken upon ourselves, or friends, of whose dishonour we participate, we never laugh thereat. I may therefore conclude, that the passion of laughter is nothing else but sudden glory arising from a sudden conception of some eminency in ourselves, by comparison with the infirmity of others, or with our own formerly; for men laugh at the follies of themselves past, when they come suddenly to remembrance, except they bring with them any present dishonour. It is no wonder, therefore, that men take heinously to be laughed at or derided—that is, triumphed over. Laughing without offence, must be at absurdities and infirmities abstracted from persons, and when all the company may laugh together; for laughing to one's self putteth all the rest into jealousy and examination of themselves. Besides, it is vain-glory, and an argument of little worth, to think the infirmity of another sufficient matter for his triumph.

### *Love of Knowledge.*

Forasmuch as all knowledge beginneth from experience, therefore also new experience is the beginning of new knowledge, and the increase of experience the beginning of the increase of knowledge. Whatsoever, therefore, happeneth new to a man, giveth the matter of hope of knowing somewhat that he knew not before. And this hope and expectation of future knowledge from anything that happeneth new and strange, is that passion which we commonly call admiration; and the same considered as appetite, is called curiosity, which is appetite of knowledge. As in the discerning of faculties, man leaveth all community with beasts at the faculty of imposing names, so also doth he surmount their nature at this passion of curiosity. For when a beast seeth anything new and strange to him, he considereth it so far only as to discern whether it be likely to serve his turn or hurt him, and accordingly approacheth nearer to it, or fleeth from it: whereas man, who in most events remembereth in what manner they were caused and begun, looketh for the cause and beginning of everything that ariseth new unto him. And from this passion of admiration and curiosity, have arisen not only the invention of names, but also supposition of such causes of all things as they thought might produce them. And from this beginning is derived all philosophy, as astronomy from the admiration of the course of heaven; natural philosophy from the strange effects of the elements and other bodies. And from the degrees of curiosity proceed also the degrees of knowledge amongst men; for, to a man in the chase of riches or authority—which in respect of knowledge are but sensuality—it is a diversity of little pleasure, whether it be the motion of the sun or the earth that maketh the day; or to enter into other contemplations of any strange accident otherwise than whether it conduce or not to the end he pursueth. Because curiosity is delight, therefore also novelty is so; but especially that novelty from which a man conceiveth an opinion, true or false, of bettering his own estate; for, in such case, they stand affected with the hope that all gamesters have while the cards are shuffling.

### *The Necessity of the Will.*

The question is not, whether a man be a free agent, that is to say, whether he can write or forbear, speak or be silent, according to his will; but whether the will to write, and the will to forbear, come upon him according to his will, or according to anything else in his own power. I acknowledge this liberty, that I can *do* if I *will;* but to say, I can *will* if I *will,* I take to be an absurd speech.

[In answer to Bishop Bramhall's assertion, that the doctrine of free-will 'is the belief of all mankind, which we have not learned from our tutors, but is imprinted in our hearts by nature']—It is true, very few have learned from tutors, that a man is not free to will; nor do they find it much in books. That they find in books, that which the poets chant in the theatres, and the shepherds on the mountains, that which the pastors teach in the churches, and the doctors in the universities, and that which the common people in the markets and all mankind in the whole world do assent unto, is the same that I assent unto—namely, that a man hath freedom to do if he will; but whether he hath freedom to will, is a question which it seems neither the bishop nor they ever thought on. A wooden top that is lashed by the boys, and runs about, sometimes to one wall, sometimes to another, sometimes spinning, sometimes hitting men on the shins, if it were sensible of its own motion, would think it proceeded from its own will, unless it felt what lashed it. And is a man any wiser when he runs to one place for a benefice, to another for a bargain, and troubles the world with writing errors and requiring answers, because he thinks he does it without other cause than his own will, and seeth not what are the lashings that cause that will?

### *On Precision in Language.*

Seeing that truth consisteth in the right ordering of names in our affirmations, a man that seeketh precise truth had need to remember what every name he useth stands for, and to place it accordingly, or else he will find himself entangled in words as a bird in lime-twigs—the more he struggles, the more belimed. And therefore in geometry, which is the only science that it hath pleased God hitherto to bestow on mankind, men begin at settling the significations of their words; which settling of significations they call definitions, and place them in the beginning of their reckoning.

By this it appears how necessary it is for any man that aspires to true knowledge to examine the definitions of former authors; and either to correct them where they are negligently set down, or to make them himself. For the errors of definitions multiply themselves according as the reckoning proceeds, and lead men into absurdities, which at last they see, but cannot avoid without reckoning anew from the beginning, in which lies the foundation of their errors. From whence it happens that they which trust to books do as they that cast up many little sums into a greater, without considering whether those little sums were rightly cast up or not; and at last, finding the error visible, and not mistrusting their first grounds, know not which way to clear themselves, but spend time in fluttering over their books, as birds that, entering by the chimney, flutter at the false light of a glass window, for want of wit to consider which way they came in. So that in the right definition of names lies the first use of speech, which is the acquisition of science, and in wrong or no definitions lies the first abuse; from which proceed all false and senseless tenets, which make those men that take their instruction from the authority of books, and not from their own meditation, to be as much below the condition of ignorant men as men endued with true science are above it. For between true science and erroneous doctrines, ignorance is in the middle. Natural sense and imagination are not subject to absurdity. Nature itself cannot err; and as men abound in copiousness of language, so they become more wise or more mad than ordinary. Nor is it possible without letters for any man to become either excellently wise, or, unless his memory be hurt by disease or ill constitution of organs, excellently foolish. For words are wise men's counters—they do but reckon by them—but they are the money of fools, that value them by the authority of an Aristotle, a Cicero, or a Thomas, or any other doctor whatsoever, if but a man.

### JAMES HARRINGTON.

JAMES HARRINGTON (1611-1677) was a native of Northamptonshire. He studied at Oxford, and for some time was a pupil of the celebrated Chillingworth. Afterwards, he went abroad for several years. While resident at the Hague, and subsequently at Venice, he imbibed many of those republican views which afterwards characterised his writings. Visiting Rome, he attracted some attention by refusing on a public occasion to kiss the pope's toe; conduct which he afterwards adroitly defended to the king of England, by saying, that, 'having had the honour of kissing his majesty's hand, he thought it beneath him to kiss the toe of any other monarch.' During the Civil War, he was appointed by the parliamentary commissioners to be one of the personal attendants of King Charles, who, in 1647, nominated him one of the grooms of his bed-chamber. Except upon politics, the king was fond of Harrington's conversation; and the impression made on the latter by the royal condescension and familiarity was such, as to render him very desirous that a reconciliation between his majesty and the parliament might be effected, and to excite in him the most violent grief when the king was brought to the scaffold. He has, nevertheless, in his writings, placed Charles in an unfavourable light, and spoken of his execution as the consequence of a Divine judgment. During the sway of Cromwell, Harrington occupied himself in composing the *Oceana*, which was published in 1656, and led to several controversies. This work is a political romance, illustrating the author's idea of a republic constituted so as to secure that general freedom of which he was so ardent an admirer. All power, he maintains, depends upon property—chiefly upon land. An agrarian law should fix the balance of lands; and the government should be 'established upon an equal agrarian basis, rising into the superstructure, or three orders, the senate debating and proposing, the people resolving, and the magistracy executing by an equal rotation through the suffrage of the people given by ballot.' After the publication of the *Oceana*, Harrington continued to exert himself in diffusing his republican opinions, by founding a debating club, called the Rota, and holding conversations with visitors at his own house. This brought him under the suspicion of government soon after the Restoration, and, on pretence of treasonable practices, he was put into confinement, which lasted until an attack of mental derangement made it desirable that he should be given in charge to his friends.

### SIR ROBERT FILMER.

A number of political treatises in favour of extreme or unlimited monarchical power were published at this time by SIR ROBERT FILMER (who died in 1688). The first of these seems to have appeared in 1646, and the latest (also the most celebrated) in 1680. The latter was entitled *Patriarcha*, and was written to prove that all government was derived from paternal authority, that the law of primogeniture was divine and immutable, and a hereditary monarchy the only form of government consonant with the will of God. This slavish doctrine was adopted by the university of Oxford in 1683! Filmer's work is a poor production, but his theory was answered by Algernon Sidney and Locke.

### ALGERNON SIDNEY.

ALGERNON SIDNEY (or Sydney)—*circa* 1621-1683—son of Robert, Earl of Leicester, is another memorable republican writer of this age. During his father's lieutenancy in Ireland, he served in the army against the rebels in that kingdom. In 1643, during the Civil War between the king and parliament, Sidney was permitted to return to England, where he immediately joined the parliamentary forces, and, as colonel of a regiment of horse, was present at several engagements. He was likewise successively governor of Chichester, Dublin, and Dover. In 1648, he was named a member of the court for trying the king, which, however, he did not attend, though apparently not from any disapproval of the intentions of those who composed it. The usurpation of Cromwell gave offence to Sidney, who declined to accept office either under the Protector or his son Richard; but when the Long Parliament recovered power, he readily consented to act as one of the Council of State. At the time of the Restoration, he was engaged in a continental embassy; and apprehensive of the vengeance of the royalists, he remained abroad for seventeen years, at the end of which his father, who was anxious to see him before leaving the world, procured his pardon from the king. After Sidney's return to England in 1677, he opposed the measures of the court, which has subjected him to the censure of Hume and others, who hold that such conduct, after the royal pardon, was ungrateful. Probably Sidney himself regarded the pardon as rather a cessation of injustice than as an obligation to implicit submission for the future. A more serious charge against the memory of this patriot was first presented in Dalrymple's *Memoirs of Great Britain*, published nearly a century after his death. The English patriots, with Lord William Russell at their head, intrigued with Barillon, the French ambassador, to prevent war between France and England, their purpose being to preclude Charles II. from having the command of the large funds which on such an occasion must have been intrusted to him, and which he might have used against the liberties of the nation; while Louis was not less anxious to prevent the English from joining the list of his enemies. The association was a strange one; but it never would have been held as a moral stain upon the patriots, if Sir John Dalrymple had not discovered amongst Barillon's papers one containing a list of persons receiving bribes from the French monarch, amongst whom appears the name of Sidney, together with those of several other leading Whig members of parliament. Lord Russell was not of the number, but the probabilities are that Sidney stooped to receive the money. He had made proposals to France in 1666 for an insurrection—which he thought might facilitate his cherished scheme of a republic—and the sum he then asked was 100,000 crowns, which the French monarch thought too much for an experiment. It is evident, as Lord Macaulay has argued, how little national feeling was then in England, when Charles II. was willing to become the deputy of France, and a man like Algernon Sidney would have been content to see England reduced to the condition of a French province, in the wild hope that a foreign despot would assist him to establish his darling republic. It appears from the correspondence of his sister, Dorothy, Countess of Sunderland, that Algernon was violent and turbulent of temper and disposition. He took a conspicuous part in the proceedings by which the Whigs endeavoured to exclude the Duke of York from the throne; and when that attempt failed, he joined in the conspiracy for an insurrection to accomplish the same object. This, as is well known, was exposed in consequence of the detection of an inferior plot for the assassination of the king, in which the patriots Russell, Sidney, and others were dexterously inculpated by the court. Sidney was tried for high treason before the infamous Chief-justice Jeffries. Although the only witness against him was an abandoned character, Lord Howard, and nothing could be produced that even ostensibly strengthened the evidence, except some manuscripts in which the lawfulness of resisting tyrants was maintained, and a preference given to a free over an arbitrary government, the jury were servile enough to obey the directions of the judge, and pronounce him guilty. Sidney was beheaded on the 7th of December 1683, glorying in his martyrdom for that 'old cause' in which he had been engaged from his youth.

Except some of his letters, the only published work of Algernon Sidney is *Discourses on Government*, which first appeared in 1698. The Discourses were written in reply to the *Patriarcha* of Sir Robert Filmer, referred to above—a weak vindication of the doctrine that the first kings were fathers of families; that it was unnatural for the people to govern or to choose governors; and that positive laws do not infringe the natural and fatherly power of kings. This 'royal charter, granted to kings by God,' Sidney set himself to overturn, contending justly that Filmer had not used one argument that was not false, nor cited one author whom he did not pervert and abuse. Locke afterwards attacked the work of Filmer with greater weight of reasoning; but Sidney's Discourses, though somewhat diffuse in style, reflect honour on the literary talents, no less than on the patriotism of their noble author. They fill a folio volume of 462 pages.

### *Liberty and Government.*

Such as enter into society must, in some degree, diminish their liberty. Reason leads them to this. No one man or family is able to provide that which is requisite for their convenience or security, whilst every one has an equal right to everything, and none acknowledges a superior to determine the controversies that upon such occasions must continually arise, and will probably be so many and great, that mankind cannot bear them. Therefore, though I do not believe that Bellarmine said a commonwealth could not exercise its power; for he could not be ignorant that Rome and Athens did exercise theirs, and that all the regular kingdoms in the world are commonwealths; yet there is nothing of absurdity in saying, that man cannot continue in the perpetual and entire fruition of the liberty that God hath given him. The liberty of one is thwarted by that of another; and whilst they are all equal, none will yield to any, otherwise than by a general consent. This is the ground of all just governments; for violence or fraud can create no right; and the same consent gives the form to them all, how much soever they differ from each other. Some small numbers of men, living within the precincts of one city, have, as it were, cast into a common stock the right which they had of governing themselves and children, and, by common consent joining in one body, exercised such power over every single person as seemed beneficial to the whole; and this men call perfect democracy. Others choose rather to be governed by a select number of such as most excelled in wisdom and virtue; and this, according to the signification of the word, was called aristocracy; or when one man excelled all others, the government was put into his hands, under the name of monarchy. But the wisest, best, and far the greatest part of mankind, rejecting these simple species, did form governments mixed or composed of the three, as shall be proved hereafter, which commonly received their respective denomination from the part that prevailed, and did deserve praise or blame as they were well or ill proportioned.

It were a folly hereupon to say, that the liberty for which we contend is of no use to us, since we cannot endure the solitude, barbarity, weakness, want, misery, and dangers that accompany it whilst we live alone, nor can enter into a society without resigning it; for the choice of that society, and the liberty of framing it according to our own wills, for our own good, is all we seek. This remains to us whilst we form governments, that we ourselves are judges how far it is good for us to recede from our natural liberty; which is of so great importance, that from thence only we can know whether we are freemen or slaves; and the difference between the best government and the worst doth wholly depend on a right or wrong exercise of that power. If men are naturally free, such as have wisdom and understanding will always frame good governments; but if they are born under the necessity of a perpetual slavery, no wisdom can be of use to them; but all must for ever depend on the will of their lords, how cruel, mad, proud, or wicked soever they be. . . .

The Grecians, amongst others who followed the light of reason, knew no other original title to the government of a nation, than that wisdom, valour, and justice which was beneficial to the people. These qualities gave beginning to those governments which we call *Heroum Regna* [the Governments of the Heroes]; and the veneration paid to such as enjoyed them, proceeded from a grateful sense of the good received from them; they were thought to be descended from the gods, who in virtue and beneficence surpassed other men: the same attended their descendants, till they came to abuse their power, and by their vices shewed themselves like to, or worse than others, who could best perform their duty.

Upon the same grounds we may conclude that no privilege is peculiarly annexed to any form of government; but that all magistrates are equally the ministers of God, who perform the work for which they are instituted; and that the people which institutes them may proportion, regulate, and terminate their power as to time, measure, and number of persons, as seems most convenient to themselves, which can be no other than their own good. For it cannot be imagined that a multitude of people should send for Numa, or any other person to whom they owed nothing, to reign over them, that he might live in glory and pleasure; or for any other reason, than that it might be good for them and their posterity. This shews the work of all magistrates to be always and everywhere the same, even the doing of justice, and procuring the welfare of those that create them. This we learn from common sense: Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, and the best human authors, lay it as an immovable foundation, upon which they build their arguments relating to matters of that nature.

## DR JOHN WILKINS.

DR JOHN WILKINS, bishop of Chester (1614–1672), was a native of Oxford, son of a goldsmith in that city. Having sided with the popular party during the Civil War, he received, when it proved victorious, the headship of Wadham College, Oxford. While in that situation, he was one of a small knot of university men who used to meet for the cultivation of experimental philosophy as a diversion from the painful thoughts excited by public calamities, and who, after the Restoration, were incorporated by Charles II. under the title of the Royal Society. Having married a sister of Oliver Cromwell in 1656, Dr Wilkins was enabled, by a dispensation from the Protector, to retain his office in Wadham College, notwithstanding a rule which made celibacy imperative on those who held it; but three years afterwards, he removed to Cambridge, the headship of Trinity College having been presented to him during the brief government of Richard Cromwell. At the Restoration, he was ejected from this office; but his politics being neither violent nor unaccommodating, the path of advancement did not long remain closed. Having gained the favour of the Duke of Buckingham, he was advanced, in 1668, to the see of Chester. Bishop Burnet says of Wilkins: 'He was a man of as great mind, as true a judgment, as eminent virtues, and of as good a soul, as any I ever knew. Though he married Cromwell's sister, yet he made no other use of that alliance but to do good offices, and to cover the university of Oxford from the sourness of Owen and Goodwin. At Cambridge, he joined with those who studied to propagate better thoughts, to take men off from being in parties, or from narrow notions, from superstitious conceits and fierceness about opinions. He was also a great observer and promoter of experimental philosophy, which was then a new thing, and much looked after. He was naturally ambitious; but was the wisest clergyman I ever knew. He was a lover of mankind, and had a delight in doing good.' Bishop Wilkins, like his friend and son-in-law Tillotson, and the other moderate churchmen of the day, was an object of violent censure to the high-church party; but fortunately he possessed, as Burnet further informs us, 'a courage which could stand against a current, and against all the reproaches with which ill-natured clergymen studied to load him.' He wrote some theological and mathematical works; and in early life (1638), published *The Discovery of a New World; or a Discourse tending to prove that it is probable there may be another Habitable World in the Moon: with a Discourse concerning the Possibility of a Passage thither.* In this ingenious but fanciful treatise, he supports the proposition, 'that it is possible for some of our posterity to find out a conveyance to this other world, and, if there be inhabitants there, to have commerce with them.' He admits, that to be sure this feat has in the present state of human knowledge an air of utter impossibility; yet from this, it is argued, no hostile inference ought to be drawn, seeing that many things formerly supposed impossible have actually been accomplished. 'If we do but consider,' says he, 'by what steps and leisure all arts do usually rise to their growth, we shall have no cause to doubt why this also may not hereafter be found out amongst other secrets. It hath constantly yet been the method of Providence not presently to shew us all, but to lead us on by degrees from the knowledge of one thing to another. It was a great while ere the planets were distinguished from the fixed stars; and some time after that ere the morning and evening stars were found to be the same. And in greater space, I doubt not but this also, and other as excellent mysteries, will be discovered.' Though it is evident that the possibility of any event whatsoever might be argued on the same grounds, they seem to have been quite satisfactory to Wilkins, who goes on to discuss the difficulties in the way of accomplishing the aërial journey. After disposing, by means of a tissue of absurd hypotheses, of the obstacles presented by 'the natural heaviness of a man's body,' and 'the extreme coldness and thinness of the ethereal air'—and having made it appear that even a swift journey to the moon would probably occupy a period of six months—he naturally stumbles on the question, 'And how were it possible for any to tarry so long without diet or sleep?'

1. For diet. I suppose there could be no trusting to that fancy of Philo the Jew (mentioned before), who thinks that the music of the spheres should supply the strength of food.

Nor can we well conceive how a man should be able to carry so much luggage with him as might serve for his viaticum in so tedious a journey.

2. But if he could, yet he must have some time to rest and sleep in. And I believe he shall scarce find any lodgings by the way. No inns to entertain passengers, nor any castles in the air—unless they be enchanted ones—to receive poor pilgrims or errant knights. And so, consequently, he cannot have any possible hopes of reaching thither.

The difficulty as to sleep is removed by means of the following ingenious supposition: 'Seeing we do not then spend ourselves in any labour, we shall not, it may be, need the refreshment of sleep. But if we do, we cannot desire a softer bed than the air, where we may repose ourselves firmly and safely as in our chambers.' The necessary supply of food remains, however, to be provided for:

And here it is considerable, that since our bodies will then be devoid of gravity, and other impediments of motion, we shall not at all spend ourselves in any labour, and so, consequently, not much need the reparation of diet; but may, perhaps, live altogether without it, as those creatures have done who, by reason of their sleeping for many days together, have not spent any spirits, and so not wanted any food, which is commonly related of serpents, crocodiles, bears, cuckoos, swallows, and such like. To this purpose Mendoza reckons up divers strange relations: as that of Epimenides, who is storied to have slept seventy-five years; and another of a rustic in Germany, who, being accidentally covered with a hay-rick, slept there for all the autumn and the winter following without any nourishment.

The greatest difficulty of all is, By what conveyance are we *to get* to the moon?

### *How a Man may Fly to the Moon.*

If it be here inquired, what means there may be conjectured for our ascending beyond the sphere of the earth's magnetical vigour, I answer: 1. It is not perhaps impossible that a man may be able to fly by the application of wings to his own body; as angels are pictured, as Mercury and Dædalus are feigned, and as hath been attempted by divers, particularly by a Turk in Constantinople, as Busbequius relates.

2. If there be such a great ruck in Madagascar as Marcus Polus, the Venetian, mentions, the feathers in whose wings are twelve feet long, which can swoop up a horse and his rider, or an elephant, as our kites do a mouse; why, then, it is but teaching one of these to carry a man, and he may ride up thither, as Ganymede does upon an eagle.

Or if neither of these ways will serve, yet I do seriously, and upon good grounds, affirm it possible to make a flying chariot, in which a man may sit, and give such a motion unto it as shall convey him through the air. And this, perhaps, might be made large enough to carry divers men at the same time, together with food for their viaticum, and commodities for traffic. It is not the bigness of anything in this kind that can hinder its motion, if the motive faculty be answerable thereunto. We see a great ship swims as well as a small cork, and an eagle flies in the air as well as a little gnat.

This engine may be contrived from the same principles by which Archytas made a wooden dove, and Regiomontanus a wooden eagle.

In 1640, Wilkins published a *Discourse concerning a New Planet: tending to prove that 'tis probable our Earth is one of the Planets.* This was one of the earliest defences of the Copernican system, as developed by Galileo in 1632. In 1641, Wilkins called attention to writing in cipher and by signals, in a work entitled *Mercury, or the Secret and Swift Messenger: Shewing how a man may with privacy and speed communicate his Thoughts to a Friend at any Distance.* In 1668, he wrote a valuable treatise entitled *An Essay towards a Real Character and a Philosophical Language*, which was published by the Royal Society.

## DR THOMAS SPRAT.

DR THOMAS SPRAT, bishop of Rochester (1636–1713), is praised by Dr Johnson as 'an author whose pregnancy of imagination and eloquence of language have deservedly set him high in the ranks of literature.' Lord Macaulay also eulogises him as 'a very great master of our language, and possessed at once of the eloquence of the orator, the controversialist, and the historian.' At Oxford he studied mathematics under Dr Wilkins, at whose house the philosophical inquirers used to meet. Sprat's intimacy with Wilkins led to his election as a member of the Royal Society soon after its incorporation; and in 1667 he published the history of that learned body, with the object of dissipating the prejudice and suspicion with which it was regarded by the public. Previously to this he had been appointed chaplain to the Duke of Buckingham, whom he is said to have aided in writing the *Rehearsal.* He was made also chaplain to the king. In these circumstances, ecclesiastical promotion could hardly fail to ensue; and accordingly, after several advancing steps, the see of Rochester was attained in 1684. Next year, he served the government by publishing an account of the Ryehouse Plot, written by the command of King James. For this work he found it expedient, after the Revolution, to print an apology; and having submitted to the new government, he was allowed, notwithstanding his well-known attachment to the abdicated monarch, to remain unmolested in his bishopric. In 1692, however, he was brought into trouble by a false accusation of joining in a conspiracy for the restoration of James; but after a confinement of eleven days, he clearly proved his innocence. So strong was the impression made by this event upon his mind, that he ever afterwards distinguished the anniversary of his deliverance as a day of thanksgiving. Besides the works already mentioned, Sprat wrote some poems unworthy of his general talents—one on the death of the Protector, 1658, and a Pindaric Ode on the Plague of Athens, 1659. He published Cowley's Latin Poems, to which he prefixed a life of Cowley, also in Latin, but afterwards published in English and enlarged. He was author of a volume of *Sermons*, 1710, which have been justly admired: 'his language,' says Doddridge, 'is always beautiful.' Sprat is represented as being over-genial in his habits, but a popular, as well as able, divine.

### *View of the Divine Government afforded by Experimental Philosophy.*

We are guilty of false interpretations of providences and wonders, when we either make those to be miracles that are none, or when we put a false sense on those that are real; when we make general events to have a private aspect, or particular accidents to have some universal signification. Though both these may seem at first to have the strictest appearance of religion, yet they are the greatest usurpations on the secrets of the Almighty, and unpardonable presumptions on his high prerogatives of punishment and reward.

And now, if a moderating of these extravagances must be esteemed profaneness, I profess I cannot absolve the experimental philosopher. It must be granted that he will be very scrupulous in believing all manner of commentaries on prophetical visions, in giving liberty to new predictions, and in assigning the causes and marking out the paths of God's judgments amongst his creatures.

He cannot suddenly conclude all extraordinary events to be the immediate finger of God; because he familiarly beholds the inward workings of things, and thence perceives that many effects, which use to affright the ignorant, are brought forth by the common instruments of nature. He cannot be suddenly inclined to pass censure on men's eternal condition from any temporal judgments that may befall them; because his long converse with all matters, times, and places, has taught him the truth of what the Scripture says, that 'all things happen alike to all.' He cannot blindly consent to all imaginations of devout men about future contingencies, seeing he is so rigid in examining all particular matters of fact. He cannot be forward to assent to spiritual raptures and revelations; because he is truly acquainted with the tempers of men's bodies, the composition of their blood, and the power of fancy, and so better understands the difference between diseases and inspirations.

But in all this he commits nothing that is irreligious. 'Tis true, to deny that God has heretofore warned the world of what was to come, is to contradict the very Godhead itself; but to reject the sense which any private man shall fasten to it, is not to disdain the Word of God, but the opinions of men like ourselves. To declare against the possibility that new prophets may be sent from heaven, is to insinuate that the same infinite Wisdom which once shewed itself that way is now at an end. But to slight all pretenders, that come without the help of miracles, is not a contempt of the Spirit, but a just circumspection that the reason of men be not overreached. To deny that God directs the course of human things, is stupidity; but to hearken to every prodigy that men frame against their enemies, or for themselves, is not to reverence the power of God, but to make that serve the passions, the interests, and revenges of men.

It is a dangerous mistake, into which many good men fall, that we neglect the dominion of God over the world, if we do not discover in every turn of human actions many supernatural providences and miraculous events. Whereas it is enough for the honour of his government that he guides the whole creation in its wonted course of causes and effects: as it makes as much for the reputation of a prince's wisdom, that he can rule his subjects peaceably by his known and standing laws, as that he is often forced to make use of extraordinary justice to punish or reward.

Let us, then, imagine our philosopher to have all slowness of belief, and rigour of trial, which by some is miscalled a blindness of mind and hardness of heart. Let us suppose that he is most unwilling to grant that anything exceeds the force of nature, but where a full evidence convinces him. Let it be allowed that he is always alarmed, and ready on his guard, at the noise of any miraculous event, lest his judgment should be surprised by the disguises of faith. But does he by this diminish the authority of ancient miracles? or does he not rather confirm them the more, by confining their number, and taking care that every falsehood should not mingle with them? Can he by this undermine Christianity, which does not now stand in need of such extraordinary testimonies from heaven? or do not they rather endanger it, who still venture its truths on so hazardous a chance, who require a continuance of signs and wonders, as if the works of our Saviour and his apostles had not been sufficient? Who ought to be esteemed the most carnally minded—the enthusiast that pollutes religion with his own passions, or the experimenter that will not use it to flatter and obey his own desires, but to subdue them? Who is to be thought the greatest enemy of the gospel—he that loads men's faiths by so many improbable things as will go near to make the reality itself suspected, or he that only admits a few arguments to confirm the evangelical doctrines, but then chooses those that are unquestionable?

By this, I hope, it appears that this inquiring, this scrupulous, this incredulous temper, is not the disgrace, but the honour of experiments. And, therefore, I will declare them to be the most seasonable study for the present temper of our nation. This wild amusing men's minds with prodigies and conceits of providence has been one of the most considerable causes of those spiritual distractions of which our country has long been the theatre. This is a vanity to which the English seem to have been always subject above others. There is scarce any modern historian that relates our foreign wars, but he has this objection against the disposition of our countrymen, they used to order their affairs of the greatest importance according to some obscure omens or predictions that passed amongst them on little or no foundations. And at this time, especially this last year [1666], this gloomy and ill-boding humour has prevailed. So that it is now the fittest season for experiments to arise, to teach us a wisdom which springs from the depths of knowledge, to shake off the shadows, and to scatter the mists which fill the minds of men with a vain consternation. This is a work well becoming the most Christian profession. For the most apparent effect which attended the passion of Christ was the putting of an eternal silence on all the false oracles and dissembled inspirations of ancient times.

### *Cowley's Love of Retirement.*

Upon the king's happy restoration, Mr Cowley was past the fortieth year of his age; of which the greatest part had been spent in a various and tempestuous condition. He now thought he had sacrificed enough of his life to his curiosity and experience. He had enjoyed many excellent occasions of observation. He had been present in many great revolutions, which in that tumultuous time disturbed the peace of all our neighbour states as well as our own. He had nearly beheld all the splendour of the highest part of mankind. He had lived in the presence of princes, and familiarly conversed with greatness in all its degrees, which was necessary for one that would contemn it aright; for to scorn the pomp of the world before a man knows it, does commonly proceed rather from ill-manners than a true magnanimity.

He was now weary of the vexations and formalities of an active condition. He had been perplexed with a long compliance to foreign manners. He was satiated with the arts of court; which sort of life, though his virtue had made innocent to him, yet nothing could make it quiet. These were the reasons that moved him to forego all public employments, and to follow the violent inclination of his own mind, which in the greatest throng of his former business had still called upon him and represented to him the true delights of solitary studies, of temperate pleasures, and of a moderate revenue, below the malice and flatteries of fortune.

In his last seven or eight years he was concealed in his beloved obscurity, and possessed that solitude which, from his very childhood, he had always most passionately desired. Though he had frequent invitations to return into business, yet he never gave ear to any persuasions of profit or preferment. His visits to the city and court were very few; his stays in town were only as a passenger, not an inhabitant. The places that he chose for the seats of his declining life were two or three villages on the bank of the Thames. During this recess, his mind was rather exercised on what was to come than what was past; he suffered no more business nor cares of life to come near him than what were enough to keep his soul awake, but not to disturb it. Some few friends and books, a cheerful heart, and innocent conscience, were his constant companions.

I acknowledge he chose that state of life not out of any poetical rapture, but upon a steady and sober experience of human things. But, however, I cannot applaud it in him. It is certainly a great disparagement to virtue and learning itself, that those very things which only make men useful in the world should incline them to leave it. This ought never to be allowed to good men, unless the bad had the same moderation, and were willing to follow them into the wilderness. But if the one shall contend to get out of employment, while the other strive to get into it, the affairs of mankind are like to be in so ill a posture, that even the good men themselves will hardly be able to enjoy their very retreats in security.

## DR THOMAS BURNET.

**Dr Thomas Burnet** (1635-1715), brother of the more popular Bishop Burnet, master of the Charter-house in London, and an able scholar, acquired great celebrity by the publication of his work, *Telluris Theoria Sacra* (1680–1689), of which he published an English translation in 1691, under the title of *The Sacred Theory of the Earth; containing an Account of the Original of the Earth, and of all the General Changes which it hath already undergone, or is to undergo, till the Consummation of all Things.* The author's attention was attracted to the subject by the unequal and rugged appearance of the earth's surface, which seemed to indicate the globe to be the ruin of some more regular fabric. He says that in a journey across the Alps and Apennines, 'the sight of those wild, vast, and indigested heaps of stones and earth did so deeply strike my fancy, that I was not easy till I could give myself some tolerable account how that confusion came in nature.' The theory which he formed was the following: The globe in its chaotic state was a dark fluid mass, in which the elements of air, water, and earth were blended into one universal compound. Gradually, the heavier parts fell towards the centre, and formed a nucleus of solid matter. Around this floated the liquid ingredients, and over them was the still lighter atmospheric air. By and by, the liquid mass became separated into two layers, by the separation of the watery particles from those of an oily composition, which, being the lighter, tended upwards, and, when hardened by time, became a smooth and solid crust. This was the surface of the antediluvian globe. 'In this smooth earth,' says Burnet, 'were the first scenes of the world, and the first generations of mankind; it had the beauty of youth and blooming nature, fresh and fruitful, and not a wrinkle, scar, or fracture in all its body; no rocks nor mountains, no hollow caves nor gaping channels, but even and uniform all over. And the smoothness of the earth made the face of the heavens so too; the air was calm and serene; none of those tumultuary motions and conflicts of vapours, which the mountains and the winds cause in ours. 'Twas suited to a golden age, and to the first innocency of nature.' By degrees, however, the heat of the sun, penetrating the superficial crust, converted a portion of the water beneath into steam, the expansive force of which at length burst the superincumbent shell, already weakened by the dryness and cracks occasioned by the solar rays. When, therefore, the 'appointed time was come that All-wise Providence had designed for the punishment of a sinful world, the whole fabric brake, and the frame of the earth was torn in pieces, as by an earthquake; and those great portions or fragments into which it was divided fell into the abyss, some in one posture, and some in another.' The waters of course now appeared, and the author gives a fine description of their tumultuous raging, caused by the precipitation of the solid fragments into their bosom. The pressure of such masses falling into the abyss 'could not but impel the water with so much strength as would carry it up to a great height in the air, and to the top of anything that lay in its way; any eminency or high fragment whatsoever: and then rolling back again, it would sweep down with it whatsoever it rushed upon—woods, buildings, living creatures—and carry them all headlong into the great gulf. Sometimes a mass of water would be quite struck off and separate from the rest, and tossed through the air like a flying river; but the common motion of the waves was to climb up the hills, or inclined fragments, and then return into the valleys and deeps again, with a perpetual fluctuation going and coming, ascending and descending, till the violence of them being spent by degrees, they settled at last in the places allotted for them; where *bounds are set that they cannot pass over, that they return not again to cover the earth.*'

### *Description of the Flood.*

Thus the flood came to its height; and it is not easy to represent to ourselves this strange scene of things, when the deluge was in its fury and extremity; when the earth was broken and swallowed up in the abyss, whose raging waters rose higher than the mountains, and filled the air with broken waves, with a universal mist, and with thick darkness, so as nature seemed to be in a second chaos; and upon this chaos rid the distressed ark that bore the small remains of mankind. No sea was ever so tumultuous as this, nor is there anything in present nature to be compared with the disorder of these waters. All the poetry, and all the hyperboles that are used in the description of storms and raging seas, were literally true in this, if not beneath it. The ark was really carried to the tops of the highest mountains, and into the places of the clouds, and thrown down again into the deepest gulfs; and to this very state of the deluge and of the ark, which was a type of the church in this world, David seems to have alluded in the name of the church (Psalm xlii. 7): 'Abyss calls upon abyss at the noise of thy cataracts or water-spouts: all thy waves and billows have gone over me.' It was no doubt an extraordinary and miraculous providence that could make a vessel so ill-manned live upon such a sea; that kept it from being dashed against the hills, or overwhelmed in the deeps. That abyss which had devoured and swallowed up whole forests of woods, cities, and provinces, nay, the whole earth, when it had conquered all and triumphed over all, could not destroy this single ship. I remember in the story of the Argonautics (*Dion. Argonaut.* l. i. v. 47), when Jason set out to fetch the golden fleece, the poet saith, all the gods that day looked down from heaven to view the ship, and the nymphs stood upon the mountain-tops to see the noble youth of Thessaly pulling at the oars; we may with more reason suppose the good angels to have looked down upon this ship of Noah's, and that not out of curiosity, as idle spectators, but with a passionate concern for its safety and deliverance. A ship whose cargo was no less than a whole world; that carried the fortune and hopes of all posterity; and if this had perished, the earth, for anything we know, had been nothing but a desert, a great ruin, a dead heap of rubbish, from the deluge to the conflagration. But death and hell, the grave and destruction, have their bounds.

The concluding part of his work relates to the final conflagration of the world, by which, he supposes, the surface of the new chaotic mass will be restored to smoothness, and 'leave a capacity for another world to rise from it.' Here the style of the author rises into a magnificence worthy of the sublimity of the theme, and he concludes with impressive and appropriate reflections on the transient nature of earthly things. The passage is aptly termed by Addison the author's funeral oration over his globe.

### *The Final Conflagration of the Globe.*

But 'tis not possible from any station to have a full prospect of this last scene of the earth, for 'tis a mixture of fire and darkness. This new temple is filled with smoke while it is consecrating, and none can enter into it. But I am apt to think, if we could look down upon this burning world from above the clouds, and have a full view of it in all its parts, we should think it a lively representation of hell itself; for fire and darkness are the two chief things by which that state or that place uses to be described; and they are both here mingled together, with all other ingredients that make that Tophet that is prepared of old (Isaiah, xxx.). Here are lakes of fire and brimstone, rivers of melted glowing matter, ten thousand volcanoes vomiting flames all at once, thick darkness, and pillars of smoke twisted about with wreaths of flame, like fiery snakes; mountains of earth thrown up into the air, and the heavens dropping down in lumps of fire. These things will all be literally true concerning that day and that state of the earth. And if we suppose Beelzebub and his apostate crew in the midst of this fiery furnace—and I know not where they can be else—it will be hard to find any part of the universe, or any state of things, that answers to so many of the properties and characters of hell, as this which is now before us.

But if we suppose the storm over, and that the fire hath gotten an entire victory over all other bodies, and subdued everything to itself, the conflagration will end in a deluge of fire, or in a sea of fire, covering the whole globe of the earth; for, when the exterior region of the earth is melted into a fluor, like molten glass or running metal, it will, according to the nature of other fluids, fill all vacuities and depressions, and fall into a regular surface, at an equal distance everywhere from its centre. This sea of fire, like the first abyss, will cover the face of the whole earth, make a kind of second chaos, and leave a capacity for another world to rise from it. But that is not our present business. Let us only, if you please, to take leave of this subject, reflect, upon this occasion, on the vanity and transient glory of all this habitable world; how, by the force of one element breaking loose upon the rest, all the varieties of nature, all the works of art, all the labours of men, are reduced to nothing; all that we admired and adored before, as great and magnificent, is obliterated or vanished; and another form and face of things, plain, simple, and everywhere the same, overspreads the whole earth. Where are now the great empires of the world, and their great imperial cities? Their pillars, trophies, and monuments of glory? Shew me where they stood, read the inscription, tell me the victor's name! What remains, what impressions, what difference or distinction do you see in this mass of fire? Rome itself, eternal Rome, the great city, the empress of the world, whose domination and superstition, ancient and modern, make a great part of the history of this earth, what is become of her now? She laid her foundations deep, and her palaces were strong and sumptuous: she glorified herself, and lived deliciously, and said in her heart, I sit a queen, and shall see no sorrow. But her hour is come; she is wiped away from the face of the earth, and buried in perpetual oblivion. But it is not cities only, and works of men's hands, but the everlasting hills, the mountains and rocks of the earth, are melted as wax before the sun, and their place is nowhere found. Here stood the Alps, a prodigious range of stone, the load of the earth, that covered many countries, and reached their arms from the ocean to the Black Sea; this huge mass of stone is softened and dissolved as a tender cloud into rain. Here stood the African mountains, and Atlas with his top above the clouds. There was frozen Caucasus, and Taurus, and Imaus, and the mountains of Asia. And yonder towards the north, stood the Riphæan hills, clothed in ice and snow. All these are vanished, dropped away as the snow upon their heads, and swallowed up in a red sea of fire. (Rev. xv. 3)—Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints. Hallelujah.

Figuring to himself the waters of the sea dried up, he thus grandly describes the appearance of

### *The Dry Bed of the Ocean.*

That vast and prodigious cavity that runs quite round the globe, and reacheth, for aught we know, from pole to pole, and in many places is unsearchably deep—when I present this great gulf to my imagination, emptied of all its waters, naked and gaping at the sun, stretching its jaws from one end of the earth to another, it appears to me the most ghastly thing in nature. What hands or instruments could work a trench in the body of the earth of this vastness, and lay mountains and rocks on the side of it, as ramparts to inclose it?

But if we should suppose the ocean dry, and that we looked down from the top of some high cloud upon the empty shell, how horridly and barbarously would it look! And with what amazement should we see it under us like an open hell, or a wide bottomless pit! So deep, and hollow, and vast; so broken and confused; so every way deformed and monstrous. This would effectually awaken our imagination, and make us inquire and wonder how such a thing came in nature; from what causes, by what force or engines, could the earth be torn in this prodigious manner? Did they dig the sea with spades, and carry out the moulds in hand-baskets? Where are the entrails laid? And how did they cleave the rocks asunder? If as many pioneers as the army of Xerxes had been at work ever since the beginning of the world, they could not have made a ditch of this greatness. According to the proportions taken before in the second chapter, the cavity or capacity of the sea-channel will amount to no less than 4,639,090 cubical miles. Nor is it the greatness only, but that wild and multifarious confusion which we see in the parts and fashion of it, that makes it strange and unaccountable. It is another chaos in its kind; who can paint the scenes of it? Gulfs, and precipices, and cataracts, pits within pits, and rocks under rocks; broken mountains, and ragged islands, that look as if they had been countries pulled up by the roots, and planted in the sea.

Besides his *Sacred Theory of the Earth*, Burnet wrote a work entitled *Archæologia Philosophicæ Libri duo*, 1692, containing some heretical speculations—such as treating the Fall of Man as an allegory—in consequence of which he had to retire from the office of Clerk of the Closet to the king, and lived in the Charter-house till his death. Burnet also wrote treatises *On Christian Faith and Duties*, and *On the State of the Dead and Reviving:* in the latter he maintains the doctrine of the ultimate salvation of the whole human race.

## ROBERT BOYLE.

THE HON. ROBERT BOYLE (1627–1691) was the most distinguished of those experimental philosophers who sprang up in England after the death of Bacon, and who shewed, by the successful application of his principles, how truly Bacon had pointed out the means of enlarging human knowledge. This eminent and amiable man was a son of Richard Boyle, Earl of Cork, at whose mansion of Lismore he was born. After studying at Eton College and Geneva, he travelled through Italy, and returned to England in 1644. Being in easy circumstances, and endowed with great energy and activity of mind, he applied himself to studies and experiments in chemistry and natural philosophy, and these continued to engage his attention throughout the remainder of his life. Weekly meetings were held at Oxford for the cultivation of what was then termed 'the new philosophy,' first at the lodgings of Dr Wilkins, and subsequently, for the most part, at the residence of Boyle. These scientific students, with others who afterwards joined them, were incorporated by Charles II. in 1662, under the title of the Royal Society. Boyle, after settling in London in 1668, was one of its most active members, and many of his treatises originally appeared in the Society's *Philosophical Transactions*. He died in 1691, and his works are voluminous enough to fill six quarto volumes. They consist chiefly of accounts of his experimental researches in chemistry and natural philosophy, particularly with respect to the mechanical and chemical properties of air. The latter subject was one in which he felt much interest; and by means of the air-pump, the construction of which he materially improved, he succeeded in making many valuable pneumatic discoveries. He also published various works in defence of Christianity, and in explanation of the benefits resulting from the study of the Divine attributes as displayed in the material world. So earnest was Boyle in the cause of Christianity, that he not only devoted much time and money in contributing to its propagation in foreign parts, but, by a codicil to his will, made provision for the delivery of eight sermons yearly in London by some learned divine, 'for proving the Christian religion against notorious infidels, namely, atheists, theists, pagans, Jews, and Mohammedans; not descending lower to any controversies that are among Christians themselves.' We learn from his biographers, that in 1660 he was solicited by Lord Clarendon to adopt the clerical profession, in order that the church might have the support of those eminent abilities and virtues by which he was distinguished. Two considerations, however, induced him to withhold compliance. In the first place, he regarded himself as more likely to advance religion by his writings in the character of a layman, than if he were in the more interested position of one of the clergy—whose preaching there was a general tendency to look upon as the remunerated exercise of a profession. And, secondly, he felt the obligations, importance, and difficulties of the pastoral care to be so great, that he wanted the confidence to undertake it.

The titles of those works of Boyle which are most likely to attract the general reader are—*Considerations on the Usefulness of Experimental Philosophy; Considerations on the Style of the Holy Scriptures; A Free Discourse against Customary Swearing; Considerations about the Reconcilableness of Reason and Religion, and the Possibility of a Resurrection; A Discourse of Things above Reason; A Discourse of the High Veneration Man's Intellect owes to God, particularly for his Wisdom and Power; A Disquisition into the Final Causes of Natural Things; The Christian Virtuoso, shewing that, by being addicted to Experimental Philosophy, a Man is rather assisted than indisposed to be a good Christian;* and *A Treatise of Seraphic Love.* He published, in 1665, *Occasional Reflections on Several Subjects*, mostly written in early life, and which Swift has ridiculed in his *Meditation on a Broomstick.* The comparative want of taste and of sound judgment displayed in this portion of Boyle's writings, is doubtless to be ascribed to the immature age at which they were composed: his treatises on natural theology are valuable, though prolix and rambling in style.

### *The Study of Natural Philosophy favourable to Religion.*

The first advantage that our experimental philosopher, as such, hath towards being a Christian, is, that his course of studies conduceth much to settle in his mind a firm belief of the existence, and divers of the chief attributes, of God; which belief is, in the order of things, the first principle of that natural religion which itself is pre-required to revealed religion in general, and consequently to that in particular which is embraced by Christians.

That the consideration of the vastness, beauty, and regular motions of the heavenly bodies, the excellent structure of animals and plants, besides a multitude of other phenomena of nature, and the subserviency of most of these to man, may justly induce him, as a rational creature, to conclude that this vast, beautiful, orderly, and, in a word, many ways admirable system of things, that we call the world, was framed by an author supremely powerful, wise, and good, can scarce be denied by an intelligent and unprejudiced considerer. And this is strongly confirmed by experience, which witnesseth, that in almost all ages and countries the generality of philosophers and contemplative men were persuaded of the existence of a Deity, by the consideration of the phenomena of the universe, whose fabric and conduct, they rationally concluded, could not be deservedly ascribed either to blind chance, or to any other cause than a divine Being.

But though it be true 'that God hath not left himself without witness,' even to perfunctory considerers, by stamping upon divers of the more obvious parts of his workmanship such conspicuous impressions of his attributes, that a moderate degree of understanding and attention may suffice to make men acknowledge his being, yet I scruple not to think that assent very much inferior to the belief that the same objects are fitted to produce in a heedful and intelligent contemplator of them. For the works of God are so worthy of their author, that, besides the impresses of his wisdom and goodness that are left, as it were, upon their surfaces, there are a great many more curious and excellent tokens and effects of divine artifice in the hidden and innermost recesses of them; and these are not to be discovered by the perfunctory looks of oscitant and unskilful beholders; but require, as well as deserve, the most attentive and prying inspection of inquisitive and well-instructed considerers. And sometimes in one creature there may be I know not how many admirable things, that escape a vulgar eye, and yet may be clearly discerned by that of a true naturalist, who brings with him, besides a more than common curiosity and attention, a competent knowledge of anatomy, optics, cosmography, mechanics, and chemistry. But treating elsewhere purposely of this subject, it may here suffice to say, that God has couched so many things in his visible works, that the clearer light a man has, the more he may discover of their unobvious exquisiteness, and the more clearly and distinctly he may discern those qualities that lie more obvious. And the more wonderful things he discovers in the works of nature, the more auxiliary proofs he meets with to establish and enforce the argument, drawn from the universe and its parts, to evince that there is a God; which is a proposition of that vast weight and importance, that it ought to endear everything to us that is able to confirm it, and afford us new motives to acknowledge and adore the divine Author of things.

To be told that an eye is the organ of sight, and that this is performed by that faculty of the mind which, from its function, is called visive, will give a man but a sorry account of the instruments and manner of vision itself, or of the knowledge of that Opificer who, as the Scripture speaks, 'formed the eye.' And he that can take up with this easy theory of vision will not think it necessary to take the pains to dissect the eyes of animals, nor study the books of mathematicians, to understand vision; and accordingly will have but mean thoughts of the contrivance of the organ, and the skill of the artificer, in comparison of the ideas that will be suggested of both of them to him that, being profoundly skilled in anatomy and optics, by their help takes asunder the several coats, humours, and muscles, of which that exquisite dioptrical instrument consists; and having separately considered the figure, size, consistence, texture, diaphaneity or opacity, situation, and connection of each of them, and their coaptation in the whole eye, shall discover, by the help of the law of optics, how admirably this little organ is fitted to receive the incident beams of light, and dispose them in the best manner possible for completing the lively representation of the almost infinitely various objects of sight.

### *Public and Private Life.*

As there are few controversies more important, so there are not many that have been more curiously and warmly disputed than the question, whether a public or a private life is preferable? But perhaps this may be much of the nature of the other question, whether a married life or single ought rather to be chosen? that being best determinable by the circumstances of particular cases. For though, indefinitely speaking, one of the two may have advantages above the other, yet they are not so great but that special circumstances may make either of them the more eligible to particular persons. They that find themselves furnished with abilities to serve their generation in a public capacity, and virtue great enough to resist the temptation to which such a condition is usually exposed, may not only be allowed to embrace such an employment, but obliged to seek it. But he whose parts are too mean to qualify him to govern others, and perhaps to enable him to govern himself, or manage his own private concerns, or whose graces are so weak, that it is less to his virtues, or to his ability of resisting, than to his care of shunning the occasions of sin, that he owes his escaping the guilt of it, had better deny himself some opportunities of good, than expose himself to probable temptations. For there is such a kind of difference betwixt virtue shaded by a private and shining forth in a public life, as there is betwixt a candle carried aloft in the open air, and inclosed in a lanthorn; in the former place, it gives more light, but in the latter, it is in less danger to be blown out.

### *Upon the Sight of Roses and Tulips growing near one another.*

It is so uncommon a thing to see tulips last till roses come to be blown, that the seeing them in this garden grow together, as it deserves my notice, so methinks it should suggest to me some reflection or other on it. And perhaps it may not be an improper one to compare the difference betwixt these two kinds of flowers to the disparity which I have often observed betwixt the fates of those young ladies that are only very handsome, and those that have a less degree of beauty, recompensed by the accession of wit, discretion, and virtue: for tulips, whilst they are fresh, do indeed, by the lustre and vividness of their colours, more delight the eye than roses; but then they do not alone quickly fade, but, as soon as they have lost that freshness and gaudiness that solely endeared them, they degenerate into things not only undesirable, but distasteful; whereas roses, besides the moderate beauty they disclose to the eye—which is sufficient to please, though not to charm it—do not only keep their colour longer than tulips, but, when that decays, retain a perfumed odour, and divers useful qualities and virtues that survive the spring, and recommend them all the year. Thus those unadvised young ladies, that, because nature has given them beauty enough, despise all other qualities, and even that regular diet which is ordinarily requisite to make beauty itself lasting, not only are wont to decay betimes, but as soon as they have lost that youthful freshness that alone endeared them, quickly pass from being objects of wonder and love, to be so of pity, if not of scorn; whereas those that were as solicitous to enrich their minds as to adorn their faces, may not only with mediocrity of beauty be very desirable whilst that lasts, but, notwithstanding the recess of that and youth, may, by the fragrancy of their reputation, and those virtues and ornaments of the mind that time does but improve, be always sufficiently endeared to those that have merit enough to discern and value such excellences, and whose esteem and friendship is alone worth their being concerned for. In a word, they prove the happiest as well as they are the wisest ladies, that, whilst they possess the desirable qualities that youth is wont to give, neglect not the acquist [acquisition] of those that age cannot take away.

### *Some Considerations Touching the Style of the Holy Scriptures.*

In the first place, it should be considered that those cavillers at the style of the Scriptures, that you and I have hitherto met with, do—for want of skill in the original, especially in the Hebrew—judge of it by the translations, wherein alone they read it. Now, scarce any but a linguist will imagine how much a book may lose of its elegancy by being read in another tongue than that it was written in, especially if the languages from which and into which the version is made be so very differing, as are those of the eastern and these western parts of the world. But of this I foresee an occasion of saying something hereafter; yet at present I must observe to you, that the style of the Scripture is much more disadvantaged than that of other books, by being judged of by translations; for the religious and just veneration that the interpreters of the Bible have had for that sacred book, has made them, in most places, render the Hebrew and Greek passages so scrupulously word for word, that, for fear of not keeping close enough to the sense, they usually care not how much they lose of the eloquence of the passages they translate. So that, whereas in those versions of other books that are made by good linguists, the interpreters are wont to take the liberty to recede from the author's words, and also substitute other phrases instead of his, that they may express his meaning without injuring his reputation. In translating the Old Testament, interpreters have not put Hebrew phrases into Latin or English phrases, but only into Latin or English words, and have too often, besides, by not sufficiently understanding, or at least considering, the various significations of words, particles, and tenses, in the holy tongue, made many things appear less coherent, or less rational, or less considerable, which, by a more free and skilful rendering of the original, would not be blemished by any appearance of such imperfection. And though this fault of interpreters be pardonable enough in them, as carrying much of its excuse in its cause, yet it cannot but much derogate from the Scripture to appear with peculiar disadvantages, besides those many that are common to almost all books, by being translated.

For whereas the figures of rhetoric are wont, by orators, to be reduced to two comprehensive sorts, and one of those does so depend upon the sound and placing of the words—whence the Greek rhetoricians call such figures *schemata lexeos*—that, if they be altered, though the sense be retained, the figure may vanish; this sort of figures, I say, which comprises those that orators call *apanados antanaclasis*, and a multitude of others, are wont to be lost in such literal translations as are ours of the Bible, as I could easily shew by many instances, if I thought it requisite.

Besides, there are in Hebrew, as in other languages, certain appropriated graces, and a peculiar emphasis belonging to some expressions, which must necessarily be impaired by any translation, and are but too often quite lost in those that adhere too scrupulously to the words of the original. And, as in a lovely face, though a painter may well enough express the cheeks, and the nose, and lips, yet there is often something of splendour and vivacity in the eyes, which no pencil can reach to equal; so in some choice composures, though a skilful interpreter may happily enough render into his own language a great part of what he translates, yet there may well be some shining passages, some sparkling and emphatical expressions, that he cannot possibly represent to the life. And this consideration is more applicable to the Bible and its translations than to other books, for two particular reasons.

For, first, it is more difficult to translate the Hebrew of the Old Testament, than if that book were written in Syriac or Arabic, or some such other eastern language. Not that the holy tongue is much more difficult to be learned than others; but because in the other learned tongues we know there are commonly variety of books extant, whereby we may learn the various significations of the words and phrases; whereas the pure Hebrew being unhappily lost, except so much of it as remains in the Old Testament, out of whose books alone we can but very imperfectly frame a dictionary and a language, there are many words, especially the *hapax legomena*, and those that occur but seldom, of which we know but that one signification, or those few acceptions, wherein we find it used in those texts that we think we clearly understand. Whereas, if we consider the nature of the primitive tongue, whose words, being not numerous, are most of them equivocal enough, and do many of them abound with strangely different meanings; and if we consider, too, how likely it is that the numerous conquests of David, and the wisdom, prosperity, fleets, and various commerces of his son Solomon, did both enrich and spread the Hebrew language, it cannot but seem very probable, that the same word or phrase may have had divers other significations than interpreters have taken notice of, or we are now aware of: since we find in the Chaldee, Syriac, Arabic, and other eastern tongues, that the Hebrew words and phrases—a little varied, according to the nature of those dialects—have other, and oftentimes very different significations, besides those that the modern interpreters of the Bible have ascribed to them. I say the modern, because the ancient versions before, or not long after, our Saviour's time, and especially that which we vulgarly call the Septuagint's, do frequently favour our conjecture, by rendering Hebrew words and phrases to senses very distant from those more received significations in our texts; when there appears no other so probable reason of their so rendering them, as their believing them capable of significations differing enough from those to which our later interpreters have thought fit to confine themselves. The use that I would make of this consideration may easily be conjectured—namely, that it is probable that many of those texts whose expressions, as they are rendered in our translations, seem flat or improper, or incoherent with the context, would appear much otherwise, if we were acquainted with all the significations of words and phrases that were known in the times when the Hebrew language flourished, and the sacred books were written; it being very likely, that among those various significations, some one or other would afford a better sense, and a more significant and sinewy expression, than we meet with in our translations; and perhaps would make such passages as seem flat or uncouth, appear eloquent and emphatical. . . .

My second is this, that we should carefully distinguish betwixt what the Scripture itself says, and what is only said in the Scripture. For we must not look upon the Bible as an oration of God to men, or as a body of laws, like our English statute-book, wherein it is the legislator that all the way speaks to the people; but as a collection of composures of very differing sorts, and written at very distant times; and of such composures, that though the holy men of God—as St Peter calls them—were acted by the Holy Spirit, who both excited and assisted them in penning the Scripture, yet there are many others, besides the Author and the penman, introduced speaking there. For besides the books of Joshua, Judges, Samuel, Kings, Chronicles, the four evangelists, the Acts of the Apostles, and other parts of Scripture that are evidently historical and wont to be so called, there are, in the other books, many passages that deserve the same name, and many others wherein, though they be not mere narratives of things done, many sayings and expressions are recorded that either belong not to the Author of the Scripture, or must be looked upon as such wherein his secretaries personate others. So that, in a considerable part of the Scripture, not only prophets, and kings, and priests being introduced speaking, but soldiers, shepherds, and women, and such other sorts of persons, from whom witty or eloquent things are not—especially when they speak *ex tempore*—to be expected, it would be very injurious to impute to the Scripture any want of eloquence, that may be noted in the expressions of others than its Author. For though, not only in romances, but in many of those that pass for true histories, the supposed speakers may be observed to talk as well as the historian, yet that is but either because the men so introduced were ambassadors, orators, generals, or other eminent men for parts as well as employments; or because the historian does, as it often happens, give himself the liberty to make speeches for them, and does not set down indeed what they said, but what he thought fit that such persons on such occasions should have said. Whereas the penmen of the Scripture, as one of them truly professes, having not followed cunningly devised fables in what they have written, have faithfully set down the sayings, as well as actions, they record, without making them rather congruous to the conditions of the speakers than to the laws of truth.

## JOHN RAY.

JOHN RAY (1628-1705), the son of a blacksmith at Black Notley, in Essex, was an eminent naturalist. In the department of botany his works are more numerous than those of any other botanist except Linnæus, and entitle him to be ranked as one of the founders of the science. In company with his friend, Mr Willoughby, also celebrated as a naturalist, he visited several continental countries in 1663; and his love of natural history induced him to perambulate England and Scotland. The principal works in which the results of his studies and travels were given to the public, are—*Observations, Topographical, Moral, and Physiological, made in a Journey through part of the Low Countries, Germany, Italy, and France* (1673); and *Historia Plantarum Generalis* (A General History of Plants). The latter, consisting of two large folio volumes, which were published in 1686 and 1688, is a work of prodigious labour. As a cultivator of zoology and entomology also, Ray deserves to be mentioned with honour; and he further served the cause of science by editing and enlarging the posthumous works of his friend Willoughby on birds and fishes. His character as a naturalist is thus spoken of by the Rev. Gilbert White of Selborne: 'Our countryman, the excellent Mr Ray, is the only describer that conveys some precise idea in every term or word, maintaining his superiority over his followers and imitators, in spite of the advantage of fresh discoveries and modern information.' Cuvier also gives him a high character as a naturalist. For the greater part of his popular fame, Ray is indebted to an admirable treatise published in 1691, under the title of *The Wisdom of God Manifested in the Works of the Creation*, which has gone through many editions, and been translated into several continental languages. One of his reasons for composing it is thus stated by himself: 'By virtue of my function, I suspect myself to be obliged to write something in divinity, having written so much on other subjects; for, not being permitted to serve the church with my tongue in preaching, I know not but it may be my duty to serve it with my hand in writing; and I have made choice of this subject, as thinking myself best qualified to treat of it.' Natural theology had previously been developed in England by Boyle, Stillingfleet, Wilkins, Henry More, and Cudworth; but Ray was the first to systematise and popularise the subject. Paley afterwards adopted it, and his *Natural Theology* (1802) has superseded the work of Ray, and also the treatises of Derham in the beginning of the eighteenth century.[*] But though written in a more pleasing style, and with greater fulness of information, Paley's excellent work is but an imitation of Ray's volume, and he has derived from it many of his most striking arguments and illustrations.

### *The Study of Nature Recommended.*

Let us then consider the works of God, and observe the operations of his hands: let us take notice of and admire his infinite wisdom and goodness in the formation of them. No creature in this sublunary world is capable of so doing beside man; yet we are deficient herein: we content ourselves with the knowledge of the tongues, and a little skill in philology, or history perhaps, and antiquity, and neglect that which to me seems more material, I mean natural history and the works of the creation. I do not discommend or derogate from those other studies; I should betray mine own ignorance and weakness should I do so; I only wish they might not altogether justle out and exclude this. I wish that this might be brought in fashion among us; I wish men would be so equal and civil, as not to disparage, deride, and vilify those studies which themselves skill not of, or are not conversant in. No knowledge can be more pleasant than this, none that doth so satisfy and feed the soul; in comparison whereto that of words and phrases seems to me insipid and jejune. That learning, saith a wise and observant prelate, which consists only in the form and pedagogy of arts, or the critical notion upon words and phrases, hath in it this intrinsical imperfection, that it is only so far to be esteemed as it conduceth to the knowledge of things, being in itself but a kind of pedantry, apt to infect a man with such odd humours of pride, and affectation, and curiosity, as will render him unfit for any great employment. Words being but the images of matter, to be wholly given up to the study of these, what is it but Pygmalion's frenzy to fall in love with a picture or image. As for oratory, which is the best skill about words, that hath by some wise men been esteemed but a voluptuary art, like to cookery, which spoils wholesome meats, and helps unwholesome, by the variety of sauces, serving more to the pleasure of taste than the health of the body.

### *God's Exhortation to Activity.*

Methinks by all this provision for the use and service of man, the Almighty interpretively speaks to him in this manner: 'I have now placed thee in a spacious and well-furnished world; I have endued thee with an ability of understanding what is beautiful and proportionable, and have made that which is so agreeable and delightful to thee; I have provided thee with materials whereon to exercise and employ thy art and strength; I have given thee an excellent instrument, the hand, accommodated to make use of them all; I have distinguished the earth into hills and valleys, and plains, and meadows, and woods; all these parts capable of culture and improvement by thy industry; I have committed to thee for thy assistance in thy labours of ploughing, and carrying, and drawing, and travel, the laborious ox, the patient ass, and the strong and serviceable horse; I have created a multitude of seeds for thee to make choice out of them, of what is most pleasant to thy taste, and of most wholesome and plentiful nourishment; I have also made great variety of trees, bearing fruit both for food and physic, those, too, capable of being meliorated and improved by transplantation, stercoration, incision, pruning, watering, and other arts and devices. Till and manure thy fields, sow them with thy seeds, extirpate noxious and unprofitable herbs, guard them from the invasions and spoil of beasts, clear and fence in thy meadows and pastures, dress and prune thy vines, and so rank and dispose them as is most suitable to the climate; plant thee orchards, with all sorts of fruit-trees, in such order as may be most beautiful to the eye, and most comprehensive of plants; gardens for culinary herbs, and all kinds of salading; for delectable flowers, to gratify the eye with their agreeable colours and figures, and thy scent with their fragrant odours; for odoriferous and evergreen shrubs and suffrutices; for exotic and medicinal plants of all sorts; and dispose them in that comely order as may be most pleasant to behold, and commodious for access. I have furnished thee with all materials for building, as stone, and timber, and slate, and lime, and clay, and earth, whereof to make bricks and tiles. Deck and bespangle the country with houses and villages convenient for thy habitation, provided with outhouses and stables for the harbouring and shelter of thy cattle, with barns and granaries for the reception, and custody, and storing up thy corn and fruits. I have made thee a sociable creature, *zoon politikon*, for the improvement of thy understanding by conference, and communication of observations and experiments; for mutual help, assistance, and defence, build thee large towns and cities with straight and well-paved streets, and elegant rows of houses, adorned with magnificent temples for my honour and worship, with beautiful palaces for thy princes and grandees, with stately halls for public meetings of the citizens and their several companies, and the sessions of the courts of judicature, besides public porticoes and aqueducts. I have implanted in thy nature a desire of seeing strange and foreign, and finding out unknown countries, for the improvement and advance of thy knowledge in geography, by observing the bays, and creeks, and havens, and promontories, the outlets of rivers, the situation of the maritime towns and cities, the longitude and latitude, &c. of those places; in politics, by noting their government, their manners, laws, and customs, their diet and medicine, their trades and manufactures, their houses and buildings, their exercises and sports, &c. In physiology, or natural history, by searching out their natural rarities, the productions both of land and water, what species of animals, plants, and minerals, of fruits and drugs, are to be found there, what commodities for bartering and permutation, whereby thou mayest be enabled to make large additions to natural history, to advance those other sciences, and to benefit and enrich thy country by increase of its trade and merchandise. I have given thee timber and iron to build the hulls of ships, tall trees for masts, flax and hemp for sails, cables and cordage for rigging. I have armed thee with courage and hardiness to attempt the seas, and traverse the spacious plains of that liquid element; I have assisted thee with a compass, to direct thy course when thou shalt be out of all ken of land, and have nothing in view but sky and water. Go thither for the purposes before mentioned, and bring home what may be useful and beneficial to thy country in general, or thyself in particular.'

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[*] Derham's works are—*Physico-theology, or a Demonstration of the Being and Attributes of a God, from his Works of Creation* (1713); and *Astro-theology, or a Demonstration of the Being and Attributes of God, from a Survey of the Heavens* (1714). The substance of both had been preached by the author in 1711 and 1712, in the capacity of lecturer on Boyle's foundation.

I persuade myself, that the bountiful and gracious Author of man's being and faculties, and all things else, delights in the beauty of his creation, and is well pleased with the industry of man, in adorning the earth with beautiful cities and castles, with pleasant villages and country-houses, with regular gardens, and orchards, and plantations of all sorts of shrubs, and herbs, and fruits, for meat, medicine, or moderate delight; with shady woods and groves, and walks set with rows of elegant trees; with pastures clothed with flocks, and valleys covered over with corn, and meadows burdened with grass, and whatever else differenceth a civil and well-cultivated region from a barren and desolate wilderness.

If a country thus planted and adorned, thus polished and civilised, thus improved to the height by all manner of culture for the support and sustenance, and convenient entertainment of innumerable multitudes of people, be not to be preferred before a barbarous and inhospitable Scythia, without houses, without plantations, without corn-fields or vineyards, where the roving hordes of the savage and truculent inhabitants transfer themselves from place to place in wagons, as they can find pasture and forage for their cattle, and live upon milk, and flesh roasted in the sun, at the pommels of their saddles; or a rude and unpolished America, peopled with slothful and naked Indians—instead of well-built houses, living in pitiful huts and cabins, made of poles set endwise; then surely the brute beast's condition and manner of living, to which what we have mentioned doth nearly approach, is to be esteemed better than man's, and wit and reason was in vain bestowed on him.

### *All Things not Made for Man.*

There are infinite other creatures without this earth, which no considerate man can think were made only for man, and have no other use. For my part, I cannot believe that all the things in the world were so made for man, that they have no other use.

For it seems to me highly absurd and unreasonable to think that bodies of such vast magnitude as the fixed stars were only made to twinkle to us; nay, a multitude of them there are that do not so much as twinkle, being, either by reason of their distance or of their smallness, altogether invisible to the naked eye, and only discoverable by a telescope; and it is likely, perfecter telescopes than we yet have may bring to light many more; and who knows how many lie out of the ken of the best telescope that can possibly be made? And I believe there are many species in nature, even in this sublunary world, which were never yet taken notice of by man, and consequently of no use to him, which yet we are not to think were created in vain; but may be found out by, and of use to, those who shall live after us in future ages. But though in this sense it be not true that all things were made for man, yet thus far it is, that all the creatures in the world may be some way or other useful to us, at least to exercise our wits and understandings, in considering and contemplating of them, and so afford us subject of admiring and glorifying their and our Maker. Seeing, then, we do believe and assert that all things were in some sense made for us, we are thereby obliged to make use of them for those purposes for which they serve us, else we frustrate this end of their creation. Now, some of them serve only to exercise our minds. Many others there be which might probably serve us to good purpose, whose uses are not discovered, nor are they ever like to be, without pains and industry. True it is, many of the greatest inventions have been accidentally stumbled upon, but not by men supine and careless, but busy and inquisitive. Some reproach methinks it is to learned men that there should be so many animals still in the world whose outward shape is not yet taken notice of or described, much less their way of generation, food, manners, uses, observed.

Ray published, in 1672, a *Collection of English Proverbs*, and, in 1700, *A Persuasive to a Holy Life*. From a volume of his correspondence published by Derham, we extract the following affecting letter, written on his death-bed to Sir Hans Sloane:

'Dear Sir—the best of friends. These are to take a final leave of you as to this world: I look upon myself as a dying man. God requite your kindness expressed anyways toward me a hundred-fold; bless you with a confluence of all good things in this world, and eternal life and happiness hereafter; grant us a happy meeting in heaven. I am, Sir, eternally yours—John Ray.'

## THE MARQUIS OF HALIFAX.

George Saville, Marquis of Halifax (1630–1695), was a distinguished statesman, orator, and political writer. In the contests between the crown and the parliament after the restoration of Charles II. he was alternately in high favour with both parties as he supported or opposed the measures of each. To popery he was decidedly hostile, yet his attachment to the House of Stuart led him to speak and vote against the bill excluding the Duke of York (James II.) from the succession to the throne. For this he was elevated to the dignity of marquis, keeper of the privy seal, and president of the council. He retained his offices till his opposition to the proposed repeal of the Test Acts caused his dismissal. After the flight of James, Halifax was chosen speaker of the House of Lords, but he again lost favour, and joined the ranks of the Opposition. He was a Trimmer, as Lord Macaulay says, from principle, as well as from constitution: 'every faction in the day of its insolent and vindictive triumph incurred his censure; and every faction when vanquished and persecuted found in him a protector.' His political tracts, according to the same authority, well deserve to be studied for their literary merit, and fully entitle him to a place among English classics. They consist of short treatises, entitled *Advice to a Daughter*, *The Character of a Trimmer*, *Anatomy of an Equivalent*, *Letter to a Dissenter*, &c. The modern character of Halifax's style, no less than his logic and happy illustration, is remarkable. He might have contested the palm with Dryden as a master of English.

### *Importance of Laws.*

All laws flow from that of nature, and where that is not the foundation, they may be legally imposed, but they will be lamely obeyed. By this nature is not meant that which fools and madmen misquote to justify their excesses. It is innocent and uncorrupted nature—that which disposes men to choose virtue without its being described, and which is so far from inspiring ill thoughts into us, that we take pains to suppress the good ones it infuses.

The civilised world has ever paid a willing subjection to laws. Even conquerors have done homage to them; as the Romans, who took patterns of good laws, even from those they had subdued, and at the same time that they triumphed over an enslaved people, the very laws of that place did not only remain safe, but became victorious. Their new masters, instead of suppressing them, paid them more respect than they had from those who first made them; and by this wise method they arrived to such an admirable constitution of laws, that to this day they reign by them. This excellency of them triumphs still, and the world pays now an acknowledgment of their obedience to that mighty empire, though so many ages after it is dissolved. And by a later instance, the kings of France, who in practice use their laws pretty familiarly, yet think their picture is drawn with most advantage upon their seals when they are placed in the court of justice; and though the hieroglyphic is not there of so much use to the people as they could wish, yet it shews that no prince is so great as not to think fit—for his own credit at least—to give an outward when he refuses a real worship to the laws.

They are to mankind that which the sun is to plants whilst it cherishes and preserves them. Where they have their force, and are not clouded or suppressed, everything smiles and flourishes; but where they are darkened, and not suffered to shine out, it makes everything to wither and decay. They secure men not only against one another, but against themselves too. They are a sanctuary to which the crown has occasion to resort as often as the people, so that it is an interest, as well as a duty, to preserve them.

### *Political Agitation not always Hurtful.*

Our government is like our climate. There are winds which are sometimes loud and unquiet, and yet with all the trouble they give us, we owe great part of our health unto them. They clear the air, which else would be like a standing pool, and, instead of refreshment, would be a disease unto us. There may be fresh gales of asserting liberty without turning into such storms of hurricane as that the state should run any hazard of being cast away by them. These strugglings, which are natural to all mixed governments, while they are kept from growing into convulsions, do, by a natural agitation from the several parts, rather support and strengthen than weaken or maim the constitution; and the whole frame, instead of being torn or disjointed, comes to be the better and closer knit by being thus exercised.

But whatever faults our government may have, or a discerning critic may find in it, when he looks upon it alone, let any other be set against it, and then it shews its comparative beauty. Let us look upon the most glittering outside of unbounded authority, and upon a nearer inquiry we shall find nothing but poor and miserable deformity within. Let us imagine a prince living in his kingdom as if in a great galley, his subjects tugging at the oar, laden with chains, and reduced to real rags, that they may gain him imaginary laurels. Let us represent him gazing among his flatterers, and receiving their false worship; like a child never contradicted, and therefore always cozened, or like a lady complimented only to be abused; condemned never to hear truth, and consequently never to do justice, wallowing in the soft bed of wanton and unbridled greatness; nor less odious to the instruments themselves than to the objects of his tyranny; blown up into an ambitious dropsy, never to be satisfied by the conquest of other people, or by the oppression of his own. By aiming to be more than a man, he falls lower than the meanest of them; a mistaken creature, swelled with panegyrics, and flattered out of his senses, and not only an incumbrance but a nuisance to mankind—a hardened and unrelenting soul; and, like some creatures that grow fat with poisons, he grows great by other men's miseries; an ambitious ape of the divine greatness; an unruly giant that would storm even heaven itself, but that his scaling-ladders are not long enough—in short, a wild and devouring creature in rich trappings, and with all his pride, no more than a whip in God Almighty's hand, to be thrown into the fire when the world has been sufficiently scourged with it. This picture, laid in right colours, would not incite men to wish for such a government, but rather to acknowledge the happiness of our own, under which we enjoy all the privileges reasonable men can desire, and avoid all the miseries many others are subject to.

### *Party Nicknames—The Trimmer.*

Amongst all the engines of dissension there has been none more powerful in all times than the fixing names upon one another of contumely and reproach. And the reason is plain in respect of the people, who, though generally they are incapable of making a syllogism, or forming an argument, yet they can pronounce a word; and that serves their turn to throw it with their dull malice at the head of those they do not like. Such things ever begin in jest, and end in blood; and the same word which at first makes the company merry, grows in time to a military signal to cut one another's throats. . . . .

This innocent word 'Trimmer' signifies no more than this, that if men are together in a boat, and one part of the company would weigh it down on one side, another would make it lean as much to the contrary; it happens there is a third opinion of those who conceive it would do as well if the boat went even without endangering the passengers. Now, 'tis hard to imagine by what figure in language, or by what rule in sense, this comes to be a fault, and it is much more a wonder it should be thought a heresy.

### *Truth and Moderation.*

The want of practice, which repeals the other laws, has no influence upon the law of truth, because it has root in heaven and an intrinsic value in itself that can never be impaired. She shews her greatness in this, that her enemies, even when they are successful, are ashamed to own it. Nothing but power full of truth has the prerogative of triumphing, not only after victories, but in spite of them, and to put conquest herself out of countenance. She may be kept under and suppressed, but her dignity still remains with her, even when she is in chains. Falsehood, with all her impudence, has not enough to speak ill of her before her face. Such majesty she carries about her, that her most prosperous enemies are fain to whisper their treason. All the power upon the earth can never extinguish her. She has lived in all ages; and, let the mistaken zeal of prevailing authority christen an opposition to it with what name they please, she makes it not only an ugly and unmannerly, but a dangerous thing to persist. She has lived very retired indeed—nay, sometimes so buried, that only some few of the discerning part of mankind could have a glimpse of her. With all that, she has eternity in her; she knows not how to die, and from the darkest clouds that shade and cover her, she breaks from time to time with triumph for her friends and terror to her enemies.

Our Trimmer, therefore, inspired by this divine virtue, thinks fit to conclude with these assertions: That our climate is a trimmer between that part of the world where men are roasted, and the other where they are frozen: that our church is a trimmer, between the frenzy of Platonic visions and the lethargic ignorance of popish dreams: that our laws are trimmers, between the excess of unbounded power and the extravagance of liberty not enough restrained: that true virtue has ever been thought a trimmer, and to have its dwelling between the two extremes: that even God Almighty himself is divided between His two great attributes—his mercy and justice. In such company, our Trimmer is not ashamed of his name, and willingly leaves to the bold champions of either extreme the honour of contending with no less adversaries than nature, religion, liberty, prudence, humanity, and common-sense.

## DR HENRY MORE.

One of the greatest of the English Platonists and metaphysicians of the seventeenth century was the amiable and learned DR HENRY MORE (1614-1687), a native of Grantham, Lincolnshire, and Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge. More devoted his life to study and religious meditation at Cambridge, and strenuously refused to accept preferment in the church, which would have rendered it necessary for him to leave what he called his paradise. The friends of this recluse philosopher once attempted to decoy him into a bishopric, and got him as far as Whitehall, that he might kiss the king's hand on the occasion; but when told for what purpose they had brought him thither, he refused to move a step further. Dr More published several works for the promotion of religion and virtue; his moral doctrines are admirable, but some of his views are strongly tinged with mysticism. He was one of those who held the opinion that the wisdom of the Hebrews had descended to Pythagoras, and from him to Plato, in the writings of whom and his followers he believed that the true principles of divine philosophy were consequently to be found. For such a theory, it is hardly necessary to remark, there is no good foundation, the account given of Pythagoras's travels into the East being of uncertain authority, and there being no evidence that he had any communication with the Hebrew prophets. Dr More was an enthusiastic and disinterested inquirer after truth, and is celebrated by his contemporaries as a man of uncommon benevolence, purity, and devotion. His works, though now little read, were extremely popular in the latter half of the seventeenth century. The most important are—*The Mystery of Godliness*, *The Mystery of Iniquity*, *A Discourse on the Immortality of the Soul*, *Ethical and Metaphysical Manuals*, several treatises against atheism and idolatry, and a volume entitled *Platonica, or a Platonical Song of the Soul*, in four poems, 1642, afterwards published as *Philosophical Poems*, 1647. The first book or poem in the series is *Psychozoia*, or the Life of the Soul, his principal poetical work. 'His poetry,' says Thomas Campbell, 'is not like a beautiful landscape on which the eye can repose, but may be compared to some curious grotto, whose gloomy labyrinths we might be curious to explore for the strange and mystic associations they excite.' We add two stanzas from the *Psychozoia:*

### *The Soul and Body.*

Like to a light fast locked in lanthorn dark,
Whereby by night our wary steps we guide
In slabby streets, and dirty channels mark,
Some weaker rays through the black top do glide,
And flusher streams perhaps from horny side.
But when we 've passed the peril of the way,
Arrived at home, and laid that case aside,
The naked light how clearly doth it ray,
And spread its joyful beams as bright as summer's day.

Even so the soul, in this contracted state,
Confined to these strait instruments of sense,
More dull and narrowly doth operate;
At this hole hears, the sight must ray from thence,
Here tastes, there smells: but when she 's gone from hence,
Like naked lamp she is one shining sphere,
And round about has perfect cognoscence
Whate'er in her horizon doth appear:
She is one orb of sense, all eye, all airy ear.

Of the prose composition of Dr More, the subjoined is from his *Mystery of Godliness:*

### *Devout Contemplation of the Works of God.*

Whether, therefore, our eyes be struck with that more radiant lustre of the sun, or whether we behold that more placid and calm beauty of the moon, or be refreshed with the sweet breathings of the open air, or be taken up with the contemplation of those pure sparkling lights of the stars, or stand astonished at the gushing downfalls of some mighty river, as that of Nile, or admire the height of some insuperable and inaccessible rock or mountain; or with a pleasant horror and chillness look upon some silent wood, or solemn shady grove; whether the face of heaven smile upon us with a cheerful bright azure, or look upon us with a more sad and minacious countenance, dark pitchy clouds being charged with thunder and lightning to let fly against the earth; whether the air be cool, fresh, and healthful; or whether it be sultry, contagious, and pestilential, so that, while we gasp for life, we are forced to draw in a sudden and inevitable death; whether the earth stand firm, and prove favourable to the industry of the artificer; or whether she threaten the very foundations of our buildings with trembling and tottering earthquakes, accompanied with remugient echoes and ghastly murmurs from below; whatever notable emergencies happen for either good or bad to us, these are the Joves and Vejoves that we worship, which to us are not *many*, but *one* God, who has the only power to save or destroy. And therefore, from whatever part of this magnificent temple of his—the world—he shall send forth his voice, our hearts and eyes are presently directed thitherward with fear, love, and veneration.

### *Nature of the Evidence of the Existence of God.*

When I say that I will demonstrate that there is a God, I do not promise that I will always produce such arguments that the reader shall acknowledge so strong, as he shall be forced to confess that it is utterly impossible that it should be otherwise; but they shall be such as shall deserve full assent, and win full assent from any unprejudiced mind.

For I conceive that we may give full assent to that which, notwithstanding, may possibly be otherwise; which I shall illustrate by several examples: Suppose two men got to the top of Mount Athos, and there viewing a stone in the form of an altar with ashes on it, and the footsteps of men on those ashes, or some words, if you will, as *Optimo Maximo*, or *To agnosto Theo*, or the like, written or scrawled out upon the ashes; and one of them should cry out: Assuredly here have been some men that have done this. But the other, more nice than wise, should reply: Nay, it may possibly be otherwise; for this stone may have naturally grown into this very shape, and the seeming ashes may be no ashes, that is, no remainders of any fuel burnt there; but some inexplicable and unperceptible motions of the air, or other particles of this fluid matter that is active everywhere, have wrought some parts of the matter into the form and nature of ashes, and have fringed and played about so, that they have also figured those intelligible characters in the same. But would not anybody deem it a piece of weakness, no less than dotage, for the other man one whit to recede from his former apprehension, but as fully as ever to agree with what he pronounced first, notwithstanding this bare possibility of being otherwise?

So of anchors that have been digged up, either in plain fields or mountainous places, as also the Roman urns with ashes and inscriptions, as *Severianus Ful. Linus*, and the like, or Roman coins with the effigies and names of the Cæsars on them, or that which is more ordinary, the skulls of men in every churchyard, with the right figure, and all those necessary perforations for the passing of the vessels, besides those conspicuous hollows for the eyes and rows of teeth, the *os styloeides, ethoeides*, and what not. If a man will say of them, that the motions of the particles of the matter, or some hidden spermatic power, has gendered these, both anchors, urns, coins, and skulls, in the ground, he doth but pronounce that which human reason must admit is possible. Nor can any man ever so demonstrate that those coins, anchors, and urns were once the artifice of men, or that this or that skull was once a part of a living man, that he shall force an acknowledgment that it is impossible that it should be otherwise. But yet I do not think that any man, without doing manifest violence to his faculties, can at all suspend his assent, but freely and fully agree that this or that skull was once a part of a living man, and that these anchors, urns, and coins, were certainly once made by human artifice, notwithstanding the possibility of being otherwise.

And what I have said of assent is also true in dissent; for the mind of man, not crased nor prejudiced, will fully and irreconcilably disagree, by its own natural sagacity, where, notwithstanding, the thing that it doth thus resolvedly and undoubtedly reject, no wit of man can prove impossible to be true. As if we should make such a fiction as this—that Archimedes, with the same individual body that he had when the soldiers slew him, is now safely intent upon his geometrical figures under ground, at the centre of the earth, far from the noise and din of this world, that might disturb his meditations, or distract him in his curious delineations he makes with his rod upon the dust; which no man living can prove impossible. Yet if any man does not as irreconcilably dissent from such a fable as this, as from any falsehood imaginable, assuredly that man is next door to madness or dotage, or does enormous violence to the free use of his faculties.

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## HISTORIANS.

### THOMAS MAY.

THOMAS MAY (*circa* 1594-1650), who, like Daniel, was both a poet and historian, published, in 1647, *The History of the Parliament of England, which began November* 3, 1640, *with a short and necessary View of some precedent Years*. The prefatory 'view' comprises characters of Queen Elizabeth, King James, and Charles I.; and the narrative closes with the battle of Newbury, 1643, at the most interesting crisis of the struggle. May was at one time countenanced by the court, but 'fell from his duty and all his former friends,' as Clarendon has expressed it, and became Secretary to the Long Parliament. It is to be regretted that his History is confined to so small a portion of the Civil War, for though the composition of the work is inelegant, it is marked by candour and fairness, and the author had access to the best sources of information on the side of the Parliament. The task, indeed, was a difficult one, for the Civil War divided, as May said, 'the understandings of men as well as their affections, in so high a degree that scarce could any virtue gain due applause, any reason give satisfaction, or any relation obtain credit unless amongst men of the same side.' The picture which May draws of the social state of the times seems more like what we conceive of the reign of Charles II. than that of the grave and decorous First Charles.

#### *Court and Times of Charles I.*

Profaneness too much abounded everywhere; and which is most strange, where there was no religion, yet there was superstition. Luxury in diet, and excess both in meat and drink, was crept into the kingdom in a high degree, not only in the quantity, but in the wanton curiosity. And in abuse of those good creatures which God had bestowed upon this plentiful land, they mixed the vices of divers nations, catching at everything that was new and foreign.

Non vulgo nota placebant
Gaudia, non usu plebejo trita voluptas.
PETR.

Old known delight
They scorn, and bare-worn pleasure slight.

As much pride and excess was in apparel, almost among all degrees of people, in new-fangled and various-fashioned attire; they not only imitated, but excelled their foreign patterns; and in fantastical gestures and behaviour, the petulancy of most nations in Europe. The serious men groaned for a parliament; but the great statesmen plied it the harder, to complete that work they had begun, of setting up prerogative above all laws. The Lord Wentworth (afterwards created Earl of Strafford for his service in that kind) was then labouring to oppress Ireland, of which he was deputy; and to begin that work in a conquered kingdom which was intended to be afterward wrought by degrees in England: and indeed he had gone very far and prosperously in those ways of tyranny, though very much to the endamaging and setting back of that newly established kingdom. He was a man of great parts, of a deep reach, subtle wit, of spirit and industry to carry on his business, and such a conscience as was fit for that work he was designed to. He understood the right way, and the liberty of his country, as well as any man; for which in former parliaments, he stood up stiffly, and seemed an excellent patriot. For those abilities he was soon taken off by the king, and raised in honour, to be employed in a contrary way, for enslaving of his country, which his ambition easily drew him to undertake. . . .

The court of England, during this long vacancy of parliaments, enjoyed itself in as much pleasure and splendour as ever any court did. The revels, triumphs, and princely pastimes were for those many years kept up at so great a height, that any stranger which travelled into England, would verily believe a kingdom that looked so cheerfully in the face could not be sick in any part.

May was the author of several plays and poems and translations, all forgotten excepting his translation of Lucan's *Pharsalia* (1627) and his Supplement to Lucan, carrying down the history of Pharsalia to the death of Cæsar, and forming, as Hallam has said, 'the first Latin poetry which England can vaunt.'

### LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY.

EDWARD HERBERT, baron of Cherbury, in Shropshire (1581-1648), was an eminent statesman and writer, and a brave and high-spirited man at a time when honourable feeling was rare at the English court. He was born at Eyton, in Shropshire, studied at Oxford, and acquired, both at home and on the continent, a high reputation for the almost Quixotic chivalry of his character. In 1616 he was sent as ambassador to Paris, at which place he published, in 1624, his celebrated

Latin work *De Veritate*, a treatise on truth as it is distinguished from revelation, from probability, from possibility, and from falsehood. In this work, the first in which deism was ever reduced to a system, the author maintains the sufficiency, universality, and absolute perfection of natural religion. The enthusiasm as well as sincerity of his nature is exemplified in the following reference to this work:

> Being doubtful in my chamber one fine day in the summer, my casement being open towards the south, the sun shining clear, and no wind stirring, I took my book *De Veritate* in my hands, and kneeling on my knees, devoutly said these words: 'O thou eternal God, author of this light which now shines upon me, and giver of all inward illuminations, I do beseech thee, of thy infinite goodness, to pardon a greater request than a sinner ought to make. I am not satisfied enough whether I shall publish this book; if it be for thy glory, I beseech thee give me some sign from heaven; if not, I shall suppress it!' I had no sooner spoke these words, but a loud, though yet gentle noise came forth from the heavens, for it was like nothing on earth, which did so cheer and comfort me, that I took my petition as granted, and that I had the sign I demanded; whereupon also I resolved to print my book. This, how strange soever it may seem, I protest before the eternal God is true; neither am I any way superstitiously deceived herein, since I did not only clearly hear the noise, but in the serenest sky I ever saw, being without all cloud, did, to my thinking, see the place from whence it came.

In reprinting the work at London in 1645, Herbert added two tracts, *De Causis Errorum* and *De Religione Laici*, and soon afterwards he published another work entitled *De Religione Gentilium Errorumque apud eos Causis*, of which an English translation appeared in 1705, entitled *The Ancient Religion of the Gentiles, and Cause of their Errors Considered.* The treatise *De Veritate* was answered by the French philosopher Gassendi, and numerous replies appeared in England. Lord Herbert wrote a *History of the Life and Reign of King Henry VIII.* which was not printed till 1649, the year after his death. It is termed by Lord Orford 'a masterpiece of historic biography.' Herbert has, however, been accused of partiality to the tyrannical monarch, and of having produced rather a panegyric, or an apology, than a fair and judicious representation. As to style, the work is one of the best old specimens of historical composition. Lord Herbert is remarkable also as the earliest of our autobiographers. The memoirs which he left of his own life were first printed by Horace Walpole in 1764. Lord Herbert wrote *Occasional Verses*, published by his son in 1665.

### *Sir Thomas More's Resignation of the Great Seal.*

Sir Thomas More, Lord Chancellor of England, after divers suits to be discharged of his place—which he had held two years and a half—did at length by the king's good leave resign it. The example whereof being rare, will give me occasion to speak more particularly of him. Sir Thomas More, a person of sharp wit, and endued besides with excellent parts of learning (as his works may testify), was yet (out of I know not what natural facetiousness) given so much to jesting, that it detracted no little from the gravity and importance of his place, which, though generally noted and disliked, I do not think was enough to make him give it over in that merriment we shall find anon, or retire to a private life. Neither can I believe him so much addicted to his private opinions as to detest all other governments but his own Utopia, so that it is probable some vehement desire to follow his book, or secret offence taken against some person or matter—among which perchance the king's new intended marriage, or the like, might be accounted—occasioned this strange counsel; though, yet, I find no reason pretended for it but infirmity and want of health. Our king hereupon taking the seal, and giving it, together with the order of knighthood, to Thomas Audeley, Speaker of the Lower House, Sir Thomas More, without acquainting anybody with what he had done, repairs to his family at Chelsea, where, after a mass celebrated the next day in the church, he comes to his lady's pew, with his hat in his hand—an office formerly done by one of his gentlemen—and says: 'Madam, my lord is gone.' But she thinking this at first to be but one of his jests, was little moved, till he told her sadly he had given up the great seal; whereupon she speaking some passionate words, he called his daughters then present to see if they could not spy some fault about their mother's dressing; but they after search saying they could find none, he replied: 'Do you not perceive that your mother's nose standeth somewhat awry?'—of which jeer the provoked lady was so sensible, that she went from him in a rage. Shortly after, he acquainted his servants with what he had done, dismissing them also to the attendance of some other great personages, to whom he had recommended them. For his fool, he bestowed him on the lord-mayor during his office, and afterwards on his successors in that charge. And now coming to himself, he began to consider how much he had left, and finding that it was not above one hundred pounds yearly in lands, besides some money, he advised with his daughters how to live together. But the grieved gentlewomen—who knew not what to reply, or indeed how to take these jests—remaining astonished, he says: 'We will begin with the slender diet of the students of the law, and if that will not hold out, we will take such commons as they have at Oxford; which yet if our purse will not stretch to maintain, for our last refuge we will go a-begging, and at every man's door sing together a *Salve Regina* to get alms.' But these jests were thought to have in them more levity than to be taken everywhere for current; he might have quitted his dignity without using such sarcasms, and betaken himself to a more retired and quiet life without making them or himself contemptible. And certainly, whatsoever he intended hereby, his family so little understood his meaning, that they needed some more serious instructions.

## LORD CLARENDON.

At the head of the historians of this period, combining disquisition with description, and the development of motives with the relation of events, generations of readers have agreed to place Lord Clarendon, the faithful though discarded minister of Charles II.

**EDWARD HYDE, EARL OF CLARENDON** (1608–1674), the son of a private gentleman of good fortune in Wiltshire, studied for several years at Oxford with a view to the church, but in consequence of the death of two older brothers, was removed at the age of sixteen to London, where he diligently pursued the study of the law. While thus employed, he associated much with some of the most eminent of his contemporaries, among whom may be mentioned Lord Falkland, Selden, Ben Jonson, Carew, Waller, Morley, Hales of Eton, and Chillingworth. From the conversation of these and other distinguished individuals—the characters of some of whom he has admirably sketched in his works—he considered himself to have derived a great portion of his knowledge; and he declares that 'he never was so proud, or thought himself so good a man, as when he was the worst man in the company.' Having entered parliament in 1640, he soon afterwards quitted the bar, and devoted himself to public affairs. At first he abstained from connecting himself with any political party; but eventually he joined the royalists, to whose principles he was inclined by nature, though not a decided partisan. In the struggles between Charles I. and the people, he was much consulted by the king, who, however, sometimes gave him annoyance by disregarding his advice. Many of the papers issued in the royal cause during the Civil War were the productions of Hyde. Charles, while holding his court at Oxford, nominated him chancellor of the exchequer, and conferred upon him the honour of knighthood. Leaving the king in 1644, he accompanied Prince Charles to the west, and subsequently to Jersey, where he remained for two years after the prince's departure from that island, engaged in tranquil literary occupations, and especially in writing a history of the stormy events in which he had lately been an actor. His *Contemplations and Reflections upon the Psalms of David, applying those Devotions to the troubles of the Times*, written in Jersey in 1647, and published in folio in 1727, are full of historical and personal interest, and have never been sufficiently valued. In 1648, he joined the prince in Holland, and next year went as one of his ambassadors to Madrid, having first established his own wife and children at Antwerp. In Spain, the ambassadors were coldly received: after suffering much from neglect and poverty, they were ultimately ordered to quit the kingdom, which they did in 1651; Hyde retiring to his family at Antwerp, but afterwards, in the autumn of the same year, joining the exiled Charles at Paris. Thenceforth, Hyde continued to be of great service in managing the embarrassed pecuniary affairs of the court, in giving counsel to the king, and in preserving harmony among his adherents. At this time his own poverty was such, that he writes in 1652: 'I have neither clothes nor fire to preserve me from the sharpness of the season;' and in the following year: 'I have not had a livre of my own for three months.' He was greatly annoyed by the indolence and extravagance of Charles, who, however, valued him highly, and manifested his approbation by raising him to the dignity of lord chancellor. This appointment by a king without a kingdom, besides serving to testify the royal favour, enabled the easy and indolent monarch to rid himself of clamorous applicants for future lucrative offices in England, by referring them to one who had greater ability to resist solicitations with firmness. Of the four confidential counsellors by whose advice Charles was almost exclusively directed after the death of Cromwell, Hyde 'bore the greatest share of business, and was believed to possess the greatest influence. The measures he recommended were tempered with sagacity, prudence, and moderation.' 'The chancellor was a witness of the Restoration; he was with Charles at Canterbury in his progress to London, followed his triumphal entry to the capital, and took his seat on the 1st of June (1660) as speaker of the House of Lords: he also sat on the same day in the Court of Chancery.' In the same year his daughter became the wife of the Duke of York, by which marriage Hyde was rendered a progenitor of two queens of England, Mary and Anne. At the coronation in 1661, the earldom of Clarendon was conferred on him, along with a gift of £20,000 from the king. He enjoyed the office of chancellor till 1665, when, having incurred the popular odium by some of his measures, his haughty demeanour, and resistance to the growing power of the Commons, and also raised up many bitter enemies in the court by his opposition to the dissoluteness and extravagance which there prevailed, he resigned the great seal, by his majesty's command, and was soon afterwards compelled to withdraw from the kingdom. He retired to France, and occupied himself in completing his *History of the Rebellion and Civil Wars in England*, begun in 1641, but first published at Oxford in 1702-4. This great work is written somewhat in the style of political memoirs, easy, copious, redundant of details, and careless in execution, except where the author delineated the characters of his great contemporaries, or dwelt on events in which he was strongly interested. He fails most signally in his description of battles, which are confused and almost unintelligible.[*] Clarendon's sentences are often long and involved, and his expression loose and incorrect—defects perhaps springing from his previous habits of public speaking, without early opportunities or peculiar taste for mere literary study. In the department of character-painting, Clarendon is unrivalled; his description of events has not the same graphic vigour as his portraitures, and his authority as an historian is small indeed; but many incidents are related with a sober majesty and chastened beauty of expression that are rare in history. We see always a full and fertile mind—strong royalist prepossessions, but a high sense of national honour and a deep feeling of regard for the moral and material welfare of his country. His life of himself, and the continuation of the life, written subsequently to his history, are less interesting, and are more inaccurate in details. Among the other works of this great man are a reply to the *Leviathan* of Hobbes and an admirable *Essay on an Active and Contemplative Life, and why the One should be preferred before the Other*. The last is peculiarly valuable, as the production of a man who, to a sound and vigorous understanding, added rare knowledge of the world, and much experience of life, both active and retired. He strongly maintains the superiority of an active course, as having the greater tendency to promote not only the happiness and usefulness, but also the virtue of the individual. Man, says he, 'is not sent into the world only to have a being to breathe till nature extinguisheth that breath, and reduceth that miserable creature to the nothing he was before: he is sent upon an errand, and to do the business of life; he hath faculties given him to judge between good and evil, to cherish and foment the first motions he feels towards the one, and to subdue the first temptations to the other; he hath not acted his part in doing no harm; his duty is not only to do good and to be innocent himself, but to propagate virtue, and to make others better than they would otherwise be. Indeed, an absence of folly is the first hopeful prologue towards the obtaining wisdom; yet he shall never be wise who knows not what folly is; nor, it may be, commendably and judiciously honest, without having taken some view of the quarters of iniquity; since true virtue pre-supposeth an election, a declining somewhat that is ill, as well as the choice of what is good.' The choice of a mode of life he thinks ought to be regulated by a consideration of the abilities of each individual who is about to commence his career; but he omits to add, that dispositions as well as talents ought always to be considered; since, however great a man's abilities may be, the want of steady energy and decision of character must operate as an insurmountable bar to success in the struggles of active life. Lord Clarendon's other miscellaneous works consist of a Vindication of himself from the Charge of Treason; Dialogues on the Want of Respect due to Age, and on Education; and essays on various subjects.

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[*] It is curious to find it stated by Sir Walter Scott, that '*the best general in the world* (evidently the Duke of Wellington) has been heard to say that King James II. in his Memoirs writes of military matters more forcibly and intelligibly than any author he has perused.' See note to *Military Memoirs*, by John Gwynne, 1822.

In the year 1811, a work of Lord Clarendon's which had till then remained in manuscript, was published under the title of *Religion and Policy, and the Countenance and Assistance they should give to each other; with a Survey of the Power and Jurisdiction of the Pope in the Dominions of other Princes*. The principal object of the work is to shew the injury which religion has sustained by the pope's assumption of temporal authority, and that it is incumbent on Catholics living under Protestant governments to pay no regard to the papal authority, in opposition to their own sovereign.

Lord Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion* was not intended for publication till the numerous public characters of whom it treats were no more. It was edited by Bishop Sprat and Dean Aldrich, who made numerous alterations on the text, which, however, has now been correctly given, with the suppressed passages restored, in an edition in eight volumes, printed at Oxford in 1826. The Life and Continuation, also complete, were printed at Oxford in three volumes in 1827.

### *Reception of the Liturgy at Edinburgh in* 1637.

On the Sunday morning appointed for the work, the Chancellor of Scotland, and others of the council, being present in the cathedral church, the dean began to read the Liturgy, which he had no sooner entered upon, but a noise and clamour was raised throughout the church, that no words could be heard distinctly; and then a shower of stones, and sticks, and cudgels, were thrown at the dean's head. The bishop went up into the pulpit, and from thence put them in mind of the sacredness of the place, of their duty to God and the king; but he found no more reverence, nor was the clamour and disorder less than before. The chancellor, from his seat, commanded the provost and magistrates of the city to descend from the gallery in which they sat, and by their authority to suppress the riot; which at last with great difficulty they did, by driving the rudest of those who made the disturbance out of the church, and shutting the doors, which gave the dean opportunity to proceed in the reading of the Liturgy, that was not at all attended or hearkened to by those who remained within the church; and if it had, they who were turned out continued their barbarous noise, broke the windows, and endeavoured to break down the doors, so that it was not possible for any to follow their devotions.

When all was done that at that time could be done there, and the council and magistrates went out of the church to their houses, the rabble followed the bishops with all the opprobrious language they could invent, of bringing in superstition and popery into the kingdom, and making the people slaves; and were not content to use their tongues, but employed their hands too in throwing dirt and stones at them; and treated the bishop of Edinburgh, whom they looked upon as most active that way, so rudely, that with difficulty he got into a house, after they had torn his habit, and was from thence removed to his own, with great hazard of his life. As this was the reception which it had in the cathedral, so it fared not better in the other churches of the city, but was entertained with the same hollaing and outcries, and threatening the men, whose office it was to read it, with the same bitter execrations against bishops and popery.

Hitherto no person of condition or name appeared or seemed to countenance this seditious confusion; it was the rabble, of which nobody was named, and, which is more strange, not one apprehended: and it seems the bishops thought it not of moment enough to desire or require any help or protection from the council; but without conferring with them, or applying themselves to them, they despatched away an express to the king, with a full and particular information of all that had passed, and a desire that he would take that course he thought best for the carrying on his service.

Until this advertisement arrived from Scotland, there were very few in England who had heard of any disorders there, or of anything done there which might produce any. . . . And the truth is, there was so little curiosity either in the court or in the country to know anything of Scotland, or what was done there, that when the whole nation was solicitous to know what passed weekly in Germany and Poland, and all other parts of Europe, no man ever inquired what was doing in Scotland, nor had that kingdom a place or mention in one page of any gazette; and even after the advertisement of this preamble to rebellion, no mention was made of it at the council-board, but such a dispatch made into Scotland upon it, as expressed the king's dislike and displeasure, and obliged the lords of the council there to appear more vigorously in the vindication of his authority, and suppression of those tumults. But all was too little. That people, after they had once begun, pursued the business vigorously, and with all imaginable contempt of the government; and though in the hubbub of the first day there appeared nobody of name or reckoning, but the actors were really of the dregs of the people, yet they discovered by the countenance of that day, that few men of rank were forward to engage themselves in the quarrel on the behalf of the bishops; whereupon more considerable persons every day appeared against them, and—as heretofore in the case of St Paul, Acts xiii. 50, 'The Jews stirred up the devout and honourable women'—the women and ladies of the best quality declared themselves of the party, and, with all the reproaches imaginable, made war upon the bishops, as introducers of popery and superstition, against which they avowed themselves to be irreconcilable enemies; and their husbands did not long defer the owning the same spirit; insomuch as within few days the bishops durst not appear in the streets, nor in any courts or houses, but were in danger of their lives; and such of the lords as durst be in their company, or seemed to desire to rescue them from violence, had their coaches torn in pieces, and their persons assaulted, insomuch as they were glad to send for some of those great men, who did indeed govern the rabble, though they appeared not in it, who readily came and redeemed them out of their hands; so that, by the time new orders came from England, there was scarce a bishop left in Edinburgh, and not a minister who durst read the Liturgy in any church.

### *Character of Hampden.*

Mr Hampden was a man of much greater cunning, and, it may be, of the most discerning spirit, and of the greatest address and insinuation to bring anything to pass which he desired, of any man of that time, and who laid the design deepest. He was a gentleman of a good extraction, and a fair fortune; who, from a life of great pleasure and licence, had on a sudden retired to extraordinary sobriety and strictness, and yet retained his usual cheerfulness and affability; which, together with the opinion of his wisdom and justice, and the courage he had shewed in opposing the ship-money, raised his reputation to a very great height, not only in Buckinghamshire, where he lived, but generally throughout the kingdom. He was not a man of many words, and rarely begun the discourse, or made the first entrance upon any business that was assumed; but a very weighty speaker, and after he had heard a full debate, and observed how the house was like to be inclined, took up the argument, and shortly, and clearly, and craftily so stated it, that he commonly conducted it to the conclusion he desired; and if he found he could not do that, he was never without the dexterity to divert the debate to another time, and to prevent the determining anything in the negative, which might prove inconvenient in the future. He made so great a show of civility, and modesty, and humility, and always of mistrusting his own judgment, and esteeming his with whom he conferred for the present, that he seemed to have no opinions or resolutions, but such as he contracted from the information and instruction he received upon the discourses of others, whom he had a wonderful art of governing, and leading into his principles and inclinations, whilst they believed that he wholly depended upon their counsel and advice. No man had ever a greater power over himself, or was less the man that he seemed to be; which shortly after appeared to everybody, when he cared less to keep on the mask.

### *Character of Lord Falkland.*

In this unhappy battle [of Newbury] was slain the Lord Viscount Falkland, a person of such prodigious parts of learning and knowledge, of that inimitable sweetness and delight in conversation, of so flowing and obliging a humanity and goodness to mankind, and of that primitive simplicity and integrity of life, that if there were no other brand upon this odious and accursed civil war than that single loss, it must be most infamous and execrable to all posterity:

> Turpe mori, post te, solo non posse dolore.

Before this parliament, his condition of life was so happy that it was hardly capable of improvement. Before he came to be twenty years of age, he was master of a noble fortune, which descended to him by the gift of a grandfather, without passing through his father or mother, who were then both alive, and not well enough contented to find themselves passed by in the descent. His education for some years had been in Ireland, where his father was lord-deputy; so that, when he returned into England to the possession of his fortune, he was unentangled with any acquaintance or friends, which usually grow up by the custom of conversation, and therefore was to make a pure election of his company, which he chose by other rules than were prescribed to the young nobility of that time. And it cannot be denied, though he admitted some few to his friendship for the agreeableness of their natures, and their undoubted affection to him, that his familiarity and friendship for the most part was with men of the most eminent and sublime parts, and of untouched reputation in point of integrity; and such men had a title to his bosom.

He was a great cherisher of wit, and fancy, and good parts in any man; and if he found them clouded with poverty or want, a most liberal and bountiful patron towards them, even above his fortune; of which, in those administrations, he was such a dispenser, as, if he had been trusted with it to such uses, and if there had been the least of vice to his expense, he might have been thought too prodigal. He was constant and pertinacious in whatever he resolved to do, and not to be wearied by any pains that were necessary to that end. And, therefore, having once resolved not to see London, which he loved above all places, till he had perfectly learned the Greek tongue, he went to his own house in the country, and pursued it with that indefatigable industry, that it will not be believed in how short a time he was master of it, and accurately read all the Greek historians.

In this time, his house being within little more than ten miles of Oxford, he contracted familiarity and friendship with the most polite and accurate men of that university, who found such an immenseness of wit, and such a solidity of judgment in him, so infinite a fancy, bound in by a most logical ratiocination, such a vast knowledge, that he was not ignorant in anything, yet such an excessive humility, as if he had known nothing, that they frequently resorted and dwelt with him, as in a college situated in a purer air; so that his house was a university in a less volume, whither they came not so much for repose as study, and to examine and refine those grosser propositions which laziness and consent made current in vulgar conversation. . . .

He was superior to all those passions and affections which attend vulgar minds, and was guilty of no other ambition than of knowledge, and to be reputed a lover of all good men; and that made him too much a contemner of those arts which must be indulged in the transactions of human affairs. In the last short parliament he was a burgess in the House of Commons; and from the debates, which were there managed with all imaginable gravity and sobriety, he contracted such a reverence to parliaments, that he thought it really impossible they could ever produce mischief or inconvenience to the kingdom; or that the kingdom could be tolerably happy in the intermission of them. . . .

He had a courage of the most clear and keen temper, and so far from fear, that he seemed not without some appetite of danger; and therefore, upon any occasion of action, he always engaged his person in those troops which he thought by the forwardness of the commanders to be most like to be farthest engaged; and in all such encounters, he had about him an extraordinary cheerfulness without at all affecting the execution that usually attended them; in which he took no delight, but took pains to prevent it, where it was not by resistance made necessary; insomuch that at Edge-hill, when the enemy was routed, he was like to have incurred great peril, by interposing to save those who had thrown away their arms, and against whom, it may be, others were more fierce for their having thrown them away; so that a man might think he came into the field chiefly out of curiosity to see the face of danger, and charity to prevent the shedding of blood. Yet in his natural inclination, he acknowledged he was addicted to the profession of a soldier; and shortly after he came to his fortune, before he was of age, he went into the Low Countries, with a resolution of procuring command, and to give himself up to it; from which he was diverted by the complete inactivity of that summer; so he returned into England, and shortly after entered upon that vehement course of study we mentioned before, till the first alarm from the north; then again he made ready for the field, and though he received some repulse in the command of a troop of horse, of which he had a promise, he went a volunteer with the Earl of Essex.

From the entrance into this unnatural war, his natural cheerfulness and vivacity grew clouded, and a kind of sadness and dejection of spirit stole upon him, which he had never been used to; yet being one of those who believed that one battle would end all differences, and that there would be so great a victory on one side that the other would be compelled to submit to any conditions from the victor—which supposition and conclusion generally sunk into the minds of most men, and prevented the looking after many advantages that might then have been laid hold of—he resisted those indispositions. But after the king's return from Brentford, and the furious resolution of the two Houses not to admit any treaty for peace, those indispositions which had before touched him grew into a perfect habit of uncheerfulness; and he who had been so exactly easy and affable to all men, that his face and countenance was always present and vacant to his company, and held any cloudiness and less pleasantness of the visage a kind of rudeness or incivility, became on a sudden less communicable; and thence very sad, pale, and exceedingly affected with the spleen. In his clothes and habit, which he had minded before always with more neatness, and industry, and expense, than is usual to so great a soul, he was not now only incurious, but too negligent; and in his reception of suitors, and the necessary or casual addresses to his place, so quick, and sharp, and severe, that there wanted not some men—strangers to his nature and disposition—who believed him proud and imperious; from which no mortal man was ever more free. . . .

When there was any overture or hope of peace, he would be more erect and vigorous, and exceedingly solicitous to press anything which he thought might promote it; and sitting among his friends, often after a deep silence, and frequent sighs, would, with a shrill and sad accent, ingeminate the word Peace, Peace; and would passionately profess, 'that the very agony of the war, and the view of the calamities and desolation the kingdom did and must endure, took his sleep from him, and would shortly break his heart.' This made some think, or pretend to think, 'that he was so much enamoured of peace, that he would have been glad the king should have bought it at any price;' which was a most unreasonable calumny. As if a man that was himself the most punctual and precise in every circumstance that might reflect upon conscience or honour could have wished the king to have committed a trespass against either. . . .

In the morning before the battle, as always upon action, he was very cheerful, and put himself into the first rank of the Lord Byron's regiment, then advancing upon the enemy, who had lined the hedges on both sides with musketeers; from whence he was shot with a musket in the lower part of the belly, and in the instant falling from his horse, his body was not found till the next morning; till when, there was some hope he might have been a prisoner, though his nearest friends, who knew his temper, received small comfort from that imagination. Thus fell that incomparable young man, in the four-and-thirtieth year of his age, having so much despatched the true business of life, that the eldest rarely attain to that immense knowledge, and the youngest enter not into the world with more innocency: whosoever leads such a life, needs be the less anxious upon how short warning it is taken from him.

### *Character of Charles I.*

But it will not be unnecessary to add a short character of his person, that posterity may know the inestimable loss which the nation then underwent, in being deprived of a prince whose example would have had a greater influence upon the manners and piety of the nation, than the most strict laws can have. To speak first of his private qualifications as a man, before the mention of his princely and royal virtues; he was, if ever any, the most worthy of the title of an honest man; so great a lover of justice, that no temptation could dispose him to a wrongful action, except it was so disguised to him that he believed it to be just. He had a tenderness and compassion of nature which restrained him from ever doing a hard-hearted thing; and, therefore, he was so apt to grant pardon to malefactors, that the judges of the land represented to him the damage and insecurity to the public that flowed from such his indulgence. And then he restrained himself from pardoning either murders or highway robberies, and quickly discerned the fruits of his severity by a wonderful reformation of those enormities. He was very punctual and regular in his devotions; he was never known to enter upon his recreations or sports, though never so early in the morning, before he had been at public prayers; so that on hunting-days, his chaplains were bound to a very early attendance. He was likewise very strict in observing the hours of his private cabinet devotions, and was so severe an exacter of gravity and reverence in all mention of religion, that he could never endure any light or profane word, with what sharpness of wit soever it was covered; and though he was well pleased and delighted with reading verses made upon any occasion, no man durst bring before him anything that was profane or unclean. That kind of wit had never any countenance then. He was so great an example of conjugal affection, that they who did not imitate him in that particular, durst not brag of their liberty; and he did not only permit, but direct his bishops to prosecute those scandalous vices, in the ecclesiastical courts, against persons of eminence, and near relation to his service.

His kingly virtues had some mixture and allay that hindered them from shining in full lustre, and from producing those fruits they should have been attended with. He was not in his nature very bountiful, though he gave very much. This appeared more after the Duke of Buckingham's death, after which those showers fell very rarely; and he paused too long in giving, which made those to whom he gave less sensible of the benefit. He kept state to the full, which made his court very orderly, no man presuming to be seen in a place where he had no pretence to be. He saw and observed men long before he received them about his person; and did not love strangers, nor very confident men. He was a patient hearer of causes, which he frequently accustomed himself to at the council board, and judged very well, and was dexterous in the mediating part; so that he often put an end to causes by persuasion, which the stubbornness of men's humours made dilatory in courts of justice.

He was very fearless in his person; but, in his riper years, not very enterprising. He had an excellent understanding, but was not confident enough of it; which made him oftentimes change his own opinion for a worse, and follow the advice of men that did not judge so well as himself. This made him more irresolute than the conjuncture of his affairs would admit; if he had been of a rougher and more imperious nature, he would have found more respect and duty. And his not applying some severe cures to approaching evils proceeded from the lenity of his nature, and the tenderness of his conscience, which, in all cases of blood, made him choose the softer way, and not hearken to severe counsels, how reasonably soever urged. This only restrained him from pursuing his advantage in the first Scottish expedition.

As he excelled in all other virtues, so in temperance he was so strict, that he abhorred all debauchery to that degree, that, at a great festival solemnity, where he once was, when very many of the nobility of the English and Scots were entertained, being told by one who withdrew from thence, what vast draughts of wine they drank, and 'that there was one earl who had drunk most of the rest down, and was not himself moved or altered,' the king said, 'that he deserved to be hanged;' and that earl coming shortly after into the room where his majesty was, in some gaiety, to shew how unhurt he was from that battle, the king sent some one to bid him withdraw from his majesty's presence; nor did he in some days after appear before him.

So many miraculous circumstances contributed to his ruin, that men might well think that heaven and earth conspired it. Though he was, from the first declension of his power, so much betrayed by his own servants, that there were very few who remained faithful to him, yet that treachery proceeded not always from any treasonable purpose to do him any harm, but from particular and personal animosities against other men. And afterwards, the terror all men were under of the parliament, and the guilt they were conscious of themselves, made them watch all opportunities to make themselves gracious to those who could do them good; and so they became spies upon their master, and from one piece of knavery were hardened and confirmed to undertake another, till at last they had no hope of preservation but by the destruction of their master. And after all this, when a man might reasonably believe that less than a universal defection of three nations could not have reduced a great king to so ugly a fate, it is most certain that, in that very hour, when he was thus wickedly murdered in the sight of the sun, he had as great a share in the hearts and affections of his subjects in general, was as much beloved, esteemed, and longed for by the people in general of the three nations, as any of his predecessors had ever been. To conclude, he was the worthiest gentleman, the best master, the best friend, the best husband, the best father, and the best Christian that the age in which he lived produced. And if he were not the greatest king, if he were without some parts and qualities which have made some kings great and happy, no other prince was ever unhappy who was possessed of half his virtues and endowments, and so much without any kind of vice.

### *Execution of Montrose.*

As soon as he had ended his discourse, he was ordered to withdraw; and after a short space, was again brought in, and told by the chancellor, 'that he was, on the morrow, being the one-and-twentieth of May 1650, to be carried to Edinburgh cross, and there to be hanged on a gallows thirty foot high, for the space of three hours, and then to be taken down, and his head to be cut off upon a scaffold, and hanged on Edinburgh tollbooth; and his legs and arms to be hanged up in other public towns of the kingdom, and his body to be buried at the place where he was to be executed, except the kirk should take off his excommunication; and then his body might be buried in the common place of burial.' He desired 'that he might say somewhat to them,' but was not suffered, and so was carried back to the prison.

That he might not enjoy any ease or quiet during the short remainder of his life, their ministers came presently to insult over him with all the reproaches imaginable; pronounced his damnation, and assured him 'that the judgment he was the next day to suffer was but an easy prologue to that which he was to undergo afterwards.' After many such barbarities, they offered to intercede for him to the kirk upon his repentance, and to pray with him; but he too well understood the form of their common prayers, in those cases, to be only the most virulent and insolent imprecations upon the persons of those they prayed against ('Lord, vouchsafe yet to touch the obdurate heart of this proud incorrigible sinner, this wicked, perjured, traitorous, and profane person, who refuses to harken to the voice of thy kirk,' and the like charitable expressions), and therefore he desired them 'to spare their pains, and to leave him to his own devotions.' He told them that 'they were a miserable, deluded, and deluding people, and would shortly bring that poor nation under the most insupportable servitude ever people had submitted to.' He told them 'he was prouder to have his head set upon the place it was appointed to be than he could have been to have his picture hang in the king's bedchamber; that he was so far from being troubled that his four limbs were to be hanged in four cities of the kingdom, that he heartily wished he had flesh enough to be sent to every city in Christendom, as a testimony of the cause for which he had suffered.'

The next day they executed every part and circumstance of that barbarous sentence, with all the inhumanity imaginable; and he bore it with all the courage and magnanimity, and the greatest piety, that a good Christian could manifest. He magnified the virtue, courage, and religion of the last king, exceedingly commended the justice and goodness and understanding of the present king, and prayed 'that they might not betray him as they had done his father.' When he had ended all he meant to say, and was expecting to expire, they had yet one scene more to act of their tyranny. The hangman brought the book that had been published of his truly heroic actions, whilst he had commanded in that kingdom, which book was tied in a small cord that was put about his neck. The marquis smiled at this new instance of their malice, and thanked them for it, and said, 'he was pleased that it should be there, and was prouder of wearing it than ever he had been of the garter;' and so renewing some devout ejaculations, he patiently endured the last act of the executioner.

Thus died the gallant Marquis of Montrose, after he had given as great a testimony of loyalty and courage as a subject can do, and performed as wonderful actions in several battles, upon as great inequality of numbers, and as great disadvantages in respect of arms, and other preparations for war, as have been performed in this age. He was a gentleman of a very ancient extraction, many of whose ancestors had exercised the highest charges under the king in that kingdom, and had been allied to the crown itself. He was of very good parts, which were improved by a good education: he had always a great emulation, or rather a great contempt of the Marquis of Argyle (as he was too apt to contemn those he did not love), who wanted nothing but honesty and courage to be a very extraordinary man, having all other good talents in a great degree. Montrose was in his nature fearless of danger, and never declined any enterprise for the difficulty of going through with it, but exceedingly affected those which seemed desperate to other men, and did believe somewhat to be in himself which other men were not acquainted with, which made him live more easily towards those who were, or were willing to be, inferior to him (towards whom he exercised wonderful civility and generosity), than with his superiors or equals. He was naturally jealous, and suspected those who did not concur with him in the way, not to mean so well as he. He was not without vanity, but his virtues were much superior, and he well deserved to have his memory preserved and celebrated amongst the most illustrious persons of the age in which he lived.

### *Escape of Charles II. after the Battle of Worcester, September* 3, 1651.

When the night covered them, he found means to withdraw himself with one or two of his own servants, whom he likewise discharged when it began to be light; and after he had made them cut off his hair, he betook himself alone into an adjacent wood, and relied only upon Him for his preservation who alone could, and did miraculously deliver him.

When the darkness of the night was over, after the king had cast himself into that wood, he discerned another man, who had gotten upon an oak in the same wood, near the place where the king had rested himself, and had slept soundly. The man upon the tree had first seen the king, and knew him, and came down to him, and was known to the king, being a gentleman of the neighbour county of Staffordshire, who had served his late majesty during the war, and had now been one of the few who resorted to the king after his coming to Worcester. His name was Careless, who had had a command of foot, about the degree of a captain, under the Lord Loughborough. He persuaded the king, since it could not be safe for him to go out of the wood, and that, as soon as it should be fully light, the wood itself would probably be visited by those of the country, who would be searching to find those whom they might make prisoners, that he would get up into that tree where he had been, where the boughs were so thick with leaves that a man would not be discovered there without a narrower inquiry than people usually make in places which they do not suspect. The king thought it good counsel, and, with the other's help, climbed into the tree, and then helped his companion to ascend after him, where they sat all that day, and securely saw many who came purposely into the wood to look after them, and heard all their discourse, how they would use the king himself if they could take him. This wood was either in or upon the borders of Staffordshire.

The day being spent in the tree, it was not in the king's power to forget that he had lived two days with eating very little, and two nights with as little sleep; so that, when the night came, he was willing to make some provision for both; and he resolved, with the advice and assistance of his companion, to leave his blessed tree; and, when the night was dark, they walked through the wood into those inclosures which were farthest from any highway, and making a shift to get over hedges and ditches, after walking at least eight or nine miles, which were the more grievous to the king by the weight of his boots—for he could not put them off when he cut off his hair, for want of shoes—before morning they came to a poor cottage, the owner whereof, being a Roman Catholic, was known to Careless. He was called up, and as soon as he knew one of them, he easily concluded in what condition they both were, and presently carried them into a little barn full of hay, which was a better lodging than he had for himself. But when they were there, and had conferred with their host of the news and temper of the country, it was agreed that the danger would be the greater if they stayed together; and, therefore, that Careless should presently be gone, and should, within two days, send an honest man to the king, to guide him to some other place of security; and in the meantime his majesty should stay upon the hay-mow. The poor man had nothing for him to eat, but promised him good butter-milk; and so he was once more left alone, his companion, how weary soever, departing from him before day, the poor man of the house knowing no more than that he was a friend of the captain's, and one of those who had escaped from Worcester. The king slept very well in his lodging, till the time that his host brought him a piece of bread, and a great pot of butter-milk, which he thought the best food he ever had eaten. . . .

After he had rested upon this hay-mow and fed upon this diet two days and two nights, in the evening before the third night, another fellow, a little above the condition of his host, came to the house, sent from Careless, to conduct the king to another house, more out of any road near which any part of the army was like to march. It was above twelve miles that he was to go, and was to use the same caution he had done the first night, not to go in any common road, which his guide knew well how to avoid. Here he new dressed himself, changing clothes with his landlord; he had a great mind to have kept his own shirt; but he considered, that men are not sooner discovered by any mark in disguises than by having fine linen in ill clothes; and so he parted with his shirt too, and took the same his poor host had then on. Though he had foreseen that he must leave his boots, and his landlord had taken the best care he could to provide an old pair of shoes, yet they were not easy to him when he first put them on, and, in a short time after, grew very grievous to him. In this equipage he set out from his first lodging in the beginning of the night, under the conduct of this guide, who guided him the nearest way, crossing over hedges and ditches, that they might be in least danger of meeting passengers. This was so grievous a march, and he was so tired, that he was even ready to despair, and to prefer being taken and suffered to rest, before purchasing his safety at that price. His shoes had, after a few miles, hurt him so much, that he had thrown them away, and walked the rest of the way in his ill stockings, which were quickly worn out; and his feet, with the thorns in getting over hedges, and with the stones in other places, were so hurt and wounded, that he many times cast himself upon the ground, with a desperate and obstinate resolution to rest there till the morning, that he might shift with less torment, what hazard soever he run. But his stout guide still prevailed with him to make a new attempt, sometimes promising that the way should be better, and sometimes assuring him that he had but little further to go; and in this distress and perplexity, before the morning they arrived at the house designed; which, though it was better than that which he had left, his lodging was still in the barn, upon straw instead of hay, a place being made as easy in it as the expectation of a guest could dispose it. Here he had such meat and porridge as such people use to have, with which, but especially with the butter and the cheese, he thought himself well feasted; and took the best care he could to be supplied with other, little better, shoes and stockings; and after his feet were enough recovered that he could go, he was conducted from thence to another poor house, within such a distance as put him not to much trouble; for having not yet in his thought which way or by what means to make his escape, all that was designed was only, by shifting from one house to another, to avoid discovery.

Within few days, a very honest and discreet person, one Mr Hudleston, a Benedictine monk, who attended the service of the Roman Catholics in those parts, came to him, sent by Careless, and was a very great assistance and comfort to him. And when the places to which he carried him were at too great a distance to walk, he provided him a horse, and more proper habit than the rags he wore. This man told him 'that the Lord Wilmot lay concealed likewise in a friend's house of his, which his majesty was very glad of, and wished him to contrive some means how they might speak together,' which the other easily did; and within a night or two, brought them into one place. Wilmot told the king 'that he had by very good-fortune fallen into the house of an honest gentleman, one Mr Lane, a person of an excellent reputation for his fidelity to the king, but of so universal and general a good name, that, though he had a son who had been a colonel in the king's service during the late war, and was then upon his way with men to Worcester, the very day of the defeat, men of all affections in the country, and of all opinions, paid the old man a very great respect; that he had been very civilly treated there; and that the old gentleman had used some diligence to find out where the king was, that he might get him to his house, where, he was sure, he could conceal him, till he might contrive a full deliverance.' And so they two went together to Mr Lane's house, where the king found he was welcome, and conveniently accommodated in such places as in a large house had been provided to conceal the persons of malignants, or to preserve goods of value from being plundered. Here he lodged and ate very well, and began to hope that he was in present safety. Wilmot returned under the care of the monk, and expected summons when any farther motion should be thought to be necessary.

In this station the king remained in quiet and blessed security many days, receiving every day information of the general consternation the kingdom was in, out of the apprehension that his person might fall into the hands of his enemies, and of the great diligence they used to inquire for him. He saw the proclamation that was issued out and printed, in which a thousand pounds were promised to any man who would deliver and discover the person of Charles Stuart, and the penalty of high treason declared against those who presumed to harbour or conceal him, by which he saw how much he was beholden to all those who were faithful to him. It was now time to consider how he might get near the sea, from whence he might find some means to transport himself.

Mr Lane had a niece, or very near kinswoman, who was married to a gentleman, one Mr Norton, a person of eight or nine hundred pounds per annum, who lived within four or five miles of Bristol, which was at least four or five days' journey from the place where the king then was, but a place most to be wished for the king to be in, because he did not only know all that country very well, but knew many persons also to whom, in an extraordinary case, he durst make himself known. It was hereupon resolved that Mrs Lane should visit this cousin, who was known to be of good affections, and that she should ride behind the king, who was fitted with clothes and boots for such a service; and that a servant of her father's, in his livery, should wait upon her. A good house was easily pitched upon for the first night's lodging, where Wilmot had notice given him to meet; and in this equipage the king began his journey, the colonel keeping him company at a distance, with a hawk upon his fist, and two or three spaniels, which, where there were any fields at hand, warranted him to ride out of the way, keeping his company still in his eye, and not seeming to be of it. In this manner they came to their first night's lodging; and they need not now contrive to come to their journey's end about the close of the evening, for it was in the month of October far advanced, that the long journeys they made could not be despatched sooner. Here the Lord Wilmot found them, and their journeys being then adjusted, he was instructed where he should be every night; so they were seldom seen together in the journey, and rarely lodged in the same house at night. In this manner the colonel hawked two or three days, till he had brought them within less than a day's journey of Mr Norton's house, and then he gave his hawk to the Lord Wilmot, who continued the journey in the same exercise.

There was great care taken, when they came to any house, that the king might be presently carried into some chamber, Mrs Lane declaring 'that he was a neighbour's son, whom his father had lent her to ride before her, in hope that he would the sooner recover from a quartan ague, with which he had been miserably afflicted, and was not yet free.' And by this artifice she caused a good bed to be still provided for him, and the best meat to be sent, which she often carried herself, to hinder others from doing it. . . .

They came to Mr Norton's house sooner than usual, and it being on a holiday, they saw many people about a bowling-green that was before the door; and the first man the king saw was a chaplain of his own, who was allied to the gentleman of the house, and was sitting upon the rails to see how the bowlers played. William, by which name the king went, walked with his horse into the stable, until his mistress could provide for his retreat. Mrs Lane was very welcome to her cousin, and was presently conducted to her chamber, where she no sooner was, than she lamented the condition of a 'good youth who came with her, and whom she had borrowed of his father to ride before her, who was very sick, being newly recovered of an ague;' and desired her cousin 'that a chamber might be provided for him, and a good fire made, for that he would go early to bed, and was not fit to be below stairs.' A pretty little chamber was presently made ready, and a fire prepared, and a boy sent into the stable to call William, and to shew him his chamber; who was very glad to be there, freed from so much company as was below. Mrs Lane was put to find some excuse for making a visit at that time of the year, and so many days' journey from her father, and where she had never been before, though the mistress of the house and she had been bred together, and friends as well as kindred. She pretended 'that she was, after a little rest, to go into Dorsetshire to another friend.' When it was supper-time, there being broth brought to the table, Mrs Lane filled a little dish, and desired the butler, who waited at the table, 'to carry that dish of porridge to William, and to tell him that he should have some meat sent to him presently.' The butler carried the porridge into the chamber, with a napkin, and spoon, and bread, and spoke kindly to the young man, who was willing to be eating.

The butler, looking narrowly upon him, fell upon his knees, and with tears told him, 'he was glad to see his majesty.' The king was infinitely surprised, yet recollected himself enough to laugh at the man, and to ask him what he meant. The man had been falconer to Sir Thomas Jermyn, and made it appear that he knew well enough to whom he spoke, repeating some particulars which the king had not forgot. Whereupon the king conjured him 'not to speak of what he knew, so much as to his master, though he believed him a very honest man.' The fellow promised, and kept his word; and the king was the better waited upon during the time of his abode there.

Dr Gorges, the king's chaplain, being a gentleman of a good family near that place, and allied to Mr Norton, supped with them; and being a man of a cheerful conversation, asked Mrs Lane many questions concerning William, of whom he saw she was so careful, by sending up meat to him, 'how long his ague had been gone? and whether he had purged since it left him?' and the like; to which she gave such answers as occurred. The doctor, from the final prevalence of the Parliament, had, as many others of that function had done, declined his profession, and pretended to study physic. As soon as supper was done, out of good-nature, and without telling anybody, he went to see William. The king saw him coming into the chamber, and withdrew to the inside of the bed, that he might be farthest from the candle; and the doctor came and sat down by him, felt his pulse, and asked him many questions, which he answered in as few words as was possible, and expressing great inclination to go to his bed; to which the doctor left him. . . .

After some days' stay here, and communication between the king and the Lord Wilmot by letters, the king came to know that Colonel Francis Windham lived within little more than a day's journey of the place where he was, of which he was very glad: for, besides the inclination he had to his eldest brother, whose wife had been his nurse, this gentleman had behaved himself very well during the war. . . . The king went to the colonel's house, where he rested many days, whilst the colonel projected at what place the king might embark, and how they might procure a vessel to be ready there, which was not easy to find, there being so great a fear possessing those who were honest, that it was hard to procure any vessel that was outward-bound to take in any passenger.

There was a gentleman, one Mr Ellison, who lived near Lyme, in Dorsetshire, and was well known to Colonel Windham, having been a captain in the king's army, and was still looked upon as a very honest man. With him the colonel consulted how they might get a vessel to be ready to take in a couple of gentlemen, friends of his, who were in danger to be arrested, and transport them into France. Though no man would ask who the persons were, yet it could not but be suspected who they were; at least they concluded that it was some of Worcester party. Lyme was generally as malicious and disaffected a town to the king's interest as any town in England could be, yet there was in it a master of a bark of whose honesty this captain was very confident. This man was lately returned from France, and had unladen his vessel, when Ellison asked him when he would make another voyage. And he answered: 'As soon as he could get lading for his ship.' The other asked, 'whether he would undertake to carry over a couple of gentlemen, and land them in France, if he might be as well paid for his voyage as he used to be when he was freighted by the merchants?' In conclusion, he told him 'he should receive fifty pounds for his fare.' The large recompense had that effect, that the man undertook it; though he said 'he must make his provision very secretly, for that he might be well suspected for going to sea again without being freighted, after he was so newly returned.' Colonel Windham being advertised of this, came, together with the Lord Wilmot, to the captain's house, from whence the lord and the captain rid to a house near Lyme, where the master of the bark met them; and the Lord Wilmot being satisfied with the discourse of the man, and his wariness in foreseeing suspicions which would arise, it was resolved that on such a night, which upon consideration of the tides was agreed upon, the man should draw out his vessel from the pier, and, being at sea, should come to such a point about a mile from the town, where his ship should remain upon the beach when the water was gone, which would take it off again about break of day the next morning. There was very near that point, even in the view of it, a small inn, kept by a man who was reputed honest, to which the cavaliers of the country often resorted; and the London road passed that way, so that it was seldom without company. Into that inn the two gentlemen were to come in the beginning of the night, that they might put themselves on board. . . .

They found many passengers in the inn, and so were to be contented with an ordinary chamber, which they did not intend to sleep long in. But as soon as there appeared any light, Wilmot went out to discover the bark, of which there was no appearance. In a word, the sun arose, and nothing like a ship in view. They sent to the captain, who was as much amazed; and he sent to the town, and his servant could not find the master of the bark, which was still in the pier. . . .

The truth of the disappointment was this: the man meant honestly, and made all things ready for his departure; and the night he was to go out with his vessel, he had stayed in his own house, and slept two or three hours; and the time of the tide being come that it was necessary to be on board, he took out of a cupboard some linen and other things, which he used to carry with him to sea. His wife had observed that he had been for some days fuller of thoughts than he used to be, and that he had been speaking with seamen who used to go with him, and that some of them had carried provisions on board the bark; of which she had asked her husband the reason, who had told her 'that he was promised freight speedily, and therefore he would make all things ready.' She was sure that there was yet no lading in the ship, and therefore when she saw her husband take all those materials with him, which was a sure sign that he meant to go to sea, and it being late in the night, she shut the door, and swore he should not go out of his house. He told her 'he must go, and was engaged to go to sea that night, for which he should be well paid.' His wife told him 'she was sure he was doing somewhat that would undo him, and she was resolved he should not go out of his house; and if he should persist in it, she would tell the neighbours, and carry him before the mayor to be examined, that the truth might be found out.' The poor man, thus mastered by the passion and violence of his wife, was forced to yield to her, that there might be no farther noise, and so went into his bed. . . .

There was, between that and Salisbury, a very honest gentleman, Colonel Robert Philips, a younger brother of a very good family, which had always been very loyal, and he had served the king during the war. The king was resolved to trust him, and so sent the Lord Wilmot to a place from whence he might send to Mr Philips to come to him; and when he had spoken with him, Mr Philips should come to the king, and Wilmot was to stay in such a place as they two should agree. Mr Philips accordingly came to the colonel's house, which he could do without suspicion, they being nearly allied. The ways were very full of soldiers, which were sent now from the army to their quarters, and many regiments of horse and foot were assigned for the west, of which division Desborough was commander-in-chief. These marches were like to last for many days, and it would not be fit for the king to stay so long in that place. Thereupon he resorted to his old security of taking a woman behind him, a kinswoman of Colonel Windham, whom he carried in that manner to a place not far from Salisbury, to which Colonel Philips conducted him. In this journey he passed through the middle of a regiment of horse, and, presently after, met Desborough walking down a hill with three or four men with him, who had lodged in Salisbury the night before, all that road being full of soldiers.

The next day, upon the plains, Dr Hinchman, one of the prebends of Salisbury, met the king, the Lord Wilmot and Philips then leaving him to go to the sea-coast to find a vessel, the doctor conducting the king to a place called Heale, three miles from Salisbury, belonging then to Serjeant Hyde, who was afterwards Chief-justice of the King's Bench, and then in the possession of the widow of his elder brother—a house that stood alone from neighbours, and from any highway—where coming in late in the evening, he supped with some gentlemen who accidentally were in the house, which could not well be avoided. But the next morning he went early from thence, as if he had continued his journey; and the widow, being trusted with the knowledge of her guest, sent her servants out of the way, and at an hour appointed received him again, and accommodated him in a little room, which had been made since the beginning of the troubles for the concealment of delinquents, the seat always belonging to a Malignant family.

Here he lay concealed, without the knowledge of some gentlemen who lived in the house, and of others who daily resorted thither, for many days; the widow herself only attending him with such things as were necessary, and bringing him such letters as the doctor received from the Lord Wilmot and Colonel Philips. A vessel being at last provided upon the coast of Sussex, and notice thereof sent to Dr Hinchman, he sent to the king to meet him at Stonehenge, upon the plains, three miles from Heale, whither the widow took care to direct him; and being there met, he attended him to the place, where Colonel Philips received him. He, the next day, delivered him to the Lord Wilmot, who went with him to a house in Sussex recommended by Colonel Gunter, a gentleman of that country, who had served the king in the war, who met him there, and had provided a little bark at Brighthelmstone, a small fisher-town, where he went early on board, and, by God's blessing, arrived safely in Normandy.

### *Character of Oliver Cromwell.*

He was one of those men whom his very enemies could not condemn without commending him at the same time; for he could never have done half that mischief without great parts of courage, industry, and judgment. He must have had a wonderful understanding in the natures and humours of men, and as great a dexterity in applying them; who, from a private and obscure birth—though of a good family—without interest or estate, alliance or friendship, could raise himself to such a height, and compound and knead such opposite and contradictory tempers, humours, and interests into a consistence, that contributed to his designs, and to their own destruction; whilst himself grew insensibly powerful enough to cut off those by whom he had climbed, in the instant that they projected to demolish their own building. . . . Without doubt, no man with more wickedness ever attempted anything, or brought to pass what he desired more wickedly, more in the face and contempt of religion and moral honesty. Yet wickedness as great as his could never have accomplished those designs without the assistance of a great spirit, an admirable circumspection and sagacity, and a most magnanimous resolution.

When he appeared first in the parliament, he seemed to have a person in no degree gracious, no ornament of discourse, none of those talents which use to conciliate the affections of the stander-by. Yet as he grew into place and authority, his parts seemed to be raised, as if he had had concealed faculties, till he had occasion to use them; and when he was to act the part of a great man, he did it without any indecency, notwithstanding the want of custom.

After he was confirmed and invested Protector by the humble petition and advice, he consulted with very few upon any action of importance, nor communicated any enterprise he resolved upon with more than those who were to have principal parts in the execution of it; nor with them sooner than was absolutely necessary. What he once resolved, in which he was not rash, he would not be dissuaded from, nor endure any contradiction of his power and authority, but extorted obedience from them who were not willing to yield it. . . .

Thus he subdued a spirit that had been often troublesome to the most sovereign power, and made Westminster Hall as obedient and subservient to his commands as any of the rest of his quarters. In all other matters, which did not concern the life of his jurisdiction, he seemed to have great reverence for the law, rarely interposing between party and party. As he proceeded with this kind of indignation and haughtiness with those who were refractory, and durst contend with his greatness, so towards all who complied with his good pleasure, and courted his protection, he used great civility, generosity, and bounty.

To reduce three nations, which perfectly hated him, to an entire obedience to all his dictates; to awe and govern those nations by an army that was indevoted to him, and wished his ruin, was an instance of a very prodigious address. But his greatness at home was but a shadow of the glory he had abroad. It was hard to discover which feared him most, France, Spain, or the Low Countries, where his friendship was current at the value he put upon it. As they did all sacrifice their honour and their interest to his pleasure, so there is nothing he could have demanded that either of them would have denied him. . . .

To conclude his character: Cromwell was not so far a man of blood as to follow Machiavel's method; which prescribes, upon a total alteration of government, as a thing absolutely necessary, to cut off all the heads of those, and extirpate their families, who are friends to the old one. It was confidently reported, that in the council of officers it was more than once proposed 'that there might be a general massacre of all the royal party, as the only expedient to secure the government,' but that Cromwell would never consent to it; it may be, out of too great a contempt of his enemies. In a word, as he was guilty of many crimes against which damnation is denounced, and for which hell-fire is prepared, so he had some good qualities which have caused the memory of some men in all ages to be celebrated; and he will be looked upon by posterity as a brave wicked man.

### BULSTRODE WHITELOCKE.

BULSTRODE WHITELOCKE (1605-1676), an eminent lawyer, who wrote *Memorials of English Affairs* from the beginning of the reign of Charles I. to the Restoration, was of principles opposite to those of Lord Clarendon, though, like Selden and other moderate anti-royalists, he was averse to a civil war. Whitelocke was the legal adviser of Hampden during the prosecution of that celebrated patriot for refusing to pay ship-money. As a member of parliament, and one of the commissioners appointed to treat with the king at Oxford, he advocated pacific measures; and, being an enemy to arbitrary power both in church and state, he refused, in the Westminster Assembly for settling the form of church-government, to admit the assumed divine right of presbytery. Under Cromwell he held several high appointments; and during the government of the Protector's son Richard, acted as one of the keepers of the great seal. At the Restoration, he retired to his estate in Wiltshire, which continued to be his principal residence till his death in 1676. Whitelocke's *Memorials* not having been intended for publication, are almost wholly written in the form of a diary, and are to be regarded rather as a collection of historical materials than as history itself. In a posthumous volume of *Essays, Ecclesiastical and Civil*, he strongly advocates religious toleration.

### BISHOP BURNET.

GILBERT BURNET, Bishop of Salisbury, was one of the most remarkable men of his age, equally active and equally eminent as an historian, a politician, and a theologian. He was a native of Edinburgh, born September 18, 1643. His father, a lawyer, was a royalist and an Episcopalian, and after the Restoration, was raised to the bench as a Scottish judge. His mother was a no less decided Presbyterian, being a sister of the famous Covenanting leader and republican, Johnston of Warriston, who was created a peer by Cromwell, and in the subsequent reign of Charles, was, by a mockery of legal forms and of justice, put to death. Young Gilbert Burnet adhered to the Episcopalian side of his house, but his divided parental allegiance in church matters probably first taught him the value of religious toleration. He was an M.A. of Aberdeen University before he was fourteen years of age, and he afterwards studied Hebrew under a learned rabbi in Holland. Entering the church, he was five years minister of Salton, in Haddingtonshire, whence he removed to Glasgow as professor of divinity. Always zealous and ambitious, Burnet wrote pamphlets in favour of reconciling the churches, remedying abuses, and vindicating the authority and constitution of the church and state in Scotland. He was offered, but refused, a bishopric; and opposing the Scottish administration of Lauderdale, he removed to London, where he obtained the appointment of preacher at the Rolls Chapel, and lecturer at St Clement's. As a preacher, Burnet was highly popular. His appearance and action were commanding, his manner was frank and open, and he was a great master of extemporaneous eloquence. It was then customary for congregations admiring their ministers to express approbation of particular passages by a deep *hum*, and Burnet's hearers, it is said, used to hum so long and loud that he would, during the pause, sit down and wipe the perspiration from his forehead. The hour-glass was also used in the pulpit, and when the stated time for the sermon was exhausted, Burnet's *hummers* would encourage him to turn up the glass, and run off the sand once more. His reputation was raised still higher by the publication, in 1679, of the first volume of his *History of the Reformation of the Church of England*, of which the second volume appeared in 1681, and a supplementary volume in 1714. This able work is still the best history of the important period of which it treats. *Some Passages in the Life and Death of the Earl of Rochester*—the libertine peer and poet, whom Burnet had attended on his death-bed—appeared in 1680, and added to the impression of Burnet's talents and piety. Such services seemed to call for church preferment, and Charles would have pressed a bishopric on the popular divine; but Burnet declined court favour. He even went the length of writing a strong remonstrance to the king on the errors of his government and his personal vices. Charles threw the letter into the fire; but when Burnet attended Lord William Russell to the scaffold, and wrote an account of the noble sufferer's last moments, the profligate monarch was so incensed that he discharged Burnet from his lectureship, and prohibited him from preaching at the Rolls Chapel. The divine, however, went on writing treatises and sermons in favour of toleration, and he compiled Lives of Sir Matthew Hale and Bishop Bedell (1682 and 1685). He next travelled in Switzerland and Italy, of which he wrote a narrative; and settling at the Hague in 1686, became one of the counsellors and adherents of the party of William of Orange. In the revolution of 1688, he was one of the chief actors, accompanying William to England in the capacity of chaplain. He was rewarded with the bishopric of Salisbury. As a prelate, Burnet was distinguished for liberality and devoted attention to his duties. He was never indifferent, never idle, and besides discharging the duties of his see, and originating various schemes, he wrote his *Exposition of the Thirty-nine Articles*, which is still a standard theological work. He died in 1715. Burnet left for publication the work by which he is now most popularly known, the *History of his Own Time*, giving an outline of the events of the Civil War and Commonwealth, and a full narrative of the succeeding period down to 1713. As he had, under various circumstances, personally known the conspicuous characters of a whole century, and penetrated most of the state secrets of a period nearly as long, he was able to relate events in his memoirs with a fulness and authority not inferior to Clarendon, and in a more easy, idiomatic style, though allowance must also in his case be made for the influence, unconsciously, of political and personal prejudices. Foreseeing that the freedom with which he delivered his opinions and strictures would give offence in many quarters, Burnet left an injunction in his will that his History should not be published till six years after his death, so that it did not make its appearance till 1723, and even then some passages—now restored—were omitted by his sons. Its publication, as might have been expected, was a signal for numerous attacks on the reputation of the author, whose candour and veracity were loudly impeached. All the Tory and Jacobite pens of the age were pointed against the History. Swift, Dartmouth, Lansdowne, and numerous others, proclaimed it to be grossly partial and inaccurate. Pope and Arbuthnot ridiculed the egotistic style of Burnet, but Pope asserted that the humorous *Memoirs of P. P., Clerk of this Parish*, were written during Burnet's lifetime, though not published before 1727. Hume and later historians continued the depreciatory attacks, and, indeed, they cannot yet be said to have ceased. Whoever writes of the period included in Burnet's History, or of its leading public characters, must consult that work; and it presents many points for assault on the part of those who differ from the theological and political views so broadly and complacently advanced by the author. Burnet was a strong partisan, somewhat credulous, and a minute, garrulous describer of events, great and small. But he was emphatically an honest, generous, and good-natured man. He appealed to the God of truth that he had on all occasions in his work told the truth, and, however mistaken he may be on some points, he is justly entitled to the praise of having been a faithful chronicler. That he is a lively and interesting one, has never been disputed. His book is one of the few histories of which the reader never tires. It is a gallery of pictures—some overshaded, some too bright, but all lifelike. 'It seems,' as Horace Walpole says, 'as if he had just come from the king's closet, or from the apartments of the men whom he describes, and was telling his readers, in plain, honest terms, what he had seen and heard.' The diaries of Evelyn and Pepys may be considered as supplements to Burnet, completing part of the period over which he ranges.

### *Death and Character of Edward VI.*

From the *History of the Reformation.*

In the beginning of January this year [1553], he was seized with a deep cough, and all medicines that were used did rather increase than lessen it. He was so ill when the parliament met, that he was not able to go to Westminster, but ordered their first meeting and the sermon to be at Whitehall. In the time of his sickness, Bishop Ridley preached before him, and took occasion to run out much on works of charity, and the obligation that lay on men of high condition to be eminent in good works. This touched the king to the quick; so that, presently after the sermon, he sent for the bishop. And, after he had commanded him to sit down by him, and be covered, he resumed most of the heads of the sermon, and said he looked upon himself as chiefly touched by it. He desired him, as he had already given him the exhortation in general, so to direct him to do his duty in that particular. The bishop, astonished at this tenderness in so young a prince, burst forth in tears, expressing how much he was overjoyed to see such inclinations in him; but told him he must take time to think on it, and craved leave to consult with the lord-mayor and court of aldermen. So the king writ by him to them to consult speedily how the poor should be relieved. They considered there were three sorts of poor: such as were so by natural infirmity or folly, as impotent persons, and madmen or idiots; such as were so by accident, as sick or maimed persons; and such as, by their idleness, did cast themselves into poverty. So the king ordered the Greyfriars' church, near Newgate, with the revenues belonging to it, to be a house for orphans; St Bartholomew's, near Smithfield, to be an hospital; and gave his own house of Bridewell to be a place of correction and work for such as were wilfully idle. He also confirmed and enlarged the grant for the hospital of St Thomas in Southwark, which he had erected and endowed in August last. And when he set his hand to these foundations, which was not done before the 5th of June this year, he thanked God that had prolonged his life till he had finished that design. So he was the first founder of those houses, which, by many great additions since that time, have risen to be amongst the noblest in Europe. . . .

Death thus hastening on him, the Duke of Northumberland, who had done but half his work, except he had got the king's sisters in his hands, got the council to write to them in the king's name, inviting them to come and keep him company in his sickness. But as they were on the way, on the 6th of July, his spirits and body were so sunk, that he found death approaching; and so he composed himself to die in a most devout manner. His whole exercise was in short prayers and ejaculations. The last that he was heard to use was in these words: 'Lord God, deliver me out of this miserable and wretched life, and take me among thy chosen; howbeit, not my will, but thine be done; Lord, I commit my spirit to thee. O Lord, thou knowest how happy it were for me to be with thee; yet, for thy chosen's sake, send me life and health, that I may truly serve thee. O my Lord God, bless my people, and save thine inheritance. O Lord God, save thy chosen people of England; O Lord God, defend this realm from papistry, and maintain thy true religion, that I and my people may praise thy holy name, for Jesus Christ his sake.' Seeing some about him, he seemed troubled that they were so near, and had heard him; but with a pleasant countenance, he said he had been praying to God. And soon after, the pangs of death coming upon him, he said to Sir Henry Sidney, who was holding him in his arms: 'I am faint; Lord, have mercy on me, and receive my spirit;' and so he breathed out his innocent soul.

Thus died King Edward VI. that incomparable young prince. He was then in the sixteenth year of his age, and was counted the wonder of that time. He was not only learned in the tongues and other liberal sciences, but knew well the state of his kingdom. He kept a book, in which he writ the characters that were given him of all the chief men of the nation, all the judges, lord-lieutenants, and justices of the peace over England: in it he had marked down their way of living and their zeal for religion. He had studied the matter of the mint, with the exchange and value of money; so that he understood it well, as appears by his journal. He also understood fortification, and designed well. He knew all the harbours and ports both of his own dominions and of France and Scotland; and how much water they had, and what was the way of coming into them. He had acquired great knowledge of foreign affairs; so that he talked with the ambassadors about them in such a manner, that they filled all the world with the highest opinion of him that was possible; which appears in most of the histories of that age. He had great quickness of apprehension; and, being mistrustful of his memory, used to take notes of almost everything he heard; he writ these first in Greek characters, that those about him might not understand them; and afterwards writ them out in his journal. He was tender and compassionate in a high measure; so that he was much against taking away the lives of heretics; and therefore said to Cranmer, when he persuaded him to sign the warrant for the burning of Joan of Kent, that he was not willing to do it, because he thought that was to send her quick to hell. He expressed great tenderness to the miseries of the poor in his sickness, as hath been already shewn. He took particular care of the suits of all poor persons; and gave Dr Cox special charge to see that their petitions were speedily answered, and used oft to consult with him how to get their matters set forward. He was an exact keeper of his word; and therefore, as appears by his journal, was most careful to pay his debts, and to keep his credit, knowing that to be the chief nerve of government; since a prince that breaks his faith, and loses his credit, has thrown up that which he can never recover, and made himself liable to perpetual distrusts and extreme contempt.

### *Character of Archbishop Leighton—Account of his Death.*

From Burnet's *History of his Own Time.*

He was the son of Dr Leighton, who had in Archbishop Laud's time writ *Zion's Plea against the Prelates*, for which he was condemned in the Star-chamber to have his ears cut and his nose slit. He was a man of a violent and ungoverned heat. He sent his eldest son Robert to be bred in Scotland, who was accounted a saint from his youth up. He had great quickness of parts, a lively apprehension, with a charming vivacity of thought and expression. He had the greatest command of the purest Latin that ever I knew in any man. He was a master both of Greek and Hebrew, and of the whole compass of theological learning, chiefly in the study of the Scriptures. But that which excelled all the rest was, he was possessed with the highest and noblest sense of divine things that I ever saw in any man. He had no regard to his person, unless it was to mortify it by a constant low diet, that was like a perpetual fast. He had a contempt both of wealth and reputation. He seemed to have the lowest thoughts of himself possible, and to desire that all other persons should think as meanly of him as he did himself. He bore all sorts of ill-usage and reproach like a man that took pleasure in it. He had so subdued the natural heat of his temper, that in a great variety of accidents, and in a course of twenty-two years' intimate conversation with him, I never observed the least sign of passion but upon one single occasion. He brought himself into so composed a gravity, that I never saw him laugh, and but seldom smile. And he kept himself in such a constant recollection, that I do not remember that ever I heard him say one idle word. There was a visible tendency in all he said to raise his own mind, and those he conversed with, to serious reflections. He seemed to be in a perpetual meditation. And, though the whole course of his life was strict and ascetical, yet he had nothing of the sourness of temper that generally possesses men of that sort. He was the freest from superstition, of censuring others, or of imposing his own methods on them, possible; so that he did not so much as recommend them to others. He said there was a diversity of tempers, and every man was to watch over his own, and to turn it in the best manner he could. His thoughts were lively, oft out of the way, and surprising, yet just and genuine. And he had laid together in his memory the greatest treasure of the best and wisest of all the ancient sayings of the heathens as well as Christians, that I have ever known any man master of; and he used them in the aptest manner possible. He had been bred up with the greatest aversion imaginable to the whole frame of the Church of England. From Scotland, his father sent him to travel. He spent some years in France, and spoke that language like one born there. He came afterwards and settled in Scotland, and had Presbyterian ordination; but he quickly broke through the prejudices of his education. His preaching had a sublimity both of thought and expression in it. The grace and gravity of his pronunciation was such, that few heard him without a very sensible emotion: I am sure I never did. His style was rather too fine; but there was a majesty and beauty in it that left so deep an impression, that I cannot yet forget the sermons I heard him preach thirty years ago. And yet with this he seemed to look on himself as so ordinary a preacher, that while he had a cure, he was ready to employ all others. And when he was a bishop, he choose to preach to small auditories, and would never give notice beforehand: he had, indeed, a very low voice, and so could not be heard by a great crowd. . . .

Upon his coming to me [in London], I was amazed to see him, at above seventy, look so fresh and well, that age seemed as it were to stand still with him. His hair was still black, and all his motions were lively. He had the same quickness of thought and strength of memory, but, above all, the same heat and life of devotion, that I had ever seen in him. When I took notice to him upon my first seeing him how well he looked, he told me he was very near his end, for all that, and his work and journey both were now almost done. This at that time made no great impression on me. He was the next day taken with an oppression, and as it seemed with a cold and with stitches, which was indeed a pleurisy.

The next day Leighton sunk so that both speech and sense went away of a sudden: and he continued panting about twelve hours, and then died without pangs or convulsions. I was by him all the while. Thus I lost him who had been for so many years the chief guide of my whole life. He had lived ten years in Sussex, in great privacy, dividing his time wholly between study and retirement and the doing of good; for in the parish where he lived, and in the parishes round about, he was always employed in preaching and in reading prayers. He distributed all he had in charities, choosing rather to have it go through other people's hands than his own; for I was his almoner in London. He had gathered a well-chosen library of curious as well as useful books, which he left to the diocese of Dunblane for the use of the clergy there, that country being ill provided with books. He lamented oft to me the stupidity that he observed among the commons of England, who seemed to be much more insensible in the matters of religion than the commons of Scotland were. He retained still a peculiar inclination to Scotland; and if he had seen any prospect of doing good there, he would have gone and lived and died among them. . . .

There were two remarkable circumstances in his death. He used often to say, that if he were to choose a place to die in, it should be an inn; it looking like a pilgrim's going home, to whom this world was all as an inn, and who was weary of the noise and confusion in it. He added, that the officious tenderness and care of friends was an entanglement to a dying man; and that the unconcerned attendance of those that could be procured in such a place would give less disturbance. And he obtained what he desired, for he died at the Bell Inn in Warwick Lane. Another circumstance was, that while he was bishop in Scotland, he took what his tenants were pleased to pay him. So that there was a great arrear due, which was raised slowly by one whom he left in trust with his affairs there. And the last payment that he could expect from thence was returned up to him about six weeks before his death. So that his provision and journey failed both at once.

### *Character of Charles II.—From the same.*

Thus lived and died King Charles II. He was the greatest instance in history of the various revolutions of which any one man seemed capable. He was bred up the first twelve years of his life with the splendour that became the heir of so great a crown. After that, he passed through eighteen years of great inequalities; unhappy in the war, in the loss of his father, and of the crown of England. Scotland did not only receive him, though upon terms hard of digestion, but made an attempt upon England for him, though a feeble one. He lost the battle of Worcester with too much indifference. And then he shewed more care of his person than became one who had so much at stake. He wandered about England for ten weeks after that, hiding from place to place. But, under all the apprehensions he had then upon him, he shewed a temper so careless, and so much turned to levity, that he was then diverting himself with little household sports, in as unconcerned a manner as if he had made no loss, and had been in no danger at all. He got at last out of England. But he had been obliged to so many who had been faithful to him, and careful of him, that he seemed afterwards to resolve to make an equal return to them all; and finding it not easy to reward them all as they deserved, he forgot them all alike. Most princes seem to have this pretty deep in them, and to think that they ought never to remember past services, but that their acceptance of them is a full reward. He, of all in our age, exerted this piece of prerogative in the amplest manner; for he never seemed to charge his memory, or to trouble his thoughts, with the sense of any of the services that had been done him.

While he was abroad at Paris, Cologne, or Brussels, he never seemed to lay anything to heart. He pursued all his diversions and irregular pleasures in a free career, and seemed to be as serene under the loss of a crown as the greatest philosopher could have been. Nor did he willingly hearken to any of those projects with which he often complained that his chancellor persecuted him. That in which he seemed most concerned was, to find money for supporting his expense. And it was often said, that if Cromwell would have compounded the matter, and have given him a good round pension, that he might have been induced to resign his title to him. During his exile, he delivered himself so entirely to his pleasures, that he became incapable of application. He spent little of his time in reading or study, and yet less in thinking. And in the state his affairs were then in, he accustomed himself to say to every person, and upon all occasions, that which he thought would please most; so that words or promises went very easily from him. And he had so ill an opinion of mankind, that he thought the great art of living and governing was, to manage all things and all persons with a depth of craft and dissimulation. And in that few men in the world could put on the appearances of sincerity better than he could; under which so much artifice was usually hid, that in conclusion he could deceive none, for all were become mistrustful of him. He had great vices, but scarce any virtues to correct them. He had in him some vices that were less hurtful, which corrected his more hurtful ones. He was, during the active part of life, given up to sloth and lewdness to such a degree, that he hated business, and could not bear the engaging in anything that gave him much trouble, or put him under any constraint. And though he desired to become absolute, and to overturn both our religion and our laws, yet he would neither run the risk, nor give himself the trouble, which so great a design required. He had an appearance of gentleness in his outward deportment; but he seemed to have no bowels nor tenderness in his nature, and in the end of his life he became cruel. He was apt to forgive all crimes, even blood itself, yet he never forgave anything that was done against himself, after his first and general act of indemnity, which was to be reckoned as done rather upon maxims of state than inclinations of mercy. He delivered himself up to a most enormous course of vice, without any sort of restraint, even from the consideration of the nearest relations. The most studied extravagances that way seemed, to the very last, to be much delighted in and pursued by him. He had the art of making all people grow fond of him at first, by a softness in his whole way of conversation, as he was certainly the best bred man of the age. But when it appeared how little could be built on his promise, they were cured of the fondness that he was apt to raise in them. When he saw young men of quality, who had something more than ordinary in them, he drew them about him, and set himself to corrupt them both in religion and morality; in which he proved so unhappily successful, that he left England much changed at his death from what he had found it at his restoration. He loved to talk over all the stories of his life to every new man that came about him. His stay in Scotland, and the share he had in the war of Paris, in carrying messages from the one side to the other, were his common topics. He went over these in a very graceful manner, but so often and so copiously, that all those who had been long accustomed to them grew weary of them; and when he entered on those stories, they usually withdrew: so that he often began them in a full audience, and before he had done, there were not above four or five persons left about him: which drew a severe jest from Wilmot, Earl of Rochester. He said he wondered to see a man have so good a memory as to repeat the same story without losing the least circumstance, and yet not remember that he had told it to the same persons the very day before. This made him fond of strangers, for they hearkened to all his often-repeated stories, and went away as in a rapture at such an uncommon condescension in a king.

His person and temper, his vices as well as his fortunes, resemble the character that we have given us of Tiberius so much, that it were easy to draw the parallel between them. Tiberius's banishment, and his coming afterwards to reign, makes the comparison in that respect come pretty near. His hating of business, and his love of pleasures; his raising of favourites, and trusting them entirely; and his pulling them down, and hating them excessively; his art of covering deep designs, particularly of revenge, with an appearance of softness, brings them so near a likeness, that I did not wonder much to observe the resemblance of their faces and persons. At Rome, I saw one of the last statues made for Tiberius, after he had lost his teeth. But, bating the alteration which that made, it was so like King Charles, that Prince Borghese and Signior Dominico, to whom it belonged, did agree with me in thinking that it looked like a statue made for him.

Few things ever went near his heart. The Duke of Gloucester's death seemed to touch him much. But those who knew him best, thought it was because he had lost him by whom only he could have balanced the surviving brother, whom he hated, and yet embroiled all his affairs to preserve the succession to him.

His ill conduct in the first Dutch war, and those terrible calamities of the plague and fire of London, with that loss and reproach which he suffered by the insult at Chatham, made all people conclude there was a curse upon his government. His throwing the public hatred at that time upon Lord Clarendon was both unjust and ungrateful. And when his people had brought him out of all his difficulties upon his entering into the triple alliance, his selling that to France, and his entering on the second Dutch war with as little colour as he had for the first; his beginning it with the attempt on the Dutch Smyrna fleet, the shutting up the exchequer, and his declaration for toleration, which was a step for the introduction of popery, make such a chain of black actions, flowing from blacker designs, that it amazed those who had known all this to see with what impudent strains of flattery addresses were penned during his life, and yet more grossly after his death. His contributing so much to the raising the greatness of France, chiefly at sea, was such an error, that it could not flow from want of thought, or of true sense. Rouvigny told me he desired that all the methods the French took in the increase and conduct of their naval force might be sent him; and he said he seemed to study them with concern and zeal. He shewed what errors they committed, and how they ought to be corrected, as if he had been a viceroy to France, rather than a king that ought to have watched over and prevented the progress they made, as the greatest of all the mischiefs that could happen to him or to his people. They that judged the most favourably of this, thought it was done out of revenge to the Dutch, that, with the assistance of so great a fleet as France could join to his own, he might be able to destroy them. But others put a worse construction on it; and thought, that seeing he could not quite master or deceive his subjects by his own strength and management, he was willing to help forward the greatness of the French at sea, that by their assistance he might more certainly subdue his own people; according to what was generally believed to have fallen from Lord Clifford, if the king must be in a dependence, it was better to pay it to a great and generous king, than to five hundred of his own insolent subjects.

No part of his character looked wickeder, as well as meaner, than that he, all the while that he was professing to be of the Church of England, expressing both zeal and affection to it, was yet secretly reconciled to the Church of Rome; thus mocking God, and deceiving the world with so gross a prevarication. And his not having the honesty or courage to own it at the last; his not shewing any sign of the least remorse for his ill-led life, or any tenderness either for his subjects in general, or for the queen and his servants; and his recommending only his mistresses and their children to his brother's care, would have been a strange conclusion to any other's life, but was well enough suited to all the other parts of his.

### *The Czar Peter in England in* 1698.—*From the same.*

I mentioned, in the relation of the former year, the Czar's coming out of his own country; on which I will now enlarge. He came this winter over to England, and stayed some months among us. I waited often on him, and was ordered, both by the king and the archbishop and bishops, to attend upon him, and to offer him such informations of our religion and constitution as he was willing to receive. I had good interpreters, so I had much free discourse with him. He is a man of a very hot temper, soon inflamed, and very brutal in his passion. He raises his natural heat by drinking much brandy, which he rectifies himself with great application; he is subject to convulsive motions all over his body, and his head seems to be affected with these; he wants not capacity, and has a larger measure of knowledge than might be expected from his education, which was very indifferent; a want of judgment, with an instability of temper, appear in him too often and too evidently; he is mechanically turned, and seems designed by nature rather to be a ship-carpenter than a great prince. This was his chief study and exercise while he stayed here; he wrought much with his own hands, and made all about him work at the models of ships. He told me he designed a great fleet at Azuph, and with it to attack the Turkish empire; but he did not seem capable of conducting so great a design, though his conduct in his wars since this has discovered a greater genius in him than appeared at that time. He was desirous to understand our doctrine, but he did not seem disposed to mend matters in Moscovy. He was indeed resolved to encourage learning, and to polish his people by sending some of them to travel in other countries, and to draw strangers to come and live among them. He seemed apprehensive still of his sister's intrigues. There was a mixture both of passion and severity in his temper. He is resolute, but understands little of war, and seemed not at all inquisitive that way. After I had seen him often, and had conversed much with him, I could not but adore the depth of the providence of God, that had raised up such a furious man to so absolute an authority over so great a part of the world.

David, considering the great things God had made for the use of man, broke out into the meditation: 'What is man that thou art so mindful of him?' But here there is an occasion for reversing these words, since man seems a very contemptible thing in the sight of God, while such a person as the Czar has such multitudes put, as it were, under his feet, exposed to his restless jealousy and savage temper. He went from hence to the court of Vienna, where he purposed to have stayed some time; but he was called home, sooner than he had intended, upon a discovery or a suspicion of intrigues managed by his sister. The strangers, to whom he trusted most, were so true to him, that those designs were crushed before he came back. But on this occasion he let loose his fury on all whom he suspected. Some hundreds of them were hanged all round Moscow; and it was said that he cut off many heads with his own hand. And so far was he from relenting, or shewing any sort of tenderness, that he seemed delighted with it. How long he is to be the scourge of that nation, or of his neighbours, God only knows. [The Czar died in 1725.] So extraordinary an incident will, I hope, justify such a digression.

### *Character of William III.—From the same.*

Thus lived and died William III. King of Great Britain, and Prince of Orange. He had a thin and weak body, was brown-haired, and of a clear and delicate constitution. He had a Roman eagle nose, bright and sparkling eyes, a large front, and a countenance composed to gravity and authority. All his senses were critical and exquisite. He was always asthmatical; and the dregs of the small-pox falling on his lungs, he had a constant deep cough. His behaviour was solemn and serious, seldom cheerful, and but with a few. He spoke little and very slowly, and most commonly with a disgusting dryness, which was his character at all times, except in a day of battle; for then he was all fire, though without passion; he was then everywhere, and looked to everything. He had no great advantage from his education. De Witt's discourses were of great use to him; and he, being apprehensive of the observation of those who were looking narrowly into everything he said or did, had brought himself under a habitual caution, that he could never shake off; though in another scene it proved as hurtful as it was then necessary to his affairs. He spoke Dutch, French, English, and German equally well; and he understood the Latin, Spanish, and Italian, so that he was well fitted to command armies composed of several nations. He had a memory that amazed all about him, for it never failed him. He was an exact observer of men and things. His strength lay rather in a true discerning and a sound judgment, than in imagination or invention. His designs were always great and good. But it was thought he trusted too much to that, and that he did not descend enough to the humours of his people to make himself and his notions more acceptable to them. This, in a government that has so much of freedom in it as ours, was more necessary than he was inclined to believe. His reservedness grew on him, so that it disgusted most of those who served him; but he had observed the errors of too much talking, more than those of too cold a silence. He did not like contradiction, nor to have his actions censured; but he loved to employ and favour those who had the arts of complacence, yet he did not love flatterers. His genius lay chiefly to war, in which his courage was more admired than his conduct. Great errors were often committed by him; but his heroical courage set things right, as it inflamed those who were about him. He was too lavish of money on some occasions, both in his buildings and to his favourites, but too sparing in rewarding services, or in encouraging those who brought intelligence. He was apt to take ill impressions of people, and these stuck long with him; but he never carried them to indecent revenges. He gave too much way to his own humour, almost in everything, not excepting that which related to his own health. He knew all foreign affairs well, and understood the state of every court in Europe very particularly. He instructed his own ministers himself, but he did not apply enough to affairs at home. He tried how he could govern us, by balancing the two parties one against another; but he came at last to be persuaded that the Tories were irreconcilable to him, and he was resolved to try and trust them no more. He believed the truth of the Christian religion very firmly, and he expressed a horror at atheism and blasphemy; and though there was much of both in his court, yet it was always denied to him, and kept out of sight. He was most exemplarily decent and devout in the public exercises of the worship of God; only on week-days he came too seldom to them. He was an attentive hearer of sermons, and was constant in his private prayers, and in reading the Scriptures; and when he spoke of religious matters, which he did not often, it was with a becoming gravity. He was much possessed with the belief of absolute decrees. He said to me he adhered to these because he did not see how the belief of Providence could be maintained upon any other supposition. His indifference as to the forms of church-government, and his being zealous for toleration, together with his cold behaviour towards the clergy, gave them generally very ill impressions of him. In his deportment towards all about him, he seemed to make little distinction between the good and the bad, and those who served well, or those who served him ill. He loved the Dutch, and was much beloved among them; but the ill returns he met from the English nation, their jealousies of him, and their perverseness towards him, had too much soured his mind, and had in a great measure alienated him from them; which he did not take care enough to conceal, though he saw the ill effects this had upon his business. He grew, in his last years, too remiss and careless as to all affairs, till the treacheries of France awakened him, and the dreadful conjunction of the monarchies gave so loud an alarm to all Europe: for a watching over that court, and a bestirring himself against their practices, was the prevailing passion of his whole life. Few men had the art of concealing and governing passion more than he had; yet few men had stronger passions, which were seldom felt but by inferior servants, to whom he usually made such recompenses for any sudden or indecent vents he might give his anger, that they were glad at every time that it broke upon them. He was too easy to the faults of those about him, when they did not lie in his own way, or cross any of his designs; and he was so apt to think that his ministers might grow insolent, if they should find that they had much credit with him, that he seemed to have made it a maxim to let them often feel how little power they had even in small matters. His favourites had a more entire power, but he accustomed them only to inform him of things, but to be sparing in offering advice, except when it was asked. It was not easy to account for the reasons of the favour that he shewed, in the highest instances, to two persons beyond all others, the Earls of Portland and Albemarle, they being in all respects men not only of different, but of opposite characters. Secrecy and fidelity were the only qualities in which it could be said that they did in any sort agree. I have now run through the chief branches of his character. I had occasion to know him well, having observed him very carefully in a course of sixteen years. I had a large measure of his favour, and a free access to him all the while, though not at all times to the same degree. The freedom that I used with him was not always acceptable; but he saw that I served him faithfully; so, after some intervals of coldness, he always returned to a good measure of confidence in me. I was, in many great instances, much obliged by him; but that was not my chief bias to him; I considered him as a person raised up by God to resist the power of France, and the progress of tyranny and persecution. The series of the five Princes of Orange that was now ended in him, was the noblest succession of heroes that we find in any history. And the thirty years, from the year 1672 to his death, in which he acted so great a part, carry in them so many amazing steps of a glorious and distinguishing Providence, that, in the words of David, he may be called 'The man of God's right hand, whom he made strong for himself.' After all the abatements that may be allowed for his errors and faults, he ought still to be reckoned among the greatest princes that our history, or indeed that any other, can afford. He died in a critical time for his own glory, since he had formed a great alliance, and had projected the whole scheme of the war; so that if it succeeds, a great part of the honour of it will be ascribed to him; and if otherwise, it will be said he was the soul of the alliance, that did both animate and knit it together, and that it was natural for that body to die and fall asunder, when he who gave it life was withdrawn. Upon his death, some moved for a magnificent funeral; but it seemed not decent to run into unnecessary expense, when we were entering on a war that must be maintained at a vast charge. So a private funeral was resolved on. But for the honour of his memory, a noble monument and an equestrian statue were ordered. Some years must shew whether these things were really intended, or if they were only spoke of to excuse the privacy of his funeral, which was scarce decent, so far was it from being magnificent.

### COUNT GRAMMONT.

In 1713 appeared a semi-historical work, relating to the court of Charles II.—the *Mémoires du Comte de Grammont*, translated into English in 1714, and still a popular English work. The best edition is that of 1811, which has copious notes, some of which are said to have been contributed by Sir Walter Scott. The author, Anthony Hamilton (1646–1720), was related by birth to the noble Scotch family of Hamilton, and to the Irish ducal family of Ormond. His sister married Count Grammont, who arrived in England from France in 1662, and was one of the most brilliant and accomplished adventurers at Whitehall, 'the court of Paphos.' In his old age, it appears, the count dictated his memoirs to his brother-in-law, and the scandalous chronicle is allowed to be a truthful narrative. It exhibits the king and court in dishabille—and something more.

### ARTHUR WILSON—SIR ANTHONY WELDON—SIR RICHARD BAKER.

Some inferior historians, annalists, and antiquaries may here be noticed. They may be considered as the pioneers or camp-attendants of the regular acknowledged historians.

Arthur Wilson (1596–1652) was secretary to Robert, Earl of Essex, the Parliamentary general in the Civil Wars; and afterwards became steward to the Earl of Warwick. He left in manuscript a work on *The Life and Reign of King James I.* which was published in 1653. A comedy of his, entitled *The Inconstant Lady*, was printed at Oxford, edited by Dr Bliss, in 1814. Arthur Wilson's work on the reign of James I. is termed by Heylin 'a most famous pasquil.'

A more unfavourable picture of the same period is given in the *Court and Character of King James, Written and Taken by Sir A. W. being an Eye and Ear Witness*, 1650. The writer, Sir Anthony Weldon, had been Clerk of the Kitchen to the king, and accompanied him to Scotland in 1617, but, writing a depreciatory account of Scotland, he was dismissed from office. He revenged himself by drawing up this sketch of the court and its monarch, in which a graphic, though overcharged description of James—his personal appearance, habits, oddities, &c.—is presented.

Sir Richard Baker (1568–1645) was author of a *Chronicle* long popular in England, particularly among country gentlemen. Addison makes it the favourite book of Sir Roger de Coverley. Baker was knighted by James I. in 1603, and in 1620 became high-sheriff for Oxfordshire, in which he possessed considerable property. Afterwards, having imprudently engaged for the payment of debts contracted by his wife's family, he became insolvent, and spent several years in the Fleet Prison, where he died in 1645. While in durance, he wrote *Meditations and Disquisitions* on portions of Scripture, translated Balzac's *Letters* and Malvezzi's *Discourses on Tacitus*, and composed two pieces in defence of the theatre. His principal work, however, was that already referred to, entitled *A Chronicle of the Kings of England, from the Time of the Romans' Government unto the Death of King James.* This work, which appeared in 1641, the author complacently declares to be 'collected with so great care and diligence, that if all other of our chronicles were lost, this only would be sufficient to inform posterity of all passages memorable or worthy to be known.' Notwithstanding such high pretensions, the *Chronicle* was afterwards proved by Thomas Blount, in *Animadversions* published in 1672, to contain many gross errors. The style of Baker, which is superior to his matter, is described in a letter written to him by his former college-friend, Sir Henry Wotton, as 'full of sweet raptures and of researching conceits; nothing borrowed, nothing vulgar, and yet all flowing from you, I know not how, with a certain equal facility.'

### DUGDALE—ANTHONY À WOOD—ASHMOLE.

Sir William Dugdale (1605–1686) was highly distinguished for his knowledge of heraldry and antiquities. His work, entitled *The Baronage of England*, is esteemed as without a rival in its own department; and his *Antiquities of Warwickshire Illustrated* (1656) has been placed in the foremost rank of county histories. He published also a *History of St Paul's Cathedral;* and three volumes of a great work, entitled *Monasticon Anglicanum* (1655–1673), intended to embrace the history of the monastic and other religious foundations which existed in England before the Reformation. Besides several other publications, Dugdale left a large collection of manuscripts, which are now to be found in the Bodleian Library at Oxford and at the Heralds' College.—Anthony à Wood (1632–1695), a native of Oxford, was attached to similar pursuits. He published, in 1691, a well-known work, entitled *Athenæ Oxonienses*, being an account of the lives and writings of almost all the eminent authors educated at Oxford, and many of those educated at the university of Cambridge. Wood appears to have been a diligent and careful collector, though frequently misled by narrow-minded prejudices and hastily formed opinions. He compiled also a work on the History and Antiquities of the University of Oxford, which was published only in Latin, the translation into that language being made by Dr Fell, bishop of Oxford.—Elias Ashmole (1617–1692), a famous antiquary and virtuoso, was a friend of Sir William Dugdale, whose daughter he married. In the earlier part of his life he was addicted to astrology and alchemy, but afterwards devoted his attention more exclusively to antiquities, heraldry, and the collection of coins and other rarities. His most celebrated work, entitled *The Institution, Laws, and Ceremonies of the Most Noble Order of the Garter*, was published in 1672. A collection of relics, books, and manuscripts, which he presented to the university of Oxford, constituted the foundation of the Ashmolean Museum.

### AUBREY—RYMER.

John Aubrey (1626–1700) studied at Oxford, and, while there, aided in the collection of materials for Dugdale's *Monasticon Anglicanum;* at a later period, he furnished valuable assistance to Anthony à Wood. His only published work is a collection of popular superstitions relative to dreams, portents, ghosts, witchcraft, &c. under the title of *Miscellanies*. His manuscripts, of which many are preserved in the Ashmolean Museum and the library of the Royal Society, prove his researches to have been very extensive, and have furnished much useful information to later antiquaries. Aubrey has been too harshly censured by Gifford as a credulous fool; yet it must be admitted that his power of discrimination was small. His *Letters*, consisting chiefly of biographical facts, communicated to Anthony à Wood, were published in three volumes in 1813.

THOMAS RYMER (*circa* 1638–1713), appointed royal historiographer in 1692, published the *Fœdera*, a most valuable collection of public treaties and compacts, filling fifteen folio volumes, to which ROBERT SANDERSON (1660–1741) made a continuation, extending the work to twenty volumes (1704–1735). Rymer began his career as a dramatist and critic, but nothing can be worse in taste or judgment than his remarks on Shakspeare and other poets. 'I have thought,' he says, 'our poetry of the last age as rude as our architecture,' and he speaks of 'that *Paradise Lost* of Milton's, which some are pleased to call a poem!'

## THEOLOGIANS.

### BISHOP ANDREWS.

In 1631, 'by his majesty's special commandment,' were published *Ninety-six Sermons* by DR LANCELOT ANDREWS or ANDREWES (1555–1626), bishop of Winchester, and a privy-councillor—a prelate who had the singular good fortune to enjoy the favour of three successive sovereigns, and whose death was mourned by the youthful muse of Milton. Andrews was the most learned divine of his day, excepting Usher, and was styled *Stella Prædicantium*—the star of preachers. When the Jesuit Bellarmin attacked King James's treatise on the *Rights of Kings*, the duty of defending the royal author devolved on Andrews, who acquitted himself so much to the satisfaction of James, that he appointed him to the see of Chichester, and made him his almoner. As a prelate, Andrews was in favour of the high-church doctrines and ceremonial, of which Laud became the representative, but he was more noted for his learning, his wit, charity, and munificence.* His sermons are deformed by pedantry and conceit, but display a lively fancy and power of ingenious exposition and illustration. In patristic theology, or knowledge of the early Fathers of the church, Andrews was unrivalled in his day. The following extracts shew his peculiar style:

#### *Angels and Men.*

1. What are angels? Surely they are spirits, glorious spirits, heavenly spirits, immortal spirits. For their nature or substance, spirits; for their quality or property, glorious; for their place or abode, heavenly; for their durance or continuance, immortal.

And what is the seed of Abraham, but as Abraham himself? And what is Abraham? Let him answer himself; I am dust and ashes. What is the seed of Abraham? Let one answer in the persons of all the rest; *dicens putredini*, &c. saying to rottenness, thou art my mother, and to the worms, ye are my brethren. They are spirits; now what are we, what is the seed of Abraham? Flesh. And what is the very harvest of this seed of flesh? What but corruption, and rottenness, and worms. There is the substance of our bodies.

2. They glorious spirits; we vile bodies (bear with it, it is the Holy Ghost's own term, who shall change our vile bodies). And not only base and vile, but filthy and unclean: *ex immundo conceptum semine*, conceived of unclean seed: there is the metal. And the mould is no better, the womb wherein we were conceived, vile, base, filthy, and unclean. There is our quality.

3. They heavenly spirits, angels of heaven: that is, their place of abode is in heaven above, ours is here below in the dust; *inter pulices, et culices, tineas, araneas, et vermes;* our place is here among fleas and flies, moths, and spiders, and crawling worms. There is our place of dwelling.

4. They are immortal spirits; that is their durance. Our time is proclaimed in the prophet, flesh, all flesh is grass, and the glory of it as the flowers of the field (from April to June). The scythe cometh; nay, the wind but bloweth, and we are gone, withering sooner than the grass, which is short: nay, fading sooner than the flower of the grass, which is much shorter: nay, saith Job, rubbed in pieces more easily than any moth.

This we are to them if you lay us together; and if you weigh us upon the balance, we are altogether lighter than vanity itself: there is our weight. And if you value us, man is but a thing of nought: there is our worth. *Hoc* is *omnis homo;* this is Abraham, and this is Abraham's seed: and who would stand to compare these with angels? Verily, there is no comparison; they are incomparably far better than the best of us.

#### *Do Good.*

I see there is a strange hatred and a bitter gainsaying everywhere stirred up against unpreaching prelates (as you term them) and pastors that feed themselves only: and they are well worthy. If I might see the same hatred begun among yourselves, I would think it sincere. But that I cannot see. For that which a slothful divine is in things spiritual, that is a rich man for himself and nobody else in things carnal: and they are not pointed at. But sure you have your harvest, as well as ours, and that a great harvest. Lift up your eyes, and see the streets round about you; the harvest is verily great, and the labourers few. Let us pray (both) that the Lord would thrust out labourers into both these harvests: that the treasures of knowledge being opened, they may have the bread of eternal life; and the treasures of well-doing being opened, they may have the bread of this life; and so they may want neither.

### ARCHBISHOP USHER.

JAMES USHER or USSHER, the celebrated archbishop of Armagh, was born in Dublin, January 4, 1580 (O.S.), son to one of the clerks in Chancery. He would have devoted himself to law, had not the death of his father, whose wishes pointed to that profession, allowed him to follow his own inclination for theology. He succeeded to his father's estate, but, wishing to devote himself uninterruptedly to study, gave it up to his brother, reserving for himself only a sufficiency for his maintenance at college and the purchase of books. In 1606 he visited England, and became intimate with Camden and Sir Robert Cotton, to the former of whom he communicated some valuable particulars about the ancient state of Ireland and the history of Dublin: these were afterwards inserted by Camden in his *Britannia.* For thirteen years subsequently to 1607, Usher filled the chair of Divinity in the university of Dublin, in performing the duties of which he confined his attention chiefly to the controversies between the Protestants and Catholics. At the convocation of the Irish clergy in 1615, when they determined to assert their independence as a national church, the articles drawn up on the occasion emanated chiefly from his pen; and by asserting in them the Calvinistic doctrines of election and reprobation in their broadest aspect, as well as by his advocacy of the rigorous observance of the Sabbath, and his known opinion that bishops were not a distinct order in the church, but only superior in degree to presbyters, he exposed himself to the charge of being a favourer of Puritanism. Having been accused as such to the king, he went over to England in 1619, and, in a conference with his majesty, so fully cleared himself, that he was erelong appointed to the see of Meath, and in 1624 to the archbishopric of Armagh. During the political agitation of Charles's reign, Usher, in a treatise entitled *The Power of the Prince, and Obedience of the Subject*, maintained the absolute unlawfulness of taking up arms against the king. The Irish rebellion, in 1641, drove him to England, where he settled at Oxford, then the residence of Charles. Subsequently, the Civil War caused him repeatedly to change his abode, which was finally the Countess of Peterborough's seat at Ryegate, where he died in 1656, at the age of seventy-five. Most of his writings relate to ecclesiastical history and antiquities, and were mainly intended to furnish arguments against the Catholics; but the production for which he is chiefly celebrated is a great chronological work, entitled *Annales*, or 'Annals,' the first part of which was published in 1650, and the second in 1654. It is a chronological digest of universal history, from the creation of the world to the dispersion of the Jews in Vespasian's reign. The author intended to add a third part, but died before accomplishing his design. In this work, which was received with great applause by the learned throughout Europe, and has been several times reprinted on the continent, the author, by fixing the three epochs of the deluge, the departure of the Israelites from Egypt, and their return from Babylon, reconciled the chronologies of sacred and profane history; and down to the present time, his chronological system is that which is generally received. Usher conformed strictly to the Hebrew chronology in scriptural dates; the Septuagint version and the Samaritan Pentateuch differ greatly from it; 'and the most judicious inquirers into ancient history,' according to Hallam, 'have of late been coming to the opinion, that, with certain exceptions, there are no means of establishing an entire accuracy in dates before the Olympiads.' A posthumous work, which Usher left unfinished, was printed in 1660, under the title of *Chronologia Sacra;* it is considered a valuable production, as a guide to the study of sacred history, and as shewing the grounds and calculations of the principal epochs of the *Annals,*

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* Bacon quotes some of the lively sayings of Andrews, and Walker relates the following anecdote of the popular prelate. Dr Neile, bishop of Durham, and Andrews were standing behind the king's chair at dinner, when James suddenly turned to them and said: 'My lords, cannot I take my subjects' money when I want it, without all this formality in parliament?' Neile replied: 'God forbid, sir, but you should; you are the breath of our nostrils.' The king then addressed Andrews: 'Well, my lord, and what say you?' 'Sir,' replied Andrews, 'I have no skill to judge of parliamentary cases.' The king answered: 'No puts-off, my lord; answer me presently.' 'Then, sir,' said he, 'I think it lawful for you to take my brother Neile's money, for he offers it.'

## JOHN HALES.

JOHN HALES (1584-1656), surnamed 'the Ever-memorable,' is usually classed with Chillingworth, as a prominent defender of rational and tolerant principles in religion. He was highly distinguished for his knowledge of the Greek language, of which he was appointed professor at Oxford in 1612. Six years afterwards, he went to Holland as chaplain to Sir Dudley Carleton, ambassador at the Hague; and on this occasion he attended the meetings of the famous Synod of Dort, the proceedings of which are recorded in his published letters to Sir Dudley. Till this time, he held the Calvinistic opinions in which he had been educated; but the arguments of the Arminian champion Episcopius, urged before the synod, made him, according to his own expression, 'bid John Calvin good-night.' His letters from Dort are characterised by Lord Clarendon as 'the best memorial of the ignorance, and passion, and animosity, and injustice of that convention.' Although the eminent learning and abilities of Hales would certainly have led to high preferment in the church, he chose rather to live in studious retirement, and accordingly withdrew to Eton College, where he had a private fellowship under his friend Sir Henry Saville as provost. Of this, after the defeat of the royal party, he was deprived for refusing to take the 'engagement,' or oath of fidelity to the Commonwealth of England, as then established without a king or House of Lords. By cutting off the means of subsistence, his ejection reduced him to such straits, that at length he was under the necessity of selling the greater part of his library, on which he had expended £2500, for less than a third of that sum. This he did from a spirit of independence which refused to accept the pecuniary bounty liberally offered by his friends. Besides sermons and miscellanies—the former of which compose the chief portion of his works—he wrote a famous *Tract concerning Schism and Schismatics* (1628), in which the causes of religious disunion, and in particular the bad effects of episcopal ambition, are freely discussed. This tract having come to the hands of Archbishop Laud, who was an old acquaintance of the author, Hales addressed a letter in defence of it to the primate, who, having invited him to a conference, was so well satisfied, that he forced, though not without difficulty, a prebendal stall of Windsor on the acceptance of the needy but contented scholar. The learning, abilities, and amiable disposition of John Hales are spoken of in the highest terms, not only by Clarendon, but by Bishop Pearson, Dr Heylin, Andrew Marvel, and Bishop Stillingfleet. He is styled by Anthony à Wood 'a walking library;' and Pearson considered him to be 'a man of as great a sharpness, quickness, and subtilty of wit, as ever this or perhaps any nation bred. His industry did strive, if it were possible, to equal the largeness of his capacity, whereby he became as great a master of polite, various, and universal learning, as ever yet conversed with books.'[*] His extensive knowledge he cheerfully communicated to others; and his disposition being liberal, obliging, and charitable, made him, in religious matters, a determined foe to intolerance, and, in society, a highly agreeable companion. Lord Clarendon says that 'nothing troubled him more than the brawls which were grown from religion; and he therefore exceedingly detested the tyranny of the Church of Rome, more for their imposing uncharitably upon the consciences of other men, than for the errors in their own opinions.' Aubrey, who saw him at Eton after his sequestration, describes him as 'a pretty little man, sanguine, of a cheerful countenance, very gentle and courteous.'

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[*] Preface to *The Golden Remains of the Ever-memorable Mr John Hales*, 1659.

The style of his sermons is clear, simple, and in general correct; and the subjects are frequently illustrated with quotations from the ancient philosophers and Christian Fathers.* The subjoined extracts are from a sermon, *Of Inquiry and Private Judgment in Religion:*

### *Private Judgment in Religion.*

It were a thing worth looking into, to know the reason why men are so generally willing, in point of religion, to cast themselves into other men's arms, and, leaving their own reason, rely so much upon another man's. Is it because it is modesty and humility to think another man's reason better than our own? Indeed, I know not how it comes to pass, we account it a vice, a part of envy, to think another man's goods, or another man's fortunes, to be better than our own; and yet we account it a singular virtue to esteem our reason and wit meaner than other men's. Let us not mistake ourselves; to contemn the advice and help of others, in love and admiration to our own conceits, to depress and disgrace other men's, this is the foul vice of pride; on the contrary, thankfully to entertain the advice of others, to give it its due, and ingenuously to prefer it before our own, if it deserve it, this is that gracious virtue of modesty: but altogether to mistrust and relinquish our own faculties, and commend ourselves to others, this is nothing but poverty of spirit and indiscretion. I will not forbear to open unto you what I conceive to be the causes of this so general an error amongst men. First, peradventure the dregs of the Church of Rome are not yet sufficiently washed from the hearts of many men. We know it is the principal stay and supporter of that church, to suffer nothing to be inquired into which is once concluded by them. Look through Spain and Italy; they are not men, but beasts, and, Issachar-like, patiently couch down under every burden their superiors lay upon them. Secondly, a fault or two may be in our own ministry; thus, to advise men, as I have done, to search into the reasons and grounds of religion, opens a way to dispute and quarrel, and this might breed us some trouble and disquiet in our cures, more than we are willing to undergo; therefore, to purchase our own quiet, and to banish all contention, we are content to nourish this still humour in our hearers; as the Sybarites, to procure their ease, banished the smiths, because their trade was full of noise. In the meantime, we do not see that peace, which ariseth out of ignorance, is but a kind of sloth, or moral lethargy, seeming quiet because it hath no power to move. Again, maybe the portion of knowledge in the minister himself is not over-great; it may be, therefore, good policy for him to suppress all busy inquiry in his auditory, that so increase of knowledge in them might not at length discover some ignorance in him. Last of all, the fault may be in the people themselves, who, because they are loath to take pains—and search into the grounds of knowledge is evermore painful—are well content to take their ease, to gild their vice with goodly names, and to call their sloth, modesty, and their neglect of inquiry, filial obedience. These reasons, beloved, or some of kin to these, may be the motives unto this easiness of the people, of entertaining their religion upon trust, and of the neglect of the inquiry into the grounds of it.

To return, therefore, and proceed in the refutation of this gross neglect in men of their own reason, and casting themselves upon other wits. Hath God given you eyes to see, and legs to support you, that so yourselves might lie still, or sleep, and require the use of other men's eyes and legs? That faculty of reason which is in every one of you, even in the meanest that hears me this day, next to the help of God, is your eyes to direct you, and your legs to support you, in your course of integrity and sanctity; you may no more refuse or neglect the use of it, and rest yourselves upon the use of other men's reason, than neglect your own, and call for the use of other men's eyes and legs. The man in the gospel, who had bought a farm, excuses himself from going to the marriage-supper, because himself would go and see it: but we have taken an easier course; we can buy our farm, and go to supper too, and that only by saving our pains to see it; we profess ourselves to have made a great purchase of heavenly doctrine, yet we refuse to see it and survey it ourselves, but trust to other men's eyes, and our surveyors: and wot you to what end? I know not, except it be that so we may with the better leisure go to the marriage-supper; that, with Haman, we may the more merrily go in to the banquet provided for us; that so we may the more freely betake ourselves to our pleasures, to our profits, to our trades, to our preferments and ambition. . . .

Would you see how ridiculously we abuse ourselves when we thus neglect our own knowledge, and securely hazard ourselves upon others' skill? Give me leave, then, to shew you a perfect pattern of it, and to report to you what I find in Seneca the philosopher, recorded of a gentleman in Rome, who, being purely ignorant, yet greatly desirous to seem learned, procured himself many servants, of which some he caused to study the poets, some the orators, some the historians, some the philosophers, and, in a strange kind of fancy, all their learning he verily thought to be his own, and persuaded himself that he knew all that his servants understood; yea, he grew to that height of madness in this kind, that, being weak in body and diseased in his feet, he provided himself of wrestlers and runners, and proclaimed games and races, and performed them by his servants; still applauding himself, as if himself had done them. Beloved, you are this man. When you neglect to try the spirits, to study the means of salvation yourselves, but content yourselves to take them upon trust, and repose yourselves altogether on the wit and knowledge of us that are your teachers, what is this in a manner but to account with yourselves, that our knowledge is yours, that you know all that we know, who are but your servants in Jesus Christ?

### *Reverence for Ancient Opinions.*

Antiquity, what is it else—God only excepted—but man's authority born some ages before us? Now, for the truth of things, time makes no alteration; things are still the same they are, let the time be past, present, or to come. Those things which we reverence for antiquity, what were they at their first birth? Were they false?—time cannot make them true. Were they true?—time cannot make them more true. The circumstance, therefore, of time, in respect of truth and error, is merely impertinent.

### *Prevalence of an Opinion no Argument for its Truth.*

Universality is such a proof of truth as truth itself is ashamed of; for universality is nothing but a quainter and a trimmer name to signify the multitude. Now, human authority at the strongest is but weak, but the multitude is the weakest part of human authority: it is the great patron of error, most easily abused, and most hardly disabused. The beginning of error may be, and mostly is, from private persons; but the maintainer and continuer of error is the multitude.

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* In the year 1765, an edition of his works was published by Lord Hailes, who took the unwarrantable liberty of modernising the language according to his own taste. This, we learn from Boswell, met the strong disapprobation of Dr Johnson. 'An author's language, sir,' said he, 'is a characteristical part of his composition, and is also characteristical of the age in which he writes. Besides, sir, when the language is changed, we are not sure that the sense is the same. No, sir; I am sorry Lord Hailes has done this.'

### WILLIAM CHILLINGWORTH.

WILLIAM CHILLINGWORTH (1602-1644), a famous polemic, was born at Oxford, and was distinguished as a student there. An early love of disputation, in which he possessed eminent skill, brought upon him such a habit of doubting, that his opinions became unsettled on all subjects. A Jesuit named Fisher converted him to the Roman faith—his chief argument being the necessity of an infallible living guide in matters of faith, to which character the Roman Catholic Church appeared to him to be best entitled. For some time after this, he studied at the Jesuits' College at Douay; but his friends induced him to return to Oxford, where, after additional study of the points of difference, he declared in favour of the Protestant faith. He was patronised by Laud. His change of creed drew him into several controversies, in which he employed the arguments that were afterwards methodically stated in his famous work, entitled *The Religion of the Protestants a safe Way to Salvation*, published in 1637. This treatise, which has placed its author in the first rank of religious controversialists, is considered a model of perspicuous reasoning, and one of the ablest defences of the Protestant faith. The author maintains that the Scripture is the only rule to which appeal ought to be made in theological disputes; that no church is infallible; and that the Apostles' Creed embraces all the necessary points of faith. The Arminian opinions of Chillingworth brought upon him the charge of latitudinarianism; and his character for orthodoxy was still further shaken by his refusal to accept of preferment on condition of subscribing the thirty-nine articles. His scruples having, however, been overcome, he was promoted, in 1638, to the chancellorship of Salisbury. During the Civil War, he zealously adhered to the royal party, and even acted as engineer at the siege of Gloucester in 1643. He died in the succeeding year. Lord Clarendon, who was one of his intimate friends, has drawn the following character of this eminent divine: 'He was a man of so great a subtilty of understanding, and so rare a temper in debate, that, as it was impossible to provoke him into any passion, so it was very difficult to keep a man's self from being a little discomposed by his sharpness and quickness of argument, and instances, in which he had a rare facility, and a great advantage over all the men I ever knew.' Writing to a Catholic, in allusion to the changes of his own faith, Chillingworth says: 'I know a man, that of a moderate Protestant turned a Papist, and the day that he did so, was convicted in conscience that his yesterday's opinion was an error. The same man afterwards, upon better consideration, became a doubting Papist, and of a doubting Papist a confirmed Protestant. And yet this man thinks himself no more to blame for all these changes, than a traveller who, using all diligence to find the right way to some remote city, did yet mistake it, and after find his error and amend it. Nay, he stands upon his justification so far, as to maintain that his alterations, not only to you, but also from you, by God's mercy, were the most satisfactory actions to himself that ever he did, and the greatest victories that ever he obtained over himself and his affections, in those things which in this world are most precious.' In the same liberal and independent spirit are the following passages, extracted from his great work:

#### *Against the Employment of Force in Religion.*

I have learned from the ancient Fathers of the church, that nothing is more against religion than to force religion; and of St Paul, the weapons of the Christian warfare are not carnal. And great reason; for human violence may make men counterfeit, but cannot make them believe, and is therefore fit for nothing but to breed form without and atheism within. Besides, if this means of bringing men to embrace any religion were generally used—as, if it may be justly used in any place by those that have power, and think they have truth, certainly they cannot with reason deny but that it may be used in every place by those that have power as well as they, and think they have truth as well as they—what could follow but the maintenance, perhaps, of truth, but perhaps only the profession of it in one place, and the oppression of it in a hundred? What will follow from it but the preservation, peradventure, of unity, but, peradventure, only of uniformity, in particular states and churches; but the immortalising the greater and more lamentable divisions of Christendom and the world? And, therefore, what can follow from it but, perhaps, in the judgment of carnal policy, the temporal benefit and tranquillity of temporal states and kingdoms, but the infinite prejudice, if not the desolation, of the kingdom of Christ? . . . . But they that know there is a King of kings and Lord of lords, by whose will and pleasure kings and kingdoms stand and fall, they know that to no king or state anything can be profitable which is unjust; and that nothing can be more evidently unjust than to force weak men, by the profession of a religion which they believe not, to lose their own eternal happiness, out of a vain and needless fear lest they may possibly disturb their temporal quietness. There is no danger to any state from any man's opinion, unless it be such an opinion by which disobedience to authority, or impiety, is taught or licensed—which sort, I confess, may justly be punished as well as other faults—or unless this sanguinary doctrine be joined with it, that it is lawful for him by human violence to enforce others to it. Therefore, if Protestants did offer violence to other men's consciences, and compel them to embrace their reformation, I excuse them not.

#### *Reason must be appealed to in Religious Discussions.*

But you that would not have men follow their reason, what would you have them follow? their passions, or pluck out their eyes, and go blindfold? No, you say; you would have them follow authority. In God's name, let them; we also would have them follow authority; for it is upon the authority of universal tradition that we would have them believe Scripture. But then, as for the authority which you would have them follow, you will let them see reason why they should follow it. And is not this to go a little about—to leave reason for a short turn, and then to come to it again, and to do that which you condemn in others? It being, indeed, a plain impossibility for any man to submit his reason but to reason; for he that doth it to authority, must of necessity think himself to have greater reason to believe that authority.

A collection of nine sermons preached by Chillingworth before Charles I. has been frequently printed. From one of these we select the following animated expostulation with his noble hearers :

### *Against Duelling.*

But how is this doctrine [of the forgiveness of injuries] received in the world? What counsel would men, and those none of the worst sort, give thee in such a case? How would the soberest, discreetest, well-bred Christian advise thee? Why, thus: If thy brother or thy neighbour have offered thee an injury, or an affront, forgive him? By no means; thou art utterly undone, and lost in reputation with the world, if thou dost forgive him. What is to be done, then? Why, let not thy heart take rest, let all other business and employment be laid aside, till thou hast his blood. How! A man's blood for an injurious, passionate speech—for a disdainful look? Nay, that is not all: that thou mayest gain among men the reputation of a discreet, well-tempered murderer, be sure thou killest him not in passion, when thy blood is hot and boiling with the provocation; but proceed with as great temper and settledness of reason, with as much discretion and preparedness, as thou wouldst to the communion: after several days' respite, that it may appear it is thy reason guides thee, and not thy passion, invite him kindly and courteously into some retired place, and there let it be determined whether his blood or thine shall satisfy the injury.

O thou holy Christian religion! Whence is it that thy children have sucked this inhuman poisonous blood, these raging fiery spirits? For if we shall inquire of the heathen, they will say: 'They have not learned this from us;' or of the Mahometans, they will answer: 'We are not guilty of it.' Blessed God! that it should become a most sure settled course for a man to run into danger and disgrace with the world, if he shall dare to perform a commandment of Christ, which is as necessary for him to do, if he have any hopes of attaining heaven, as meat and drink is for the maintaining of life! That ever it should enter into Christian hearts to walk so curiously and exactly contrary unto the ways of God! That whereas he sees himself every day, and hour almost, contemned and despised by thee, who art his servant, his creature, upon whom he might, without all possible imputation of unrighteousness, pour down all the vials of his wrath and indignation; yet he, notwithstanding, is patient and long-suffering towards thee, hoping that his long-suffering may lead thee to repentance, and beseeching thee daily by his ministers to be reconciled unto him; and yet thou, on the other side, for a distempered passionate speech, or less, should take upon thee to send thy neighbour's soul, or thine own, or likely both, clogged and oppressed with all your sins unrepented of—for how can repentance possibly consist with such a resolution?—before the tribunal-seat of God, to expect your final sentence; utterly depriving yourself of all the blessed means which God has contrived for thy salvation, and putting thyself in such an estate, that it shall not be in God's power almost to do thee any good. Pardon, I beseech you, my earnestness, almost intemperateness, seeing that it hath proceeded from so just, so warrantable a ground; and since it is in your power to give rules of honour and reputation to the whole kingdom, do not you teach others to be ashamed of this inseparable badge of your religion—charity and forgiving of offences: give men leave to be Christians without danger or dishonour; or, if religion will not work with you, yet let the laws of that state wherein you live, the earnest desires and care of your righteous prince, prevail with you.

## DR RALPH CUDWORTH.

DR RALPH CUDWORTH (1617-1688) is celebrated as a very learned divine and philosopher. He studied at the university of Cambridge, where, during the thirty years succeeding 1645, he held the office of Regius Professor of Hebrew. His principal work, which is entitled *The True Intellectual System of the Universe*, was published in 1678, and is designed as a refutation of the atheistical tenets which at that time were extensively held in England. It executes only a portion of his design—namely, the establishment of the following three propositions, which he regarded as the fundamentals or essentials of true religion: 'First, that all things in the world do not float without a head and governor; but that there is a God, an omnipotent understanding Being, presiding over all. Secondly, that this God being essentially good and just, there is something in its own nature immutably and eternally just and unjust; and not by arbitrary will, law, and command only. And, lastly, that we are so far forth principals or masters of our own actions, as to be accountable to justice for them, or to make us guilty and blameworthy for what we do amiss, and to deserve punishment accordingly.' From this statement by Cudworth in his preface, the reader will observe that he maintained (in opposition to two of the leading doctrines of Hobbes), first, the existence of a natural and everlasting distinction between justice and injustice; and, secondly, the freedom of the human will. On the former point he differs from most subsequent opponents of Hobbism, in ascribing our consciousness of the natural difference of right and wrong entirely to the reasoning faculties, and in no degree to sentiment or emotion. As, however, he confines his attention in the *Intellectual System* to the first essential of true religion enumerated in the passage just quoted, ethical questions are in that work but incidentally and occasionally touched upon. In combating the atheists, he displays a prodigious amount of erudition, and that rare degree of candour which prompts a controversialist to give a full statement of the opinions and arguments which he means to refute. This fairness brought upon him the reproach of insincerity; and by a contemporary Protestant theologian the epithets of Arian, Socinian, Deist, and even Atheist, were freely applied to him. 'He has raised,' says Dryden, 'such strong objections against the being of a God and Providence, that many think he has not answered them'—'the common fate,' as Lord Shaftesbury remarks on this occasion, 'of those who dare to appear fair authors.' This clamour seems to have disheartened the philosopher, who refrained from publishing the other portions of his scheme. He left, however, several manuscript works, one of which, entitled *A Treatise concerning Eternal and Immutable Morality*, but only introductory in its character, was published in 1731 by Dr Chandler, bishop of Durham. His unprinted writings are now in the British Museum. Dugald Stewart observes, that 'the *Intellectual System* of Cudworth embraces a field much wider than his treatise of *Immutable Morality*. The latter is particularly directed against the doctrines of Hobbes and of the Antinomians;* but the former aspires to tear up by the roots all the principles, both physical and metaphysical, of the Epicurean philosophy. It is a work, certainly, which reflects much honour on the talents of the author, and still more on the boundless extent of his learning; but it is so ill suited to the taste of the present age, that, since the time of Mr Harris and Dr Price, I scarcely recollect the slightest reference to it in the writings of our British metaphysicians. Of its faults—beside the general disposition of the author to discuss questions placed altogether beyond the reach of our faculties—the most prominent is the wild hypothesis of a *plastic nature;* or, in other words, "of a vital and spiritual, but unintelligent and necessary agent, created by the Deity for the execution of his purposes."' A Latin translation of this work was published by Mosheim at Jena in 1733. A few specimens of the original are subjoined:

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* The Antinomians were a class of English sectaries conspicuous during the confusion of the Civil War in England. Their designation is a Greek compound, signifying 'enemies of the law,' it being their opinion that exhortations to morality were unnecessary, at once to the elect, whom the divine grace would of itself lead to the practice of piety and virtue, and to the non-elect, whose salvation and virtuous conduct were, by the very circumstance of non-election, rendered impossible. Some of the Antinomian doctors carried their views so far as to maintain, 'that as the elect cannot fall from grace, nor forfeit the divine favour, so it

### *God, though Incomprehensible, not Inconceivable.*

It doth not at all follow, because God is incomprehensible to our finite and narrow understandings, that he is utterly inconceivable by them, so that they cannot frame any idea of him at all, and he may therefore be concluded to be a nonentity. For it is certain that we cannot comprehend ourselves, and that we have not such an adequate and comprehensive knowledge of the essence of any substantial thing as that we can perfectly master and conquer it. It was a truth, though abused by the sceptics, *akatalepton ti*, something incomprehensible in the essence of the lowest substances. For even body itself, which the atheists think themselves so well acquainted with, because they can feel it with their fingers, and which is the only substance that they acknowledge either in themselves or in the universe, hath such puzzling difficulties and entanglements in the speculation of it, that they can never be able to extricate themselves from. We might instance, also, in some accidental things, as time and motion. Truth is bigger than our minds, and we are not the same with it, but have a lower participation only of the intellectual nature, and are rather apprehenders than comprehenders thereof. This is indeed one badge of our creaturely state, that we have not a perfectly comprehensive knowledge, or such as is adequate and commensurate to the essences of things; from whence we ought to be led to this acknowledgment, that there is another Perfect Mind or Understanding Being above us in the universe, from which our imperfect minds were derived, and upon which they do depend. Wherefore, if we can have no idea or conception of anything whereof we have not a full and perfect comprehension, then can we not have an idea or conception of the nature of any substance. But though we do not comprehend all truth, as if our mind were above it, or master of it, and cannot penetrate into and look quite through the nature of everything, yet may rational souls frame certain ideas and conceptions of whatsoever is in the orb of being proportionate to their own nature, and sufficient for their purpose. And though we cannot fully comprehend the Deity, nor exhaust the infiniteness of its perfection, yet may we have an idea of a Being absolutely perfect; such a one as is *nostro modulo conformis*, agreeable and proportionate to our measure and scantling; as we may approach near to a mountain, and touch it with our hands, though we cannot encompass it all round, and enclasp it within our arms. Whatsoever is in its own nature absolutely unconceivable, is nothing; but not whatsoever is not fully comprehensible by our imperfect understandings.

It is true, indeed, that the Deity is more incomprehensible to us than anything else whatsoever, which proceeds from the fulness of its being and perfection, and from the transcendency of its brightness; but for the very same reason may it be said also in some sense that it is more knowable and conceivable than anything. As the sun, though by reason of its excessive splendour it dazzle our weak sight, yet is it, notwithstanding, far more visible also than any of the *nebulosæ stellæ*—the small misty stars. Where there is more of light there is more visibility; so, where there is more of entity, reality, and perfection, there is more of conceptibility and cognoscibility; such a thing filling up the mind more, and acting more strongly upon it. Nevertheless, because our weak and imperfect minds are lost in the vast immensity and redundancy of the Deity, and overcome with its transcendent light and dazzling brightness, therefore hath it to us an appearance of darkness and incomprehensibility; as the unbounded expansion of light, in the clear transparent ether, hath to us the apparition of an azure obscurity; which yet is not an absolute thing in itself, but only relative to our sense, and a mere fancy in us.

The incomprehensibility of the Deity is so far from being an argument against the reality of its existence, as that it is most certain, on the contrary, that were there nothing incomprehensible to us, who are but contemptible pieces, and small atoms of the universe; were there no other being in the world but what our finite understandings could span or fathom, and encompass round about, look through and through, have a commanding view of, and perfectly conquer and subdue under them, then could there be nothing absolutely and infinitely perfect—that is, no God. . . .

And nature itself plainly intimates to us that there is some such absolutely perfect Being, which, though not inconceivable, yet is incomprehensible to our finite understandings, by certain passions, which it hath implanted in us, that otherwise would want an object to display themselves upon; namely, those of devout veneration, adoration, and admiration, together with a kind of ecstasy and pleasing horror; which, in the silent language of nature, seem to speak thus much to us, that there is some object in the world so much bigger and vaster than our mind and thoughts, that it is the very same to them that the ocean is to narrow vessels; so that, when they have taken into themselves as much as they can thereof by contemplation, and filled up all their capacity, there is still an immensity of it left without, which cannot enter in for want of room to receive it, and therefore must be apprehended after some other strange and more mysterious manner—namely, by their being plunged into it, and swallowed up or lost in it. To conclude, the Deity is indeed incomprehensible to our finite and imperfect understandings, but not inconceivable; and therefore there is no ground at all for this atheistic pretence to make it a nonentity.

### *Difficulty of Convincing Interested Unbelievers.*

As for the last chapter, though it promise only a confutation of all the atheistic grounds, yet we do therein also demonstrate the absolute impossibility of all atheism, and the actual existence of a God. We say demonstrate, not *a priori*, which is impossible and contradictious, but, by necessary inference, from principles altogether undeniable. For we can by no means

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follows that the wicked actions they commit, and the violations of the divine law with which they are chargeable, are not really sinful, nor are to be considered as instances of their departing from the law of God; and that, consequently, they have no occasion either to confess their sins or to break them off by repentance.' Baxter and Tillotson were among the distinguished opponents of the tenets of this sect. (See Mosheim's *Ecclesiastical History*, cent. xvii. chap. ii. sect. 23.) Cudworth, in his *Treatise concerning Eternal and Immutable Morality*, classes with the atheists of antiquity some of his contemporaries, who thought 'that God may command what is contrary to moral rules; that he has no inclination to the good of his creatures; that he may justly doom an innocent being to eternal torments; and that whatever God does will, for that reason is just, because he wills it.' But according to Sir James Mackintosh, Cudworth names only one book, published at Franeker (a town in Holland) in which this monstrous opinion is supported.

grant to the atheists that there is more than a probable persuasion or opinion to be had of the existence of a God, without any certain knowledge or science. Nevertheless, it will not follow from hence that whosoever shall read these demonstrations of ours, and understand all the words of them, must therefore of necessity be presently convinced, whether he will or no, and put out of all manner of doubt and hesitancy concerning the existence of a God. For we believe that to be true which some have affirmed, that were there any interest of life, any concernment of appetite and passion, against the truth of geometrical theorems themselves, as of a triangle having three angles equal to two right, whereby men's judgments may be clouded and bribed, notwithstanding all the demonstrations of them, many would remain at least sceptical about them.

### *Creation.*

Because it is undeniably certain, concerning ourselves and all imperfect beings, that none of these can create any new substance, men are apt to measure all things by their own scantling, and to suppose it universally impossible for any power whatever thus to create. But since it is certain that imperfect beings can themselves produce some things out of nothing pre-existing, as new cogitations, new local motion, and new modifications of things corporeal, it is surely reasonable to think that an absolutely perfect Being can do something more; that is, create new substances, or give them their whole being. And it may well be thought as easy for God, or an Omnipotent Being, to make a whole world, matter and all, as it is for us to create a thought or to move a finger, or for the sun to send out rays, or a candle, light; or, lastly, for an opaque body to produce an image of itself in a glass or water, or to project a shadow; all these imperfect things being but the energies, rays, images, or shadows of the Deity. For a substance to be made out of nothing by God, or a Being infinitely perfect, is not for it to be made out of nothing in the impossible sense, because it comes from Him who is all. Nor can it be said to be impossible for anything whatever to be made by that which hath not only infinitely greater perfection, but also infinite active power. It is indeed true that infinite power itself cannot do things in their own nature impossible; and, therefore, those who deny creation ought to prove that it is absolutely impossible for a substance, though not for an accident or modification, to be brought from non-existence into being. But nothing is in itself impossible which does not imply contradiction; and though it be a contradiction to be and not to be at the same time, there is surely no contradiction in conceiving an imperfect being, which before was not, afterwards to be.

## DR RICHARD CUMBERLAND—ROBERT SANDERSON.

**DR RICHARD CUMBERLAND** (1632-1718), another learned and amiable divine of the Church of England, was raised by King William to the see of Peterborough in 1691. He had published, in 1672, a Latin work, *De Legibus Naturæ Disquisitio Philosophica*, &c.; or, 'A Philosophical Inquiry into the Laws of Nature; in which their form, order, promulgation, and obligation, are investigated from the nature of things; and in which, also, the philosophical principles of Hobbes, moral as well as civil, are considered and refuted.' This modest and erudite, but verbose production —of which two English translations have appeared —contains many sound, and at that time novel views on moral science, along with others of very doubtful soundness. The laws of nature he deduces from the results of human conduct, regarding that to be commanded by God which conduces to the happiness of man. He wrote also a learned *Essay towards the Recovery of the Jewish Weights and Measures, comprehending their Monies* (1686), and a translation of Sanchoniatho's *Phœnician History* (which was not published till 1720). In the performance of his episcopal duties he displayed a rare degree of activity, moderation, and benevolence. When expostulated with by his friends on account of the great labour which he underwent, he replied: 'I will do my duty as long as I can; a man had better wear out than rust out.' He lived, however, to the advanced age of eighty-six, in the enjoyment of such mental vigour that he successfully studied the Coptic language only three years before his death.

### *The Tabernacle and Temple of the Jews.*

The fit measures of the tabernacle and temple, to the uses of the whole nation of the Jews, demonstrate God's early care to settle his people Israel, in the form of one entire national church, under Moses, Aaron, and the other priests, who were general officers for all Israel. The church in the wilderness, mentioned by St Stephen (Acts, vii. 38), was thus national, and is the first collective body of men called a church in the Scripture language, by a man full of the evangelical spirit.

Synagogues for particular neighbourhoods' convenience, in the public exercise of religion, were introduced long after, by the pious prudence of the national governors of the Jewish church and state, and accordingly were all subordinate to them. It is to be observed, also, that this limited place for public national worship was within their own nation, in the midst of their camp in the wilderness, in their own land in Canaan. No recourse from it to a foreign church by appeals, but all differences finally decided within their own nation, and therein all, even Aaron, although the high-priest, and elder brother to Moses, yet was subject to Moses, who was king in Jesurun. By these means, all schismatical setting up of one altar against another was prevented; national communion in solemn and decent piety, with perfect charity, was promoted; which being no shadows, but the most substantial concerns of religion, are to be preserved in the gospel times.

Hereby is more evidently proved the magnificence, symmetry, and beauty that was in the structure of the temple; and the liberal maintenance which God provided for the Levites his ministers. For if the cubit by me proposed determine the area both of the temple and of the priests' suburbs—as the Scripture sets them both out by cubits—they must be much longer; and if they were set out by so many shorter cubits—suppose cubits of eighteen inches—in such proportion as the squares of these different cubits bear to each other, by the nineteenth and twentieth proposition of Euclid's sixth book. But the square of these different cubits are in foot-measure, which is here more convenient, as 3, 82 to 2, 25; the bigger of which is near half as much more as the less. Therefore the areas of the temple, and of the priests' suburbs, are, according to my measure, near half as big again as they would be if determined by that shorter cubit.

Such greatness of the temple Solomon intimates to the king of Tyre to be requisite, as best suiting with the greatness of God (2 Chronicles, ii. 5). This reason, alleged by Solomon to a heathen, must be of moral or natural, and therefore perpetual force, continuing to evangelical times; and therefore intimating to us, that even now magnificent and stately buildings are useful means to signify what great and honourable thoughts we have of God, and design to promote in those that come to the places of his public worship. And from

God's liberal provision of land in the Levites' suburbs, besides other advantages, we are taught by St Paul, that even so those that preach the gospel should live of the gospel (1 Corinthians, ix. 14).

The fitness, safety, and honour of keeping to the use of such indifferent things as have been determined by law or custom, is clearly proved by the constancy of Israel's using those measures—although others might be assigned, as the Greek or Roman measures, to serve the same ends—from the time of Moses, and probably before, to the captivity and after. And this, notwithstanding they were used by the Egyptians and Canaanites, which altered not their nature in the least. And this instance proves undeniably that such indifferent practices, as the use of the measures, may be highly useful to the greatest moral duties, the public honour of God, and the preservation of justice among them.

**ROBERT SANDERSON** (1587-1663) was eight years Regius Professor of Divinity, with the canonry of Christ Church, Oxford, annexed. He was ejected by the Parliamentary visitors of 1642, but was restored after the Restoration, and made bishop of Lincoln. He was author of various works, one of which, *Logica Artis Compendium* (1615), was often reprinted, and has been characterised by Sir William Hamilton as 'the excellent work of an accomplished logician.' The *Sermons* of Sanderson are also admired for vigour and clearness of thought; and one of his theological treatises, *Nine Cases of Conscience Resolved* (1668-1674), is a standard work.

### JOHN GAUDEN—BENJAMIN WHICHCOTE.

**JOHN GAUDEN** (1605-1662), an English prelate, was born at Mayfield, in Essex. He was educated at St John's College, Cambridge; and on the commencement of the Civil War, he complied with the Presbyterian party. He received several church preferments, but abandoned the Parliament when it proceeded against monarchy. When the army resolved to impeach and try the king, in 1648, he published *A Religious and Loyal Protestation* against their purposes and proceedings. But his grand service to that party consisted in his writing *Eikon Basilike; or the Portraiture of his Most Sacred Majesty in his Solitude and Sufferings*, a work professing to emanate from the pen of Charles I. himself, and to contain the devout meditations of his latter days. There appears to have been an intention to publish this *Portraiture* before the execution of the king, as an attempt to save his life by working on the feelings of the people; but either from the difficulty of getting it printed, or some other cause, it did not make its appearance till several days after his majesty's death. The sensation which it produced in his favour was extraordinary. 'It is not easy,' says Hume, 'to conceive the general compassion excited towards the king by the publishing, at so critical a juncture, a work so full of piety, meekness, and humanity. Many have not scrupled to ascribe to that book the subsequent restoration of the royal family. Milton compares its effects to those which were wrought on the tumultuous Romans by Antony's reading to them the will of Cæsar.' So eagerly and universally was the book perused by the nation, that it passed through fifty editions in a single year. Milton, in his *Eikonoclastes*, alludes to the doubts which prevailed as to the authorship of the work, but at this time the real history was unknown. The first disclosure took place in 1691, when there appeared in an Amsterdam edition of Milton's *Eikonoclastes*, a memorandum said to have been made by the Earl of Anglesey, in which that nobleman affirms he had been told by Charles II. and his brother that the *Eikon Basilike* was the production of Gauden. This report was confirmed in the following year by a circumstantial narrative published by Gauden's former curate, Walker. Several writers then entered the field on both sides of the question; the principal defender of the king's claim being Wagstaffe, a nonjuring clergyman, who published an elaborate *Vindication of King Charles the Martyr*, in 1693. For ten years subsequently, the literary war continued; but after this there ensued a long interval of repose. When Hume wrote his History, the evidence on the two sides appeared so equally balanced, that, 'with regard to the genuineness of that production, it is not easy,' says he, 'for a historian to fix any opinion which will be entirely to his own satisfaction.' In 1786, however, the scale of evidence was turned by the publication, in the third volume of the Clarendon State Papers, of some of Gauden's letters, the most important of which are six addressed by him to Lord Chancellor Clarendon after the Restoration. He there complains of the poverty of the see of Exeter, to which he had already been appointed, and urgently solicits a further reward for the important secret service which he had performed to the royal cause. Some of these letters, containing *allusions* to the circumstance, had formerly been printed, though in a less authentic form; but now for the first time appeared one, dated the 13th of March 1661, in which he explicitly grounds his claim to additional remuneration, 'not on what was known to the world under my name, but what goes under the late blessed king's name, the Eikon or Portraiture of his Majesty in his Solitude and Sufferings. This book and figure,' he adds, 'was wholly and only my invention, making, and design; in order to vindicate the king's wisdom, honour, and piety.' Clarendon had before this learned the secret from his own intimate friend, Morley, bishop of Worcester, and had otherwise ample means of investigating its truth: and not only does he, in a letter to Gauden, fully acquiesce in the unpalatable statement, but, in his *History of the Rebellion*, written at the desire of Charles I. and avowedly intended as a vindication of the royal character and cause, he maintains the most rigid silence with respect to the *Eikon Basilike*. The troublesome solicitations of Gauden were so effectual as to lead to his promotion, in 1662, to the bishopric of Worcester; a dignity, however, which he did not long enjoy, for he died in the same year. The controversy as to the authorship of the *Eikon Basilike* is by some still decided in favour of the king. Such is the conclusion arrived at in a work, entitled *Who wrote Eikon Basilike?* published in 1824, by the late Dr Wordsworth, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge; and Southey in the *Quarterly Review* ranged himself on the same side. But the arguments of Malcolm Laing, Mr Todd, Sir James Mackintosh, and Mr Hallam, added to the internal evidence, fully support Gauden's claim (acquiesced in by his royalist contemporaries) to be considered the author. The style is much too measured and rhetorical for that of Charles, who was a careless, confused, and inexact writer.

### *Events of the Civil War.*

The various successes of this unhappy war have at least afforded me variety of good meditations. Sometimes God was pleased to try me with victory, by worsting my enemies, that I might know how with moderation and thanks to own and use His power, who is only the true Lord of Hosts, able, when he pleases, to repress the confidence of those that fought against me with so great advantages for power and number.

From small beginnings on my part, he let me see that I was not wholly forsaken by my people's love or his protection. Other times God was pleased to exercise my patience, and teach me not to trust in the arm of flesh, but in the living God. My sins sometimes prevailed against the justice of my cause; and those that were with me wanted not matter and occasion for his just chastisement both of them and me. Nor were my enemies less punished by that prosperity, which hardened them to continue that injustice by open hostility, which was begun by most riotous and unparliamentary tumults.

There is no doubt but personal and private sins may ofttimes overbalance the justice of public engagements; nor doth God account every gallant man, in the world's esteem, a fit instrument to assert in the way of war a righteous cause. The more men are prone to arrogate to their own skill, valour, and strength, the less doth God ordinarily work by them for his own glory.

I am sure the event or success can never state the justice of any cause, nor the peace of men's consciences, nor the eternal fate of their souls.

Those with me had, I think, clearly and undoubtedly for their justification the Word of God and the laws of the land, together with their own oaths; all requiring obedience to my just commands; but to none other under heaven without me, or against me, in the point of raising arms.

Those on the other side are forced to fly to the shifts of some pretended fears, and wild fundamentals of state, as they call them, which actually overthrow the present fabric both of church and state; being such imaginary reasons for self-defence as are most impertinent for those men to allege, who, being my subjects, were manifestly the first assaulters of me and the laws, first by unsuppressed tumults, after by listed forces. The same allegations they use, will fit any faction that hath but power and confidence enough to second with the sword all their demands against the present laws and governors, which can never be such as some side or other will not find fault with, so as to urge what they call a reformation of them to a rebellion against them.

**Benjamin Whichcote**, a divine of enlarged and liberal mind, who exercised considerable influence in his day, was a native of Shropshire, born in March 1609-10. He was educated at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, where he became tutor. He was afterwards provost of King's College, and, according to Principal Tulloch, he was the teacher who, more than any other at Cambridge, 'impressed his own mode of thought both upon his colleagues in the university and the rising generation of students.' At the restoration of Charles II. Whichcote was removed from the provostship, but he retained a country rectory which he had received from his college, and in 1668 he was presented by Bishop Wilkins to the vicarage of St Lawrence Jewry, London, which he held till his death in 1683. The works of Whichcote consist of four volumes of *Discourses* and a series of *Moral and Religious Aphorisms*, all published after his death, and which, it is said, give but an imperfect idea of the power and influence he possessed as a living teacher. The leading principle of all his thought was the use of reason in religion. 'To speak of natural light,' he says, 'of the use of reason in religion, is to do no disservice at all to grace; for God is acknowledged in both—in the former as laying the groundwork of His creation, in the latter as reviving and restoring it.'

## THOMAS FULLER.

A distinguished place in the prose literature of this age is due to **Dr Thomas Fuller** (1608-1661), author of various works in practical divinity and history. Fuller was the son of a clergyman of the same name settled at Aldwinckle, in Northamptonshire: he and Dryden were thus natives of the same place. A quick intellect and uncommon powers of memory made him a scholar almost in his boyhood; his studies at Queen's College, Cambridge, were attended with the highest triumphs of the university, and on entering life as a preacher in that city, he acquired the greatest popularity. He afterwards passed through a rapid succession of promotions, until he acquired the lectureship of the Savoy in London. In 1640, he published his *History of the Holy War*, and in 1642 his *Holy State*. On the breaking out of the Civil War, Fuller attached himself to the king's party at Oxford, and he seems to have accompanied the army in active service for some years as chaplain to Lord Hopton. Even in these circumstances, his active mind busied itself in collecting materials for some of the works which he subsequently published. His company was at the same time much courted, on account of the extraordinary amount of intelligence which he had acquired, and a strain of lively humour which seems to have been quite irrepressible. The quaint and familiar nature of his mind disposed him to be less nice in the selection of materials, and also in their arrangement, than scholarly men generally are. He would sit patiently for hours listening to the prattle of old women, in order to obtain snatches of local history, traditionary anecdote, and proverbial wisdom; and these he has wrought up in his work entitled *The Worthies of England*, which is a strange melange of topography, biography, and popular antiquities. When the heat of the war was past, Fuller returned to London, and Cromwell having given him special permission to preach, he became lecturer at St Bride's Church. His *Church History of Britain* was given to the world in 1656, in one volume folio. Afterwards, he devoted himself to the preparation of his *Worthies*, which he did not complete till 1660, and which was not published till the year after his death. He had passed through various situations in the church, the last of which was that of chaplain to Charles II. It was thought that he would have been made a bishop, if he had not been prematurely cut off by fever, a year after the Restoration. Fuller possessed great conversational powers, was kind and amiable in all the domestic relations of life. He was twice married; on the second occasion, to a sister of Viscount Baltinglass. As proofs of his wonderful memory, it is stated that he could repeat five hundred unconnected words after twice hearing them, and recite the whole of the signs in the principal thoroughfare of London after once passing through it and back again. Such stories, however, must be received with considerable allowance for exaggeration. Besides the works named above, Fuller wrote: *A Pisgah View of Palestine* (1650), *The Profane State* (1648), *Good Thoughts in Bad Times* (1645), *Good Thoughts in Worse Times* (1649), and—the Restoration of Charles II. having come—*Mixed Contemplations in Better Times* (1660). His chief work, the *Worthies*, is rather a collection of brief memoranda than a regular composition. While a modern reader smiles at the vast quantity of gossip which it contains, he must also be sensible that it has preserved much curious information, which would have otherwise been lost. The eminent men whose lives he records are arranged by Fuller according to their native counties, of which he mentions also the natural productions, manufactures, medicinal waters, herbs, wonders, buildings, local proverbs, sheriffs, and modern battles. The style of all Fuller's works is extremely quaint and jocular; and in the power of drawing humorous comparisons, he is little, if at all, inferior to Butler himself. Fuller's *Holy* and *Profane States* contain admirably drawn characters, which are held forth as examples to be respectively imitated and avoided; such as the Good Father, the Good Soldier, the Good Master, and so on. In this and the other productions of Fuller there is a vast fund of sagacity and good sense; his conceits, as Charles Lamb says, are oftentimes 'deeply steeped in human feeling and passion.' Thus, he says: 'The Pyramids themselves, doting with age, have forgotten the names of their founders;' and negroes he characterises as 'the image of God cut in ebony.' And as smelling 'a turf of fresh earth is wholesome for the body, no less are thoughts of mortality cordial to the soul.' Indeed, Fuller's observations and maxims are generally expressed in language so pithy, that a large collection of admirable and striking maxims might easily be extracted from his pages. We shall give samples of these, after presenting the character which he has beautifully drawn of

### *The Good Schoolmaster.*

There is scarce any profession in the commonwealth more necessary, which is so slightly performed. The reasons whereof I conceive to be these: First, young scholars make this calling their refuge; yea, perchance, before they have taken any degree in the university, commence schoolmasters in the country, as if nothing else were required to set up this profession but only a rod and a ferula. Secondly, others who are able, use it only as a passage to better preferment, to patch the rents in their present fortune, till they can provide a new one, and betake themselves to some more gainful calling. Thirdly, they are disheartened from doing their best with the miserable reward which in some places they receive, being masters to their children and slaves to their parents. Fourthly, being grown rich, they grow negligent, and scorn to touch the school but by the proxy of the usher. But see how well our schoolmaster behaves himself.

His genius inclines him with delight to his profession. Some men had as well be schoolboys as schoolmasters, to be tied to the school, as Cooper's Dictionary and Scapula's Lexicon are chained to the desk therein; and though great scholars, and skilful in other arts, are bunglers in this. But God, of his goodness, hath fitted several men for several callings, that the necessity of church and state, in all conditions, may be provided for. So that he who beholds the fabric thereof, may say, God hewed out the stone, and appointed it to lie in this very place, for it would fit none other so well, and here it doth most excellent. And thus God mouldeth some for a schoolmaster's life, undertaking it with desire and delight, and discharging it with dexterity and happy success.

He studieth his scholars' natures as carefully as they their books; and ranks their dispositions into several forms. And though it may seem difficult for him in a great school to descend to all particulars, yet experienced schoolmasters may quickly make a grammar of boys' natures, and reduce them all—saving some few exceptions—to these general rules:

1. Those that are ingenious and industrious. The conjunction of two such planets in a youth presage much good unto him. To such a lad a frown may be a whipping, and a whipping a death; yea, where their master whips them once, shame whips them all the week after. Such natures he useth with all gentleness.

2. Those that are ingenious and idle. These think with the hare in the fable, that running with snails—so they count the rest of their schoolfellows—they shall come soon enough to the post, though sleeping a good while before their starting. O! a good rod would finely take them napping!

3. Those that are dull and diligent. Wines, the stronger they be, the more lees they have when they are new. Many boys are muddy-headed till they be clarified with age, and such afterwards prove the best. Bristol diamonds are both bright, and squared, and pointed by nature, and yet are soft and worthless; whereas orient ones in India are rough and rugged naturally. Hard, rugged, and dull natures of youth acquit themselves afterwards the jewels of the country, and therefore their dulness at first is to be borne with, if they be diligent. That schoolmaster deserves to be beaten himself who beats nature in a boy for a fault. And I question whether all the whipping in the world can make their parts which are naturally sluggish rise one minute before the hour nature hath appointed.

4. Those that are invincibly dull, and negligent also. Correction may reform the latter, not amend the former. All the whetting in the world can never set a razor's edge on that which hath no steel in it. Such boys he consigneth over to other professions. Shipwrights and boat-makers will choose those crooked pieces of timber which other carpenters refuse. Those may make excellent merchants and mechanics who will not serve for scholars.

He is able, diligent, and methodical in his teaching; not leading them rather in a circle than forwards. He minces his precepts for children to swallow, hanging clogs on the nimbleness of his own soul, that his scholars may go along with him.

He is and will be known to be an absolute monarch in his school. If cockering mothers proffer him money to purchase their sons an exemption from his rod—to live, as it were, in a peculiar, out of their master's jurisdiction—with disdain he refuseth it, and scorns the late custom in some places of commuting whipping into money, and ransoming boys from the rod at a set price. If he hath a stubborn youth, correction-proof, he debaseth not his authority by contesting with him, but fairly, if he can, puts him away before his obstinacy hath infected others.

He is moderate in inflicting deserved correction. Many a schoolmaster better answereth the name *paidotribes* than *paidagogos*, rather tearing his scholars' flesh with whipping than giving them good education. No wonder if his scholars hate the Muses, being presented unto them in the shapes of fiends and furies. . . .

Such an Orbilius mars more scholars than he makes. Their tyranny hath caused many tongues to stammer which spake plain by nature, and whose stuttering at first was nothing else but fears quavering on their speech at their master's presence; and whose mauling them about their heads hath dulled those who in quickness exceeded their master.

He makes his school free to him who sues to him *in formâ pauperis.* And surely learning is the greatest alms that can be given. But he is a beast who, because the poor scholar cannot pay him his wages, pays the scholar in his whipping; rather are diligent lads to be encouraged with all excitements to learning. This minds me of what I have heard concerning Mr Bust, that worthy late schoolmaster of Eton, who would never suffer any wandering begging scholar—such as justly the statute hath ranked in the fore-front of rogues—to come into his school, but would thrust him out with earnestness—however privately charitable unto him—lest his schoolboys should be disheartened from their books, by seeing some scholars, after their studying in the university, preferred to beggary.

He spoils not a good school to make thereof a bad college, therein to teach his scholars logic. For, besides that logic may have an action of trespass against grammar for encroaching on her liberties, syllogisms are solecisms taught in the school, and oftentimes they are forced afterwards in the university to unlearn the fumbling skill they had before.

Out of his school he is no way pedantical in carriage or discourse; contenting himself to be rich in Latin, though he doth not jingle with it in every company wherein he comes.

To conclude, let this, amongst other motives, make schoolmasters careful in their place—that the eminences of their scholars have commended the memories of their schoolmasters to posterity, who, otherwise in obscurity, had altogether been forgotten. Who had ever heard of R. Bond, in Lancashire, but for the breeding of learned Ascham, his scholar? or of Hartgrave, in Burnley School, in the same county, but because he was the first did teach worthy Dr Whitaker? Nor do I honour the memory of Mulcaster for anything so much as his scholar, that gulf of learning, Bishop Andrews. This made the Athenians, the day before the great feast of Theseus, their founder, to sacrifice a ram to the memory of Conidas, his schoolmaster, that first instructed him.

### *Recreations.*

Recreation is a second creation, when weariness hath almost annihilated one's spirits. It is the breathing of the soul, which otherwise would be stifled with continual business.

Spill not the morning, the quintessence of the day, in recreations; for sleep itself is a recreation. Add not therefore sauce to sauce; and he cannot properly have any title to be refreshed who was not first faint. Pastime, like wine, is poison in the morning. It is then good husbandry to sow the head, which hath lain fallow all night, with some serious work. Chiefly, intrench not on the Lord's day to use unlawful sports; this were to spare thine own flock, and to shear God's lamb.

Take heed of boisterous and over-violent exercises. Ringing ofttimes hath made good music on the bells, and put men's bodies out of tune, so that, by overheating themselves, they have rung their own passing-bell.

### *Books.*

It is a vanity to persuade the world one hath much learning by getting a great library. As soon shall I believe every one is valiant that hath a well-furnished armoury. I guess good housekeeping by the smoking, not the number of the tunnels, as knowing that many of them—built merely for uniformity—are without chimneys, and more without fires.

Some books are only cursorily to be tasted of: namely, first, voluminous books, the task of a man's life to read them over; secondly, auxiliary books, only to be repaired to on occasions; thirdly, such as are mere pieces of formality, so that if you look on them you look through them, and he that peeps through the casement of the index, sees as much as if he were in the house. But the laziness of those cannot be excused who perfunctorily pass over authors of consequence, and only trade in their tables and contents. These, like city cheaters, having gotten the names of all country gentlemen, make silly people believe they have long lived in those places where they never were, and flourish with skill in those authors they never seriously studied.

### *Education confined too much to Language.*

Our common education is not intended to render us good and wise, but learned: it hath not taught us to follow and embrace virtue and prudence, but hath imprinted in us their derivation and etymology; it hath chosen out for us not such books as contain the soundest and truest opinions, but those that speak the best Greek and Latin; and, by these rules, has instilled into our fancy the vainest humours of antiquity. But a good education alters the judgment and manners.

'Tis a silly conceit that men without languages are also without understanding. It's apparent in all ages, that some such have been even prodigies for ability; for it's not to be believed that Wisdom speaks to her disciples only in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew.

### *Rules for Improving the Memory.*

First, soundly infix in thy mind what thou desirest to remember. What wonder is it if agitation of business jog that out of thy head which was there rather tacked than fastened? whereas those notions which get in by *violenta possessio,* will abide there till *ejectio firma,* sickness, or extreme age, dispossess them. It is best knocking in the nail over-night, and clinching it the next morning.

Overburden not thy memory, to make so faithful a servant a slave. Remember Atlas was weary. Have as much reason as a camel, to rise when thou hast thy full load. Memory, like a purse, if it be over-full that it cannot shut, all will drop out of it: take heed of a gluttonous curiosity to feed on many things, lest the greediness of the appetite of thy memory spoil the digestion thereof. Beza's case was peculiar and memorable; being above fourscore years of age, he perfectly could say by heart any Greek chapter in St Paul's epistles, or anything else which he had learnt long before, but forgot whatsoever was newly told him; his memory, like an inn, retaining old guests, but having no room to entertain new.

Spoil not thy memory by thine own jealousy, nor make it bad by suspecting it. How canst thou find that true which thou wilt not trust? St Augustine tells us of his friend Simplicius, who, being asked, could tell all Virgil's verses backward and forward, and yet the same party vowed to God that he knew not that he could do it till they did try him. Sure, there is concealed strength in men's memories, which they take no notice of.

Marshal thy notions into a handsome method. One will carry twice more weight trussed and packed up in bundles, than when it lies untowardly, flapping and hanging about his shoulders. Things orderly fardled up under heads are most portable.

Adventure not all thy learning in one bottom, but divide it betwixt thy memory and thy note-books. He that with Bias carries all his learning about him in his head, will utterly be beggared and bankrupt, if a violent disease, a merciless thief, should rob and strip him. I know some have a commonplace against commonplace-books, and yet, perchance, will privately make use of what they publicly declaim against. A commonplace-book contains many notions in garrison, whence the owner may draw out an army into the field on competent warning.

### *Terrors of a Guilty Conscience.*

Fancy runs most furiously when a guilty conscience drives it. One that owed much money, and had many creditors, as he walked London streets in the evening, a tenter-hook catched his cloak: 'At whose suit?' said he, conceiving some bailiff had arrested him. Thus guilty consciences are afraid where no fear is, and count every creature they meet a sergeant sent from God to punish them.

### *Marriage.*

Deceive not thyself by over-expecting happiness in the married state. Look not therein for contentment greater than God will give, or a creature in this world can receive, namely, to be free from all inconveniences. Marriage is not like the hill Olympus, wholly clear, without clouds. Remember the nightingales, which sing only some months in the spring, but commonly are silent when they have hatched their eggs, as if their mirth were turned into care for their young ones.

### *Miscellaneous Aphorisms.*

It is dangerous to gather flowers that grow on the banks of the pit of hell, for fear of falling in; yea, they which play with the devil's rattles will be brought by degrees to wield his sword; and from making of sport, they come to doing of mischief.

Heat gotten by degrees, with motion and exercise, is more natural, and stays longer by one, than what is gotten all at once by coming to the fire. Goods acquired by industry prove commonly more lasting than lands by descent.

The true church antiquary doth not so adore the ancients as to despise the moderns. Grant them but dwarfs, yet stand they on giants' shoulders, and may see the farther.

Light, Heaven's eldest daughter, is a principal beauty in a building, yet it shines not alike from all parts of heaven. An east window welcomes the beams of the sun before they are of a strength to do any harm, and is offensive to none but a sluggard. In a west window, in summer time towards night, the sun grows low and over-familiar, with more light than delight.

A public office is a guest which receives the best usage from them who never invited it.

Scoff not at the natural defects of any, which are not in their power to amend. Oh! 'tis cruelty to beat a cripple with his own crutches.

Anger is one of the sinews of the soul: he that wants it hath a maimed mind.

Generally, nature hangs out a sign of simplicity in the face of a fool, and there is enough in his countenance for a hue and cry to take him on suspicion; or else it is stamped in the figure of his body: their heads sometimes so little, that there is no room for wit; sometimes so long, that there is no wit for so much room.

They that marry ancient people, merely in expectation to bury them, hang themselves in hope that one will come and cut the halter.

Learning hath gained most by those books by which the printers have lost.

Is there no way to bring home a wandering sheep but by worrying him to death?

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl-chain of all virtues.

Let us be careful to provide rest for our souls, and our bodies will provide rest for themselves. And let us not be herein like unto gentlewomen, who care not to keep the inside of the orange, but candy and preserve only the outside.

Tombs are the clothes of the dead. A grave is but a plain suit, and a rich monument is one embroidered.

### *The Good Yeoman.—From 'The Holy State.'*

The good yeoman is a gentleman in ore, whom the next age may see refined, and is the wax capable of a genteel impression, when the prince shall stamp it. Wise Solon, who accounted Tellus the Athenian the most happy man, for living privately on his own lands, would surely have pronounced the English yeomanry 'a fortunate condition,' living in the temperate zone between greatness and want, an estate of people almost peculiar to England. France and Italy are like a die which hath no points between cinque and ace, nobility and peasantry. Their walls, though high, must needs be hollow, wanting filling-stones. Indeed, Germany hath her boors, like our yeomen; but by a tyrannical appropriation of nobility to some few ancient families, their yeomen are excluded from ever rising higher to clarify their bloods. In England, the temple of honour is bolted against none who have passed through the temple of virtue; nor is a capacity to be genteel denied to our yeoman who thus behaves himself. He wears russet clothes, but makes golden payment, having tin in his buttons and silver in his pocket. If he chance to appear in clothes above his rank, it is to grace some great man with his service, and then he blusheth at his own bravery. Otherwise, he is the surest landmark whence foreigners may take aim of the ancient English customs; the gentry more floating after foreign fashions. In his house he is bountiful both to strangers and poor people. Some hold, when hospitality died in England, she gave her last groan amongst the yeomen of Kent. And still, at our yeoman's table, you shall have as many joints as dishes; no meat disguised with strange sauces; no straggling joint of a sheep in the midst of a pasture of grass, beset with salads on every side, but solid, substantial food. No servitors (more nimble with their hands than the guests with their teeth) take away meat before stomachs are taken away. Here you have that which in itself is good, made better by the store of it, and best by the welcome to it. He improveth his land to a double value by his good husbandry. Some grounds that wept with water, or frowned with thorns, by draining the one and clearing the other, he makes both to laugh and sing with corn. By marl and limestones burned he bettereth his ground, and his industry worketh miracles, by turning stones into bread.

Of Fuller's style of narrative in his *Worthies* we subjoin two short specimens:

### *Declension of Great Families.*

It happened in the reign of King James, when Henry Earl of Huntingdon was lieutenant of Leicestershire, that a labourer's son in that country was pressed into the wars—as I take it, to go over with Count Mansfield. The old man at Leicester requested his son might be discharged, as being the only staff of his age, who by his industry maintained him and his mother. The earl demanded his name, which the man for a long time was loath to tell—as suspecting it a fault for so poor a man to tell the truth; at last he told his name was Hastings. 'Cousin Hastings,' said the earl, 'we cannot all be top branches of the tree, though we all spring from the same root; your son, my kinsman, shall not be pressed.' So good was the meeting of modesty in a poor, with courtesy in an honourable person, and gentry I believe in both. And I have reason to believe, that some who justly own the surnames and blood of Bohuns, Mortimers, and Plantagenets—though ignorant of their own extraction—are hid in the heap of common people, where they find that under a thatched cottage which some of their ancestors could not enjoy in a leaded castle—contentment, with quiet and security.

### *Henry de Essex, Standard-bearer to Henry II.*

It happened in the reign of this king there was a fierce battle fought in Flintshire, at Coleshall, between the English and Welsh, wherein this Henry de Essex *animum et signum simul abjecit*—betwixt traitor and coward, cast away both his courage and banner together, occasioning a great overthrow of English. But he that had the baseness to do, had the boldness to deny the doing of so foul a fact; until he was challenged in combat by Robert de Momford, a knight, eye-witness thereof, and by him overcome in a duel. Whereupon his large inheritance was confiscated to the king, and he himself, partly thrust, partly going, into a convent, hid his head in a cowl; under which, betwixt shame and sanctity, he blushed out the remainder of his life.

The latter passage has elicited an admirable critical note from Charles Lamb, which is well worth transcription:

The fine imagination of Fuller has done what might have been pronounced impossible. It has given an interest and a holy character to coward infamy. Nothing can be more beautiful than the concluding account of the last days and expiatory retirement of poor Henry de Essex. The address with which the whole of this little story is told is most consummate: the charm of it seems to consist in a perpetual balance of antithesis not too violently opposed, and the consequent activity of mind in which the reader is kept: 'Betwixt traitor and coward'—'baseness to do, boldness to deny'—'partly thrust, partly going, into a convent'—'betwixt shame and sanctity.' The reader by this artifice is taken into a kind of partnership with the writer; his judgment is exercised in settling the preponderance; he feels as if he were consulted as to the issue. But the modern historian flings at once the dead-weight of his own judgment into the scale, and settles the matter.

We may add that the phrase, not noticed by Lamb, of 'hid his head in a cowl,' is also figuratively striking, and seems to have been remembered by Sheridan, who used a similar expression —'to hide his head in a coronet.'

## JEREMY TAYLOR.

The English Church at this time was honoured by the services of many able and profound theologians; men who had both studied and thought deeply, and possessed a vigorous and original character of intellect. The most eloquent and imaginative of all her divines was, however, JEREMY TAYLOR (1613-1667), who has been styled by some the *Shakspeare*, and by others the *Spenser*, of our theological literature. He seems to be closely allied, in the complexion of his taste and genius, to the poet of the *Faery Queen*. He has not the unity and energy, or the profound mental philosophy, of the great dramatist; while he strongly resembles Spenser in his prolific fancy and diction, in a certain musical arrangement and sweetness of expression, in prolonged description, and in delicious musings and reveries, suggested by some favourite image or metaphor, on which he dwells with the fondness and enthusiasm of a young poet. In these passages, he is also apt to run into excess; epithet is heaped upon epithet, and figure upon figure; all the quaint conceits of his fancy and the curious stores of his learning are dragged in, till both precision and propriety are sometimes lost. He writes like an orator, and produces his effect by reiterated strokes and multiplied impressions. His picture of the Resurrection, in one of his sermons, is in the highest style of poetry, but generally he deals with the gentle and familiar; and his allusions to natural objects—as trees, birds, and flowers, the rising or setting sun, the charms of youthful innocence and beauty, and the helplessness of infancy and childhood—possess an almost angelic purity of feeling and delicacy of fancy. When presenting rules for morning meditation and prayer, he stops to indulge his love of nature. 'Sometimes,' he says, 'be curious to see the preparation which the sun makes when he is coming forth from his chambers of the east.' He compares a young man to a dancing bubble, 'empty and gay, and shining like a dove's neck, or the image of a rainbow, which hath no substance, and whose very imagery and colours are fantastical.' The fulfilment of our duties he calls 'presenting a rosary or chaplet of good works to our Maker;' and he dresses even the grave with the flowers of fancy. This freshness of feeling and imagination remained with him to the last, amidst all the strife and violence of the Civil War—in which he was an anxious participator and sufferer —and the still more deadening effects of polemical controversy and systems of casuistry and metaphysics. The stormy vicissitudes of his life seem only to have taught him greater gentleness, resignation, toleration for human failings, and a more ardent love of humankind.

Jeremy Taylor was a native of Cambridge—baptised on the 15th of August 1613—and descended of gentle, and even heroic blood. He was the lineal representative of Dr Rowland Taylor, who suffered martyrdom in the reign of Queen Mary; and his family had been one of some distinction in the county of Gloucester. The Taylors, however, had 'fallen into the portion of weeds and outworn faces,' to use an expression of their most illustrious member, and Jeremy's father followed the humble occupation of a barber in Cambridge. He put his son to college, as a sizar, in his thirteenth year, having himself previously taught him the rudiments of grammar and mathematics, and given him the advantages of the Free Grammar-school. In 1630, Jeremy Taylor took his degree of Bachelor of Arts in Caius College, and in 1634 having taken his degree of M.A. was ordained. He then removed to London, to deliver some lectures for a college friend in St Paul's Cathedral. His eloquent discourses, aided by what a contemporary calls 'his florid and youthful beauty, and pleasant air,' entranced all hearers, and procured him the patronage of Archbishop Laud, the friend of learning, if not of liberty. By Laud's assistance, Taylor obtained a fellowship in All Souls College, Oxford, which he enjoyed but for two years, after which he was vicar of Uppingham, in Rutlandshire. In 1639, he married Phœbe Langdale, a female of whom we know nothing but her musical name, and that she bore three sons to her accomplished husband, and died three years after her marriage. The sons of Taylor also died before their father, clouding with melancholy and regret his late and troubled years. The turmoil of the Civil War now agitated the country, and Jeremy Taylor embarked his fortunes in the fate of the royalists. By virtue of the king's mandate, he was made a doctor of divinity; and at the command of Charles, he wrote a defence of Episcopacy, to which he was by principle and profession strongly attached. In 1644, while accompanying the royal army as chaplain, Jeremy Taylor was taken prisoner by the Parliamentary forces, in the battle fought before the castle of Cardigan, in Wales. He was soon released, but the tide of war had turned against the royalists, and in the wreck of the church, Taylor resolved to continue in Wales, and, in conjunction with two learned and ecclesiastical friends, to establish a school at Newton-hall, county of Caermarthen. He appears to have been twice imprisoned by the dominant party, but treated with no marked severity.

'In the great storm,' he says, 'which dashed the vessel of the church all in pieces, I had been cast on the coast of Wales, and, in a little boat, thought to have enjoyed that rest and quietness which in England, in a far greater, I could not hope for. Here I cast anchor, and thinking to ride safely, the storm followed me with so impetuous violence, that it broke a cable, and I lost my anchor, and here again I was exposed to the mercy of the sea, and the gentleness of an element that could neither distinguish things nor persons: and, but that He that stilleth the raging of the sea, and the noise of his waves, and the madness of his people, had provided a plank for me, I had been lost to all the opportunities of content or study; but I know not whether I have been more preserved by the courtesies of my friends, or the gentleness and mercies of a noble enemy.'

This fine passage is in the dedication to Taylor's *Liberty of Prophesying*, a discourse published in 1647, *shewing the Unreasonableness of prescribing to other Men's Faith, and the Iniquity of persecuting Differing Opinions.* By 'prophesying,' he means preaching or expounding. The work has been justly described as 'perhaps, of all Taylor's writings, that which shews him furthest in advance of the age in which he lived, and of the ecclesiastical system in which he had been reared—as the first distinct and avowed defence of toleration which had been ventured on in England, perhaps in Christendom.' He builds the right of private judgment upon the difficulty of expounding Scripture—the insufficiency and uncertainty of tradition—the fallibility of councils, the pope, ecclesiastical writers, and the church as a body, as arbiters of controverted points—and the consequent necessity of letting every man choose his own guide or judge of the meaning of Scripture for himself; since, says he, 'any man may be better trusted for himself, than any man can be for another—for in this case his own interest is most concerned, and ability is not so necessary as honesty, which certainly every man will best preserve in his own case, and to himself—and if he does not, it's he that must smart for it; and it is not required of us not to be in error, but that we endeavour to avoid it.' Milton, in his scheme of toleration, excludes all Roman Catholics—a trait of the persecuting character of his times; and Jeremy Taylor, to establish some standard of truth, and prevent anarchy, as he alleges, proposes the confession of the Apostles' Creed as the test of orthodoxy and the condition of union among Christians. The principles he advocates go to destroy this limitation, and are applicable to universal toleration, which he dared hardly then avow, even if he had entertained such a desire or conviction. The style of his masterly 'Discourse' is more argumentative and less ornate than that of his sermons and devotional treatises; but his enlightened zeal often breaks forth in striking condemnation of those who are 'curiously busy about trifles and impertinences, while they reject those glorious precepts of Christianity and holy life which are the glories of our religion, and would enable us to gain a happy eternity.' He closes the work in the second edition with the following interesting and instructive apologue, which he had found, he says, in the Jews' books:

> 'When Abraham sat at his tent-door, according to his custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old man stopping and leaning on his staff, weary with age and travel, coming towards him, who was a hundred years of age. He received him kindly, washed his feet, provided supper, and caused him to sit down; but observing that the old man ate and prayed not, nor begged for a blessing on his meat, asked him why he did not worship the God of heaven. The old man told him that he worshipped the fire only, and acknowledged no other God; at which answer Abraham grew so zealously angry, that he thrust the old man out of his tent, and exposed him to all the evils of the night and an unguarded condition. When the old man was gone, God called to Abraham, and asked him where the stranger was. He replied: "I thrust him away because he did not worship thee." God answered him: "I have suffered him these hundred years, although he dishonoured me; and couldst thou not endure him one night, when he gave thee no trouble?" Upon this, saith the story, Abraham fetched him back again, and gave him hospitable entertainment and wise instruction. *Go thou and do likewise*, and thy charity will be rewarded by the God of Abraham.'

In Wales, Jeremy Taylor was married to Mrs Joanna Bridges, said to have been a natural daughter of Charles I. and mistress of an estate in the county of Caermarthen. He was thus relieved from the irksome duties of a schoolmaster; but the fines and sequestrations imposed by the Parliamentary party on the property of the royalists, are supposed to have dilapidated his wife's fortune. It is known that he received a pension from the patriotic and excellent John Evelyn, and the literary labours of Taylor were never relaxed. Soon after the publication of the *Liberty of Prophesying*, he wrote in his Welsh retreat an *Apology for Authorised and Set Forms of Liturgy;* and in 1650, *The Life of Christ, or the Great Exemplar*, a valuable and highly popular work. These were followed by his treatises of *Holy Living* and *Holy Dying*, *Twenty-seven Sermons for the Summer Half-year*, and other minor productions. He wrote also an excellent little manual of devotion, entitled the *Golden Grove*, so called after the mansion of his neighbour and patron the Earl of Carbery, in whose family he had spent many of his happiest leisure hours. In the preface to this work, Taylor had reflected on the ruling powers in church and state, for which he was, for a short time, committed to prison in Chepstow Castle. He next completed his *Course of Sermons for the Year*, and published some controversial tracts on the doctrine of *Original Sin*, respecting which his opinions were rather latitudinarian, inclining to the Pelagian heresy. He was attacked both by High Churchmen and Calvinists, but defended himself with warmth and spirit—the only instance in which his bland and benevolent disposition was betrayed into anything approaching to personal asperity. He went to London in 1657, and officiated in a private congregation of Episcopalians, till an offer was made him by the Earl of Conway to accompany him to Ireland, and act as lecturer in a church at Lisburn. Thither he accordingly repaired in 1658, fixing his residence at Portmore, on the banks of Lough Neagh, about eight miles from Lisburn. Two years appear to have been spent in this happy retirement, when, in 1660, Taylor made a visit to London, to publish his *Ductor Dubitantium, or the Rule of Conscience in all her General Measures*, the most elaborate, but the least successful, of all his works. His journey, however, was made at an auspicious period. The Commonwealth was on the eve of dissolution in the weak hands of Richard Cromwell, and the hopes of the cavaliers were fanned by the artifice and ingenuity of Monk. Jeremy Taylor signed the declaration of the loyalists of London on the 24th of April; on the 29th of May, Charles II. entered London in triumphal procession, to ascend the throne; and in August following, our author was appointed bishop of Down and Connor. The Restoration exalted many a worthless parasite, and disappointed many a deserving loyalist; let us be thankful that it was the cause of the mitre descending on the head of at least one pure and pious churchman! Taylor was afterwards made chancellor of the university of Dublin, and a member of the Irish privy-council. The see of Dromore was also annexed to his other bishopric, 'on account of his virtue, wisdom, and industry.' These well-bestowed honours he enjoyed only about six years. The duties of his episcopal function were discharged with zeal, mingled with charity, though he was denounced and persecuted by a body of fierce Presbyterians. The few sermons which we possess delivered by him in Ireland are truly apostolic, both in spirit and language. He died at Lisburn, of a fever, on the 13th of August 1667, in the fifty-fourth year of his age. A finer pattern of a Christian divine never perhaps existed. His learning dignified the high station he at last attained; his gentleness and courtesy shed a grace over his whole conduct and demeanour; while his commanding genius and energy in the cause of truth and virtue, render him worthy of everlasting affection and veneration. We have alluded to the general character and style of Jeremy Taylor's works. A late eminent scholar, Dr Parr, has eulogised his controversial writings: 'Fraught as they are,' he says, 'with guileless ardour, with peerless eloquence, and with the richest stores of knowledge—historical, classical, scholastic, and theological—they may be considered as irrefragable proofs of his pure, affectionate, and dutiful attachment to the reformed church of England.' His *uncontroversial* writings, however, form the noblest monument to his memory. His peculiar tenets may be differently judged of by different sects. He was perhaps too prone to speculations in matters of doctrine, and he was certainly no blinded devoted adherent of the church. His mind loved to expatiate on the higher things of time, death, and eternity, which concern men of all parties, and to draw from the divine revelation its hopes, terrors, and injunctions—in his hands, irresistible as the flaming sword—as a means of purifying the human mind, and fitting it for a more exalted destiny. 'Theology is rather a divine life than a divine knowledge. In heaven, indeed, we shall first see, and then love; but here on earth, we must first love, and love will open our eyes as well as our hearts; and we shall then see, and perceive, and understand.'*

### *The Age of Reason and Discretion.*

We must not think that the life of a man begins when he can feed himself or walk alone, when he can fight or beget his like, for so he is contemporary with a camel or a cow; but he is first a man when he comes to a certain steady use of reason, according to his proportion; and when that is, all the world of men cannot tell precisely. Some are called *at age* at fourteen, some at one-and-twenty, some never; but all men late enough; for the life of a man comes upon him slowly and insensibly. But, as when the sun approaches towards the gates of the morning, he first opens a little eye of heaven, and sends away the spirits of darkness, and gives light to a cock, and calls up the lark to matins, and by and by gilds the fringes of a cloud, and peeps over the eastern hills, thrusting out his golden horns like those which decked the brows of Moses, when he was forced to wear a veil, because himself had seen the face of God; and still, while a man tells the story, the sun gets up higher, till he shews a fair face and a full light, and then he shines one whole day, under a cloud often, and sometimes weeping great and little showers, and sets quickly: so is a man's reason and his life. He first begins to perceive himself, to see or taste, making little reflections upon his actions of sense, and can discourse of flies and dogs, shells and play, horses and liberty: but when he is strong enough to enter into arts and little institutions, he is at first entertained with trifles and impertinent things, not because he needs them, but because his understanding is no bigger, and little images of things are laid before him, like a cock-boat to a whale, only to play withal: but, before a man comes to be wise, he is half dead with gouts and consumptions, with catarrhs and aches, with sore eyes and a worn-out body. So that, if we must not reckon the life of a man but by the accounts of his reason, he is long before his soul be dressed; and he is not to be called a man without a wise and an adorned soul, a soul at least furnished with what is necessary towards his well-being.

And now let us consider what that thing is which we call years of discretion. The young man is passed his tutors, and arrived at the bondage of a caitiff spirit; he has run from discipline, and is let loose to passion. The man by this time hath wit enough to choose his vice, to act his lust, to court his mistress, to talk confidently, and ignorantly, and perpetually; to despise his betters, to deny nothing to his appetite, to do things that, when he is indeed a man, he must for ever be ashamed of: for this is all the discretion that most men shew in the first stage of their manhood; they can discern good from evil; and they prove their skill by leaving all that is good, and wallowing in the evils of folly and an unbridled appetite. And by this time the young man hath contracted vicious habits, and is a beast in manners, and therefore it will not be fitting to reckon the beginning of his life; he is a fool in his understanding, and that is a sad death.

### *The Pomp of Death.*

Take away but the pomps of death, the disguises, and solemn bugbears, and the actings by candlelight, and proper and fantastic ceremonies, the minstrels, and the noise-makers, the women and the weepers, the swoonings and the shriekings, the nurses and the physicians, the dark room and the ministers, the kindred and the watches, and then to die is easy, ready, and quitted from its troublesome circumstances. It is the same harmless thing that a poor shepherd suffered yesterday, or a maid-servant to-day; and at the same time in which you die, in that very night a thousand creatures die with you, some wise men and many fools; and the wisdom of the first will not quit him, and the folly of the latter does not make him unable to die. . . .

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* *Via Intelligentiæ*, a sermon preached by Jeremy Taylor to the university of Dublin.

### *Marriage.*

They that enter into the state of marriage cast a die of the greatest contingency, and yet of the greatest interest in the world, next to the last throw for eternity. Life or death, felicity or a lasting sorrow, are in the power of marriage. A woman, indeed, ventures most, for she hath no sanctuary to retire to from an evil husband; she must dwell upon her sorrow, and hatch the eggs which her own folly or infelicity hath produced; and she is more under it, because her tormentor hath a warrant of prerogative, and the woman may complain to God, as subjects do of tyrant princes; but otherwise she hath no appeal in the causes of unkindness. And though the man can run from many hours of his sadness, yet he must return to it again; and when he sits among his neighbours, he remembers the objection that lies in his bosom, and he sighs deeply. The boys, and the pedlers, and the fruiterers, shall tell of this man when he is carried to his grave, that he lived and died a poor wretched person.

The stags in the Greek epigram, whose knees were clogged with frozen snow upon the mountains, came down to the brooks of the valleys, hoping to thaw their joints with the waters of the stream; but there the frost overtook them, and bound them fast in ice, till the young herdsmen took them in their stranger snare. It is the unhappy chance of many men, finding many inconveniences upon the mountains of single life, they descend into the valleys of marriage to refresh their troubles; and there they enter into fetters, and are bound to sorrow by the cords of a man's or woman's peevishness. . . .

Man and wife are equally concerned to avoid all offences of each other in the beginning of their conversation; every little thing can blast an infant blossom; and the breath of the south can shake the little rings of the vine, when first they begin to curl like the locks of a new weaned boy: but when by age and consolidation they stiffen into the hardness of a stem, and have, by the warm embraces of the sun and the kisses of heaven, brought forth their clusters, they can endure the storms of the north, and the loud noises of a tempest, and yet never be broken: so are the early unions of an unfixed marriage; watchful and observant, jealous and busy, inquisitive and careful, and apt to take alarm at every unkind word. After the hearts of the man and the wife are endeared and hardened by a mutual confidence and experience, longer than artifice and pretence can last, there are a great many remembrances, and some things present, that dash all little unkindnesses in pieces. . . .

There is nothing can please a man without love; and if a man be weary of the wise discourses of the apostles, and of the innocency of an even and a private fortune, or hates peace, or a fruitful year, he hath reaped thorns and thistles from the choicest flowers of Paradise; for nothing can sweeten felicity itself but love; but when a man dwells in love, then the breasts of his wife are pleasant as the droppings upon the Hill of Hermon; her eyes are fair as the light of heaven; she is a fountain sealed, and he can quench his thirst, and ease his cares, and lay his sorrows down upon her lap, and can retire home to his sanctuary and refectory, and his gardens of sweetness and chaste refreshments. No man can tell but he that loves his children, how many delicious accents make a man's heart dance in the pretty conversation of those dear pledges; their childishness, their stammering, their little angers, their innocence, their imperfections, their necessities, are so many little emanations of joy and comfort to him that delights in their persons and society. . . . It is fit that I should infuse a bunch of myrrh into the festival goblet, and, after the Egyptian manner, serve up a dead man's bones at a feast: I will only shew it, and take it away again; it will make the wine bitter, but wholesome. But those married pairs that live as remembering that they must part again, and give an account how they treat themselves and each other, shall, at that day of their death, be admitted to glorious espousals; and when they shall live again, be married to their Lord, and partake of his glories, with Abraham and Joseph, St Peter and St Paul, and all the married saints. All those things that now please us shall pass from us, or we from them; but those things that concern the other life are permanent as the numbers of eternity. And although at the resurrection there shall be no relation of husband and wife, and no marriage shall be celebrated but the marriage of the Lamb, yet then shall be remembered how men and women passed through this state, which is a type of that; and from this sacramental union all holy pairs shall pass to the spiritual and eternal, where love shall be their portion, and joys shall crown their heads, and they shall lie in the bosom of Jesus, and in the heart of God, to eternal ages.

### *The Progress of Sin.*

I have seen the little purls of a spring sweat through the bottom of a bank, and intenerate the stubborn pavement, till it hath made it fit for the impression of a child's foot; and it was despised, like the descending pearls of a misty morning, till it had opened its way and made a stream large enough to carry away the ruins of the undermined strand, and to invade the neighbouring gardens: but then the despised drops were grown into an artificial river, and an intolerable mischief. So are the first entrances of sin, stopped with the antidotes of a hearty prayer, and checked into sobriety by the eye of a reverend man, or the counsels of a single sermon: but when such beginnings are neglected, and our religion hath not in it so much philosophy as to think anything evil as long as we can endure it, they grow up to ulcers and pestilential evils; they destroy the soul by their abode, who at their first entry might have been killed with the pressure of a little finger.

He that hath passed many stages of a good life, to prevent his being tempted to a single sin, must be very careful that he never entertain his spirit with the remembrances of his past sin, nor amuse it with the fantastic apprehensions of the present. When the Israelites fancied the sapidness and relish of the flesh-pots, they longed to taste and to return.

So when a Libyan tiger, drawn from his wilder foragings, is shut up and taught to eat civil meat, and suffer the authority of a man, he sits down tamely in his prison, and pays to his keeper fear and reverence for his meat; but if he chance to come again and taste a draught of warm blood, he presently leaps into his natural cruelty. He scarce abstains from eating those hands that brought him discipline and food. . . .

The Pannonian bears, when they have clasped a dart in the region of their liver, wheel themselves upon the wound, and with anger and malicious revenge strike the deadly barb deeper, and cannot be quit from that fatal steel, but, in flying, bear along that which themselves make the instrument of a more hasty death: so is every vicious person struck with a deadly wound, and his own hands force it into the entertainments of the heart; and because it is painful to draw it forth by a sharp and salutary repentance, he still rolls and turns upon his wound, and carries his death in his bowels, where it first entered by choice, and then dwelt by love, and at last shall finish the tragedy by divine judgments and an unalterable decree.

### *Sinful Pleasure.*

Look upon pleasures not upon that side which is next the sun, or where they look beauteously, that is, as they come towards you to be enjoyed: for then they paint and smile, and dress themselves up in tinsel and glass gems and counterfeit imagery; but when thou hast rifled and discomposed them with enjoying their false beauties, and that they begin to go off, then behold them in their nakedness and weariness. See what a sigh and sorrow, what naked unhandsome proportions and a filthy carcase they discover; and the next time they counterfeit, remember what you have already discovered, and be no more abused.

### *The Skylark.*

For so I have seen a lark rising from his bed of grass, and soaring upwards, singing as he rises, and hopes to get to heaven, and climb above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and inconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest, than it could recover by the libration and frequent weighing of his wings; till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over; and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing, as if it had learned music and motion from an angel, as he passed sometimes through the air, about his ministries here below.

### *Useful Studies.*

Spend not your time in that which profits not; for your labour and your health, your time and your studies, are very valuable; and it is a thousand pities to see a diligent and hopeful person spend himself in gathering cockle-shells and little pebbles, in telling sands upon the shores, and making garlands of useless daisies.[*] Study that which is profitable, that which will make you useful to churches and commonwealths, that which will make you desirable and wise. Only I shall add this to you, that in learning there are variety of things as well as in religion: there is mint and cummin, and there are the weighty things of the law; so there are studies more and less useful, and everything that is useful will be required in its time: and I may in this also use the words of our blessed Saviour, 'These things ought you to look after, and not to leave the other unregarded.' But your great care is to be in the things of God and of religion, in holiness and true wisdom, remembering the saying of Origen, 'That the knowledge that arises from goodness is something that is more certain and more divine than all demonstration,' than all other learnings of the world.

### *Comforting the Afflicted.*

Certain it is, that as nothing can better do it, so there is nothing greater, for which God made our tongues, next to reciting his praises, than to minister comfort to a weary soul. And what greater measure can we have, than that we should bring joy to our brother, who with his dreary eyes looks to heaven and round about, and cannot find so much rest as to lay his eyelids close together—than that thy tongue should be tuned with heavenly accents, and make the weary soul to listen for light and ease; and when he perceives that there is such a thing in the world, and in the order of things, as comfort and joy, to begin to break out from the prison of his sorrows as the door of sighs and tears, and by little and little melt into showers and refreshment. This is glory to thy voice, and employment fit for the brightest angel. But so have I seen the sun kiss the frozen earth, which was bound up with the images of death, and the colder breath of the north; and then the waters break from their inclosures, and melt with joy, and run in useful channels; and the flies do rise again from their little graves in walls, and dance a while in the air, to tell that there is joy within, and that the great mother of creatures will open the stock of her new refreshment, become useful to mankind, and sing praises to her Redeemer. So is the heart of a sorrowful man under the discourses of a wise comforter; he breaks from the despairs of the grave, and the fetters and chains of sorrow; he blesses God, and he blesses thee, and he feels his life returning; for to be miserable is death, but nothing is life but to be comforted; and God is pleased with no music from below so much as in the thanksgiving songs of relieved widows, of supported orphans, of rejoicing, and comforted, and thankful persons.

### *Real and Apparent Happiness.*

If we should look under the skirt of the prosperous and prevailing tyrant, we should find, even in the days of his joys, such allays and abatements of his pleasure, as may serve to represent him presently miserable, besides his final infelicities. For I have seen a young and healthful person warm and ruddy under a poor and a thin garment, when at the same time an old rich person hath been cold and paralytic under a load of sables and the skins of foxes. It is the body that makes the clothes warm, not the clothes the body; and the spirit of a man makes felicity and content, not any spoils of a rich fortune, wrapt about a sickly and an uneasy soul. Apollodorus was a traitor and a tyrant, and the world wondered to see a bad man have so good a fortune, but knew not that he nourished scorpions in his breast, and that his liver and his heart were eaten up with spectres and images of death; his thoughts were full of interruptions, his dreams of illusions: his fancy was abused with real troubles and fantastic images, imagining that he saw the Scythians flaying him alive, his daughters like pillars of fire, dancing round about a caldron in which himself was boiling, and that his heart accused itself to be the cause of all these evils.

Does he not drink more sweetly that takes his beverage in an earthen vessel, than he that looks and searches into his golden chalices, for fear of poison, and looks pale at every sudden noise, and sleeps in armour, and trusts nobody, and does not trust God for his safety?

Can a man bind a thought with chains, or carry imaginations in the palm of his hand? can the beauty of the peacock's train, or the ostrich plume, be delicious to the palate and the throat? does the hand intermeddle with the joys of the heart? or darkness, that hides the naked, make him warm? does the body live, as does the spirit? or can the body of Christ be like to common food? Indeed, the sun shines upon the good and bad; and the vines give wine to the drunkard, as well as to the sober man; pirates have fair winds and a calm sea, at the same time when the just and peaceful merchantman hath them. But although the things of this world are common to good and bad, yet sacraments and spiritual joys, the food of the soul and the blessing of Christ, are the peculiar right of saints.

### *Adversity.*

All is well as long as the sun shines, and the fair breath of heaven gently wafts us to our own purposes. But if you will try the excellency and feel the work of faith, place the man in a persecution; let him ride in a storm; let his bones be broken with sorrow, and his eyelids loosed with sickness; let his bread be dipped with tears, and all the daughters of music be brought low; let us come to sit upon the margin of our grave, and let a tyrant lean hard upon our fortunes, and dwell upon our wrong; let the storm arise, and the keels toss till the cordage crack, or that all our hopes bulge under us, and descend into the hollowness of sad misfortunes.

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[*] Sir Isaac Newton, a little before he died, said: 'I don't know what I may seem to the world, but as to myself, I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of Truth lay all undiscovered before me.'—*Spence's Anecdotes.*

Who reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior
(And what he brings what needs he elsewhere seek?),
Uncertain and unsettled still remains;
Deep versed in books, and shallow in himself,
Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys
And trifles for choice matters, worth a spunge,
As children gathering pebbles on the shore.
*Paradise Regained*, Book iv.

### *Miseries of Man's Life.*

How few men in the world are prosperous! What an infinite number of slaves and beggars, of persecuted and oppressed people, fill all corners of the earth with groans, and heaven itself with weeping, prayers, and sad remembrances! How many provinces and kingdoms are afflicted by a violent war, or made desolate by popular diseases! Some whole countries are remarked with fatal evils or periodical sicknesses. Grand Cairo, in Egypt, feels the plague every three years returning like a quartan ague, and destroying many thousands of persons. All the inhabitants of Arabia the desert are in continual fear of being buried in huge heaps of sand, and therefore dwell in tents and ambulatory houses, or retire to unfruitful mountains, to prolong an uneasy and wilder life. And all the countries round about the Adriatic Sea feel such violent convulsions, by tempests and intolerable earthquakes, that sometimes whole cities find a tomb, and every man sinks with his own house, made ready to become his monument, and his bed is crushed into the disorders of a grave.

It were too sad if I should tell how many persons are afflicted with evil spirits, with spectres and illusions of the night.

He that is no fool, but can consider wisely, if he be in love with this world, we need not despair but that a witty man might reconcile him with tortures, and make him think charitably of the rack, and be brought to dwell with vipers and dragons, and entertain his guests with the shrieks of mandrakes, cats, and screech-owls, with the filing of iron and the harshness of rending of silk, or to admire the harmony that is made by a herd of evening wolves, when they miss their draught of blood in their midnight revels. The groans of a man in a fit of the stone are worse than all these; and the distractions of a troubled conscience are worse than those groans; and yet a merry careless sinner is worse than all that. But if we could, from one of the battlements of heaven, espy how many men and women at this time lie fainting and dying for want of bread; how many young men are hewn down by the sword of war; how many poor orphans are now weeping over the graves of their father, by whose life they were enabled to eat; if we could but hear how many mariners and passengers are at this present in a storm, and shriek out because their keel dashes against a rock or bulges under them; how many people there are who weep with want and are mad with oppression, or are desperate by a too quick sense of a constant infelicity; in all reason we should be glad to be out of the noise and the participation of so many evils. This is a place of sorrows and tears, of so great evils and a constant calamity; let us remove from hence at least in affections and preparation of mind.

### *A Calm Religious Life.*

In all her [Lady Carbery's] religion, and in all her actions of relation towards God, she had a strange evenness and untroubled passage, sliding towards her ocean of God and of infinity with a certain and silent motion. So have I seen a river deep and smooth passing with a still foot and a sober face, and paying to the Fiscus, the great exchequer of the sea, the prince of all watery bodies, a tribute large and full; and hard by it a little brook skipping and making a noise upon its unequal and neighbour bottom; and after all its talking and bragged motion, it paid to its common audit no more than the revenues of a little cloud or a contemptible vessel. So have I sometimes compared the issues of her religion to the solemnities and famed outsides of another's piety.

### *On Death.*

Nature calls us to meditate of death, by those things which are the instruments of acting it; and God by all the variety of his providence, makes us see death everywhere in all variety of circumstances, and dressed up for all the fancies and the expectation of every single person. Nature hath given us one harvest every year, but death hath two; and the spring and the autumn send throngs of men and women to charnel-houses; and all the summer long, men are recovering from their evils of the spring, till the dog-days come, and then the Sirian star makes the summer deadly; and the fruits of autumn are laid up for all the year's provision, and the man that gathers them eats and surfeits, and dies and needs them not, and himself is laid up for eternity; and he that escapes till winter, only stays for another opportunity, which the distempers of that quarter minister to him with great variety. Thus death reigns in all the portions of our time. The autumn with its fruits provides disorders for us, and the winter's cold turns them into sharp diseases, and the spring brings flowers to strew our hearse, and the summer gives green turf and brambles to bind upon our graves. Calentures and surfeit, cold and agues, are the four quarters of the year; and you can go no whither but you tread upon a dead man's bones.

The wild fellow in Petronius, that escaped upon a broken table from the furies of a shipwreck, as he was sunning himself upon the rocky shore, espied a man rolled upon his floating bed of waves, ballasted with sand in the folds of his garment, and carried by his civil enemy, the sea, towards the shore to find a grave. And it cast him into some sad thoughts: that peradventure this man's wife in some part of the continent, safe and warm, looks next month for the good man's return; or, it may be, his son knows nothing of the tempest; or his father thinks of that affectionate kiss which still is warm upon the good old man's cheek, ever since he took a kind farewell, and he weeps with joy to think how blessed he shall be when his beloved boy returns into the circle of his father's arms. These are the thoughts of mortals, this is the end and sum of all their designs: a dark night and an ill guide, a boisterous sea and a broken cable, a hard rock and a rough wind, dashed in pieces the fortune of a whole family; and they that shall weep loudest for the accident are not yet entered into the storm, and yet have suffered shipwreck. Then, looking upon the carcass, he knew it, and found it to be the master of the ship, who, the day before, cast up the accounts of his patrimony and his trade, and named the day when he thought to be at home. See how the man swims who was so angry two days since! His passions are becalmed with the storm, his accounts cast up, his cares at an end, his voyage done, and his gains are the strange events of death, which, whether they be good or evil, the men that are alive seldom trouble themselves concerning the interest of the dead. . . .

It is a mighty change that is made by the death of every person, and it is visible to us who are alive. Reckon but from the sprightfulness of youth, and the fair cheeks and full eyes of childhood; from the vigorousness and strong flexure of the joints of five-and-twenty, to the hollowness and deadly paleness, to the loathsomeness and horror of a three days' burial, and we shall perceive the distance to be very great and very strange. But so have I seen a rose newly springing from the clefts of its hood, and, at first, it was fair as the morning, and full with the dew of heaven, as a lamb's fleece; but when a ruder breath had forced open its virgin modesty, and dismantled its too youthful and unripe retirements, it began to put on darkness, and to decline to softness and the symptoms of a sickly age; it bowed the head, and broke its stalk; and at night, having lost some of its leaves, and all its beauty, it fell into the portion of weeds and out-worn faces. The same is the portion of every man and every woman; the heritage of worms and serpents, rottenness and cold dishonour, and our beauty so changed, that our acquaintance quickly knew us not; and that change mingled with so much horror, or else meets so with our fears and weak discoursings, that they who, six hours ago, tended upon us either with charitable or ambitious services, cannot, without some regret, stay in the room alone where the body lies stripped of its life and honour. I have read of a fair young German gentleman, who, living, often refused to be pictured, but put off the importunity of his friends' desire by giving way, that after a few days' burial, they might send a painter to his vault, and, if they saw cause for it, draw the image of his death unto the life. They did so, and found his face half eaten, and his midriff and backbone full of serpents; and so he stands pictured among his armed ancestors. So does the fairest beauty change; and it will be as bad with you and me; and then what servants shall we have to wait upon us in the grave? what friends to visit us? what officious people to cleanse away the moist and unwholesome cloud reflected upon our faces from the sides of the weeping vaults, which are the longest weepers for our funeral?

### *The Day of Judgment.*

Even you and I, and all the world, kings and priests, nobles and learned, the crafty and the easy, the wise and the foolish, the rich and the poor, the prevailing tyrant and the oppressed party, shall all appear to receive their symbol; and this is so far from abating anything of its terror and our dear concernment, that it much increases it. For although concerning precepts and discourses we are apt to neglect in particular what is recommended in general, and in incidences of mortality and sad events, the singularity of the chance heightens the apprehension of the evil; yet it is so by accident, and only in regard of our imperfection; it being an effect of self-love, or some little creeping envy, which adheres too often to the unfortunate and miserable; or being apprehended to be in a rare case, and a singular unworthiness in him who is afflicted otherwise than is common to the sons of men, companions of his sin, and brethren of his nature, and partners of his usual accidents; yet in final and extreme events, the multitude of sufferers does not lessen, but increase the sufferings; and when the first day of judgment happened—that, I mean, of the universal deluge of waters upon the old world—the calamity swelled like the flood, and every man saw his friend perish, and the neighbours of his dwelling, and the relatives of his house, and the sharers of his joys, and yesterday's bride, and the new-born heir, the priest of the family, and the honour of the kindred, all dying or dead, drenched in water and the divine vengeance; and then they had no place to flee unto, no man cared for their souls; they had none to go unto for counsel, no sanctuary high enough to keep them from the vengeance that rained down from heaven; and so it shall be at the day of judgment, when that world and this, and all that shall be born hereafter, shall pass through the same Red Sea, and be all baptised with the same fire, and be involved in the same cloud, in which shall be thunderings and terrors infinite. Every man's fear shall be increased by his neighbour's shrieks, and the amazement that all the world shall be in, shall unite as the sparks of a raging furnace into a globe of fire, and roll upon its own principle, and increase by direct appearances and intolerable reflections. He that stands in a churchyard in the time of a great plague, and hears the passing-bell perpetually telling the sad stories of death, and sees crowds of infected bodies pressing to their graves, and others sick and tremulous, and death dressed up in all the images of sorrow round about him, is not supported in his spirit by the variety of his sorrow; and at doomsday, when the terrors are universal, besides that it is in itself so much greater, because it can affright the whole world, it is also made greater by communication and a sorrowful influence; grief being then strongly infectious, when there is no variety of state, but an entire kingdom of fear; and amazement is the king of all our passions, and all the world its subjects. And that shriek must needs be terrible, when millions of men and women, at the same instant, shall fearfully cry out, and the noise shall mingle with the trumpet of the archangel, with the thunders of the dying and groaning heavens, and the crack of the dissolving world, when the whole fabric of nature shall shake into dissolution and eternal ashes!

Consider what an infinite multitude of angels, and men, and women, shall then appear! It is a huge assembly when the men of one kingdom, the men of one age in a single province are gathered together into heaps and confusion of disorder; but then, all kingdoms of all ages, all the armies that ever mustered, all that world that Augustus Cæsar taxed, all those hundreds of millions that were slain in all the Roman wars, from Numa's time till Italy was broken into principalities and small exarchates: all these, and all that can come into numbers, and that did descend from the loins of Adam, shall at once be represented; to which account, if we add the armies of heaven, the nine orders of blessed spirits, and the infinite numbers in every order, we may suppose the numbers fit to express the majesty of that God, and the terror of that Judge, who is the Lord and Father of all that unimaginable multitude!... The majesty of the Judge, and the terrors of the judgment, shall be spoken aloud by the immediate forerunning accidents, which shall be so great violences to the old constitutions of nature, that it shall break her very bones, and disorder her till she be destroyed. St Jerome relates out of the Jews' books, that their doctors used to account fifteen days of prodigy immediately before Christ's coming, and to every day assign a wonder; any one of which, if we should chance to see in the days of our flesh, it would affright us into the like thoughts which the old world had, when they saw the countries round about them covered with water and the divine vengeance; or as these poor people near Adria and the Mediterranean Sea, when their houses and cities were entering into graves, and the bowels of the earth rent with convulsions and horrid tremblings. The sea, they say, shall rise fifteen cubits above the highest mountains, and thence descend into hollowness and a prodigious drought; and when they are reduced again to their usual proportions, then all the beasts and creeping things, the monsters and the usual inhabitants of the sea, shall be gathered together, and make fearful noises to distract mankind: the birds shall mourn and change their song into threnes and sad accents; rivers of fire shall rise from east to west, and the stars shall be rent into threads of light, and scatter like the beards of comets; then shall be fearful earthquakes, and the rocks shall rend in pieces, the trees shall distil blood, and the mountains and fairest structures shall return into their primitive dust; the wild beasts shall leave their dens, and shall come into the companies of men, so that you shall hardly tell how to call them, herds of men or congregations of beasts; then shall the graves open and give up their dead, and those which are alive in nature and dead in fear shall be forced from the rocks whither they went to hide them, and from caverns of the earth where they would fain have been concealed; because their retirements are dismantled, and their rocks are broken into wider ruptures, and admit a strange light into their secret bowels; and the men being forced abroad into the theatre of mighty horrors, shall run up and down distracted, and at their wits' end; and then some shall die, and some shall be changed; and by this time the elect shall be gathered together from the four quarters of the world, and Christ shall come along with them to judgment.

## ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON.

ROBERT LEIGHTON (1611–1684) was the son of a Scottish physician, Dr Alexander Leighton, whose tyrannical and barbarous treatment by the Star-chamber of Charles I. forms a foul blot on the government of that monarch.[*] Robert Leighton was educated at the university of Edinburgh, and afterwards resided for some time at Douay, in France, where the acquaintance of some accomplished French students polished and liberalised his mind. In December 1641, he was ordained minister of Newbattle, near Edinburgh, and there he delivered the sermons composing his celebrated *Commentary on the First Epistle of St Peter.* His incumbency extended to February 1653, when he resigned his parish of Newbattle, and became Principal of the university of Edinburgh, which office he held till March 1662, when he was induced to separate himself from the Presbyterian Church, and accept preferment in the Church of England. He did this with reluctance, and chose at first the small and obscure diocese of Dunblane, where he officiated for about eight years. At Dunblane, Leighton's favourite walk is still pointed out, and it has been made the subject of an interesting little poetical work (*The Bishop's Walk*, by ORWELL, or the Rev. Walter C. Smith, Glasgow). Leighton left his library to Dunblane, and the greater part of it is still preserved. In 1670, he was made Archbishop of Glasgow, having accepted that appointment on condition that he should be assisted in his efforts to carry out such conciliatory measures as might include the Presbyterians. The selfishness and brutality of Sharp and Lauderdale, and the resolute determination of the Presbyterians to consent to no compromise, frustrated the pious wishes and designs of the archbishop, and he tendered his resignation, which the king, after some delay, accepted. He afterwards lived in retirement with a sister at Broadhurst, in Sussex; but being suddenly summoned to London, he died there, after a few days' illness, June 25, 1684. None of Archbishop Leighton's writings were published during his lifetime. They consist of the *Commentary on St Peter; Sermons*, preached at Newbattle; *Lectures and Addresses*, delivered in Latin before the university of Edinburgh; and *Spiritual Exercises, Letters*, &c. Various editions of the collected works have been published in England and America, the most complete being that edited by the Rev. W. West, Nairn (1869-70). Burnet has eulogised Leighton (to whom he was tenderly attached) as possessing 'the greatest elevation of soul, the largest compass of knowledge, the most mortified and most heavenly disposition that he ever saw in mortal.' Other eminent divines are no less laudatory; and Coleridge regarded Leighton as best deserving, among all our learned theologians, 'the title of a spiritual divine.'

In the first chapter of his *Commentary*, Leighton says:

'As in religion, so in the course and practice of men's lives, the stream of sin runs from one age into another, and every age makes it greater, adding somewhat to what it receives, as rivers grow in their course by the accession of brooks that fall into them; and every man when he is born, falls like a drop into the main current of corruption, and so is carried down with it, and this by reason of its strength and his own nature, which willingly dissolves unto it, and runs along with it.' In this single period, Coleridge says, we have 'religion, the spirit: the philosophy, the soul; and poetry, the body and drapery, united; Plato glorified by St Paul!'

### *Arise, Shine* (Isaiah lx. 1).

The day of the Gospel is too precious that any of it should be spent in sleep, or idleness, or worthless business. Worthless business detains many of us. Arise, immortal souls, from moiling in the dust, and working in the clay like Egyptian captives! Address yourselves to more noble work. There is a Redeemer come, who will pay your ransom, and rescue you from such vile service, for more excellent employment. It is strange how the souls of Christians can so much forget their first original from Heaven, and their new hopes of returning thither, and the rich price of their redemption, and forgetting all these, dwell so low, and dote so much upon trifles. How is it that they hear not their well-beloved's voice crying, *Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away?* Though the eyes of true believers are so enlightened that they shall not sleep unto death, yet their spirits are often seized with a kind of drowsiness and slumber, and sometimes even when they should be of most activity. The time of Christ's check to his three disciples made it very sharp, though the words are mild: *What! could you not watch with me one hour?* Shake off, believing souls, that heavy humour. Arise, and satiate the eye of faith with the contemplation of Christ's beauty, and follow after him till you attain the place of full enjoyment. And you others, who never yet saw him, arise and admire his matchless excellency. The things you esteem great appear so but through ignorance of his greatness. His brightness, if you saw it, would obscure to you the greatest splendour of the world, as all those stars that never go down upon us, yet are swallowed up in the surpassing light of the sun when it arises. *Arise from the dead, and he shall give you light. Arise and work while it is day, for the night cometh wherein no man can work*, says our Saviour himself. Happy are they who rise early in the morning of their youth; for the day of life is very short, and the art of Christianity long and difficult. Is it not a grievous thing that men never consider why they came into the world till they be upon the point of going out again, nor think how to live till they be summoned to die? But most of all unhappy he who never wakens out of that pleasing dream of false happiness till he fall into eternal misery. Arise, then, betimes, and prevent that sad awakening!

### *Idle Curiosity and Useless Contention.*

Wise men observe that there is an inbred curiosity in men to know things to come rather than things present, and the affairs of others rather than their own. Yea, we spend much of our time and discourse inquiring *what of this man?* and *what of the other?* inquiring of matters private or public, of church or of state; as if, forsooth, all were equally capable to consider of all things; this were to level all men's understandings, which is as absurd and unreasonable as to level all men's estates. Much time is spent in doing evil, much in doing nothing, and almost all in doing nothing to the purpose. Some call this diversion, but we may truly call it distraction; for, certainly, when men are thus employed, they are not at home with themselves, but are like *the fool whose eyes are in the corners of the earth.*

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[*] The elder Leighton wrote an intemperate polemical work, an *Appeal to the Parliament; or Sion's Plea against the Prelacie* (1628), for which he was, two years afterwards, sentenced to be publicly whipped at Westminster and set in the pillory, to have one side of his nose slit, one ear cut off, and one side of his cheek branded with a hot iron; to have the whole of this repeated the next week at Cheapside, with the addition of 'S. S.' (sower of sedition) branded on his cheek, a fine of £10,000 to be paid, and to suffer perpetual imprisonment in the Fleet! The fine probably could not be paid, but the rest of the sentence was put in force. After eleven years' confinement, the sufferer was liberated by the Long Parliament.

It is true, a man may live in silence and solitude to little purpose, as Domitian, who shut himself up in his closet, and there caught flies. One may there be haunted with many noisome thoughts, and such had need to take the advice which was given to one of the ancients, who, being asked what he was doing, answered: 'I am conversing with myself,' it was replied to him: '*Vide sit cum bono viro*' (See it be with a good man). Such a man may be conversing with worse company than all the world, except he draw in what is better than himself and all the world, even God and his Spirit to converse with.

Some will say that although we be not concerned in the private affairs of others, or in matters of state, yet the affairs of the church are such as we ought not a little to concern ourselves in them. I shall only say that all truths are not alike clear, nor all duties alike weighty to all, and do not equally concern all persons. Christians may very well keep themselves within the compass of their own sphere. Many things about which men dispute very warmly are of remote relation and affinity to the great things of Christianity. Some truths are of so little evidence and importance, that he who errs in them charitably, meekly, and calmly, may be both a wiser man and a better Christian than he who is furiously, stormily, and uncharitably orthodox. If it be the mind of God that that order which from the primitive times has been in constant succession in this and other churches, do yet continue, what is that to thee or to me? If I had one of the loudest, as I have one of the lowest voices, yea, were it as loud as a trumpet, I would employ it to sound a retreat to all our unnatural and irreligious debates about religion, and to persuade men to follow the meek and lowly Jesus. There is great abatement of the inwards of religion when the debates about it pass to a scurf outside, and nothing is to be found within but a consuming fever of contention, which tendeth to utter ruin. If we have not charity towards our brethren, yet let us have some compassion towards our mother. But if this cannot be attained, I know nothing rather to be wished for, next to the silent shades of the grave, than a cottage in the wilderness. Ah, my beloved, the body of religion is torn, and the soul of it expires, while we are striving about the hem of its garment!

### *The Difficult Passages of Scripture.*

Observe in general, how plain and easy, and how few are those things that are the rule of our life; no dark sentences to puzzle the understanding, nor large discourses and long periods to burden the memory. They are all plain: 'There is nothing wreathed nor distorted in them,' as Wisdom speaks of her instructions, Prov. viii. 8. And this gives check to a double folly amongst men, contrary the one to the other, but both agreeing in mistaking and wronging the word of God; the one is of those that despise the word, and that doctrine and preaching that is conformable to it, for its plainness and simplicity; the other of those that complain of its difficulty and darkness. As for the first, they certainly do not take the true end for which the word is designed, that it is the law of our life—and it is mainly requisite in laws, that they be both brief and clear—that it is our guide and light to happiness; and if that which ought to be our 'light, be darkness, how great will that darkness be!'

It is true, but I am not now to insist on this point, that there are dark and deep passages in Scripture, for the exercise, yea, for the humbling, yea, for the amazing and astonishing of the sharpest-sighted readers. But this argues much the pride and vanity of men's minds, when they busy themselves only in those, and throw aside altogether the most necessary, which are therefore the easiest and plainest truths in it. As in nature, the commodities that are of greatest necessity, God hath made most common and easiest to be had; so, in religion, such instructions as these now in our hands are given us to live and walk by: and in the search of things that are more obscure, and less useful, men evidence that they had rather be learned than holy, and have still more mind to the 'tree of knowledge' than the 'tree of life.' And in hearing of the word, are not they who are any whit more knowing than ordinary, still gaping after new notions, after something to add to the stock of their speculative and discoursing knowledge, loathing this daily manna, these profitable exhortations, and 'requiring meat for their lust?' There is an intemperance of the mind as well as of the mouth. You would think it, and, may be, not spare to call it a poor cold sermon that was made up of such plain precepts as these: 'Honour all men; love the brotherhood; fear God; honour the king:' and yet, this is the language of God; it is his way, this foolish, despicable way by which he guides, and brings to heaven them that believe!

Again, we have others that are still complaining of the difficulty and darkness of the word of God and Divine truths; to say nothing of Rome's doctrine, who talks thus, in order to excuse her sacrilege of stealing away the word from the people of God (a senseless pretext though it were true; because the word is dark of itself, should it therefore be made darker, by locking it up in an unknown tongue?); but we speak of the common vulgar excuse, which the gross, ignorant profaneness of many seek to shroud under, that they are not learned, and cannot reach the doctrine of the Scriptures. There are deep mysteries there indeed: but what say you to these things, such rules as these: 'Honour all men?' &c. Are such as these riddles, that you cannot know their meaning? Rather, do not all understand them, and all neglect them? Why set you not on to do these? and then you should understand more. 'A good understanding have all they that do his commandments,' says the Psalmist, Psa. cxi. 10. As one* said well: 'The best way to understand the mysteries and high discourse in the beginning of St Paul's epistles, is, to begin at the practice of those rules and precepts that are in the latter end of them.' The way to attain to know more is to 'receive the truth in the love of it,' and to obey what you know. The truth is, such truths as these will leave you inexcusable, even the most ignorant of you. You cannot but know, you hear often, that you ought 'to love one another,' and 'to fear God,' &c. and yet you never apply yourselves in earnest to the practice of these things, as will appear to your own consciences, if they deal honestly with you in the particulars.

We subjoin a few more beautiful passages from Leighton's works:

The prophets had joy and comfort in the very hopes of the Redeemer to come, and in the belief of the things which any others had spoken, and which themselves spake concerning Him. And thus the true preachers of the gospel, though their ministerial gifts are for the use of others, yet that salvation which they preach they lay hold on and partake of themselves; as your boxes wherein perfumes are kept for garments and other uses are themselves perfumed by keeping them. . . . The sweet stream of their doctrine did, as a river, make its own banks fertile and pleasant as it ran by, and flowed still forward to after-ages, and by the confluence of more such prophecies, grew greater as it went, till it fell in with the main current of the gospel in the New Testament, both acted and preached by the Great Prophet himself whom they foretold to come, and recorded by his apostles and evangelists, and thus united into one river, clear as crystal. This doctrine of salvation in the Scriptures hath still refreshed the city of God, his church under the gospel, and still shall do so, till it empty itself into the ocean of eternity.

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* Cardinal Pole, as pointed out by Mr West (Leighton's Works, vol. iii. 298). The saying is also quoted by Fuller.

All the light of philosophy, natural and moral, is not sufficient, yea, the very knowledge of the law, severed from Christ, serves not so to enlighten and renew the soul as to free it from the darkness or ignorance here spoken of; for our apostle (Peter) writes to Jews who knew the law, and were instructed in it before their conversion, yet he calls those times wherein Christ was unknown to them, the 'times of their ignorance.' Though the stars shine never so bright, and the moon with them in its full, yet they do not altogether make it day; still it is night till the sun appear.

Every man walketh in a vain show. His walk is nothing but an on-going in continual vanity and misery, in which man is naturally and industriously involved, adding a new stock of vanity, of his own weaving, to what he has already within, and vexation of spirit woven all along in with it. He 'walks in an image,' as the Hebrew word is; converses with things of no reality, and which have no solidity in them, and he himself has as little. He himself is a walking image in the midst of these images. They who are taken with the conceit of pictures and statues are an emblem of their own life, and of all other men's also. Life is generally nothing else to all men but a doting on images and pictures. Every man's fancy is to himself a gallery of pictures, and there he walks up and down, and considers not how vain these are, and how vain a thing he himself is.

He that looks on himself as a stranger, and is sensible of the darkness round about him in this wilderness, and also within him, will often put up that request with David, Psal. cxix. 19, 'I am a stranger on this earth; hide not thy commandments from me'—do not let me lose my way. And as we should use this argument to persuade God to look down upon us, so likewise to persuade ourselves to send up our hearts and desires to Him. What is the joy of our life, but the thoughts of that other life, our home, before us? And certainly he that lives much in these thoughts, set him where you will here, he is not much pleased or displeased; but if his father call him home, that word gives him his heart's desire.

## DR ISAAC BARROW.

ISAAC BARROW (1630-1677) was the son of a linen-draper of London. At school he was more remarkable for a love of athletic exercises than for application to his books. He studied for the Church, and was made a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1649. But perceiving, at the time of the Commonwealth, that the ascendency of theological and political opinions different from his own gave him little chance of preferment, he turned his views to the medical profession, and engaged in the study of anatomy, botany, and chemistry. After some time, however, he resumed his theological pursuits, devoting also much attention to mathematics and astronomy. In 1655, having been disappointed in his hopes of obtaining the Greek professorship at Cambridge, he went abroad for four years, during which he visited France, Italy, Smyrna, Constantinople, Germany, and Holland. At the Turkish capital, where he spent twelve months, he studied with great delight the works of St Chrysostom, which were composed in that city. Barrow returned to England in 1659, and in the following year obtained, without opposition, the professorship for which he had formerly been a candidate; to which appointment was added, in 1662, that of professor of geometry in Gresham College, London. Both these he resigned in 1663, on becoming Lucasian professor of mathematics in Cambridge University. After filling the last of these offices with great ability for six years, towards the end of which he published a valuable and profound work on Optics, he resolved to devote himself more exclusively to theology, and in 1669 resigned his chair to Newton. He was subsequently appointed one of the royal chaplains; and in 1672 was nominated to the mastership of Trinity College by the king, who observed on the occasion, that 'he had bestowed it on the best scholar in England.' To complete his honours, he was, in 1675, chosen vice-chancellor of the university; but this final appointment he survived only two years, having been cut off by fever in the forty-seventh year of his age. Barrow was distinguished by scrupulous integrity of character, by great candour, modesty, disinterestedness, and serenity of temper. His manners and external aspect were more those of a student than of a man of the world; and he took no pains to improve his looks by attention to dress. On one occasion, when he preached before a London audience who did not know him, his appearance on mounting the pulpit made so unfavourable an impression, that nearly the whole congregation immediately left the church. He was never married.

Of his powers and attainments as a mathematician—in which capacity he is accounted inferior to Sir Isaac Newton alone—Barrow has left evidence in a variety of treatises, nearly all of which are in Latin. It is, however, by his theological works that he is more generally known to the public. These, consisting of sermons—expositions of the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, the Decalogue, and the Doctrine of the Sacraments—and treatises on the Pope's Supremacy and the Unity of the Church—were published in three folio volumes a few years after his death. His sermons continue in high estimation for depth and copiousness of thought, and nervous though unpolished eloquence. 'As a writer,' says Dugald Stewart, 'he is equally distinguished by the redundancy of his matter, and by the pregnant brevity of his expression; but what more peculiarly characterises his manner, is a certain air of powerful and of conscious facility in the execution of whatever he undertakes. Whether the subject be mathematical, metaphysical, or theological, he seems always to bring to it a mind which feels itself superior to the occasion; and which, in contending with the greatest difficulties, "puts forth but half its strength."' He composed with such care, that in general it was not till he had transcribed his sermons three or four times that their language satisfied him. The length of his discourses was excessive, seldom occupying less than an hour and a half in the delivery. It is recorded, that having occasion to preach a charity sermon before the lord mayor and aldermen of London, he spoke for three hours and a half; and that when asked, on coming down from the pulpit, whether he was not tired, he replied: 'Yes, indeed, I began to be weary with standing so long.' An excellent edition of Barrow's Theological Works, in nine volumes, edited by the Rev. A. Napier, with a Memoir by Dr Whewell of Trinity College, proceeded from the Cambridge University press in 1859.

### *The Excellency of the Christian Religion.*

Another peculiar excellency of our religion is, that it prescribes an accurate rule of life, most agreeable to reason and to our nature, most conducive to our welfare and content, tending to procure each man's private good, and to promote the public benefit of all, by the strict observance whereof we bring our human nature to a resemblance of the divine; and we shall also thereby obtain God's favour, oblige and benefit men, and procure to ourselves the conveniences of a sober life, and the pleasure of a good conscience. For if we examine the precepts which respect our duty to God, what can be more just, pleasant, or beneficial to us, than are those duties of piety which our religion enjoins? What is more fit and reasonable than that we should most highly esteem and honour him, who is most excellent? that we should bear the sincerest affection for him who is perfect goodness himself, and most beneficial to us? that we should have the most awful dread of him, that is infinitely powerful, holy, and just? that we should be very grateful to him, from whom we received our being, with all the comforts and conveniences of it? that we should entirely trust and hope in him, who can and will do whatever we may in reason expect from his goodness, nor can he ever fail to perform his promises? that we should render all due obedience to him, whose children, servants, and subjects we are? Can there be a higher privilege than to have liberty of access to him, who will favourably hear, and is fully able to supply our wants? Can we desire to receive benefits on easier terms than the asking for them? Can a more gentle satisfaction for our offences be required than confessing of them, repentance, and strong resolutions to amend them? The practice of such a piety, of a service so reasonable, cannot but be of vast advantage to us, as it procures peace of conscience, a comfortable hope, a freedom from all terrors and scruples of mind, from all tormenting cares and anxieties.

And if we consider the precepts by which our religion regulates our carriage and behaviour towards our neighbours and brethren, what can be imagined so good and useful as those which the gospel affords? It enjoins us sincerely and tenderly to love one another; earnestly to desire and delight in each other's good; heartily to sympathise with all the evils and sorrows of our brethren, readily affording them all the help and comfort we are able; willingly to part with our substance, ease, and pleasure, for their benefit and relief; not confining this our charity to particular friends and relations, but, in conformity to the boundless goodness of Almighty God, extending it to all. It requires us mutually to bear with one another's infirmities, mildly to resent and freely remit all injuries; retaining no grudge, nor executing no revenge, but requiting our enemies with good wishes and good deeds. It commands us to be quiet in our stations, diligent in our callings, true in our words, upright in our dealings, observant of our relations, obedient and respectful to our superiors, meek and gentle to our inferiors, modest and lowly, ingenuous and condescending in our conversation, candid in our censures, and innocent, inoffensive, and obliging in our behaviour towards all persons. It enjoins us to root out of our hearts all envy and malice, all pride and haughtiness; to restrain our tongues from all slander, detraction, reviling, bitter and harsh language; not to injure, hurt, or needlessly trouble our neighbour. It engages us to prefer the public good before our own opinion, humour, advantage, or convenience. And would men observe and practise what this excellent doctrine teaches, how sociable, secure, and pleasant a life we might lead! what a paradise would this world then become, in comparison to what it now is!

If we further survey the laws and directions of our religion, with regard to the management of our souls and bodies, we shall also find that nothing could be devised more worthy of us, more agreeable to reason, or more productive of our welfare. It obliges us to preserve unto our reason its natural prerogative and due empire; not to suffer the brutish part to usurp and domineer over us; not to be enslaved to bodily temper, or deluded by vain fancy, to commit that which is unworthy of, or mischievous to us. It enjoins us to have sober and moderate thoughts concerning ourselves, suitable to our total dependence on God, to our natural meanness, weakness, and sinful inclinations; and that we should not be puffed up with self-conceit, or vain confidence, in our wealth, honour, and prosperity. It directs us to compose our minds into a calm, serene, and cheerful state; that we should not easily be moved with anger, distracted with care or trouble, nor disturbed with any accident; but that we should learn to be content in every condition, and patiently bear all events that may happen to us. It commands us to restrain our appetites, to be temperate in our enjoyments; to abstain from all irregular pleasures which may corrupt our minds, impair our health, lessen our estate, stain our good name, or prejudice our repose. It doth not prohibit us the use of any creature that is innocent, convenient, or delightful; but indulgeth us a prudent and sober use of them, so as we are thankful to God, whose goodness bestows them. It orders us to sequester our minds from the fading glories, unstable possessions, and vanishing delights of this world; things which are unworthy the attention and affection of an immortal spirit; and that we should fix our thoughts, desires, and endeavours on heavenly and spiritual objects, which are infinitely pure, stable, and durable; not to love the world and the things therein, but to cast all our care on God's providence; not to trust in uncertain riches, but to have our treasure, our heart, hope, and conversation in heaven. And as our religion delivers a most excellent and perfect rule of life, so it chiefly requires from us a rational and spiritual service. The ritual observances it enjoins are in number few, in nature easy to perform, also very reasonable, decent, and useful; apt to instruct us in, and excite us to the practice of our duty. And our religion hath this further peculiar advantage, that it sets before us a living copy of good practice. Example yields the most compendious instruction, the most efficacious incitement to action; and never was there any example so perfect in itself, so fit for our imitation, as that of our blessed Saviour; intended by him to conduct us through all the parts of duty, especially in those most high and difficult ones, that of charity, self-denial, humility, and patience. His practice was suited to all degrees and capacities of men, and so tempered, that persons of all callings might easily follow him in the paths of righteousness, in the performance of all substantial duties towards God and man. It is also an example attended with the greatest obligations and inducements to follow it, whether we consider the great excellency and dignity of the person (who was the most holy Son of God), or our manifold relations to him, being our lord and master, our best friend and most gracious Redeemer; or the inestimable benefits we have received from him, even redemption from extreme misery, and being put into a capacity of the most perfect happiness; all which are so many potent arguments engaging us to imitate him.

Again, our religion doth not only fully acquaint us with our duty, but, which is another peculiar virtue thereof, it builds the same on the most solid foundation. Indeed, ancient philosophers have highly commended virtue, and earnestly recommended the practice of it; but the grounds on which they laid its praise, and the arguments used to enforce its practice, were very weak; also the principles from whence it was deduced, and the ends they proposed, were poor and mean, if compared with ours. But the Christian doctrine recommends goodness to us, not only as agreeable to man's imperfect and fallible reason, but as conformable to the perfect goodness, infallible wisdom, and most holy will of God;

and which is enjoined us, by this unquestionable authority, as our indispensable duty, and the only way to happiness. The principles from whence it directs our actions are love, reverence, and gratitude to God, goodwill to men, and a due regard to our own welfare. The ends which it prescribes are God's honour and the salvation of men; it excites us to the practice of virtue, by reminding us that we shall thereby resemble the supreme goodness, express our gratitude to our great benefactor, discharge our duty to our almighty lord and king; that we shall thereby avoid the wrath and displeasure of God, and certainly obtain his favour, mercy, and every blessing necessary for us; that we shall escape not only the terrors of conscience here, but future endless misery and torment; that we shall procure not only present comfort and peace of mind, but acquire crowns of everlasting glory and bliss. These are the firmest grounds on which virtue can subsist, and the most effectual motives to the embracing of it.

Another peculiar advantage of Christianity, and which no other law or doctrine could ever pretend to, is, that as it clearly teaches and strongly persuades us to so excellent a way of life, so it sufficiently enables us to practise it; without which, such is the frailty of our nature, that all instruction, exhortation, and encouragement would little avail. The Christian law is no dead letter, but hath a quickening spirit attending it. It sounds the ear and strikes the heart of him who sincerely embraces it. To all good men it is a sure guide, and safety from all evil. . . .

The last advantage I shall mention, peculiar to the Christian doctrine, is the style and manner of its speech, which is properly accommodated to the capacity of all persons, and worthy the majesty and sincerity of divine truth. It expresseth itself plainly and simply, without any affectation or artifice, ostentation of wit or eloquence. It speaks with an imperious awful confidence, in the strain of a king; its words carrying with them authority and power divine, commanding attention, assent, and obedience; as this you are to believe, this you are to do, on pain of our high displeasure, and at your utmost peril, for even your life and salvation depend thereon. Such is the style and tenor of the Scripture, such as plainly becomes the sovereign Lord of all to use, when he is pleased to proclaim his mind and will to us his creatures.

As God is in himself invisible, and that we could not bear the lustre and glory of his immediate presence, if ever he would convincingly signify his will and pleasure to us, it must be by effects of his incommunicable power, by works extraordinary and supernatural; and innumerable such hath God afforded in favour and countenance of our religion; as his clearly predicting the future revelation of this doctrine, by express voices and manifest apparitions from heaven; by frequently suspending the course of natural causes; by remarkable instances of providence; by internal attestations on the minds and consciences of men; by such wonderful means doth God demonstrate that the Christian religion came from him; an advantage peculiar to it, and such as no other institution, except that of the Jews, which was a prelude to it, could ever reasonably pretend to. I hope these considerations will be sufficient to vindicate our religion from all aspersions cast on it by inconsiderate, vain, and dissolute persons, as also to confirm us in the esteem, and excite us to the practice thereof.

And if men of wit would lay aside their prejudices, reason would compel them to confess, that the heavenly doctrines and laws of Christ, established by innumerable miracles, his completely holy and pure life, his meekness, charity, and entire submission to the will of God, in his death, and his wonderful resurrection from the state of the dead, are most unquestionable evidences of the divinity of his person, of the truth of his gospel, and of the obligation that lies upon us thankfully to accept him for our Redeemer and Saviour, on the gracious terms he has proposed. To love God with all our souls, who is the maker of our beings, and to love our neighbours as ourselves, who bear his image, as they are the sum and substance of the Christian religion, so are they duties fitted to our nature, and most agreeable to our reason. And, therefore, as the obtaining the love, favour, and kindness of God should be the chief and ruling principle in our hearts, the first thing in our consideration, as what ought to govern all the purposes and actions of our lives; so we cannot possibly have more powerful motives to goodness, righteousness, justice, equity, meekness, humility, temperance, and chastity, or greater dissuasives and discouragement from all kinds of sin, than what the Holy Scriptures afford us. If we will fear and reverence God, love our enemies who despitefully use us, and do good in all our capacities, we are promised that our reward shall be very great; that we shall be the children of the Most High, that we shall be inhabitants of the everlasting kingdom of heaven, where there is laid up for us a crown of righteousness, of life, and glory.

### *What is Wit?*

First, it may be demanded what the thing is we speak of, or what this facetiousness doth import? To which question I might reply as Democritus did to him that asked the definition of a man: ''Tis that which we all see and know.' Any one better apprehends what it is by acquaintance than I can inform him by description. It is indeed a thing so versatile and multiform, appearing in so many shapes, so many postures, so many garbs, so variously apprehended by several eyes and judgments, that it seemeth no less hard to settle a clear and certain notion thereof, than to make a portrait of Proteus, or to define the figure of the fleeting air. Sometimes it lieth in pat allusion to a known story, or in seasonable application of a trivial saying, or in forging an apposite tale: sometimes it playeth in words and phrases, taking advantage from the ambiguity of their sense, or the affinity of their sound. Sometimes it is wrapped in a dress of humorous expression: sometimes it lurketh under an odd similitude: sometimes it is lodged in a sly question, in a smart answer, in a quirkish reason, in a shrewd intimation, in cunningly diverting or cleverly retorting an objection: sometimes it is couched in a bold scheme of speech, in a tart irony, in a lusty hyperbole, in a startling metaphor, in a plausible reconciling of contradictions, or in acute nonsense: sometimes a scenical representation of persons or things, a counterfeit speech, a mimical look or gesture passeth for it: sometimes an affected simplicity, sometimes a presumptuous bluntness, giveth it being: sometimes it riseth only from a lucky hitting upon what is strange; sometimes from a crafty wresting obvious matter to the purpose; often it consists in one knows not what, and springeth up one can hardly tell how. Its ways are unaccountable and inexplicable, being answerable to the numberless rovings of fancy and windings of language. It is, in short, a manner of speaking out of the simple and plain way—such as reason teacheth and proveth things by—which by a pretty surprising uncouthness in conceit or expression doth affect and amuse the fancy, stirring in it some wonder, and breeding some delight therein. It raiseth admiration, as signifying a nimble sagacity of apprehension, a special felicity of invention, a vivacity of spirit and reach of wit more than vulgar. It seemeth to argue a rare quickness of parts, that one can fetch in remote conceits applicable; a notable skill, that he can dexterously accommodate them to the purpose before him; together with a lively briskness of humour, not apt to damp those sportful flashes of imagination. Whence in Aristotle such persons are termed *epidexioi*, dexterous men; and *eutropoi*, men of facile or versatile manners, who can easily turn themselves to all things, or turn all things to themselves. It also procureth delight, by gratifying curiosity with its rareness or semblance of difficulty; as monsters, not for their beauty, but their rarity; as juggling tricks, not for their use, but their abstruseness, are beheld with pleasure, by diverting the mind from its road of serious thoughts; by instilling gaiety and airiness of spirit; by provoking to such dispositions of spirit in way of emulation or complaisance; and by seasoning matters, otherwise distasteful or insipid, with an unusual and thence grateful tang.

### *Wise Selection of Pleasures.*

Wisdom is exceedingly pleasant and peaceable; in general, by disposing us to acquire and to enjoy all the good delight and happiness we are capable of; and by freeing us from all the inconveniences, mischiefs, and infelicities our condition is subject to. For whatever good from clear understanding, deliberate advice, sagacious foresight, stable resolution, dexterous address, right intention, and orderly proceeding, doth naturally result, wisdom confers: whatever evil blind ignorance, false presumption, unwary credulity, precipitate rashness, unsteady purpose, ill contrivance, backwardness, inability, unwieldiness and confusion of thought beget, wisdom prevents. From a thousand snares and treacherous allurements, from innumerable rocks and dangerous surprises, from exceedingly many needless incumbrances and vexatious toils of fruitless endeavours, she redeems and secures us.

Wisdom instructs us to examine, compare, and rightly to value the objects that court our affections and challenge our care; and thereby regulates our passions and moderates our endeavours, which begets a pleasant serenity and peaceable tranquillity of mind. For when, being deluded with false shows, and relying upon ill-grounded presumptions, we highly esteem, passionately affect, and eagerly pursue things of little worth in themselves or concernment to us; as we unhandsomely prostitute our affections, and prodigally misspend our time, and vainly lose our labour, so the event not answering our expectation, our minds thereby are confounded, disturbed, and distempered. But when, guided by right reason, we conceive great esteem of, and zealously are enamoured with, and vigorously strive to attain, things of excellent worth and weighty consequence, the conscience of having well placed our affections and well employed our pains, and the experience of fruits corresponding to our hopes, ravishes our minds with unexpressible content. And so it is: present appearance and vulgar conceit ordinarily impose upon our fancies, disguising things with a deceitful varnish, and representing those that are vainest with the greatest advantage; whilst the noblest objects, being of a more subtle and spiritual nature, like fairest jewels inclosed in a homely box, avoid the notice of gross sense, and pass undiscerned by us. But the light of wisdom, as it unmasks specious imposture, and bereaves it of its false colours, so it penetrates into the retirements of true excellency, and reveals its genuine lustre.

### *Grief Controlled by Wisdom.*

Wisdom makes all the troubles, griefs, and pains incident to life, whether casual adversities or natural afflictions, easy and supportable, by rightly valuing the importance and moderating the influence of them. It suffers not busy fancy to alter the nature, amplify the degree, or extend the duration of them, by representing them more sad, heavy, and remediless than they truly are. It allows them no force beyond what naturally and necessarily they have, nor contributes nourishment to their increase. It keeps them at a due distance, not permitting them to encroach upon the soul, or to propagate their influence beyond their proper sphere.

### *Honour to God.*

God is honoured by a willing and careful practice of all piety and virtue for conscience' sake, or an avowed obedience to his holy will. This is the most natural expression of our reverence towards him, and the most effectual way of promoting the same in others. A subject cannot better demonstrate the reverence he bears towards his prince, than by, with a cheerful diligence, observing his laws; for by so doing, he declares that he acknowledgeth the authority and revereth the majesty which enacted them; that he approves the wisdom which devised them, and the goodness which designed them for public benefit; that he dreads his prince's power, which can maintain them, and his justice, which will vindicate them; that he relies upon his fidelity in making good what of protection or of recompense he propounds to the observers of them. No less pregnant a signification of our reverence towards God do we yield in our gladly and strictly obeying his laws, thereby evidencing our submission to God's sovereign authority, our esteem of his wisdom and goodness, our awful regard to his power and justice, our confidence in him, and dependence upon his word. The goodliness to the sight, the pleasantness to the taste, which is ever perceptible in those fruits which genuine piety beareth, the beauty men see in a calm mind and a sober conversation, the sweetness they taste from works of justice and charity, will certainly produce veneration to the doctrine that teacheth such things, and to the authority which enjoins them. We shall especially honour God by discharging faithfully those offices which God hath intrusted us with; by improving diligently those talents which God hath committed to us; by using carefully those means and opportunities which God hath vouchsafed us of doing him service and promoting his glory. Thus, he to whom God hath given wealth, if he expend it, not to the nourishment of pride and luxury, not only to the gratifying his own pleasure or humour, but to the furtherance of God's honour, or to the succour of his indigent neighbour, in any pious or charitable way, he doth thereby in a special manner honour God. He also on whom God hath bestowed wit and parts, if he employ them not so much in contriving projects to advance his own petty interests, or in procuring vain applause to himself, as in advantageously setting forth God's praise, handsomely recommending goodness, dexterously engaging men in ways of virtue, he doth thereby remarkably honour God. He likewise that hath honour conferred upon him, if he subordinate it to God's honour, if he use his own credit as an instrument of bringing credit to goodness, thereby adorning and illustrating piety, he by so doing doth eminently practise this duty.

### *The Goodness of God.*

Wherever we direct our eyes, whether we reflect them inward upon ourselves, we behold his goodness to occupy and penetrate the very root and centre of our beings; or extend them abroad towards the things about us, we may perceive ourselves inclosed wholly, and surrounded with his benefits. At home, we find a comely body framed by his curious artifice, various organs fitly proportioned, situated and tempered for strength, ornament, and motion, actuated by a gentle heat, and invigorated with lively spirits, disposed to health, and qualified for a long endurance; subservient to a soul endued with divers senses, faculties, and powers, apt to inquire after, pursue, and perceive various delights and contents. Or when we contemplate the wonderful works of nature, and, walking about at our leisure, gaze upon this ample theatre of the world, considering the stately beauty, constant order, and sumptuous furniture thereof, the glorious splendour and uniform motion of the heavens, the pleasant fertility of the earth, the curious figure and fragrant sweetness of plants, the exquisite frame of animals, and all other amazing miracles of nature, wherein the glorious attributes of God—especially his transcendent goodness—are most conspicuously displayed —so that by them not only large acknowledgments, but even congratulatory hymns, as it were, of praise, have been extorted from the mouths of Aristotle, Pliny, Galen, and such-like men, never suspected guilty of an excessive devotion—then should our hearts be affected with thankful sense, and our lips break forth into his praise.

### *Concord and Discord.*

How good and pleasant a thing it is, as David saith, for brethren—and so we are all at least by nature—to live together in unity. How that, as Solomon saith, better is a dry morsel, and quietness therewith, than a house full of sacrifices, with strife. How delicious that conversation is which is accompanied with mutual confidence, freedom, courtesy, and complaisance! how calm the mind, how composed the affections, how serene the countenance, how melodious the voice, how sweet the sleep, how contentful the whole life is of him that neither deviseth mischief against others, nor suspects any to be contrived against himself! And contrariwise, how ungrateful and loathsome a thing it is to abide in a state of enmity, wrath, dissension: having the thoughts distracted with solicitous care, anxious suspicion, envious regret; the heart boiling with choler, the face overclouded with discontent, the tongue jarring and out of tune, the ears filled with discordant noises of contradiction, clamour, and reproach; the whole frame of body and soul distempered and disturbed with the worst of passions! How much more comfortable it is to walk in smooth and even paths, than to wander in rugged ways overgrown with briers, obstructed with rubs, and beset with snares; to sail steadily in a quiet, than to be tossed in a tempestuous sea; to behold the lovely face of heaven smiling with a cheerful serenity, than to see it frowning with clouds, or raging with storms; to hear harmonious consents, than dissonant janglings; to see objects correspondent in graceful symmetry, than lying disorderly in confused heaps; to be in health, and have the natural humours consent in moderate temper, than—as it happens in diseases—agitated with tumultuous commotions: how all senses and faculties of man unanimously rejoice in those emblems of peace, order, harmony, and proportion. Yea, how nature universally delights in a quiet stability or undisturbed progress of motion; the beauty, strength, and vigour of everything requires a concurrence of force, co-operation, and contribution of help; all things thrive and flourish by communicating reciprocal aid; and the world subsists by a friendly conspiracy of its parts; and especially that political society of men chiefly aims at peace as its end, depends on it as its cause, relies on it for its support. How much a peaceful state resembles heaven, into which neither complaint, pain, nor clamour do ever enter; but blessed souls converse together in perfect love, and in perpetual concord; and how a condition of enmity represents the state of hell, that black and dismal region of dark hatred, fiery wrath, and horrible tumult. How like a paradise the world would be, flourishing in joy and rest, if men would cheerfully conspire in affection, and helpfully contribute to each other's content: and how like a savage wilderness now it is, when, like wild beasts, they vex and persecute, worry and devour each other. How not only philosophy hath placed the supreme pitch of happiness in a calmness of mind and tranquillity of life, void of care and trouble, of irregular passions and perturbations; but that Holy Scripture itself, in that one term of peace, most usually comprehends all joy and content, all felicity and prosperity: so that the heavenly consort of angels, when they agree most highly to bless, and to wish the greatest happiness to mankind, could not better express their sense than by saying: 'Be on earth peace, and good-will among men.'

Almighty God, the most good and beneficent Maker, gracious Lord, and merciful Preserver of all things, infuse into their hearts those heavenly graces of meekness, patience, and benignity; grant us and his whole church, and all his creation, to serve him quietly here, and a blissful rest to praise and magnify him for ever.

### *Industry.*

By industry we understand a serious and steady application of mind, joined with a vigorous exercise of our active faculties, in prosecution of any reasonable, honest, useful design, in order to the accomplishment or attainment of some considerable good; as, for instance, a merchant is industrious who continueth intent and active in driving on his trade for acquiring wealth; a soldier is industrious who is watchful for occasion, and earnest in action towards obtaining the victory; and a scholar is industrious who doth assiduously bend his mind to study for getting knowledge.

Such, in general, I conceive to be the nature of industry, to the practice whereof the following considerations may induce:

1. We may consider that industry doth befit the constitution and frame of our nature, all the faculties of our soul and organs of our body being adapted in a congruity and tendency thereto: our hands are suited for work, our feet for travel, our senses to watch for occasion of pursuing good and eschewing evil, our reason to plod and contrive ways of employing the other parts and powers; all these, I say, are formed for action, and that not in a loose and gadding way, or in a slack and remiss degree, but in regard to determinate ends, with vigour requisite to attain them: and especially our appetites do prompt to industry, as inclining to things not attainable without it; according to that aphorism of the wise man: 'The desire of the slothful killeth him, for his hands refuse to labour;' that is, he is apt to desire things which he cannot attain without pains; and not enduring them, he for want thereof doth feel a deadly smart and anguish; whereof, in not being industrious, we defeat the intent of our Maker, we pervert his work and gifts, we forfeit the use and benefit of our faculties, we are bad husbands of nature's stock.

2. In consequence hereto, industry doth preserve and perfect our nature, keeping it in good tune and temper, improving and advancing it towards its best state. The labour of our mind in attentive meditation and study doth render it capable and patient of thinking upon any object or occasion, doth polish and refine it by use, doth enlarge it by accession of habits, doth quicken and rouse our spirits, dilating and diffusing them into their proper channels. The very labour of our body doth keep the organs of action sound and clean, discussing fogs and superfluous humours, opening passages, distributing nourishment, exciting vital heat; barring the use of it, no good constitution of soul or body can subsist; but a foul rust, a dull numbness, a resty listlessness, a heavy unwieldiness, must seize on us; our spirits will be stifled and choked, our hearts will grow faint and languid, our parts will flag and decay; the vigour of our mind, and the health of our body, will be much impaired.

It is with us as with other things in nature, which by motion are preserved in their native purity and perfection, in their sweetness, in their lustre; rest corrupting, debasing, and defiling them. If the water runneth, it holdeth clear, sweet, and fresh; but stagnation turneth it into a noisome puddle: if the air be fanned by winds, it is pure and wholesome; but from being shut up, it groweth thick and putrid: if metals be employed, they abide smooth and splendid; but lay them up, and they soon contract rust: if the earth be belaboured with culture, it yieldeth corn; but lying neglected, it will be overgrown with brakes and thistles; and the better its soil is, the ranker weeds it will produce: all nature is upheld in its being, order, and state by constant agitation: every creature is incessantly employed in action conformable to its designed end and use: in like manner, the preservation and improvement of our faculties depend on their constant exercise.

## DR ROBERT SOUTH.

Dr Robert South (1633–1716), reputed as the *wittiest* of English divines, and a man of powerful though somewhat irregular talents, was the son of a London merchant, and born at Hackney. Having passed through a brilliant career of scholarship at Oxford, he was elected public orator of the university in 1660, and soon afterwards became chaplain to Lord Chancellor Clarendon. He held several valuable livings in the church, including the rectory of Islip, in Oxfordshire, where, it is recorded to his honour, he gave his curate the then unprecedented salary of a hundred pounds, and spent the remainder of his income in educating poor children, and improving the church and parsonage-house. South was the most enthusiastic of the ultra-loyal divines of the English Church at that period, and of course a zealous advocate of passive obedience and the divine right of sovereigns. In a sermon preached in Westminster Abbey in 1675, on the *Peculiar Care and Concern of Providence for the Protection and Defence of Kings*, he ascribes the 'absolute subjection' which men yield to royalty to 'a secret work of the divine power, investing sovereign princes with certain marks and rays of that divine image which overawes and controls the spirits of men, they know not how or why. And yet they feel themselves actually wrought upon and kept under by them, and that very frequently against their will. And this is that property which in kings we call majesty.' Of the old royalists, he says: 'I look upon the old Church of England royalists—which I take to be only another name for a man who prefers his conscience before his interest—to be the best Christians and the most meritorious subjects in the world; as having passed all those terrible tests and trials which conquering domineering malice could put them to, and carried their credit and their conscience clear and triumphant through and above them all, constantly firm and immovable by all that they felt, either from their professed enemies, or their false friends.' And in a sermon preached before Charles II. he speaks of his majesty's father as 'a blessed saint, the justness of whose government left his subjects at a loss for an occasion to rebel; a father to his country, if but for this only, that he was the father of such a son!' During the encroachments on the church in the reign of James II. the loyalty of South caused him to remain quiet, 'and to use no other weapons but prayers and tears for the recovery of his sovereign from the wicked and unadvised counsels wherewith he was entangled.' But when the church was attacked by persons uninvested with 'marks and rays of the divine image,' he spared neither argument nor invective. The following sample of his declamation will illustrate this remark:

May the great, the just, and the eternal God judge between the Church of England and those men who have charged it with popery; who have called the nearest and truest copy of primitive Christianity, superstition; and the most detestable instances of schism and sacrilege, reformation; and, in a word, done all that they could, both from the pulpit and press, to divide, shake, and confound the purest and most apostolically reformed church in the Christian world: and all this, by the venomous gibberish of a few paltry phrases instilled into the minds of the furious, whimsical, ungoverned multitude, who have ears to hear, without either heads or hearts to understand.

For I tell you again, that it was the treacherous cant and misapplication of those words—popery, superstition, reformation, tender conscience, persecution, moderation, and the like, as they have been used by a pack of designing hypocrites—who believed not one word of what they said, and laughed within themselves at those who did—that put this poor church into such a flame heretofore, as burnt it down to the ground, and will infallibly do the same to it again, if the providence of God and the prudence of man does not timely interpose between her and the villainous arts of such incendiaries.

Against the Puritans, Independents, and Presbyterians, South was in the habit of pouring forth unbounded ridicule. He resolutely opposed even the slightest concessions to them on the part of the church, with the view of effecting an accommodation. His disposition was that of a persecutor, and made him utterly hostile to the Toleration Act, a measure of which he declares one consequence to be 'certain, obvious, and undeniable; and that is, the vast increase of sects and heresies among us, which, where all restraint is taken off, must of necessity grow to the highest pitch that the devil himself can raise such a Babel to; so that there shall not be one bold ringleading knave or fool who shall have the confidence to set up a new sect, but shall find proselytes enough to wear his name, and list themselves under his banner; of which the Quakers are a demonstration past dispute. And then, what a vast party of this poor deluded people must of necessity be drawn after these impostors!'

In 1693, South published *Animadversions* on Sherlock's *Vindication of the Doctrine of the Trinity*. The violence and personality displayed by both parties on this occasion gave just offence to the friends of religion and the church; and at length, after the controversy had raged for some time, the king was induced by the bishops to put an end to it, by ordaining 'that all preachers should carefully avoid all new terms, and confine themselves to such ways of explication as have been commonly used in the church.'

Notwithstanding his intolerant and fiery temper, South was fully conscious of the nature of that Christian spirit in which a clergyman, above all others, ought to abound. The third of the following passages in his Sermons is but another proof of the trite observation, that men are too frequently unable to reduce to practice the virtuous principles which they really and honestly hold.

### *The Will for the Deed.*

The third instance in which men used to plead the will instead of the deed, shall be in duties of cost and expense.

Let a business of expensive charity be proposed; and then, as I shewed before, that, in matters of labour, the lazy person could find no hands wherewith to work; so neither, in this case, can the religious miser find any hands wherewith to give. It is wonderful to consider how a command or call to be liberal, either upon a civil or religious account, all of a sudden impoverishes the rich, breaks the merchant, shuts up every private man's exchequer, and makes those men in a minute have nothing who, at the very same instant, want nothing to spend. So that, instead of relieving the poor, such a command strangely increases their number, and transforms rich men into beggars presently. For, let the danger of their prince and country knock at their purses, and call upon them to contribute against a public enemy or calamity, then immediately they have nothing, and their riches upon such occasions—as Solomon expresses it—never fail to make themselves wings, and fly away. . . .

To descend to matters of daily and common occurrence; what is more usual in conversation than for men to express their unwillingness to do a thing by saying they cannot do it; and for a covetous man, being asked a little money in private charity, to answer that he has none? Which, as it is, if true, a sufficient answer to God and man; so, if false, it is intolerable hypocrisy towards both.

But do men in good earnest think that God will be put off so? or can they imagine that the law of God will be baffled with a lie clothed in a scoff?

For such pretences are no better, as appears from that notable account given us by the apostle of this windy, insignificant charity of the will, and of the worthlessness of it, not enlivened by deeds (James, ii. 15, 16): 'If a brother or sister be naked, and destitute of daily food, and one of you say unto them, Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled; notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful to the body; what doth it profit?' Profit, does he say? Why, it profits just as much as fair words command the market, as good wishes buy food and raiment, and pass for current payment in the shops. Come to an old rich professing vulpony, and tell him that there is a church to be built, beautified, or endowed in such a place, and that he cannot lay out his money more to God's honour, the public good, and the comfort of his own conscience, than to bestow it liberally upon such an occasion; and, in answer to this, it is ten to one but you shall be told, 'how much God is for the inward, spiritual worship of the heart; and that the Almighty neither dwells nor delights in temples made with hands, but hears and accepts the prayers of his people in dens and caves, barns and stables; and in the homeliest and meanest cottages, as well as in the stateliest and most magnificent churches.' Thus, I say, you are like to be answered. In reply to which, I would have all such sly sanctified cheats—who are so often harping on this string—to know, once for all, that God, who accepts the prayers of his people in dens and caves, barns and stables, when, by his afflicting providence, he has driven them from the appointed places of his solemn worship, so that they cannot have the use of them, will not for all this endure to be served or prayed to by them in such places, nor accept of their barn-worship, nor their hog-sty worship; no, nor yet their parlour or their chamber worship, where he has given them both wealth and power to build churches. For he that commands us to *worship him in the spirit*, commands us also to *honour him with our substance*. And never pretend that thou hast a heart to pray while thou hast no heart to give, since he that serves Mammon with his estate cannot possibly serve God with his heart. For as in the heathen worship of God, a sacrifice without a heart was accounted ominous, so, in the Christian worship of him, a heart without a sacrifice is worthless and impertinent.

And thus much for men's pretences of the will when they are called upon to give upon a religious account; according to which, a man may be well enough said—as the common word is—to be all heart, and yet the arrantest miser in the world.

But come we now to this rich old pretender to godliness in another case, and tell him that there is such a one, a man of good family, good education, and who has lost all his estate for the king, now ready to rot in prison for debt; come, what will you give towards his release? Why, then answers the will instead of the deed as much the readier speaker of the two: 'The truth is, I always had a respect for such men; I love them with all my heart; and it is a thousand pities that any that had served the king so faithfully should be in such want.' So say I too, and the more shame is it for the whole nation that they should be so. But still, what will you give? Why, then, answers the man of mouth-charity again, and tells you that 'you could not come in a worse time; that nowadays money is very scarce with him, and that therefore he can give nothing; but he will be sure to pray for the poor gentleman.'

Ah, thou hypocrite! when thy brother has lost all that ever he had, and lies languishing, and even gasping under the utmost extremities of poverty and distress, dost thou think thus to lick him up again only with thy tongue? Just like that old formal hocus who denied a beggar a farthing, and put him off with his blessing.

### *Ill-natured and Good-natured Men.*

A stanch resolved temper of mind, not suffering a man to sneak, fawn, cringe, and accommodate himself to all humours, though never so absurd and unreasonable, is commonly branded with, and exposed under the character of pride, morosity, and ill-nature: an ugly word, which you may from time to time observe many honest, worthy, inoffensive persons, and that of all sorts, ranks, and professions, strangely and unaccountably worried and run down by. And therefore I think I cannot do truth, justice, and common honesty better service, than by ripping up so malicious a cheat, to vindicate such as have suffered by it.

Certain it is that, amongst all the contrivances of malice, there is not a surer engine to pull men down in the good opinion of the world, and that in spite of the greatest worth and innocence, than this imputation of ill-nature; an engine which serves the ends and does the work of pique and envy both effectually and safely. Forasmuch as it is a loose and general charge upon a man, without alleging any particular reason for it from his life or actions; and consequently does the more mischief, because, as a word of course, it passes currently, and is seldom looked into or examined. And, therefore, as there is no way to prove a paradox or false proposition but to take it for granted, so, such as would stab any man's good name with the accusation of ill-nature, do very rarely descend to proofs or particulars. It is sufficient for their purpose that the word sounds odiously, and is believed easily; and that is enough to do any one's business with the generality of men, who seldom have so much judgment or charity as to hear the cause before they pronounce sentence.

But that we may proceed with greater truth, equity, and candour in this case, we will endeavour to find out the right sense and meaning of this terrible confounding word, ill-nature, by coming to particulars.

And here, first, is the person charged with it false or cruel, ungrateful or revengeful? is he shrewd and unjust in his dealings with others? does he regard no promises, and pay no debts? does he profess love, kindness, and respect to those whom, underhand, he does all the mischief to that possibly he can? is he unkind, rude, or niggardly to his friends? Has he shut up his heart and his hand towards the poor, and has no bowels of compassion for such as are in want and misery? is he insensible of kindnesses done him, and withal careless and backward to acknowledge or requite them? or, lastly, is he bitter and implacable in the prosecution of such as have wronged or abused him?

No; generally none of these ill things—which one would wonder at—are ever meant, or so much as thought of, in the charge of ill-nature; but, for the most part, the clean contrary qualities are readily acknowledged. Ay, but where and what kind of thing, then, is this strange occult quality, called ill-nature, which makes such a thundering noise against such as have the ill-luck to be taxed with it?

Why, the best account that I, or any one else, can give of it, is this: that there are many men in the world who, without the least arrogance or self-conceit, have yet so just a value both for themselves and others, as to scorn to flatter, and gloze, to fall down and worship, to lick the spittle and kiss the feet of any proud, swelling, overgrown, domineering huff whatsoever. And such persons generally think it enough for them to shew their superiors respect without adoration, and civility without servitude.

Again, there are some who have a certain ill-natured stiffness (forsooth) in their tongue, so as not to be able to applaud and keep pace with this or that self-admiring vainglorious Thraso, while he is pluming and praising himself, and telling fulsome stories in his own commendation for three or four hours by the clock, and at the same time reviling and throwing dirt upon all mankind besides.

There is also a sort of odd ill-natured men, whom neither hopes nor fears, frowns nor favours, can prevail upon to have any of the cast, beggarly, forlorn nieces or kinswomen of any lord or grandee, spiritual or temporal, trumped upon them.

To which we may add another sort of obstinate ill-natured persons, who are not to be brought by any one's guilt or greatness to speak or write, or to swear or lie, as they are bidden, or to give up their own consciences in a compliment to those who have none themselves. . . .

And thus having given you some tolerable account of what the world calls ill-nature, and that both towards superiors and towards equals and inferiors—as it is easy and natural to know one contrary by the other—we may from hence take a true measure of what the world is observed to mean by the contrary character of good-nature, as it is generally bestowed.

And first, when great ones vouchsafe this endearing eulogy to those below them, a good-natured man generally denotes some slavish, glavering, flattering parasite, or hanger-on; one who is a mere tool or instrument; a fellow fit to be sent upon any malicious errand; a setter, or informer, made to creep into all companies; a wretch employed under a pretence of friendship or acquaintance, to fetch and carry, and to come to men's tables to play the Judas thére; and, in a word, to do all those mean, vile, and degenerous offices which men of greatness and malice use to engage men of baseness and treachery in.

But then, on the other hand, when this word passes between equals, commonly by a good-natured man is meant either some easy, soft-headed piece of simplicity, who suffers himself to be led by the nose, and wiped of his conveniences by a company of sharping, worthless sycophants, who will be sure to despise, laugh, and droll at him, as a weak empty fellow, for all his ill-placed cost and kindness. And the truth is, if such vermin do not find him empty, it is odds but in a little time they will make him so. And this is one branch of that which some call good-nature—and good-nature let it be—indeed so good, that according to the wise Italian proverb, it is even good for nothing.

Or, in the next place, by a good-natured man is usually meant neither more nor less than a good-fellow, a painful, able, and laborious soaker. But he who owes all his good-nature to the pot and pipe, to the jollity and compliances of merry company, may possibly go to bed with a wonderful stock of good-nature overnight, but then he will sleep it all away again before the morning.

### *The Pleasures of Amusement and Industry Compared.*

Nor is that man less deceived that thinks to maintain a constant tenure of pleasure by a continual pursuit of sports and recreations. The most voluptuous and loose person breathing, were he but tied to follow his hawks and his hounds, his dice and his courtships every day, would find it the greatest torment and calamity that could befall him; he would fly to the mines and galleys for his recreation, and to the spade and the mattock for a diversion from the misery of a continual unintermitted pleasure. But, on the contrary, the providence of God has so ordered the course of things, that there is no action, the usefulness of which has made it the matter of duty and of a profession, but a man may bear the continual pursuit of it without loathing and satiety. The same shop and trade that employs a man in his youth, employs him also in his age. Every morning he rises fresh to his hammer and anvil; he passes the day singing; custom has naturalised his labour to him; his shop is his element, and he cannot with any enjoyment of himself live out of it.

### *Religion not Hostile to Pleasure.*

That pleasure is man's chiefest good—because, indeed, it is the perception of good that is properly pleasure—is an assertion most certainly true, though, under the common acceptance of it, not only false, but odious. For, according to this, pleasure and sensuality pass for terms equivalent; and therefore he that takes it in this sense, alters the subject of the discourse. Sensuality is indeed a part, or rather one kind of pleasure, such a one as it is. For pleasure, in general, is the consequent apprehension of a suitable object suitably applied to a rightly disposed faculty; and so must be conversant both about the faculties of the body and of the soul respectively, as being the result of the fruitions belonging to both.

Now, amongst those many arguments used to press upon men the exercise of religion, I know none that are like to be so successful as those that answer and remove the prejudices that generally possess and bar up the hearts of men against it: amongst which there is none so prevalent in truth, though so little owned in pretence, as that it is an enemy to men's pleasures, that it bereaves them of all the sweets of converse, dooms them to an absurd and perpetual melancholy, designing to make the world nothing else but a great monastery; with which notion of religion, nature and reason seem to have great cause to be dissatisfied. For since God never created any faculty, either in soul or body, but withal prepared for it a suitable object, and that in order to its gratification, can we think that religion was designed only for a contradiction to nature, and with the greatest and most irrational tyranny in the world, to tantalise and tie men up from enjoyment, in the midst of all the opportunities of enjoyment? to place men with the furious affections of hunger and thirst in the very bosom of plenty, and then to tell them that the envy of Providence has sealed up everything that is suitable under the character of unlawful? For certainly, first to frame appetites fit to receive pleasure, and then to interdict them with a 'touch not, taste not,' can be nothing else than only to give them occasion to devour and prey upon themselves, and so to keep men under the perpetual torment of an unsatisfied desire; a thing hugely contrary to the natural felicity of the creature, and consequently to the wisdom and goodness of the great Creator.

He, therefore, that would persuade men to religion both with art and efficacy, must found the persuasion of it upon this, that it interferes not with any rational pleasure, that it bids nobody quit the enjoyment of any one thing that his reason can prove to him ought to be enjoyed. 'Tis confessed, when, through the cross circumstances of a man's temper or condition, the enjoyment of a pleasure would certainly expose him to a greater inconvenience, then religion bids him quit it; that is, it bids him prefer the endurance of a lesser evil before a greater, and nature itself does no less. Religion, therefore, intrenches upon none of our privileges, invades none of our pleasures; it may, indeed, sometimes command us to change, but never totally to abjure them.

### *Ingratitude an Incurable Vice.*

As a man tolerably discreet ought by no means to attempt the making of such a one his friend, so neither is he, in the next place, to presume to think that he shall be able so much as to alter or meliorate the humour of an ungrateful person by any acts of kindness, though never so frequent, never so obliging.

Philosophy will teach the learned, and experience may teach all, that it is a thing hardly feasible. For, love such a one, and he shall despise you. Commend him, and, as occasion serves, he shall revile you. Give him, and he shall but laugh at your easiness. Save his life; but, when you have done, look to your own.

The greatest favours to such a one are but the motion of a ship upon the waves; they leave no trace, no sign behind them; they neither soften nor win upon him; they neither melt nor endear him, but leave him as hard, as rugged, and as unconcerned as ever. All kindnesses descend upon such a temper as showers of rain or rivers of fresh water falling into the main sea; the sea swallows them all, but is not at all changed or sweetened by them. I may truly say of the mind of an ungrateful person that it is kindness proof. It is impenetrable, unconquerable; unconquerable by that which conquers all things else, even by love itself. Flints may be melted—we see it daily—but an ungrateful heart cannot; no, not by the strongest and the noblest flame. After all your attempts, all your experiments, for anything that man can do, he that is ungrateful will be ungrateful still. And the reason is manifest; for you may remember that I told you that ingratitude sprang from a principle of ill-nature: which being a thing founded in such a certain constitution of blood and spirit, as, being born with a man into the world, and upon that account called nature, shall prevent all remedies that can be applied by education, and leaves such a bias upon the mind, as is beforehand with all instruction.

So that you shall seldom or never meet with an ungrateful person but, if you look backward, and trace him up to his original, you will find that he was born so; and if you could look forward enough, it is a thousand to one but you will find that he also dies so; for you shall never light upon an ill-natured man who was not also an ill-natured child, and gave several testimonies of his being so to discerning persons, long before the use of his reason.

The thread that nature spins is seldom broken off by anything but death. I do not by this limit the operation of God's grace, for that may do wonders: but humanly speaking, and according to the method of the world, and the little correctives supplied by art and discipline, it seldom fails but an ill principle has its course, and nature makes good its blow.

These extracts shew the racy, idiomatic style of South, and his homely, masculine vigour of thought, though but little tinctured with pious earnestness. We subjoin one passage, fanciful in conception, but rising almost into the region of poetry.

### *Man Before the Fall.*

The noblest faculty of man, the understanding, was before the Fall sublime, clear, and aspiring; and, as it were the soul's upper region, lofty and serene, free from the vapours and disturbances of the inferior affections. It was the leading, controlling faculty; all the passions wore the colours of reason; it did not so much persuade as command; it was not consul, but dictator. Discourse was then almost as quick as intuition; it was nimble in proposing, firm in concluding; it could sooner determine than now it can dispute. Like the sun, it had both light and agility; it knew no rest but in motion; no quiet but in activity. It did not so properly apprehend as irradiate the object; not so much find as make things intelligible. It did arbitrate upon the several reports of sense, and all the varieties of imagination; not like a drowsy judge, but also directing their verdict. In sum, it was vegete, quick, and lively; open as the day, untainted as the morning, full of the innocence and sprightliness of youth; it gave the soul a bright and a full view into all things, and was not only a window, but was itself the prospect.

Study was not then a duty, night-watchings were needless; the light of reason wanted not the assistance of a candle. This is the doom of fallen man, to labour in the fire, to seek truth *in profundo*, to exhaust his time and impair his health, and perhaps to spin out his days and himself into a pitiful and controverted conclusion. There was then no poring, no struggling with memory, no straining for invention. His faculties were quick and expedite; they answered without knocking, they were ready upon the first summons, there was freedom and firmness in all their operations. I confess 'tis difficult for us, who date our ignorance from our first being, and were still bred up with the same infirmities about us with which we were born, to raise our thoughts and imaginations to those intellectual perfections that attended our nature in the time of innocence; as it is for a peasant bred up in the obscurities of a cottage, to fancy in his mind the unseen splendours of a court. But by rating positives by their privatives, and other arts of reason, by which discourse supplies the want of the reports of sense, we may collect the excellency of the understanding then by the glorious remainders of it now, and guess at the stateliness of the building by the magnificence of its ruins. All those arts, varieties, and inventions, which vulgar minds gaze at, the ingenious pursue, and all admire, are but the relics of an intellect defaced by sin and time. We admire it now, only as antiquaries do a piece of old coin, for the stamp it once bore, and not for those vanishing lineaments and disappearing drafts that remain upon it at present. And certainly that must needs have been very glorious the decays of which are so admirable. He that is comely when old and decrepit, surely was very beautiful when he was young. An Aristotle was but the rubbish of an Adam, and Athens but the rudiments of Paradise.

## DR WILLIAM SHERLOCK.

Dr William Sherlock, dean of St Paul's (1641–1707), was a divine of considerable reputation in his own times, chiefly as a writer against dissent and infidelity. His *Vindication of the Doctrine of the Trinity*, 1691, led to a controversy with South, who had more wit though less Christian moderation than his opponent. Sherlock was for some time a nonjuror, but he at length took the oath of allegiance to William III.; and in 1691 was made dean of St Paul's. His *Practical Discourse Concerning Death*, which appeared in 1689, is one of the most popular theological works in the language. He also wrote discourses on a *Future Judgment* (1692) and on the *Divine Providence* (1694), in which he brought forward 'with irrefragable force,' says Southey, 'the natural arguments for the immortality of the soul and a future state.'

### *Life not too Short.*

Such a long life [as that of the antediluvians] is not reconcilable with the present state of the world. What the state of the world was before the Flood, in what manner they lived, and how they employed their time, we cannot tell, for Moses has given no account of it; but taking the world as it is, and as we find it, I dare undertake to convince those men who are most apt to complain of the shortness of life, that it would not be for the general happiness of mankind to have it much longer: for, *1st*, The world is at present very unequally divided; some have a large share and portion of it, others have nothing but what they can earn by very hard labour, or extort from other men's charity by their restless importunities, or gain by more ungodly arts. Now, though the rich and prosperous, who have the world at command, and live in ease and pleasure, would be very well contented to spend some hundred years in this world, yet I should think fifty or threescore years abundantly enough for slaves and beggars; enough to spend in hunger and want, in a jail and a prison. And those who are so foolish as not to think this enough, owe a great deal to the wisdom and goodness of God that he does. So that the greatest part of mankind have great reason to be contented with the shortness of life, because they have no temptation to wish it longer.

*2dly*, The present state of this world requires a more quick succession. The world is pretty well peopled, and is divided amongst its present inhabitants; and but very few, in comparison, as I observed before, have any considerable share in the division. Now, let us but suppose that all our ancestors, who lived a hundred or two hundred years ago, were alive still, and possessed their old estates and honours, what had become of this present generation of men, who have now taken their places, and make as great a show and bustle in the world as they did? And if you look back three, or four, or five hundred years, the case is still so much the worse; the world would be over-peopled; and where there is one poor miserable man now, there must have been five hundred; or the world must have been common, and all men reduced to the same level; which, I believe, the rich and happy people, who are so fond of long life, would not like very well. This would utterly undo our young prodigal heirs, were their hopes of succession three or four hundred years off, who, as short as life is now, think their fathers make very little haste to their graves. This would spoil their trade of spending their estates before they have them, and make them live a dull sober life, whether they would or no; and such a life, I know, they don't think worth having. And, therefore, I hope at least they will not make the shortness of their fathers' lives an argument against providence; and yet such kind of sparks as these are commonly the wits that set up for atheism, and, when it is put into their heads, quarrel with everything which they fondly conceive will weaken the belief of a God and a providence, and, among other things, with the shortness of life; which they have little reason to do, when they so often outlive their estates.

*3dly*, The world is very bad as it is; so bad, that good men scarce know how to spend fifty or threescore years in it; but consider how bad it would probably be, were the life of man extended to six, seven, or eight hundred years. If so near a prospect of the other world as forty or fifty years cannot restrain men from the greatest villainies, what would they do if they could as reasonably suppose death to be three or four hundred years off? If men make such improvements in wickedness in twenty or thirty years, what would they do in hundreds? And what a blessed place then would this world be to live in! We see in the old world, when the life of men was drawn out to so great a length, the wickedness of mankind grew so insufferable, that it repented God he had made man; and he resolved to destroy that whole generation, excepting Noah and his family. And the most probable account that can be given how they came to grow so universally wicked, is the long and prosperous lives of such wicked men, who by degrees corrupted others, and they others, till there was but one righteous family left, and no other remedy left but to destroy them all; leaving only that righteous family as the seed and future hopes of the new world.

And when God had determined in himself, and promised to Noah never to destroy the world again by such a universal destruction, till the last and final judgment, it was necessary by degrees to shorten the lives of men, which was the most effectual means to make them more governable, and to remove bad examples out of the world, which would hinder the spreading of the infection, and people and reform the world again by new examples of piety and virtue. For when there are such quick successions of men, there are few ages but have some great and brave examples, which give a new and better spirit to the world.

### *Advantages of our Ignorance of the Time of Death.*

For a conclusion of this argument, I shall briefly vindicate the wisdom and goodness of God in concealing from us the time of our death. This we are very apt to complain of, that our lives are so very uncertain, that we know not to-day but that we may die to-morrow; and we would be mighty glad to meet with any one who would certainly inform us in this matter how long we are to live. But if we think a little better of it, we shall be of another mind.

For, *1st*, Though I presume many of you would be glad to know that you shall certainly live twenty, or thirty, or forty years longer, yet would it be any comfort to know that you must die to-morrow, or some few months, or a year or two hence? which may be your case for aught you know; and this, I believe, you are not very desirous to know; for how would this chill your blood and spirits! How would it overcast all the pleasures and comforts of life! You would spend your days like men under the sentence of death, while the execution is suspended.

Did all men who must die young certainly know it, it would destroy the industry and improvements of half mankind, which would half destroy the world, or be an insupportable mischief to human societies; for what man who knows that he must die at twenty, or five-and-twenty, a little sooner or later, would trouble himself with ingenious or gainful arts, or concern himself any more with this world than just to live so long in it? And yet, how necessary is the service of such men in the world! What great things do they many times do! and what great improvements do they make! How pleasant and diverting is their conversation, while it is innocent! How do they enjoy themselves, and give life and spirit to the graver age! How thin would our schools, our shops, our universities, and all places of education be, did they know how little time many of them were to live in the world! For would such men concern themselves to learn the arts of living, who must die as soon as they have learnt them? Would any father be at a great expense in educating his child, only that he might die with a little Latin and Greek, logic and philosophy? No; half the world must be divided into cloisters and nunneries, and nurseries for the grave.

Well, you'll say, suppose that; and is not this an advantage above all the inconveniences you can think of, to secure the salvation of so many thousands who are now eternally ruined by youthful lusts and vanities, but would spend their days in piety and devotion, and make the next world their only care, if they knew how little while they were to live here?

Right: I grant this might be a good way to correct the heat and extravagances of youth, and so it would be to shew them heaven and hell; but God does not think fit to do either, because it offers too much force and violence to men's minds; it is no trial of their virtue, of their reverence for God, of their conquests and victory over this world by the power of faith, but makes religion a matter of necessity, not of choice: now, God will force and drive no man to heaven; the gospel dispensation is the trial and discipline of ingenuous spirits; and if the certain hopes and fears of another world, and the uncertainty of our living here, will not conquer these flattering temptations, and make men seriously religious, as those who must certainly die, and go into another world, and they know not how soon, God will not try whether the certain knowledge of the time of their death will make them religious. That they may die young, and that thousands do so, is reason enough to engage young men to expect death, and prepare for it; if they will venture, they must take their chance, and not say they had no warning of dying young, if they eternally miscarry by their wilful delays.

And besides this, God expects our youthful service and obedience, though we were to live on till old age; that we may die young, is not the proper, much less the only reason, why we should 'remember our Creator in the days of our youth,' but because God has a right to our youthful strength and vigour; and if this will not oblige us to an early piety, we must not expect that God will set death in our view, to fright and terrify us: as if the only design God had in requiring our obedience was, not that we might live like reasonable creatures, to the glory of their Maker and Redeemer, but that we might repent of our sins time enough to escape hell. God is so merciful as to accept of returning prodigals, but does not think fit to encourage us in sin, by giving us notice when we shall die, and when it is time to think of repentance.

*2dly*, Though I doubt not but that it would be a great pleasure to you to know that you should live till old age, yet consider a little with yourselves, and then tell me whether you yourselves can judge it wise and fitting for God to let you know this?

I observed to you before what danger there is in flattering ourselves with the hopes of long life; that it is apt to make us too fond of this world, when we expect to live so long in it; that it weakens the hopes and fears of the next world, by removing it at too great a distance from us; that it encourages men to live in sin, because they have time enough before them to indulge their lusts, and to repent of their sins, and make their peace with God before they die; and if the uncertain hopes of this undoes so many men, what would the certain knowledge of it do? Those who are too wise and considerate to be imposed on by such uncertain hopes, might be conquered by the certain knowledge of a long life.

## DR JOHN PEARSON.

Dr Wilkins was succeeded in the see of Chester by another very learned and estimable divine, Dr **JOHN PEARSON** (1613–1686), who had previously filled a divinity chair at Cambridge, and been Master of Trinity College in that university. He published, in 1659, *An Exposition of the Creed*, which has always been esteemed as a standard work in English divinity, remarkable equally for argument, methodical arrangement, and clearness and beauty of style. Bentley said Pearson's 'very dross was gold'—an extravagant compliment; but almost every critical writer has borne testimony to the high merits of Bishop Pearson's *Exposition.*

### *The Resurrection.*

Beside the principles of which we consist, and the actions which flow from us, the consideration of the things without us, and the natural course of variations in the creature, will render the resurrection yet more highly probable. Every space of twenty-four hours teacheth thus much, in which there is always a revolution amounting to a resurrection. The day dies into a night, and is buried in silence and in darkness; in the next morning it appeareth again and reviveth, opening the grave of darkness, rising from the dead of night: this is a diurnal resurrection. As the day dies into night, so doth the summer into winter: the sap is said to descend into the root, and there it lies buried in the ground; the earth is covered with snow, or crusted with frost, and becomes a general sepulchre; when the spring appeareth, all begin to rise; the plants and flowers peep out of their graves, revive and grow, and flourish: this is the annual resurrection. The corn by which we live, and for want of which we perish with famine, is, notwithstanding, cast upon the earth, and buried in the ground, with a design that it may corrupt, and being corrupted, may revive and multiply: our bodies are fed by this constant experiment, and we continue this present life by succession of resurrections. Thus all things are repaired by corrupting, are preserved by perishing, and revive by dying; and can we think that man, the lord of all these things, which thus die and revive for him, should be detained in death as never to live again? Is it imaginable that God should thus restore all things to man, and not restore man to himself? If there were no other consideration, but of the principles of human nature, of the liberty and remunerability of human actions, and of the natural revolutions and resurrections of other creatures, it were abundantly sufficient to render the resurrection of our bodies highly probable.

We must not rest in this school of nature, nor settle our persuasions upon likelihoods; but as we passed from an apparent possibility into a high presumption and probability, so must we pass from thence unto a full assurance of an infallible certainty. And of this, indeed, we cannot be assured but by the revelation of the will of God; upon his power we must conclude that we may, from his will that we shall, rise from the dead. Now, the power of God is known unto all men, and therefore all men may infer from thence a possibility; but the will of God is not revealed unto all men, and therefore all have not an infallible certainty of the resurrection.

## ARCHBISHOP TILLOTSON.

**JOHN TILLOTSON** (1630–1694) was the son of a clothier at Sowerby, near Halifax, and was brought up to the Calvinistic faith of the Puritans. While studying at Cambridge, his early notions were considerably modified by the perusal of Chillingworth's *Religion of the Protestants;* and at the passing of the Act of Uniformity in 1662, they had become so nearly allied to those of the Church of England, that he submitted to the law without hesitation, and accepted a curacy. He very quickly became noted as a preacher, and began to rise in the church. It was as lecturer in St Lawrence Church, Jewry, in the city of London, that his sermons first attracted general attention. The importance which he thus acquired he endeavoured to employ in favour of his old associates, the Nonconformists, whom he was anxious to bring, like himself, within the pale of the establishment; but his efforts, though mainly, perhaps, prompted by benevolent feeling, led to nothing but disappointment. Meanwhile, Tillotson had married Miss French, a niece of Oliver Cromwell, by which alliance he became connected with the celebrated Dr Wilkins, the second husband of his wife's mother. This led to his being intrusted with the publication of the works of that prelate after his decease. The moderate principles of Tillotson as a churchman, and his admirable character, raised him, after the Revolution, to the archbishopric of Canterbury, in which situation he exerted himself to remove the abuses that had crept into the church, and, in particular, manifested a strong desire to abolish non-residence among the clergy. These proceedings, and the liberality of some of his views, excited much enmity against him, and subjected him to considerable annoyance. He died about three years after being raised to the primacy, leaving his Sermons as the sole property with which he was able to endow his widow. On account of his great celebrity as a divine, they were purchased by a bookseller for no less than two thousand five hundred guineas; and though now little read, they long continued the most popular of English sermons. The style of Tillotson is frequently careless and languid, his sentences tedious and unmusical, and his metaphors deficient in dignity; yet there is so much warmth and earnestness in his manner, such purity and clearness of expression, so entire a freedom from the appearance of affectation and art, and so strong an infusion of excellent sense and amiable feeling, that, in spite of all defects, these Sermons must ever be valued by the admirers of practical religion and sound philosophy. Many passages might be quoted, in which important truths and admonitions are conveyed with admirable force and precision.

### *Advantages of Truth and Sincerity.*

Truth and reality have all the advantages of appearance, and many more. If the show of anything be good for anything, I am sure sincerity is better: for why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have such a quality as he pretends to? for to counterfeit and dissemble, is to put on the appearance of some real excellency. Now, the best way in the world for a man to seem to be anything, is really to be what he would seem to be. Besides that it is many times as troublesome to make good the pretence of a good quality, as to have it; and if a man have it not, it is ten to one but he is discovered to want it, and then all his pains and labour to seem to have it are lost. There is something unnatural in painting, which a skilful eye will easily discern from native beauty and complexion.

It is hard to personate and act a part long; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one time or other. Therefore, if any man think it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed, and then his goodness will appear to everybody's satisfaction; so that, upon all accounts, sincerity is true wisdom. Particularly as to the affairs of this world, integrity hath many advantages over all the fine and artificial ways of dissimulation and deceit; it is much the plainer and easier, much the safer and more secure way of dealing in the world; it has less of trouble and difficulty, of entanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard in it; it is the shortest and nearest way to our end, carrying us thither in a straight line, and will hold out and last longest. The arts of deceit and cunning do continually grow weaker, and less effectual and serviceable to them that use them; whereas integrity gains strength by use; and the more and longer any man practiseth it, the greater service it does him, by confirming his reputation, and encouraging those with whom he hath to do to repose the greatest trust and confidence in him, which is an unspeakable advantage in the business and affairs of life.

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good. It is like building upon a false foundation, which continually stands in need of props to shore it up, and proves at last more chargeable than to have raised a substantial building at first upon a true and solid foundation; for sincerity is firm and substantial, and there is nothing hollow or unsound in it, and because it is plain and open, fears no discovery; of which the crafty man is always in danger; and when he thinks he walks in the dark, all his pretences are so transparent, that he that runs may read them. He is the last man that finds himself to be found out; and whilst he takes it for granted that he makes fools of others, he renders himself ridiculous.

Add to all this, that sincerity is the most compendious wisdom, and an excellent instrument for the speedy despatch of business; it creates confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the labour of many inquiries, and brings things to an issue in few words; it is like travelling in a plain, beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey's end than by-ways, in which men often lose themselves. In a word, whatsoever convenience may be thought to be in falsehood and dissimulation, it is soon over; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks truth, nor trusted perhaps when he means honestly. When a man has once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is set fast, and nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood.

And I have often thought that God hath, in his great wisdom, hid from men of false and dishonest minds the wonderful advantages of truth and integrity to the prosperity even of our worldly affairs. These men are so blinded by their covetousness and ambition, that they cannot look beyond a present advantage, nor forbear to seize upon it, though by ways never so indirect; they cannot see so far as to the remote consequences of a steady integrity, and the vast benefit and advantages which it will bring a man at last. Were but this sort of men wise and clear-sighted enough to discern this, they would be honest out of very knavery, not out of any love to honesty and virtue, but with a crafty design to promote and advance more effectually their own interests; and therefore the justice of the divine providence hath hid this truest point of wisdom from their eyes, that bad men might not be upon equal terms with the just and upright, and serve their own wicked designs by honest and lawful means.

Indeed, if a man were only to deal in the world for a day, and should never have occasion to converse more with mankind, never more need their good opinion or good word, it were then no great matter—speaking as to the concernments of this world—if a man spend his reputation all at once, and ventured it at one throw: but if he be to continue in the world, and would have the advantage of conversation whilst he is in it, let him make use of truth and sincerity in all his words and actions; for nothing but this will last and hold out to the end: all other arts will fail, but truth and integrity will carry a man through, and bear him out to the last.

### *Virtue and Vice Declared by the General Vote of Mankind.*

God hath shewn us what is good by the general vote and consent of mankind. Not that all mankind do agree concerning virtue and vice; but that as to the greater duties of piety, justice, mercy, and the like, the exceptions are but few in comparison, and not enough to infringe a general consent. And of this I shall offer to you this threefold evidence:

1. That these virtues are generally praised and held in esteem by mankind, and the contrary vices generally reproved and evil spoken of. Now, to praise anything, is to give testimony to the goodness of it; and to censure anything, is to declare that we believe it to be evil. And if we consult the history of all ages, we shall

find that the things which are generally praised in the lives of men, and recommended to the imitation of posterity, are piety and devotion, gratitude and justice, humanity and charity; and that the contrary to these are marked with ignominy and reproach: the former are commended even in enemies, and the latter are branded even by those who had a kindness for the persons that were guilty of them; so constant hath mankind always been in the commendation of virtue and the censure of vice. Nay, we find not only those who are virtuous themselves giving their testimony and applause to virtue, but even those who are vicious; not out of love to goodness, but from the conviction of their own minds, and from a secret reverence they bear to the common consent and opinion of mankind. And this is a great testimony, because it is the testimony of an enemy, extorted by the mere light and force of truth.

And, on the contrary, nothing is more ordinary than for vice to reprove sin, and to hear men condemn the like or the same things in others which they allow in themselves. And this is a clear evidence that vice is generally condemned by mankind, that many men condemn it in themselves; and those who are so kind as to spare themselves, are very quick-sighted to spy a fault in anybody else, and will censure a bad action done by another, with as much freedom and impartiality as the most virtuous man in the world.

And to this consent of mankind about virtue and vice the Scripture frequently appeals. As when it commands us to 'provide things honest in the sight of all men; and by well-doing to put to silence the ignorance of foolish men;' intimating that there are some things so confessedly good, and owned to be such by so general a vote of mankind, that the worst of men have not the face to open their mouths against them. And it is made the character of a virtuous action if it be lovely and commendable, and of good report: Philip. iv. 8, 'Whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things;' intimating to us, that mankind do generally concur in the praise and commendation of what is virtuous.

2. Men do generally glory and stand upon their innocency when they do virtuously, but are ashamed and out of countenance when they do the contrary. Now, glory and shame are nothing else but an appeal to the judgment of others concerning the good or evil of our actions. There are, indeed, some such monsters as are impudent in their impieties, but these are but few in comparison. Generally, mankind is modest; the greatest part of those who do evil are apt to blush at their own faults, and to confess them in their countenance, which is an acknowledgment that they are not only guilty to themselves that they have done amiss, but that they are apprehensive that others think so; for guilt is a passion respecting ourselves, but shame regards others. Now, it is a sign of shame that men love to conceal their faults from others, and commit them secretly in the dark, and without witnesses, and are afraid even of a child or a fool; or if they be discovered in them, they are solicitous to excuse and extenuate them, and ready to lay the fault upon anybody else, or to transfer their guilt, or as much of it as they can, upon others. All which are certain tokens that men are not only naturally guilty to themselves when they commit a fault, but that they are sensible also what opinions others have of these things.

And, on the contrary, men are apt to stand upon their justification, and to glory when they have done well. The conscience of a man's own virtue and integrity lifts up his head, and gives him confidence before others, because he is satisfied they have a good opinion of his actions. What a good face does a man naturally set upon a good deed! And how does he sneak when he hath done wickedly, being sensible that he is condemned by others, as well as by himself! No man is afraid of being upbraided for having dealt honestly or kindly with others, nor does he account it any calumny or reproach to have it reported of him that he is a sober and chaste man. No man blusheth when he meets a man with whom he hath kept his word and discharged his trust; but every man is apt to do so when he meets one with whom he has dealt dishonestly, or who knows some notorious crime by him.

3. Vice is generally forbidden and punished by human laws; but against the contrary virtues there never was any law. Some vices are so manifestly evil in themselves, or so mischievous to human society, that the laws of most nations have taken care to discountenance them by severe penalties. Scarce any nation was ever so barbarous as not to maintain and vindicate the honour of their gods and religion by public laws. Murder and adultery, rebellion and sedition, perjury and breach of trust, fraud and oppression, are vices severely prohibited by the laws of most nations—a clear indication what opinion the generality of mankind and the wisdom of nations have always had of these things.

But now, against the contrary virtues there never was any law. No man was ever impeached for 'living soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world'—a plain acknowledgment that mankind always thought them good, and never were sensible of the inconvenience of them; for had they been so, they would have provided against them by laws. This St Paul takes notice of as a great commendation of the Christian virtues: 'The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, kindness, fidelity, meekness, temperance; against such there is no law;' the greatest evidence that could be given that these things are unquestionably good in the esteem of mankind, 'against such there is no law.' As if he had said: Turn over the law of Moses, search those of Athens and Sparta, and the twelve tables of the Romans, and those innumerable laws that have been added since, and you shall not in any of them find any of those virtues that I have mentioned condemned and forbidden—a clear evidence that mankind never took any exception against them, but are generally agreed about the goodness of them.

### *Evidence of a Creator in the Structure of the World.*

How often might a man, after he hath jumbled a set of letters in a bag, fling them out upon the ground before they would fall into an exact poem, yea, or so much as make a good discourse in prose! And may not a little book be as easily made by chance, as this great volume of the world? How long might a man be in sprinkling colours upon a canvas with a careless hand, before they could happen to make the exact picture of a man? And is a man easier made by chance than his picture? How long might twenty thousand blind men, which should be sent out from the several remote parts of England, wander up and down before they would all meet upon Salisbury Plains, and fall into rank and file in the exact order of an army? And yet this is much more easy to be managed, than how the innumerable blind parts of matter should rendezvous themselves into a world.

### *Sin and Holiness.*

A state of sin and holiness are not like two ways that are just parted by a line, so as a man may step out of the one full into the other; but they are like two ways that lead to very distant places, and consequently are at a good distance from one another; and the further a man hath travelled in the one, the further he is from the other; so that it requires time and pains to pass from one to the other.

### *Resolution Necessary in forsaking Vice.*

He that is deeply engaged in vice, is like a man laid fast in a bog, who, by a faint and lazy struggling to get out, does but spend his strength to no purpose, and sinks himself the deeper into it: the only way is, by a resolute and vigorous effort to spring out, if possible, at once. When men are sorely urged and pressed, they find a power in themselves which they thought they had not: like a coward driven up to a wall, who, in the extremity of distress and despair, will fight terribly, and perform wonders; or like a man lame of the gout, who, being assaulted by a present and terrible danger, forgets his disease, and will find his legs rather than lose his life.

### *The Moral Feelings Instinctive.*

God hath discovered our duties to us by a kind of natural instinct, by which I mean a secret impression upon the minds of men, whereby they are naturally carried to approve some things as good and fit, and to dislike other things, as having a native evil and deformity in them. And this I call a natural instinct, because it does not seem to proceed so much from the exercise of our reason, as from a natural propension and inclination, like those instincts which are in brute creatures, of natural affection and care toward their young ones. And that these inclinations are precedent to all reason and discourse about them, evidently appears by this, that they do put forth themselves every whit as vigorously in young persons as in those of riper reason; in the rude and ignorant sort of people, as in those who are more polished and refined. For we see plainly that the young and ignorant have as strong impressions of piety and devotion, as true a sense of gratitude, and justice, and pity, as the wiser and more knowing part of mankind. A plain indication that the reason of mankind is prevented* by a kind of natural instinct and anticipation concerning the good or evil, the comeliness or deformity, of these things. And though this do not equally extend to all the instances of our duty, yet as to the great lines and essential parts of it, mankind hardly need to consult any other oracle than the mere propensions and inclinations of their nature; as, whether we ought to reverence the divine nature, to be grateful to those who have conferred benefits upon us, to speak the truth, to be faithful to our promise, to restore that which is committed to us in trust, to pity and relieve those that are in misery, and in all things to do to others as we would have them do to us.

### *Spiritual Pride.*

Nothing is more common, and more to be pitied, than to see with what a confident contempt and scornful pity some ill-instructed and ignorant people will lament the blindness and ignorance of those who have a thousand times more true knowledge and skill than themselves, not only in all other things, but even in the practice as well as knowledge of the Christian religion; believing those who do not relish their affected phrases and uncouth forms of speech to be ignorant of the mystery of the gospel, and utter strangers to the life and power of godliness.

## BISHOP STILLINGFLEET.

EDWARD STILLINGFLEET (1635-1699) distinguished himself in early life by his writings in defence of the doctrines of the church. His *Irenicum, a Weapon-salve for the Church's Wounds*, 1661, was considered by Burnet 'a masterpiece.' The title of his principal work is *Origines Sacræ; or a Rational Account of the Grounds of Natural and Revealed Religion* (1662). His abilities and extensive learning caused him to be raised in 1689 to the dignity of Bishop of Worcester. Towards the end of his life (1697) he published *A Defence of the Doctrine of the Trinity*, in which some passages in Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding* were attacked as subversive of fundamental doctrines of Christianity; but in the controversy which ensued, the philosopher was generally held to have come off victorious. So great was the bishop's chagrin at this result, that it was thought to have hastened his death. The prominent matters of discussion in this controversy were the resurrection of the body and the immateriality of the soul. On these points, Locke argued, that although the resurrection of the dead is revealed in Scripture, the reanimation of the identical bodies which inhabited this world is not revealed; and that even if the soul were proved to be material, this would not imply its mortality, since an Omnipotent Creator may, if he pleases, impart the faculty of thinking to matter as well as to spirit. But, as Stillingfleet remarked, there is no self-consciousness in matter, and mind, when united to it, is still independent. The general theological views of Stillingfleet leaned towards the Arminian section of the Church of England. During the reign of James II. he was the great defender of Protestantism. His works are chiefly argumentative; but his Sermons, published after his death, deservedly bear a high character for good sense, sound morality, energy of style, and the knowledge of human nature which they display.

### *True Wisdom.*

That is the truest wisdom of a man which doth most conduce to the happiness of life. For wisdom as it refers to action, lies in the proposal of a right end, and the choice of the most proper means to attain it: which end doth not refer to any one part of a man's life, but to the whole as taken together. He therefore only deserves the name of a wise man, not that considers how to be rich and great when he is poor and mean, nor how to be well when he is sick, nor how to escape a present danger, nor how to compass a particular design; but he that considers the whole course of his life together, and what is fit for him to make the end of it, and by what means he may best enjoy the happiness of it. I confess it is one great part of a wise man never to propose to himself too much happiness here; for whoever doth so is sure to find himself deceived, and consequently is so much more miserable as he fails in his greatest expectations. But since God did not make men on purpose to be miserable, since there is a great difference as to men's conditions, since that difference depends very much on their own choice, there is a great deal of reason to place true wisdom in the choice of those things which tend most to the comfort and happiness of life.

That which gives a man the greatest satisfaction in what he doth, and either prevents, or lessens, or makes him more easily bear the troubles of life, doth the most conduce to the happiness of it. It was a bold saying of Epicurus: 'That it is more desirable to be miserable by acting according to reason, than to be happy in going against it;' and I cannot tell how it can well agree with his notion of felicity: but it is a certain truth, that in the consideration of happiness, the satisfaction of a man's own mind doth weigh down all the external accidents of life. For, suppose a man to have riches and honours as great as Ahasuerus bestowed on his highest favourite Haman, yet by his sad instance we find that a small discontent, when the mind suffers it to increase and to spread its venom, doth so weaken the power of reason, disorder the passions, make a man's life so uneasy to him as to precipitate him from the height of his fortune into the depth of ruin. But on the other side, if we suppose a man to be always pleased with his condition, to enjoy an even and quiet mind in every state, being neither lifted up with prosperity nor cast down with adversity, he is really happy in comparison with the other. It is a mere speculation to discourse of any complete happiness in this world; but that which doth either lessen the number, or abate the weight, or take off the malignity of the troubles of life, doth contribute very much to that degree of happiness which may be expected here.

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* The word 'prevented' is here used in the obsolete sense of 'anticipated.'—*Ed.*

The integrity and simplicity of a man's mind doth all this. In the first place, it gives the greatest satisfaction to a man's own mind. For although it be impossible for a man not to be liable to error and mistake, yet, if he doth mistake with an innocent mind, he hath the comfort of his innocency when he thinks himself bound to correct his error. But if a man prevaricates with himself, and acts against the sense of his own mind, though his conscience did not judge aright at that time, yet the goodness of the bare act, with respect to the rule, will not prevent the sting that follows the want of inward integrity in doing it. 'The backslider in heart,' saith Solomon, 'shall be filled with his own ways, but a good man shall be satisfied from himself.' The doing just and worthy and generous things without any sinister ends and designs, leaves a most agreeable pleasure to the mind, like that of a constant health, which is better felt than expressed. When a man applies his mind to the knowledge of his duty, and when he doth understand it (as it is not hard for an honest mind to do, for, as the oracle answered the servant who desired to know how he might please his master: 'If you will seek it, you will be sure to find it'), sets himself with a firm resolution to pursue it; though the rain falls and the floods arise, and the winds blow on every side of him, yet he enjoys peace and quiet within, notwithstanding all the noise and blustering abroad; and is sure to hold out after all, because he is founded upon a rock. But take one that endeavours to blind or corrupt or master his conscience, to make it serve some mean end or design; what uneasy reflections hath he upon himself, what perplexing thoughts, what tormenting fears, what suspicions and jealousies do disturb his imagination and rack his mind! What art and pains doth such a one take to be believed honest and sincere! and so much the more because he doth not believe himself: he fears still he hath not given satisfaction enough, and by overdoing it, is the more suspected. Secondly, because integrity doth more become a man, and doth really promote his interest in the world. It is the saying of Dio Chrysostom, a heathen orator, that 'simplicity and truth is a great and wise thing, but cunning and deceit is foolish and mean; for,' saith he, 'observe the beasts: the more courage and spirit they have, the less art and subtilty they use; but the more timorous and ignoble they are, the more false and deceitful.' True wisdom and greatness of mind raises a man above the need of using little tricks and devices. Sincerity and honesty carries one through many difficulties, which all the arts he can invent would never help him through. For nothing doth a man more real mischief in the world than to be suspected of too much craft; because every one stands upon his guard against him, and suspects plots and designs where there are none intended; insomuch that, though he speaks with all the sincerity that is possible, yet nothing he saith can be believed. . . .

'The path of the just,' saith the wise man, 'is as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day.' As the day begins with obscurity and a great mixture of darkness, till by quick and silent motions the light overcomes the mists and vapours of the night, and not only spreads its beams upon the tops of the mountains, but darts them into the deepest and most shady valleys; thus simplicity and integrity may at first appearing look dark and suspicious, till by degrees it breaks through the clouds of envy and detraction, and then shines with a greater glory.

## BISHOP KEN.

THOMAS KEN (1637-1711) was a native of Little Berkhampstead, Hertfordshire. He was educated at Winchester College and New College, Oxford. In 1667, he obtained from Morley, Bishop of Winchester, the living of Brightstone, Isle of Wight, and there he wrote his *Morning and Evening Hymns*, which he sang daily himself, with the accompaniment of a lute. These hymns, or part of them are in every collection of sacred poetry and in the memory of almost every English child. Who has not repeated the opening lines?

> Awake, my soul, and with the sun,
> Thy daily stage of duty run;
> Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
> To pay thy morning sacrifice!

Other poems, devotional and didactic, were written by Ken. In 1681, he published a *Manual of Prayers for the Use of the Scholars of Winchester College*. In 1684, he was made Bishop of Bath and Wells. Having refused to sign the Declaration of Indulgence issued by James II. Ken was one of the seven bishops sent to the Tower. He afterwards declined to take the oath of allegiance to William III. and was deprived. He had then saved a sum of £700, and for this money Lord Weymouth allowed him £80 a year and residence at his mansion of Longleat, where Ken lived till his death. In his latter years, the bishop is described as travelling about the country, like Old Mortality, on an old white horse, collecting subscriptions for relief of the poor nonjurors. Ken's works, in 4 vols. were published by W. Hawkins, his executor, in 1721. Lives of him were written by Hawkins (1713), by the Rev. W. L. Bowles (1830), by J. T. Round (1838), and by Anderson (1853).

This list of eminent divines of the Anglican Church might easily be extended by notices of men eminent in their own day, and remarkable for erudition, but whose writings, chiefly of a polemical character, are now seldom read. Among these were the two POCOCKES, father and son, distinguished for their Oriental learning; ARCHBISHOP TENISON (1636-1715), who succeeded Tillotson in the primacy; and DR HENRY ALDRICH, Dean of Christ Church (1647-1710), who was an accomplished musician, as well as polemic and logician, and who added about forty fine anthems to our church-music. Oxford seems at this time to have been pre-eminently distinguished for its divines and scholars; and Lord Macaulay has remarked that it was chiefly in the university towns, or in London, that the celebrated clergy were congregated. The country clergy, without access to libraries, and travelling but little, in consequence of the imperfect means of locomotion, were a greatly inferior class—rude, unpolished, and prejudiced; such as the wits and dramatists loved to ridicule.

The increasing body of Nonconformists, or Protestant dissenters, had also some eminent names (to be hereafter noticed); and Baxter, Owen, Calamy, Flavel, and Bunyan, are still as well known as their more erudite brethren of the establishment.

### GEORGE FOX.

George Fox, the originator of the Society of Friends, or Quakers, was one of the most prominent religious enthusiasts of the age. He was the son of a weaver at Drayton, in Leicestershire, and was born in 1624. Having been apprenticed to a shoemaker who traded in wool and cattle, he spent much of his youth in tending sheep, an employment which afforded ample room for meditation and solitude. When about nineteen years of age, he was one day vexed by a disposition to intemperance which he observed in two professedly religious friends whom he met at a fair. 'I went away,' says he in his Journal, 'and, when I had done my business, returned home; but I did not go to bed that night, nor could I sleep; but sometimes walked up and down, and sometimes prayed, and cried to the Lord, who said unto me: "Thou seest how young people go together into vanity, and old people into the earth; thou must forsake all, young and old, keep out of all, and be a stranger to all."' This divine communication, as, in the warmth of his imagination, he considered it to be, was scrupulously obeyed. Leaving his relations and master, he betook himself for several years to a wandering life, which was interrupted only for a few months, during which he was prevailed upon to reside at home. At this period, as well as during the remainder of his life, Fox had many dreams and visions, and supposed himself to receive supernatural messages from heaven. In his Journal he gives an account of a particular movement of his mind in singularly beautiful and impressive language: 'One morning, as I was sitting by the fire, a great cloud came over me, and a temptation beset me, and I sate still. And it was said, All things come by nature; and the Elements and Stars came over me, so that I was in a moment quite clouded with it; but, inasmuch as I sate still and said nothing, the people of the house perceived nothing. And as I sate still under it and let it alone, a living hope rose in me, and a true voice arose in me which cried: There is a living God who made all things. And immediately the cloud and temptation vanished away, and the life rose over it all, and my heart was glad, and I praised the living God.' Afterwards he tells us, 'the Lord's power broke forth, and I had great openings and prophecies, and spoke unto the people of the things of God, which they heard with attention and silence, and went away and spread the fame thereof.' He began about the year 1647 to teach publicly in the vicinity of Duckenfield and Manchester, whence he travelled through several neighbouring counties. He had now formed the opinions, that a learned education is unnecessary to a minister; that the existence of a separate clerical profession is unwarranted by the Bible; that the Creator of the world is not a dweller in temples made with hands; and that the Scriptures are not the rule either of conduct or judgment, but that man should follow 'the light of Christ within.' He believed, moreover, that he was divinely commanded to abstain from taking off his hat to any one, of whatever rank; to use the words *thee* and *thou* in addressing all persons with whom he communicated; to bid nobody good-morrow or good-night; and never to bend his knee to any one in authority, or take an oath, even on the most solemn occasion. Acting upon these views, he sometimes went into churches while service was going on, and interrupted the clergymen by loudly contradicting their statements of doctrine. By these breaches of order, and the employment of such unceremonious fashions of address as, 'Come down, thou deceiver!' he naturally gave great offence, which led sometimes to his imprisonment, and sometimes to severe treatment from the hands of the populace. At Derby, he was imprisoned in a loathsome dungeon for a year, and afterwards in a still more disgusting cell at Carlisle for half that period. To this ill-treatment he submitted with meekness and resignation. As an illustration of the rough usage which the patient Quaker experienced, we extract this narrative from his *Journal:*

#### *Fox's Ill-treatment at Ulverstone.*

The people were in a rage, and fell upon me in the steeple-house before his (Justice Sawrey's) face, knocked me down, kicked me, and trampled upon me. So great was the uproar, that some tumbled over their seats for fear. At last he came and took me from the people, led me out of the steeple-house, and put me into the hands of the constables and other officers, bidding them whip me, and put me out of the town. Many friendly people being come to the market, and some to the steeple-house to hear me, divers of these they knocked down also, and broke their heads, so that the blood ran down several; and Judge Fell's son running after to see what they would do with me, they threw him into a ditch of water, some of them crying: 'Knock the teeth out of his head.' When they had hauled me to the common moss-side, a multitude following, the constables and other officers gave me some blows over my back with willow-rods, and thrust me among the rude multitude, who, having furnished themselves with staves, hedge-stakes, holm or holly bushes, fell upon me, and beat me upon the head, arms, and shoulders, till they had deprived me of sense; so that I fell down upon the wet common. When I recovered again, and saw myself lying in a watery common, and the people standing about me, I lay still a little while, and the power of the Lord sprang through me, and the eternal refreshings revived me, so that I stood up again in the strengthening power of the eternal God, and stretching out my arms amongst them, I said with a loud voice: 'Strike again! here are my arms, my head, and cheeks!' Then they began to fall out among themselves.

In 1635, Fox returned to his native town, where he continued to preach, dispute, and hold conferences, till he was sent by Colonel Hacker to Cromwell, under the charge of Captain Drury. Of this memorable interview, he gives an account in his *Journal:*

#### *Interview with Oliver Cromwell.*

After Captain Drury had lodged me at the Mermaid, over against the Mews at Charing Cross, he went to give the Protector an account of me. When he came to me again, he told me the Protector required that I should promise not to take up a carnal sword or weapon against him or the government, as it then was; and that I should write it in what words I saw good, and set my hand to it. I said little in reply to Captain Drury, but the next morning I was moved of the Lord to write a paper to the Protector, by the name of Oliver Cromwell, wherein I did, in the presence of the Lord God, declare that I did deny the wearing or drawing of a 'carnal sword, or any other outward weapon, against him or any man; and that I was sent of God to stand a witness against all violence, and against the works of darkness, and to turn people from darkness to light; to bring them from the occasion of war and fighting to the peaceable Gospel, and from being evil-doers, which the magistrates' sword should be a terror to.' When I had written what the Lord had given me to write, I set my name to it, and gave it to Captain Drury to hand to Oliver Cromwell, which he did. After some time, Captain Drury brought me before the Protector himself at Whitehall. It was in a morning, before he was dressed; and one Harvey, who had come a little among friends, but was disobedient, waited upon him. When I came in, I was moved to say: 'Peace be in this house;' and I exhorted him to keep in the fear of God, that he might receive wisdom from him; that by it he might be ordered, and with it might order all things under his hand unto God's glory. I spoke much to him of truth; and a great deal of discourse I had with him about religion, wherein he carried himself very moderately. But he said we quarrelled with the priests, whom he called ministers. I told him, 'I did not quarrel with them, they quarrelled with me and my friends. But, said I, if we own the prophets, Christ, and the apostles, we cannot hold up such teachers, prophets, and shepherds, as the prophets, Christ, and the apostles declared against; but we must declare against them by the same power and spirit.' Then I shewed him that the prophets, Christ, and the apostles, declared freely, and declared against them that did not declare freely; such as preached for filthy lucre, divined for money, and preached for hire, and were covetous and greedy, like the dumb dogs that could never have enough; and that they who have the same spirit that Christ, and the prophets, and the apostles had, could not but declare against all such now, as they did then. As I spoke, he several times said it was very good, and it was truth. I told him: 'That all Christendom, so called, had the Scriptures, but they wanted the power and spirit that those had who gave forth the Scriptures, and that was the reason they were not in fellowship with the Son, nor with the Father, nor with the Scriptures, nor one with another.' Many more words I had with him, but people coming in, I drew a little back. As I was turning, he catched me by the hand, and with tears in his eyes said: 'Come again to my house, for if thou and I were but an hour of a day together, we should be nearer one to the other;' adding, that he wished me no more ill than he did to his own soul. I told him, if he did, he wronged his own soul, and admonished him to hearken to God's voice, that he might stand in his counsel, and obey it; and if he did so, that would keep him from hardness of heart; but if he did not hear God's voice, his heart would be hardened. He said it was true. Then I went out; and when Captain Drury came out after me, he told me the lord Protector said I was at liberty, and might go whither I would. Then I was brought into a great hall, where the Protector's gentlemen were to dine. I asked them what they brought me thither for. They said it was by the Protector's order, that I might dine with them. I bid them let the Protector know I would not eat of his bread, nor drink of his drink. When he heard this, he said: 'Now I see there is a people risen that I cannot win, either with gifts, honours, offices, or places; but all other sects and people I can.' It was told him again, 'That we had forsook our own, and were not like to look for such things from him.'

Fox had a brief meeting with Cromwell very shortly before the Protector's death, which we shall subjoin, adding Mr Carlyle's characteristic comment:

### *Cromwell's Last Appearance in Public.*

'The same day, taking boat, I went down (*up*) to Kingston, and from thence to Hampton Court, to speak with the Protector about the sufferings of friends. I met him riding into Hampton Court Park; and before I came to him, as he rode at the head of his life-guard, I saw and felt a waft (*whiff*) of death go forth against him.'—Or in favour of him, George? His life, if thou knew it, has not been a merry thing for this man, now or heretofore! I fancy he has been looking this long while to give it up, whenever the Commander-in-chief required. To quit his laborious sentry-post; honourably lay up his arms, and be gone to his rest—all eternity to rest in, George! Was thy own life merry, for example, in the hollow of the tree; clad permanently in leather? And does kingly purple, and governing refractory worlds instead of stitching coarse shoes, make it merrier? The waft of death is not against *him*, I think—perhaps, against thee, and me, and others, O George, when the Nell Gwynne defender and two centuries of all-victorious cant have come in upon us! My unfortunate George—'a waft of death go forth against him; and when I came to him he looked like a dead man. After I had laid the sufferings of friends before him, and had warned him according as I was moved to speak to him, he bade me come to his house. So I returned to Kingston, and the next day went up to Hampton Court to speak further with him. But when I came, Harvey, who was one that waited on him, told me the doctors were not willing that I should speak with him. So I passed away, and never saw him more.'

Amidst much opposition, Fox still continued to travel through the kingdom, expounding his views and answering objections, both verbally and by the publication of controversial pamphlets. In the course of his peregrinations he suffered frequent imprisonment, sometimes as a disturber of the peace, and sometimes because he refused to uncover his head in the presence of magistrates, or to do violence to his principles by taking the oath of allegiance. After reducing—with the assistance of his educated disciples, Robert Barclay, Samuel Fisher, and George Keith—the doctrine and discipline of his sect to a more systematic and permanent form than that in which it had hitherto existed, he visited Ireland and the American plantations, employing in the latter nearly two years in confirming and increasing his followers. He died in London in 1690, aged sixty-six.

That Fox was a sincere believer of what he preached, no doubt can be entertained; and that he was of a meek and forgiving disposition towards his persecutors, is equally unquestionable. His integrity, also, was so remarkable that his word was taken as of equal value with his oath. Religious enthusiasm, however, amounting to madness in the earlier stage of his career, led him into many extravagances, in which few members of the respectable society which he founded have partaken. Fox not only acted as a prophet, but assumed the power of working miracles—in the exercise of which he claims to have cured various individuals, including a man whose arm had long been disabled, and a woman troubled with king's evil. On one occasion he ran with bare feet through Lichfield, exclaiming: 'Wo to the bloody city of Lichfield!' and, when no calamity followed this denouncement as expected, he found no better mode of accounting for the failure than discovering that some Christians had once been slain there.

The writings of George Fox are comprised in three folio volumes, printed respectively in 1694, 1698, and 1706. The first contains his *Journal;* the second, his *Epistles;* the third, his *Doctrinal Pieces.*

## WILLIAM PENN.

William Penn (1644–1718), the son of an English admiral, is celebrated not only as a distinguished writer on Quakerism, but as the founder of the state of Pennsylvania in North America. In his fifteenth year, while a student at Oxford, Penn embraced the doctrines of the Society of Friends. He was expelled the university, and his father sent him abroad to travel on the continent. He returned at the end of two years, accomplished in all the graces of the fine gentleman and courtier. In a short time, however, the plague broke out in London, and William Penn's serious impressions were renewed. He ceased to frequent the court and to visit his gay friends, employing himself in the study of divinity. His father conceived that it was time he should again interfere. An estate in Ireland had been presented to the admiral by the king; it required superintendence, and William Penn was despatched to Dublin, furnished with letters to the Viceroy, the Duke of Ormond. Again the cloud passed off; Penn was a favourite in all circles, and he even served for a short time as a volunteer officer in the army. One day, however, in the city of Cork, he went to hear a sermon by the same Quaker preacher that he had listened to in Oxford. The effect was irresistible: Penn became a Quaker for life. His father sent for him home, and finding him immovable in his resolution to adhere to the despised and persecuted sect, he turned him out of doors. William Penn now began to preach and write in defence of the new creed. He was committed to the Tower, but this only increased his ardour. During a confinement of eight months in 1668–9, he produced four treatises, the best of which, *No Cross, no Crown*, enjoyed great popularity. In 1670, shortly after his release, he was again taken up and tried by the city authorities. The jury sympathised with the persecuted apostle of peace, and would return no harsher verdict than 'Guilty of speaking in Gracechurch Street.' They were browbeat by the insolent court, and kept two days and nights without food, fire, or light; but they would not yield, and their final verdict was 'Not Guilty.' Penn and the jury were all thrown into Newgate. An appeal was made to the Court of Common Pleas, and Penn was triumphant; thus vindicating the right of juries to judge of the value of evidence independent of the direction of the court. Admiral Penn died in 1670, having been reconciled to his son, whom he left sole executor of his will. The admiral's estate was worth £1500 a year, and he had claims on the government amounting to about £15,000.' In consideration of these unliquidated but acknowledged claims, Charles II. granted to William Penn—who longed to establish a Christian democracy across the Atlantic—a vast territory on the banks of the Delaware in North America. Penn was constituted sole proprietor and governor. He proposed to call his colony Sylvania, as it was covered with woods. The king suggested, in compliment to the admiral, that *Penn* should be prefixed, and in the charter the colony was named Pennsylvania. With the aid of Algernon Sidney, articles for the settlement and government of the new state were drawn up by Penn. They were liberal and comprehensive, allowing the utmost civil and religious freedom to the colonists. The governor sailed to America in 1682, and entered into a treaty of peace and friendship with the native tribes, which was religiously observed. The signing of this treaty under an elm-tree, the Indian king being attended by his *sachems* or warriors, and Penn accompanied by a large body of his pilgrim-followers, forms one of those picturesque passages in history on which poets and painters delight to dwell. The governor having constituted his council or legislative assembly, laid out his capital city of Philadelphia, and made other arrangements, returned to England. He landed in June 1684. For the next four years and a half, till the abdication of James II., Penn appears in the novel character of a court favourite. He attended Whitehall almost daily, his house was crowded with visitors, and in consequence of his supposed influence with the king, he might, as he states, have amassed great riches. He procured the release of about fourteen hundred of his oppressed Quaker brethren who had been imprisoned for refusing to take the oath of allegiance or to attend church. Penn was accused of being a Jesuit in disguise, and of holding correspondence with the court of Rome. Even the pious and excellent Dr Tillotson was led to give credence to this calumny, but was convinced by Penn of the entire falsehood of the charge. In our own day, an eminent historian, Lord Macaulay, has revived some of the accusations against Penn, and represented him as conniving at the intolerance and corruption of the court. Specific cases are adduced, but they rest on doubtful evidence, and seem to prove no more than that Penn, misled by a little vanity and self-importance, had mixed himself up too much with the proceedings of the court, and could not prevent those acts of cruelty and extortion which disgraced the miserable reign of the last of the Stuart monarchs. The uniform tenor of Penn's life was generous, self-sacrificing, and beneficent. After the Revolution, Penn's formal intimacy with James caused him to be regarded as a disaffected person, and led to various troubles; but he still continued to preach and write in support of his favourite doctrines. Having once more gone out to America in 1699, he there exerted himself for the improvement of his colony till 1701, when he finally returned to England. His latter days were imbittered by personal griefs and losses, and his mental vigour was prostrated by disease. He died in 1718.

Besides the work already mentioned, Penn wrote *Reflections and Maxims relating to the Conduct of Life*, and *A Key, &c. to discern the Difference between the Religion professed by the Quakers, and the Misrepresentations of their Adversaries*. To George Fox's *Journal*, which was published in 1694, he prefixed *A Brief Account of the Rise and Progress of the People called Quakers*. His works fill three volumes; and an excellent Life of Penn has been written by Mr Hepworth Dixon (1851, and much enlarged in 1872). The style of Penn's works is often harsh and incorrect, but his language is copious, and his enthusiasm occasionally renders him forcible and impressive. The first of the subjoined specimens is extracted from his *No Cross, no Crown*.

### *Against the Pride of Noble Birth.*

That people are generally proud of their persons, is too visible and troublesome, especially if they have any pretence either to blood or beauty; the one has raised many quarrels among men, and the other among women, and men too often for their sakes, and at their excitements. But to the first: what a pother has this noble blood made in the world, antiquity of name or family, whose father or mother, great-grandfather or great-grandmother, was best descended or allied? what stock or what clan they came of? what coat of arms they gave? which had, of right, the precedence? But, methinks, nothing of man's folly has less show of reason to palliate it.

For, first, what matter is it of whom any one is descended, that is not of ill-fame; since 'tis his own virtue that must raise, or vice depress him? An ancestor's character is no excuse to a man's ill actions, but an aggravation of his degeneracy; and since virtue comes not by generation, I neither am the better nor the worse for my forefather: to be sure, not in God's account; nor should it be in man's. Nobody would endure injuries the easier, or reject favours the more, for coming by the hand of a man well or ill descended. I confess it were greater honour to have had no blots, and with an hereditary estate to have had a lineal descent of worth: but that was never found; no, not in the most blessed of families upon earth; I mean Abraham's. To be descended of wealth and titles, fills no man's head with brains, or heart with truth; those qualities come from a higher cause. 'Tis vanity, then, and most condemnable pride, for a man of bulk and character to despise another of less size in the world, and of meaner alliance, for want of them; because the latter may have the merit, where the former has only the effects of it in an ancestor; and though the one be great by means of a forefather, the other is so too, but 'tis by his own; then, pray, which is the bravest man of the two?

'Oh,' says the person proud of blood, 'it was never a good world since we have had so many upstart gentlemen!' But what should others have said of that man's ancestor, when he started first up into the knowledge of the world? For he, and all men and families, ay, and all states and kingdoms too, have had their upstarts, that is, their beginnings. This is like being the True Church, because old, not because good; for families to be noble by being old, and not by being virtuous. No such matter: it must be age in virtue, or else virtue before age; for otherwise, a man should be noble by means of his predecessor, and yet the predecessor less noble than he, because he was the acquirer; which is a paradox that will puzzle all their heraldry to explain. Strange! that they should be more noble than their ancestor, that got their nobility for them! But if this be absurd, as it is, then the upstart is the noble man; the man that got it by his virtue: and those only are entitled to his honour that are imitators of his virtue; the rest may bear his name from his blood, but that is all. If virtue, then, give nobility, which heathens themselves agree, then families are no longer truly noble than they are virtuous. And if virtue go not by blood, but by the qualifications of the descendants, it follows, blood is excluded; else blood would bar virtue, and no man that wanted the one should be allowed the benefit of the other; which were to stint and bound nobility for want of antiquity, and make virtue useless. No, let blood and name go together; but pray, let nobility and virtue keep company, for they are nearest of kin. . . .

But, methinks, it should suffice to say, our own eyes see that men of blood, out of their gear and trappings, without their feathers and finery, have no more marks of honour by nature stamped upon them than their inferior neighbours. Nay, themselves being judges, they will frankly tell us they feel all those passions in their blood that make them like other men, if not further from the virtue that truly dignifies. The lamentable ignorance and debauchery that now rages among too many of our greater sort of folks, is too clear and casting an evidence in the point: and pray, tell me of what blood are they come?

Howbeit, when I have said all this, I intend not, by debasing one false quality, to make insolent another that is not true. I would not be thought to set the churl upon the present gentleman's shoulder: by no means; his rudeness will not mend the matter. But what I have writ, is to give aim to all, where true nobility dwells, that every one may arrive at it by the ways of virtue and goodness. But for all this, I must allow a great advantage to the gentleman; and therefore prefer his station, just as the apostle Paul, who, after he had humbled the Jews, that insulted upon the Christians with their law and rites, gave them the advantage upon all other nations in statutes and judgments. I must grant that the condition of our great men is much to be preferred to the ranks of inferior people. For, first, they have more power to do good; and, if their hearts be equal to their ability, they are blessings to the people of any country. Secondly, the eyes of the people are usually directed to them; and if they will be kind, just, and helpful, they shall have their affections and services. Thirdly, they are not under equal straits with the inferior sort; and consequently they have more help, leisure, and occasion, to polish their passions and tempers with books and conversation. Fourthly, they have more time to observe the actions of other nations; to travel and view the laws, customs, and interests of other countries; and bring home whatsoever is worthy or imitable. And so, an easier way is open for great men to get honour; and such as love true reputation will embrace the best means to it. But because it too often happens that great men do little mind to give God the glory of their prosperity, and to live answerable to his mercies, but, on the contrary, live without God in the world, fulfilling the lusts thereof, His hand is often seen, either in impoverishing or extinguishing them, and raising up men of more virtue and humility to their estates and dignity. However, I must allow, that among people of this rank, there have been some of them of more than ordinary virtue, whose examples have given light to their families. And it has been something natural for some of their descendants to endeavour to keep up the credit of their houses in proportion to the merit of their founder. And, to say true, if there be any advantage in such descent, 'tis not from blood, but education; for blood has no intelligence in it, and is often spurious and uncertain; but education has a mighty influence and strong bias upon the affections and actions of men. In this the ancient nobles and gentry of this kingdom did excel; and it were much to be wished that our great people would set about to recover the ancient economy of their houses, the strict and virtuous discipline of their ancestors, when men were honoured for their achievements, and when nothing more exposed a man to shame, than his being born to a nobility that he had not a virtue to support.

### *Penn's Advice to his Children.*

Next, betake yourselves to some honest, industrious course of life, and that not of sordid covetousness, but for example, and to avoid idleness. And if you change your condition and marry, choose with the knowledge and consent of your mother, if living, or of guardians, or those that have the charge of you. Mind neither beauty nor riches, but the fear of the Lord, and a sweet and amiable disposition, such as you can love above all this world, and that may make your habitations pleasant and desirable to you.

And being married, be tender, affectionate, patient, and meek. Live in the fear of the Lord, and He will bless you and your offspring. Be sure to live within compass; borrow not, neither be beholden to any. Ruin not yourselves by kindness to others; for that exceeds the due bounds of friendship, neither will a true friend expect it. Small matters I heed not.

Let your industry and parsimony go no further than for a sufficiency for life, and to make a provision for your children, and that in moderation, if the Lord gives you any. I charge you help the poor and needy: let the Lord have a voluntary share of your income for the good of the poor, both in our society and others: for we are all his creatures; remembering that 'he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord.'

Know well your incomings, and your outgoings may be better regulated. Love not money nor the world: use them only, and they will serve you; but if you love them, you serve them, which will debase your spirits, as well as offend the Lord. Pity the distressed, and hold out a hand of help to them; it may be your case, and as you mete to others, God will mete to you again. Be humble and gentle in your conversation; of few words, I charge you; but always pertinent when you speak, hearing out before you attempt to answer, and then speaking as if you would persuade, not impose. Affront none, neither revenge the affronts that are done to you; but forgive, and you shall be forgiven of your heavenly Father.

In making friends, consider well first; and when you are fixed, be true, not wavering by reports, nor deserting in affliction, for that becomes not the good and virtuous. Watch against anger; neither speak nor act in it; for, like drunkenness, it makes a man a beast, and throws people into desperate inconveniences. Avoid flatterers, for they are thieves in disguise; their praise is costly, designing to get by those they bespeak; they are the worst of creatures; they lie to flatter, and flatter to cheat; and which is worse, if you believe them, you cheat yourselves most dangerously. But the virtuous, though poor, love, cherish, and prefer. Remember David, who, asking the Lord: 'Who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?' answers: 'He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart; in whose eyes a vile person is contemned; but he honoureth them that fear the Lord.'

Next, my children, be temperate in all things: in your diet, for that is physic by prevention; it keeps, nay, it makes people healthy, and their generation sound. This is exclusive of the spiritual advantage it brings. Be also plain in your apparel; keep out that lust which reigns too much over some; let your virtues be your ornaments, remembering life is more than food, and the body than raiment. Let your furniture be simple and cheap. Avoid pride, avarice, and luxury. Read my *No Cross, no Crown*. There is instruction. Make your conversation with the most eminent for wisdom and piety, and shun all wicked men as you hope for the blessing of God and the comfort of your father's living and dying prayers. Be sure you speak no evil of any, no, not of the meanest; much less of your superiors, as magistrates, guardians, tutors, teachers, and elders in Christ.

Be no busybodies; meddle not with other folk's matters, but when in conscience and duty pressed; for it procures trouble, and is ill manners, and very unseemly to wise men. In your families remember Abraham, Moses, and Joshua, their integrity to the Lord, and do as you have them for your examples. Let the fear and service of the living God be encouraged in your houses, and that plainness, sobriety, and moderation in all things, as becometh God's chosen people; and as I advise you, my beloved children, do you counsel yours, if God should give you any. Yea, I counsel and command them as my posterity, that they love and serve the Lord God with an upright heart, that he may bless you and yours from generation to generation.

And as for you, who are likely to be concerned in the government of Pennsylvania and my parts of East Jersey, especially the first, I do charge you before the Lord God and his holy angels, that you be lowly, diligent, and tender, fearing God, loving the people, and hating covetousness. Let justice have its impartial course, and the law free passage. Though to your loss, protect no man against it; for you are not above the law, but the law above you. Live, therefore, the lives yourselves you would have the people live, and then you have right and boldness to punish the transgressor. Keep upon the square, for God sees you: therefore, do your duty, and be sure you see with your own eyes, and hear with your own ears. Entertain no lurchers, cherish no informers for gain or revenge, use no tricks, fly to no devices to support or cover injustice; but let your hearts be upright before the Lord, trusting in him above the contrivances of men, and none shall be able to hurt or supplant.

## ROBERT BARCLAY.

The two great founders of Quakerism, as a respectable and considerable religious body in this country, were ROBERT BARCLAY and WILLIAM PENN. Both were gentlemen by birth and education, amiable and accomplished men, who sacrificed worldly honours, and suffered persecution for conscience' sake. Barclay was born at Gordonstown, in Morayshire, December 23, 1648. He was educated at the Scots College at Paris, of which his uncle was rector, but returned to his native country in 1664. Two years afterwards, his father, Colonel Barclay of Ury, in Kincardineshire, made open profession of the principles of Quakerism; and in 1667, when only nineteen years of age, Robert Barclay became 'fully convinced,' as his friend William Penn has expressed it, 'and publicly owned the testimony of the true light.' His first defence of the new doctrines appeared in 1670, and bore the title of *Truth cleared of Calumnies*. It was a reply to a work published in Aberdeen. About this time (1672), Barclay walked through the streets of Aberdeen clothed in sackcloth and ashes, and published a *Seasonable Warning and Serious Exhortation to, and Expostulation with, the Inhabitants of Aberdeen*. Other controversial treatises followed: *A Catechism and Confession of Faith*, 1673; and *The Anarchy of the Ranters*, &c. 1674. His great work, originally written and published in Latin, appeared in 1676, and is entitled *An Apology for the true Christian Divinity, as the same is held forth and preached by the People called in scorn Quakers, &c.* The *Apology* of Barclay is a learned and methodical treatise, very different from what the world expected on such a subject, and it was therefore read with avidity both in Britain and on the continent. Its most remarkable theological feature is the attempt to prove that there is an internal light in man, which is better fitted to guide him aright in religious matters than even the Scriptures themselves; the genuine doctrines of which he asserts to be rendered uncertain by various readings in different manuscripts, and the fallibility of translators and interpreters. These circumstances, says he, 'and much more which might be alleged, put the minds, even of the learned, into infinite doubts, scruples, and inextricable difficulties; whence we may very safely conclude, that Jesus Christ, who promised to be always with his children, to lead them into all truth, to guard them against the devices of the enemy, and to establish their faith upon an unmovable rock, left them not to be principally ruled by that which was subject, in itself, to many uncertainties; and therefore he gave them his

Spirit as their principal guide, which neither moths nor time can wear out, nor transcribers nor translators corrupt; which none are so young, none so illiterate, none in so remote a place, but they may come to be reached and rightly informed by it.' It would be erroneous, however, to regard this work of Barclay as an exposition of all the doctrines which have been or are prevalent among the Quakers, or, indeed, to consider it as anything more than the vehicle of such of his own views as, in his character of an apologist, he thought it desirable to state. The dedication of Barclay's *Apology* to King Charles II. has always been particularly admired for its respectful yet manly freedom of style, and for the pathos of its allusion to his majesty's own early troubles, as a reason for his extending mercy and favour to the persecuted Quakers. 'Thou hast tasted,' says he, 'of prosperity and adversity; thou knowest what it is to be banished thy native country, to be overruled as well as to rule and sit upon the throne; and, being oppressed, thou hast reason to know how hateful the oppressor is to both God and man: if, after all these warnings and advertisements, thou dost not turn unto the Lord with all thy heart, but forget Him, who remembered thee in thy distress, and give thyself up to follow lust and vanity, surely great will be thy condemnation.' But this appeal had no effect in stopping persecution; for after Barclay's return from Holland and Germany, which he had visited in company with Fox and Penn, he was, in 1677, imprisoned along with many other Quakers, at Aberdeen, through the instrumentality of Archbishop Sharp. In prison he wrote a treatise on *Universal Love*. He was soon liberated, and subsequently gained favour at court. Both Penn and he were on terms of intimacy with James II.; and just before the sailing of the Prince of Orange for England in 1688, Barclay, in a private conference with his majesty, urged James to make some concessions to the people. The death of this respectable and amiable person took place at his seat of Ury on the 3d of October 1690.

### *Against Titles of Honour.*

We affirm positively, that it is not lawful for Christians either to give or to receive these titles of honour, as, Your Holiness, Your Majesty, Your Excellency, Your Eminency, &c.

First, because these titles are no part of that obedience which is due to magistrates or superiors; neither doth the giving them add to or diminish from that subjection we owe to them, which consists in obeying their just and lawful commands, not in titles and designations.

Secondly, we find not that in the Scripture any such titles are used, either under the law or the gospel; but that, in speaking to kings, princes, or nobles they used only a simple compellation, as, 'O King!' and that without any further designation, save, perhaps, the name of the person, as, 'O King Agrippa,' &c.

Thirdly, it lays a necessity upon Christians most frequently to lie; because the persons obtaining these titles, either by election or hereditarily, may frequently be found to have nothing really in them deserving them, or answering to them: as some, to whom it is said, 'Your Excellency,' having nothing of excellency in them; and who is called 'Your Grace,' appear to be an enemy to grace; and he who is called 'Your Honour,' is known to be base and ignoble. I wonder what law of man, or what patent, ought to oblige me to make a lie, in calling good evil, and evil good. I wonder what law of man can secure me, in so doing, from the just judgment of God, that will make me count for every idle word. And to lie is something more. Surely Christians should be ashamed that such laws, manifestly crossing the law of God, should be among them.

Fourthly, as to those titles of 'Holiness,' 'Eminency,' and 'Excellency,' used among the Papists to the pope and cardinals, &c.; and 'Grace,' 'Lordship,' and 'Worship,' used to the clergy among the Protestants, it is a most blasphemous usurpation. For if they use 'Holiness' and 'Grace' because these things ought to be in a pope or in a bishop, how came they to usurp that peculiarly to themselves? Ought not holiness and grace to be in every Christian? And so every Christian should say 'Your Holiness' and 'Your Grace' one to another. Next, how can they in reason claim any more titles than were practised and received by the apostles and primitive Christians, whose successors they pretend they are; and as whose successors, and no otherwise, themselves, I judge, will confess any honour they seek is due to them? Now, if they neither sought, received, nor admitted such honour nor titles, how came these by them? If they say they did, let them prove it if they can: we find no such thing in the Scripture. The Christians speak to the apostles without any such denomination, neither saying, 'If it please your Grace,' 'your Holiness,' nor 'your Worship;' they are neither called My Lord Peter, nor My Lord Paul; nor yet Master Peter, nor Master Paul; nor Doctor Peter, nor Doctor Paul; but singly Peter and Paul; and that not only in the Scripture, but for some hundreds of years after: so that this appears to be a manifest fruit of the apostasy. For if these titles arise either from the office or worth of the persons, it will not be denied but the apostles deserved them better than any now that call for them. But the case is plain; the apostles had the holiness, the excellency, the grace; and because they were holy, excellent, and gracious, they neither used nor admitted such titles; but these having neither holiness, excellency, nor grace, will needs be so called to satisfy their ambitious and ostentatious mind, which is a manifest token of their hypocrisy.

Fifthly, as to that title of 'Majesty' usually ascribed to princes, we do not find it given to any such in the Holy Scripture; but that it is specially and peculiarly ascribed unto God. We find in the Scripture the proud king Nebuchadnezzar assuming this title to himself, who at that time received a sufficient reproof, by a sudden judgment which came upon him. Therefore, in all the compellations used to princes in the Old Testament, it is not to be found, nor yet in the New. Paul was very civil to Agrippa, yet he gives him no such title. Neither was this title used among Christians in the primitive times.

## RICHARD BAXTER.

RICHARD BAXTER (1615–1691) is justly esteemed the most eminent of the Nonconformist divines of this period. He was a native of Rowton, in Shropshire, and was educated chiefly at Wroxeter. 'My faults,' he said, 'are no disgrace to any university, for I was of none; I have little but what I had out of books, and inconsiderable helps of country tutors. Weakness and pain helped me to study how to die; that set me on studying how to live.' In 1638 he was ordained, and was appointed master of the Free School of Dudley. From 1640 to 1642 he was pastor of Kidderminster, and was highly popular and useful. During the Civil War he sided with the Parliament, and accepted the office of chaplain in the army, in which capacity he was present at the sieges of Bridgewater, Exeter, Bristol, and Worcester. He was disgusted with the frequent and vehement disputes about liberty of conscience, and was glad to leave the army and return to Kidderminster. Whilst there, whilst recovering from a severe illness, he wrote his work, *The Saints' Everlasting Rest*, 1653. When Cromwell assumed the supreme power, Baxter openly expressed his disapprobation, and, in a conference with the Protector, told him that 'the honest people of the land took their ancient monarchy to be a blessing, and not an evil.' He was always opposed to intolerance. 'We intended not,' he said, 'to dig down the banks, or pull up the hedge, and lay all waste and common, when we desired the prelates' tyranny might cease.' After the Restoration, Baxter was appointed one of the royal chaplains, but, like Owen, refused a bishopric offered him by Clarendon. The Act of Uniformity, in 1662, drove him out of the Established Church, and he retired to Acton, in Middlesex, where he spent several years in peaceful study and literary labour. The Act of Indulgence, in 1672, enabled him to repair to London; but the subsequent persecution of the Nonconformists interfered with his ministerial duties. In 1685, he published a *Paraphrase on the New Testament*, a plain practical treatise, but certain passages in which were held to be seditious, and Baxter was tried and condemned by the infamous Judge Jeffreys. When Baxter endeavoured to speak: 'Richard! Richard!' ejaculated the judge, 'dost thou think we'll hear thee poison the court? Richard, thou art an old fellow, an old knave; thou hast written books enough to load a cart. Hadst thou been whipt out of thy writing trade forty years ago, it had been happy.'

He was sentenced to pay 500 marks, and in default to be imprisoned in the King's Bench until it was paid. Through the generous exertions of a Catholic peer, Lord Powis, the fine was remitted, and after eighteen months' imprisonment, Baxter was set at liberty. He had now five years of tranquillity, dying 'in great peace and joy,' December 8, 1691. Baxter is said to have written no less than 168 separate works or publications! His practical treatises are still read and republished, especially his *Saints' Rest* and *Call to the Unconverted*, 1669. The latter was so popular, that 20,000 copies, it was said, were sold in one year. His *Reasons of the Christian Religion*, 1667, *Life of Faith*, 1670, *Christian Directory*, 1675, are also much prized theological works. His *Catholic Theology*, 1675, and *Methodus Theologiæ Christianæ*, 1681, embody the views and opinions of Baxter on religious subjects. In 1696, appeared *Reliquiæ Baxterianæ*, including an autobiography, entitled *A Narrative of the most Memorable Passages of my Life and Times*, published by Baxter's friend, Matthew Sylvester, a Nonconformist divine. This work is highly instructive, and, like Baxter's writings generally, was a favourite book of Dr Johnson. In our own day, it met with no less warm an admirer in Mr Coleridge, who terms it 'an inestimable work;' adding: 'I may not unfrequently doubt Baxter's memory, or even his competence, in consequence of his particular modes of thinking; but I could almost as soon doubt the Gospel verity as his veracity.' It is this *truthfulness* which gives so deep and permanent an interest to Baxter's life. We see what Mr Carlyle would call the *life of a real man*, ever in action or in self-retrospection; and as to what was passing around him, Baxter was an acute observer as well as profound thinker.

A complete edition of Baxter's works, with a Life of the Author, by the Rev. W. Orme, was published in 1827, in twenty-three volumes. Also, his *Practical Works*, four volumes, 1838.

### *Baxter's Judgment of his Writings.*

Concerning almost all my writings, I must confess that my own judgment is, that fewer, well studied and polished, had been better; but the reader who can safely censure the books, is not fit to censure the author, unless he had been upon the place, and acquainted with all the occasions and circumstances. Indeed, for the *Saints' Rest*, I had four months' vacancy to write it, but in the midst of continual languishing and medicine; but, for the rest, I wrote them in the crowd of all my other employments, which would allow me no great leisure for polishing and exactness, or any ornament; so that I scarce ever wrote one sheet twice over, nor stayed to make any blots or interlinings, but was fain to let it go as it was first conceived; and when my own desire was rather to stay upon one thing long than run over many, some sudden occasions or other extorted almost all my writings from me; and the apprehensions of present usefulness or necessity prevailed against all other motives; so that the divines which were at hand with me still put me on, and approved of what I did, because they were moved by present necessities as well as I; but those that were far off, and felt not those nearer motives, did rather wish that I had taken the other way, and published a few elaborate writings; and I am ready myself to be of their mind, when I forgot the case that I then stood in, and have lost the sense of former motives.

### *Fruits of Experience of Human Character.*

I now see more good and more evil in all men than heretofore I did. I see that good men are not so good as I once thought they were, but have more imperfections; and that nearer approach and fuller trial doth make the best appear more weak and faulty than their admirers at a distance think. And I find that few are so bad as either malicious enemies or censorious separating professors do imagine. In some, indeed, I find that human nature is corrupted into a greater likeness to devils than I once thought any on earth had been. But even in the wicked, usually there is more for grace to make advantage of, and more to testify for God and holiness, than I once believed there had been.

I less admire gifts of utterance, and bare profession of religion, than I once did; and have much more charity for many who, by the want of gifts, do make an obscurer profession than they. I once thought that almost all that could pray movingly and fluently, and talk well of religion, had been saints. But experience hath opened to me what odious crimes may consist with high profession; and I have met with divers obscure persons, not noted for any extraordinary profession, or forwardness in religion, but only to live a quiet blameless life, whom I have after found to have long lived, as far as I could discern, a truly godly and sanctified life; only, their prayers and duties were by accident kept secret from other men's observation. Yet he that upon this pretence would confound the godly and the ungodly, may as well go about to lay heaven and hell together.

### *Desire of Approbation.*

I am much less regardful of the approbation of man, and set much lighter by contempt or applause, than I did long ago. I am oft suspicious that this is not only from the increase of self-denial and humility, but partly from my being glutted and surfeited with human applause: and all worldly things appear most vain and unsatisfactory, when we have tried them most. But though I feel that this hath some hand in the effect, yet, as far as I can perceive, the knowledge of man's nothingness, and God's transcendent greatness, with whom it is that I have most to do, and the sense of the brevity of human things, and the nearness of eternity, are the principal causes of this effect; which some have imputed to self-conceitedness and morosity.

### *Change in the Estimate of his Own and Other Men's Knowledge.*

Heretofore, I knew much less than now, and yet was not half so much acquainted with my ignorance. I had a great delight in the daily new discoveries which I made, and of the light which shined in upon me—like a man that cometh into a country where he never was before—but I little knew either how imperfectly I understood those very points whose discovery so much delighted me, nor how much might be said against them, nor how many things I was yet a stranger to: but now I find far greater darkness upon all things, and perceive how very little it is that we know, in comparison of that which we are ignorant of, and have far meaner thoughts of my own understanding, though I must needs know that it is better furnished than it was then.

Accordingly, I had then a far higher opinion of learned persons and books than I have now; for what I wanted myself, I thought every reverend divine had attained, and was familiarly acquainted with; and what books I understood not, by reason of the strangeness of the terms or matter, I the more admired, and thought that others understood their worth. But now experience hath constrained me against my will to know, that reverend learned men are imperfect, and know but little as well as I, especially those that think themselves the wisest; and the better I am acquainted with them, the more I perceive that we are all yet in the dark: and the more I am acquainted with holy men, that are all for heaven, and pretend not much to subtilties, the more I value and honour them. And when I have studied hard to understand some abstruse admired book—as *De Scientia Dei*, *De Providentia circa Malum*, *De Decretis*, *De Prædeterminatione*, *De Libertate Creaturæ*, &c.—I have but attained the knowledge of human imperfections, and to see that the author is but a man as well as I.

And at first I took more upon my author's credit than now I can do; and when an author was highly commended to me by others, or pleased me in some part, I was ready to entertain the whole; whereas now I take and leave in the same author, and dissent in some things from him that I like best, as well as from others.

### *On the Credit due to History.*

I am much more cautelous [cautious or wary] in my belief of history than heretofore; not that I run into their extreme that will believe nothing because they cannot believe all things. But I am abundantly satisfied by the experience of this age that there is no believing two sorts of men, ungodly men and partial men; though an honest heathen, of no religion, may be believed, where enmity against religion biaseth him not; yet a debauched Christian, besides his enmity to the power and practice of his own religion, is seldom without some further bias of interest or faction; especially when these concur, and a man is both ungodly and ambitious, espousing an interest contrary to a holy heavenly life, and also factious, embodying himself with a sect or party suited to his spirit and designs; there is no believing his word or oath. If you read any man partially bitter against others, as differing from him in opinion, or as cross to his greatness, interest, or designs, take heed how you believe any more than the historical evidence, distinct from his word, compelleth you to believe. The prodigious lies which have been published in this age in matters of fact, with unblushing confidence, even where thousands of multitudes of eye and ear witnesses knew all to be false, doth call men to take heed what history they believe, especially where power and violence affordeth that privilege to the reporter, that no man dare answer him or detect his fraud; or if they do, their writings are all supprest. As long as men have liberty to examine and contradict one another, one may partly conjecture, by comparing their words, on which side the truth is like to lie. But when great men write history, or flatterers by their appointment, which no man dare contradict, believe it but as you are constrained. Yet, in these cases, I can freely believe history: 1. If the person shew that he is acquainted with what he saith. 2. And if he shew you the evidences of honesty and conscience, and the fear of God, which may be much perceived in the spirit of a writing. 3. If he appear to be impartial and charitable, and a lover of goodness and of mankind, and not possessed of malignity or personal ill-will and malice, nor carried away by faction or personal interest. Conscionable men dare not lie: but faction and interest abate men's tenderness of conscience. And a charitable impartial heathen may speak truth in a love to truth, and hatred of a lie; but ambitious malice and false religion will not stick to serve themselves on anything. . . . Sure I am, that as the lies of the Papists, of Luther, Zwinglius, Calvin, and Beza are visibly malicious and impudent, by the common plenary contradicting evidence, and yet the multitude of their seduced ones believe them all, in despite of truth and charity; so in this age there have been such things written against parties and persons, whom the writers design to make odious, so notoriously false, as you would think that the sense of their honour, at least, should have made it impossible for such men to write. My own eyes have read such words and actions asserted with most vehement, iterated, unblushing confidence, which abundance of ear-witnesses, even of their own parties, must needs know to have been altogether false: and therefore having myself now written this history of myself, notwithstanding my protestation that I have not in anything wilfully gone against the truth, I expect no more credit from the reader than the self-evidencing light of the matter, with concurrent rational advantages from persons, and things, and other witnesses, shall constrain him to, if he be a person that is unacquainted with the author himself, and the other evidences of his veracity and credibility.

### *Character of Sir Matthew Hale.*

He was a man of no quick utterance, but spake with great reason. He was most precisely just; insomuch that, I believe, he would have lost all he had in the world rather than do an unjust act. Patient in hearing the most tedious speech which any man had to make for himself. The pillar of justice, the refuge of the subject who feared oppression, and one of the greatest honours of his majesty's government; for, with some other upright judges, he upheld the honour of the English nation, that it fell not into the reproach of arbitrariness, cruelty, and utter confusion. Every man that had a just cause was almost past fear if he could but bring it to the court or assize where he was judge; for the other judges seldom contradicted him.

He was the great instrument for rebuilding London; for when an act was made for deciding all controversies that hindered it, he was the constant judge, who for nothing followed the work, and, by his prudence and justice, removed a multitude of great impediments.

His great advantage for innocency was, that he was no lover of riches or of grandeur. His garb was too plain; he studiously avoided all unnecessary familiarity with great persons, and all that manner of living which signifieth wealth and greatness. He kept no greater a family than myself. I lived in a small house, which, for a pleasant back opening, he had a mind to; but caused a stranger, that he might not be suspected to be the man, to know of me whether I were willing to part with it, before he would meddle with it. In that house he lived contentedly, without any pomp, and without costly or troublesome retinue or visitors; but not without charity to the poor. He continued the study of physics and mathematics still, as his great delight. He had got but a very small estate, though he had long the greatest practice, because he would take but little money, and undertake no more business than he could well despatch. He often offered to the lord chancellor to resign his place, when he was blamed for doing that which he supposed was justice. He had been the learned Selden's intimate friend, and one of his executors; and because the Hobbians and other infidels would have persuaded the world that Selden was of their mind, I desired him to tell me the truth therein. He assured me that Selden was an earnest professor of the Christian faith, and so angry an adversary to Hobbes, that he hath rated him out of the room.

### *Observance of the Sabbath in Baxter's Youth.*

I cannot forget that in my youth, in those late times, when we lost the labours of some of our conformable godly teachers, for not reading publicly the Book of Sports* and dancing on the Lord's Day, one of my father's own tenants was the town-piper, hired by the year, for many years together, and the place of the dancing assembly was not a hundred yards from our door. We could not, on the Lord's Day, either read a chapter, or pray, or sing a psalm, or catechise, or instruct a servant, but with the noise of the pipe and tabor, and the shoutings in the street, continually in our ears. Even among a tractable people, we were the common scorn of all the rabble in the streets, and called puritans, precisians, and hypocrites, because we rather chose to read the Scriptures than to do as they did; though there was no savour of nonconformity in our family. And when the people by the book were allowed to play and dance out of public service-time, they could so hardly break off their sports, that many a time the reader was fain to stay till the piper and players would give over. Sometimes the morris-dancers would come into the church in all their linen, and scarfs, and antic dresses, with morris-bells jingling at their legs; and as soon as common prayer was read, did haste out presently to their play again.

### *Theological Controversies.*

My mind being these many years immersed in studies of this nature, and having also long wearied myself in searching what fathers and schoolmen have said of such things before us, and my genius abhorring confusion and equivocals, I came, by many years' longer study, to perceive that most of the doctrinal controversies among Protestants are far more about equivocal words than matter; and it wounded my soul to perceive what work both tyrannical and unskilful disputing clergymen had made these thirteen hundred years in the world! Experience, since the year 1643, till this year, 1675, hath loudly called me to repent of my own prejudices, sidings, and censurings of causes and persons not understood, and of all the miscarriages of my ministry and life which have been thereby caused; and to make it my chief work to call men that are within my hearing to more peaceable thoughts, affections, and practices. And my endeavours have not been in vain, in that the ministers of the county where I lived were very many of such a peaceable temper, and a great number more through the land, by God's grace, rather than any endeavours of mine, are so minded. But the sons of the cowl were exasperated the more against me, and accounted him to be against every man that called all men to love and peace, and was for no man as in the contrary way.

## JOHN BUNYAN.

JOHN BUNYAN (1628–1688), the son of a tinker residing at Elstow, in Bedfordshire, is one of the most remarkable of English authors. He was taught in childhood to read and write, and afterwards, having resolved to follow his father's occupation, travelled for many years about the country in the usual gipsy-life of his profession. At this time he is represented to have been sunk in profligacy and wickedness; but, like many other religious enthusiasts, Bunyan exaggerated the depravity of his unregenerated condition, and his biographers have too literally taken him at his word. Ringing bells, dancing, and playing at hockey were included among his sinful propensities. He was also addicted to profane swearing; but on a woman remonstrating with him as to this vice, he at once abandoned it. His early marriage, at the age of nineteen, saved him from another species of wickedness. And as Macaulay has remarked, 'those horrible internal conflicts which Bunyan has described with so much power of language, prove, not that he was a worse man than his neighbours, but that his mind was constantly occupied by religious considerations; that his fervour exceeded his knowledge; and that his imagination exercised despotic power over his body and mind.' When a young man, Bunyan served in the army of the Parliament. After his first spiritual impulses had been awakened, he continued long hanging—to use his own figurative language—'as in a pair of scales, sometimes up and sometimes down; now in peace, and now again in terror.' By degrees his religious impressions acquired strength and permanence; till, after many doubts respecting his salvation, and the reality of his possession of faith—which last circumstance he was once on the eve of putting to the test by commanding some water-puddles to be dry—he at length attained a comfortable state of mind; and, having resolved to lead a moral and pious life, was, about the year 1655, baptised and admitted as a member of the Baptist congregation in Bedford. By the solicitation of the other members of that body, he was induced to become a preacher, though not without some modest reluctance on his part. After zealously preaching the gospel for five years, he was apprehended as a maintainer and upholder of assemblies for religious purposes, which, soon after the Restoration, had been declared unlawful. His sentence of condemnation to perpetual banishment was commuted to imprisonment in Bedford jail, where he remained for twelve years and a half. During that long period he employed himself partly in writing pious works, and partly in making tagged laces for the support of himself and his family. His library while in prison consisted but of two books, the Bible and Fox's *Book of Martyrs*, with both of which his own productions shew him to have become familiar. Having been liberated through the benevolent endeavours of Dr Barlow, bishop of Lincoln, he resumed his occupation of itinerant preacher, and continued to exercise it until the proclamation of liberty of conscience by James II. After that event, he was enabled, by the contributions of his friends, to erect a meeting-house in Bedford, where his preaching attracted large congregations during the remainder of his life. He frequently visited and preached to the Nonconformists in London, and when there in 1688, was cut off by fever in the sixty-first year of his age.

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* James I. published a declaration permitting recreations on Sunday—as dancing, archery, May-games, morris-dances, &c. This was ordered to be read in churches. The act, however, was not enforced in the reign of James, but it was renewed by Charles I. The clergy who refused to read this edict or Book of Sports from the pulpit, were punished by suspension or expulsion.

While in prison at Bedford, Bunyan, as we have said, composed several works; of these, *The Pilgrim's Progress from this World to that which is to come* is the one which has acquired the most extensive celebrity. Ten editions were published between 1678 and 1685. The second part (now always printed with the first) appeared in 1684. The popularity of the work is almost unrivalled; it has gone through innumerable editions, and been translated into most of the European languages. The object of this remarkable production, it is hardly necessary to say, is to give an allegorical view of the life of a Christian, his difficulties, temptations, encouragements, and ultimate triumph; and this is done with such skill and graphic effect, that the book, though upon the most serious of subjects, is read by children with nearly as much pleasure as fictions professedly written for their amusement. The work is, throughout, strongly imbued with the Calvinistic principles of the author, who, in relating the contentions of his hero with the powers of darkness, and the terrible visions by which he was so frequently appalled, has doubtless drawn largely from what he himself experienced under the influence of his own fervid imagination. A vein of latent sarcasm and humour also runs through the work, as Bunyan depicts his halting and time-serving characters—the worldly personages that cumber and obstruct the pilgrim on his way. Of the literary merits of *The Pilgrim's Progress,* Mr Southey speaks in the following terms: 'His is a home-spun style, not a manufactured one; and what a difference is there between its homeliness and the flippant vulgarity of the Roger L'Estrange and Tom Brown school! If it is not a well of English undefiled to which the poet as well as the philologist must repair, if they would drink of the living waters, it is a clear stream of current English, the vernacular speech of his age, sometimes, indeed, in its rusticity and coarseness, but always in its plainness and its strength. To this natural style Bunyan is in some degree beholden for his general popularity; his language is everywhere level to the most ignorant reader and to the meanest capacity; there is a homely reality about it; a nursery tale is not more intelligible, in its manner of narration, to a child. Another cause of his popularity is, that he taxes the imagination as little as the understanding. The vividness of his own, which, as his history shews, sometimes could not distinguish ideal impressions from actual ones, occasioned this. He saw the things of which he was writing as distinctly with his mind's eye as if they were indeed passing before him in a dream. And the reader perhaps sees them more satisfactorily to himself, because the outline of the picture only is presented to him, and the author having made no attempt to fill up the details, every reader supplies them according to the measure and scope of his own intellectual and imaginative powers.'* By universal assent the inspired tinker is ranked with our English classics and great masters of allegory; yet, so late as 1782, Cowper dared not name him in his poetry, lest the name should provoke a sneer! Another allegorical production of Bunyan, which is still read, though less extensively, is *The Holy War made by King Shaddai upon Diabolus, for the Regaining of the Metropolis of the World, or the Losing and Retaking of Mansoul* (1682). The fall of man is typified by the capture of the flourishing city of Mansoul by Diabolus, the enemy of its rightful sovereign, Shaddai, or Jehovah; whose son Immanuel recovers it after a tedious siege. Bunyan's *Grace abounding to the Chief of Sinners*—of which the most remarkable portions are given below—is an interesting though highly coloured narrative of his own life and religious experience. His other works are numerous, but inferior, and collected editions of the whole have often been reprinted. One of the best is that of 1853, in three volumes, edited by George Offor.

### *Extracts from Bunyan's Autobiography.*

In this my relation of the merciful working of God upon my soul, it will not be amiss, if, in the first place, I do, in a few words, give you a hint of my pedigree and manner of bringing up, that thereby the goodness and bounty of God towards me may be the more advanced and magnified before the sons of men.

For my descent, then, it was, as is well known by many, of a low and inconsiderable generation, my father's house being of that rank that is meanest and most despised of all the families of the land. Wherefore I have not here, as others, to boast of noble blood, and of any high-born state, according to the flesh, though, all things considered, I magnify the heavenly majesty, for that by this door he brought me into the world, to partake of the grace and life that is in Christ by the gospel. But, notwithstanding the meanness and inconsiderableness of my parents, it pleased God to put it into their hearts to put me to school, to learn me both to read and write; the which I also attained, according to the rate of other poor men's children, though to my shame, I confess I did soon lose that I had learned, even almost utterly, and that long before the Lord did work his gracious work of conversion upon my soul. As for my own natural life, for the time that I was without God in the world, it was, indeed, according to the course of this world, and the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience, Eph. ii. 2, 3. It was my delight to be taken captive by the devil at his will, 2 Tim. ii. 26, being filled with all unrighteousness; the which did also so strongly work, both in my heart and life, that I had but few equals, both for cursing, swearing, lying, and blaspheming the holy name of God. Yea, so settled and rooted was I in these things, that they became as a second nature to me; the which, as I have also with soberness considered since, did so offend the Lord, that even in my childhood he did scare and terrify me with fearful dreams and visions. For often, after I had spent this and the other day in sin, I have been greatly afflicted while asleep with the apprehensions of devils and wicked spirits, who, as I then thought, laboured to draw me away with them, of which I could never be rid. Also I should, at these years, be greatly troubled with the thoughts of the fearful torments of hell-fire, still fearing that it would be my lot to be found at last among those devils and hellish fiends, who are there bound down with the chains and bonds of darkness unto the judgment of the great day.

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* Life of Bunyan prefixed to *The Pilgrim's Progress,* 1831.

These things, I say, when I was but a child but nine or ten years old, did so distress my soul, that then, in the midst of my many sports and childish vanities, amidst my vain companions, I was often much cast down and afflicted in my mind therewith, yet could I not let go my sins. Yea, I was also then so overcome with despair of life and heaven, that I should often wish either that there had been no hell, or that I had been a devil, supposing they were only tormentors, that if it must needs be that I went thither, I might be rather a tormentor than be tormented myself.

A while after, these terrible dreams did leave me, which also I soon forgot; for my pleasures did quickly cut off the remembrance of them, as if they had never been; wherefore, with more greediness, according to the strength of nature, I did still let loose the reins of my lusts, and delighted in all transgressions against the law of God; so that, until I came to the state of marriage, I was the very ringleader in all manner of vice and ungodliness. Yea, such prevalency had the lusts of the flesh on my poor soul, that, had not a miracle of precious grace prevented, I had not only perished by the stroke of eternal justice, but also laid myself open to the stroke of those laws which bring some to disgrace and shame before the face of the world.

In these days the thoughts of religion were very grievous to me; I could neither endure it myself, nor that any other should; so that when I have seen some read in those books that concerned Christian piety, it would be as it were a prison to me. Then I said unto God: 'Depart from me, for I desire not the knowledge of thy ways,' Job, xxi. 14, 15. I was now void of all good consideration; heaven and hell were both out of sight and mind; and as for saving and damning, they were least in my thoughts. 'O Lord, thou knowest my life, and my ways are not hid from thee.'

But this I well remember, that, though I could myself sin with the greatest delight and ease, yet even then, if I had at any time seen wicked things, by those who professed goodness, it would make my spirit tremble. As once, above all the rest, when I was in the height of vanity, yet hearing one to swear that was reckoned for a religious man, it had so great a stroke upon my spirit, that it made my heart ache. But God did not utterly leave me, but followed me still, not with convictions, but judgments mixed with mercy. For once I fell into a creek of the sea, and hardly escaped drowning. Another time I fell out of a boat into Bedford river, but mercy yet preserved me; besides, another time being in the field with my companions, it chanced that an adder passed over the highway, so I, having a stick, struck her over the back, and having stunned her, I forced open her mouth with my stick, and plucked her sting out with my fingers; by which act, had not God been merciful to me, I might, by my desperateness, have brought myself to my end. This, also, I have taken notice of with thanksgiving: when I was a soldier, I with others were drawn out to go to such a place to besiege it; but when I was just ready to go, one of the company desired to go in my room; to which, when I had consented, he took my place, and coming to the siege, as he stood sentinel, he was shot in the head with a musket-bullet, and died. Here, as I said, were judgments and mercy, but neither of them did awaken my soul to righteousness; wherefore I sinned still, and grew more and more rebellious against God, and careless of my own salvation.

Presently after this I changed my condition into a married state, and my mercy was to light upon a wife whose father and mother were counted godly; this woman and I, though we came together as poor as poor might be—not having so much household stuff as a dish or spoon betwixt us both—yet this she had for her part, *The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven*, and *The Practice of Piety*, which her father had left when he died. In these two books I sometimes read, wherein I found some things that were somewhat pleasant to me—but all this while I met with no conviction. She also often would tell me what a godly man her father was, and how he would reprove and correct vice, both in his house and among his neighbours, and what a strict and holy life he lived in his days, both in word and deed. Wherefore these books, though they did not reach my heart to awaken it about my sad and sinful state, yet they did beget within me some desires to reform my vicious life, and fall in very eagerly with the religion of the times; to wit, to go to church twice a day, and there very devoutly both say and sing as others did, yet retaining my wicked life; but withal was so overrun with the spirit of superstition, that I adored, and that with great devotion, even all things—both the high-place, priest, clerk, vestment, service, and what else—belonging to the church; counting all things holy that were therein contained, and especially the priest and clerk most happy, and, without doubt, greatly blessed, because they were the servants, as I then thought, of God, and were principal in the holy temple, to do his work therein. This conceit grew so strong upon my spirit, that had I but seen a priest, though never so sordid and debauched in his life, I should find my spirit fall under him, reverence him, and knit unto him; yea, I thought for the love I did bear unto them—supposing they were the ministers of God—I could have lain down at their feet, and have been trampled upon by them—their name, their garb, and work did so intoxicate and bewitch me. . . .

But all this while I was not sensible of the danger and evil of sin; I was kept from considering that sin would damn me, what religion soever I followed, unless I was found in Christ. Nay, I never thought whether there was such a one or no. Thus man, while blind, doth wander, for he knoweth not the way to the city of God, Eccles. x. 15.

But one day, amongst all the sermons our parson made, his subject was to treat of the Sabbath-day, and of the evil of breaking that, either with labour, sports, or otherwise; wherefore I fell in my conscience under his sermon, thinking and believing that he made that sermon on purpose to shew me my evil doing. And at that time I felt what guilt was, though never before that I can remember; but then I was for the present greatly loaded therewith, and so went home, when the sermon was ended, with a great burden upon my spirit. This, for that instant, did embitter my former pleasures to me; but hold, it lasted not, for before I had well dined, the trouble began to go off my mind, and my heart returned to its old course; but oh, how glad was I that this trouble was gone from me, and that the fire was put out, that I might sin again without control! Wherefore, when I had satisfied nature with my food, I shook the sermon out of my mind, and to my old custom of sports and gaming I returned with great delight.

But the same day, as I was in the midst of a game of cat, and having struck it one blow from the hole, just as I was about to strike it the second time, a voice did suddenly dart from heaven into my soul, which said: 'Wilt thou leave thy sins and go to heaven, or have thy sins and go to hell?' At this I was put to an exceeding maze; wherefore, leaving my cat upon the ground, I looked up to heaven, and was as if I had, with the eyes of my understanding, seen the Lord Jesus look down upon me, as being very hotly displeased with me, and as if he did severely threaten me with some grievous punishment for those and other ungodly practices. . . .

But quickly after this, I fell into company with one poor man that made profession of religion, who, as I then thought, did talk pleasantly of the Scriptures and of religion; wherefore, liking what he said, I betook me to my Bible, and began to take great pleasure in reading. . . . Wherefore I fell to some outward reformation both in my words and life, and did set the commandments before me for my way to heaven; which commandments I also did strive to keep, and, as I thought, did keep them pretty well sometimes, and then I should have comfort; yet now and then should break one, and so afflict my conscience; but then I should repent, and say I was sorry for it, and promise God to do better next time, and there got help again; for then I thought I pleased God as well as any man in England.

Thus I continued about a year, all which time our neighbours did take me to be a very godly and religious man, and did marvel much to see such great alteration in my life and manners; and, indeed, so it was, though I knew not Christ, nor grace, nor faith, nor hope; for, as I have since seen, had I then died, my state had been most fearful. But, I say, my neighbours were amazed at this my great conversion—from prodigious profaneness to something like a moral life and sober man. Now, therefore, they began to praise, to commend, and to speak well of me, both to my face and behind my back. Now I was, as they said, become godly; now I was become a right honest man. But oh! when I understood those were their words and opinions of me, it pleased me mighty well; for though as yet I was nothing but a poor painted hypocrite, yet I loved to be talked of as one that was truly godly. I was proud of my godliness, and, indeed, I did all I did either to be seen of or well spoken of by men; and thus I continued for about a twelvemonth or more.

Now you must know, that before this I had taken much delight in ringing, but my conscience beginning to be tender, I thought such practice was but vain, and therefore forced myself to leave it; yet my mind hankered; wherefore I would go to the steeple-house and look on, though I durst not ring; but I thought this did not become religion neither; yet I forced myself, and would look on still. But quickly after, I began to think, 'How, if one of the bells should fall?' Then I chose to stand under a main beam that lay overthwart the steeple, from side to side, thinking here I might stand sure; but then I thought again, should the bell fall with a swing, it might first hit the wall, and then rebounding upon me, might kill me for all this beam. This made me stand in the steeple-door; and now, thought I, I am safe enough; for if the bell should then fall, I can slip out behind these thick walls, and so be preserved notwithstanding. So after this I would yet go to see them ring, but would not go any further than the steeple-door; but then it came into my head, 'How, if the steeple itself should fall?' And this thought—it may, for aught I know, when I stood and looked on—did continually so shake my mind, that I durst not stand at the steeple-door any longer, but was forced to flee, for fear the steeple should fall upon my head.

Another thing was my dancing; I was a full year before I could quite leave that. But all this while, when I thought I kept that or this commandment, or did by word or deed anything I thought was good, I had great peace in my conscience, and would think with myself, God cannot choose but be now pleased with me; yea, to relate it in my own way, I thought no man in England could please God better than I. But, poor wretch as I was, I was all this while ignorant of Jesus Christ, and going about to establish my own righteousness; and had perished therein, had not God in his mercy shewed me more of my state by nature.

### *The Golden City.—From 'The Pilgrim's Progress.'*

Now I saw in my dream that by this time the pilgrims were got over the Enchanted Ground, and entering into the country of Beulah, whose air was very sweet and pleasant, the way lying directly through it, they solaced them there for the season. Yea, here they heard continually the singing of birds, and saw every day the flowers appear in the earth, and heard the voice of the turtle in the land. In this country the sun shineth night and day; wherefore it was beyond the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and also out of the reach of Giant Despair; neither could they from this place so much as see Doubting Castle. Here they were within sight of the city they were going to; also here met them some of the inhabitants thereof: for in this land the shining ones commonly walked, because it was upon the borders of Heaven. In this land, also, the contract between the bride and bridegroom was renewed; yea, here, 'as the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so did their God rejoice over them.' Here they had no want of corn and wine; for in this place they met abundance of what they had sought for in all their pilgrimage. Here they heard voices from out of the city, loud voices, saying: 'Say ye to the daughter of Zion, behold thy salvation cometh! Behold, his reward is with him!' Here all the inhabitants of the country called them 'the holy people, the redeemed of the Lord, sought out,' &c.

Now, as they walked in this land, they had more rejoicing than in parts more remote from the kingdom to which they were bound; and drawing nearer to the city yet, they had a more perfect view thereof: it was built of pearls and precious stones, also the streets thereof were paved with gold; so that, by reason of the natural glory of the city, and the reflection of the sunbeams upon it, Christian with desire fell sick; Hopeful also had a fit or two of the same disease: wherefore here they lay by it a while, crying out, because of their pangs: 'If you see my Beloved, tell him that I am sick of love.'

But being a little strengthened, and better able to bear their sickness, they walked on their way, and came yet nearer and nearer, where were orchards, vineyards, and gardens, and their gates opened into the highway. Now, as they came up to these places, behold the gardener stood in the way, to whom the pilgrims said: Whose goodly vineyards and gardens are these? He answered: They are the King's, and are planted here for his own delight, and also for the solace of pilgrims: so the gardener had them into the vineyards, and bid them refresh themselves with dainties; he also shewed them there the King's walks and arbours, where he delighted to be; and here they tarried and slept.

Now, I beheld in my dream that they talked more in their sleep at this time than ever they did in all their journey; and being in a muse thereabout, the gardener said even to me: Wherefore musest thou at the matter? It is the nature of the fruit of the grapes of these vineyards to go down so sweetly, as to cause the lips of them that are asleep to speak.

So I saw that when they awoke, they addressed themselves to go up to the city. But, as I said, the reflection of the sun upon the city—for the city was pure gold—was so extremely glorious, that they could not as yet with open face behold it, but through an instrument made for that purpose. So I saw that, as they went on, there met them two men in raiment that shone like gold; also their faces shone as the light.

These men asked the pilgrims whence they came; and they told them. They also asked them where they had lodged, what difficulties and dangers, what comforts and pleasures, they had met with in their way; and they told them. Then said the men that met them: You have but two difficulties more to meet with, and then you are in the city.

Christian and his companion then asked the men to go along with them; so they told them that they would. But, said they, you must obtain it by your own faith. So I saw in my dream that they went on together till they came in sight of the gate.

Now, I further saw that betwixt them and the gate was a river, but there was no bridge to go over, and the river was very deep. At the sight, therefore, of this river, the pilgrims were much stunned; but the men that went with them said: You must go through, or you cannot come to the gate.

The pilgrims then began to inquire if there was no other way to the gate; to which they answered: Yes; but there hath not any, save two, to wit, Enoch and

Elijah, been permitted to tread that path since the foundation of the world, nor shall, until the last trumpet shall sound. The pilgrims then—especially Christian—began to despond in their minds, and looked this way and that; but no way could be found by them by which they might escape the river. Then they asked the men if the waters were all of a depth. They said: No; yet they could not help them in that case; for, said they, you shall find it deeper or shallower, as you believe in the King of the place.

They then addressed themselves to the water, and entering, Christian began to sink, and crying out to his good friend Hopeful, he said: I sink in deep waters: the billows go over my head; all the waters go over me. Selah.

Then said the other: Be of good cheer, my brother; I feel the bottom, and it is good. Then said Christian: Ah! my friend, the sorrow of death hath encompassed me about: I shall not see the land that flows with milk and honey. . . .

Then I saw in my dream that Christian was in a muse a while. To whom, also, Hopeful added these words: Be of good cheer; Jesus Christ maketh thee whole: and with that Christian brake out with a loud voice—Oh! I see him again; and he tells me: 'When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.' Then they both took courage, and the enemy was after that as still as a stone, until they were gone over. Christian, therefore, presently found ground to stand upon, and so it followed that the rest of the river was but shallow; but thus they got over. Now, upon the bank of the river on the other side, they saw the two shining men again, who there waited for them; wherefore, being come out of the river, they saluted them, saying: 'We are ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to those that shall be heirs of salvation.' Thus they went along toward the gate. Now, you must note that the city stood upon a mighty hill; but the pilgrims went up that hill with ease, because they had these two men to lead them up by the arms; they had likewise left their mortal garments behind them in the river; for though they went in with them, they came out without them. They therefore went up here with much agility and speed, though the foundation upon which the city was framed was higher than the clouds; they therefore went up through the region of the air, sweetly talking as they went, being comforted because they got safely over the river, and had such glorious companions to attend them.

Now, while they were thus drawing towards the gate, behold a company of the heavenly host came out to meet them; to whom it was said by the other two shining ones: These are the men who loved our Lord when they were in the world, and have left all for his holy name; and he hath sent us to fetch them, and we have brought them thus far on their desired journey, that they may go in and look their Redeemer in the face with joy. Then the heavenly host gave a great shout, saying: 'Blessed are they that are called to the marriage-supper of the Lamb.' There came also out at this time to meet them several of the King's trumpeters, clothed in white and shining raiment, who, with melodious and loud noises, made even the heavens to echo with their sound. These trumpeters saluted Christian and his fellow with ten thousand welcomes from the world; and this they did with shouting and sound of trumpet.

This done, they compassed them round about on every side; some went before, some behind, and some on the right hand, some on the left—as it were to guard them through the upper regions—continually sounding as they went, with melodious noise, in notes on high; so that the very sight was to them that could behold it as if heaven itself was come down to meet them. Thus, therefore, they walked on together; and as they walked, ever and anon these trumpeters, even with joyful sound, would, by mixing their music with looks and gestures, still signify to Christian and his brother how welcome they were into their company, and with what gladness they came to meet them: and now were these two men, as it were, in heaven before they came at it, being swallowed up with the sight of angels, and with hearing their melodious notes. Here, also, they had the city itself in view, and thought they heard all the bells therein to ring, to welcome them thereto. But, above all, the warm and joyful thoughts that they had about their own dwelling there with such company, and that for ever and ever. Oh! by what tongue or pen can their glorious joy be expressed! Thus they came up to the gate.

Now, when they were come up to the gate, there was written over in letters of gold: 'Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have a right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.'

Then I saw in my dream that the shining men bid them call at the gate; the which, when they did, some from above looked over the gate, to wit, Enoch, Moses, Elijah, &c.; to whom it was said: These pilgrims are come from the City of Destruction, for the love that they bear to the King of this place; and then the pilgrims gave in unto them each man his certificate, which they had received in the beginning: those, therefore, were carried in to the King, who, when he had read them, said: Where are the men? To whom it was answered: They are standing without the gate. The King then commanded to open the gate, 'That the righteous nation,' said he, 'that keepeth truth, may enter in.'

Now, I saw in my dream that these two men went in at the gate; and lo, as they entered, they were transfigured, and they had raiment put on that shone like gold. There were also that met them with harps and crowns, and gave to them the harps to praise withal, and the crowns in token of honour. Then I heard in my dream that all the bells in the city rang again for joy, and that it was said unto them: 'Enter ye into the joy of your Lord.' I also heard the men themselves, that they sang with a loud voice, saying: 'Blessing, honour, and glory, and power be to Him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb, for ever and ever.'

Now, just as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and behold the city shone like the sun; the streets, also, were paved with gold, and in them walked many men with crowns on their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps, to sing praises withal.

## DR JOHN OWEN.

DR JOHN OWEN (1616-1683), after studying at Oxford for the Church of England, became a Presbyterian, but finally joined the Independents. He was highly esteemed by the Long Parliament, and was frequently called upon to preach before them on public occasions. Cromwell, in particular, was so highly pleased with him, that, when going to Ireland, he insisted on Dr Owen accompanying him, for the purpose of regulating and superintending the College of Dublin. After spending six months in that city, Owen returned to his clerical duties in England, from which, however, he was again speedily called away by Cromwell, who took him in 1650 to Edinburgh, where he spent six months. Subsequently, he was promoted to the deanery of Christ Church College in Oxford, and soon after, to the vice-chancellorship of the university, which offices he held till Cromwell's death. After the Restoration, he was favoured by Lord Clarendon, who offered him a preferment in the church if he would conform; but this Dr Owen declined. The persecution of the Nonconformists repeatedly disposed him to emigrate to New England, but attachment to his native country prevailed. Notwithstanding his decided hostility to the church, the amiable dispositions and agreeable manners of Owen procured him much esteem from many eminent churchmen, among whom was the king himself, who on one occasion sent for him, and, after a conversation of two hours, gave him a thousand guineas to be distributed among those who had suffered most from the recent persecution. He was a man of extensive learning, and most estimable character. His extreme industry is evinced by the voluminousness of his publications, which amount to no fewer than seven volumes in folio, twenty in quarto, and about thirty in octavo. Among these are a collection of *Sermons*, *An Exposition on the Epistle to the Hebrews*, *A Discourse of the Holy Spirit*, and *The Divine Original and Authority of the Scriptures.*

The style of Owen merits little praise. He wrote too rapidly and carelessly to produce compositions either vigorous or beautiful. Robert Hall entertained a decided antipathy to the writings of this celebrated divine. 'I can't think how you like Dr Owen,' said he to a friend; 'I can't read him with any patience; I never read a page of Dr Owen, sir, without finding some confusion in his thoughts, either a truism or a contradiction in terms. Sir, he is a double Dutchman, floundering in a continent of mud.' For moderation in controversy, Dr Owen was most honourably distinguished among the theological warriors of his age.

### JOHN HOWE.

This able and amiable Nonconformist (1630-1705) was a native of Loughborough, in Leicestershire, where his father was parish minister. He was educated at Cambridge, and was the friend of Cudworth and Henry More. In 1652, he was ordained minister of Great Torrington, in Devonshire. His severe clerical duty is thus described: Upon public fasts he used to begin at nine in the morning with a prayer of a quarter of an hour, then read and expounded Scripture for about three quarters; prayed an hour, preached another hour, and prayed again for half an hour. The people then sung for a quarter of an hour, during which he retired and took a little refreshment: he then went into the pulpit again, prayed an hour more, preached another hour, and concluded with a prayer of half an hour! In 1656, Howe was selected by Cromwell to reside at Whitehall as one of his chaplains. As he had not coveted the office, he seems never to have liked it. The 'affected disorderliness' of the Protector's family as to religious matters made him despair of doing good in his office of chaplain, and he conscientiously opposed and preached against a doctrine which is thus stated by Mr Henry Rogers, the biographer of Howe:

#### *Fanaticism of Cromwell's Court.*

> It was a very prevalent opinion in Cromwell's court, and seems to have been entertained by Cromwell himself, that whenever the 'special favourites' of Heaven offered up their supplications for themselves or others, secret intimations were conveyed to the mind, that the particular blessings they implored would be certainly bestowed, and even indications afforded of the particular method in which their wishes would be accomplished. Howe himself confessed to Calamy, in a private conversation on this subject, that the prevalence of the notion at Whitehall, at the time he lived there, was too notorious to be denied; that great pains were taken to cherish and diffuse it; and that he himself had heard 'a person of note' preach a sermon with the avowed design of maintaining and defending it. To point out the pernicious consequences of such an opinion would be superfluous. Of course, there could be no lack of 'special favourites of Heaven' in an age and court like those of Cromwell; and all the dangerous illusions which a fanatical imagination might inspire, and all the consequent horrors to which a fanatical zeal could prompt, would of course plead the sanction of an express revelation.

Howe continued chaplain to the Protector, and, after Oliver's death, he resided in the same capacity with Richard Cromwell. When Richard was set aside, the minister returned to Great Torrington, but was ejected by the Act of Uniformity in 1662. He subsequently officiated as minister in Ireland and London, and found leisure to write those admirable works of practical divinity which have placed him among the most gifted and eminent of the Nonconformist divines of England. He has been termed the 'Platonic Puritan.' The principal works of John Howe are his *Living Temple* (1676-1702), a treatise on *Delighting in God*, *The Blessedness of the Righteous*, *The Vanity of Man as Mortal*, a *Tractate on the Divine Presence*, an *Inquiry into the Doctrine of the Trinity*, and *The Redeemer's Dominion over the Invisible World* (1699). To the excellence of these works all theological writers and critics have borne testimony. Robert Hall acknowledged that he had learned more from John Howe than from any other author he ever read, and he said there was 'an astonishing magnificence in his conceptions.' A collected edition of Howe's works, with a Life by Dr Edmund Calamy, was published in 1724. Other editions followed, and the latest we have seen is one in three volumes, 8vo, 1848, with Life by Rev. J. P. Hewlett. The *Life and Character of John Howe, with an Analysis of his Writings*, by Henry Rogers, is a valuable work, and affords a good view of the state of religious parties and controversies in England from the time of the Commonwealth down to the death of Howe.

### EDMUND CALAMY—JOHN FLAVEL—MATTHEW HENRY.

EDMUND CALAMY (1600-1666) was originally a clergyman of the Church of England, but had become a Nonconformist before settling in London as a preacher in 1639. A celebrated production against Episcopacy, called *Smectymnuus*, from the initials of the names of the writers, and in which Calamy was concerned, appeared in the following year. He was much in favour with the Presbyterian party; but was, on the whole, a moderate man, and disapproved of those measures which terminated in the death of the king. Having exerted himself to promote the restoration of Charles II. he subsequently received the offer of a bishopric; but, after much deliberation, it was rejected. The passing of the Act of Uniformity in 1662 made him retire from his ministerial duties in the metropolis several years before his death. His sermons were of a plain and practical character; and five of them, published under the title of *The Godly Man's Ark, or a City of Refuge in the Day of his Distress*, acquired much popularity.

**JOHN FLAVEL** (1627-1691) was a zealous preacher at Dartmouth, where he suffered severely for his nonconformity. In the pulpit he was distinguished for the warmth, fluency, and variety of his devotional exercises, which, like his writings, were somewhat tinged with enthusiasm. His works, occupying two folio volumes, are written in a plain and perspicuous style, and some of them are still highly valued. Among the Scottish peasantry, many of Flavel's works are popular.

**MATTHEW HENRY** (1662-1714) was the son of Philip Henry, a pious and learned Nonconformist minister in Flintshire. He entered as a student of law in Gray's Inn; but, yielding to a strong desire for the office of the ministry, he soon abandoned the pursuit of the law, and turned his attention to theology, which he studied with great diligence and zeal. In 1685 he was chosen pastor of a Nonconformist congregation at Chester, where he officiated for twenty-five years. In 1711 he changed the scene of his labours to Hackney, where he continued till his death in 1714. Of a variety of theological works published by this excellent divine, the largest and best known is his Commentary on the Bible, which he did not live to complete. It was originally printed in five volumes folio. The Commentary on the Epistles was added by various divines. Considered as a learned explanation of the sacred volume, this popular production is not of great value; but its practical remarks are peculiarly interesting, and have secured for it a place in the very first class of expository works. Robert Hall, for the last two years of his life, read daily two chapters of Matthew Henry's Commentary, a work which he had not before read consecutively, though he had long known and valued it. As he proceeded, he felt increasing interest and pleasure, greatly admiring the copiousness, variety, and pious ingenuity of the thoughts; the simplicity, strength, and pregnancy of the expressions. Dr Chalmers was also a warm admirer of Henry, whose Commentary is still frequently republished. The following extract from the exposition of Matthew vi. 24, may be taken as a specimen of the nervous and pointed remarks with which the work abounds:

### *Ye Cannot Serve God and Mammon.*

Mammon is a Syriac word that signifies gain, so that whatever is, or is accounted by us to be gain, is mammon. 'Whatever is in the world—the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life'—is mammon. To some, their belly is their mammon, and they serve that; to others, their ease, their sports and pastimes, are their mammon; to others, worldly riches; to others, honours and preferments: the praise and applause of men was the Pharisees' mammon; in a word, self—the unity in which the world's trinity centres—sensual secular self, is the mammon which cannot be served in conjunction with God; for if it be served, it is in competition with him, and in contradiction to him. He does not say we *must* not, or we *should* not, but we *cannot* serve God and mammon; we cannot love both, or hold to both, or hold by both, in observance, obedience, attendance, trust, and dependence, for they are contrary the one to the other. God says: 'My son, give me thine heart;' Mammon says: 'No—give it me.' God says: 'Be content with such things as ye have;' Mammon says: 'Grasp at all that ever thou canst—"Rem, rem, quocunque modo, rem"—money, money, by fair means or by foul, money.' God says: 'Defraud not; never lie; be honest and just in thy dealings;' Mammon says: 'Cheat thy own father if thou canst gain by it.' God says: 'Be charitable;' Mammon says: 'Hold thy own; this giving undoes us all.' God says: 'Be careful for nothing;' Mammon says: 'Be careful for everything.' God says: 'Keep holy the Sabbath-day;' Mammon says: 'Make use of that day, as well as any other, for the world.' Thus inconsistent are the commands of God and Mammon, so that we cannot serve both. Let us not, then, halt between God and Baal, but 'choose ye this day whom ye will serve,' and abide by your choice.

## SAMUEL RUTHERFORD—THOMAS HALYBURTON—THOMAS BOSTON.

There were several Scottish doctrinal writers and divines at this period whose works still enjoy considerable popularity, especially in the rural parishes, and constitute the favourite reading of old and serious persons. Among these we may mention **SAMUEL RUTHERFORD** (1600-1661), author of *The Trial and Triumph of Faith*, *Christ dying and drawing Sinners*, &c. Rutherford was a stanch defender of Presbyterianism, and one of his controversial works, *Lex Rex* (1644), written in reply to the Bishop of Ross, was, after the Restoration, burned by order of the Committee of Estates. A volume of *Familiar Letters* by this divine, published after his death, evinces literary taste and power. He was one of the most learned of the Scottish clergy, and was successively Professor of Divinity in St Andrews (1639), Commissioner to the Assembly of Divines at Westminster (1643-1647), and Principal of New College, St Andrews (1649).—**THOMAS HALYBURTON** (1674-1712) was Professor of Divinity in the University of St Andrews. He wrote *Natural Religion Insufficient*, an able reply to Lord Herbert's *De Veritate*, and *The Great Concern of Salvation*, and *Ten Sermons preached before and after the Celebration of the Lord's Supper*.—**THOMAS BOSTON** (1676-1732) was minister of Ettrick, and a leading member of the church courts in opposition to patronage and tests. His *Fourfold State*, first printed in 1720, is still the most popular of religious books among rigid Presbyterians, and a course of *Sermons* by this divine is also highly prized. Boston was warmly engaged in what has been termed 'the great Marrow controversy,' which divided the Scottish Church. A book named *The Marrow of Modern Divinity* (1645), written by an English Puritan, Edward Fisher, was revived in Scotland by the more devout portion of the clergy, and being denounced by the ruling party in the Assembly, was adopted as a standard round which the popular ministers rallied. The peace of the church was long disturbed by this Marrow controversy. The works of the above divines, though tinged with what we may call a gloomy and unamiable theology, are marked by a racy vigour of thought and *unction*. As illustrations of at least one phase of national character and history, they deserve to be studied.

## METAPHYSICAL AND SCIENTIFIC WRITERS.

### JOHN LOCKE.

England, during the latter half of the seventeenth century, was adorned by some illustrious philosophers, who, besides making important contributions to science, were distinguished by simplicity and moral excellence of character, and by an ardent devotion to the interests of religion, virtue, and truth.

JOHN LOCKE was born at Wrington, Somersetshire, August 29, 1632, son of a small proprietor who served in the Parliamentary army. He received his elementary education at Westminster School, and completed his studies at Christ-church College, Oxford. In the latter city he resided from 1651 till 1664, during which period he became disgusted with the verbal subtleties of the Aristotelian philosophy. Having chosen the profession of medicine, he made considerable progress in the necessary studies, but found the delicacy of his constitution an obstacle to successful practice. In 1664, he accompanied, in the capacity of secretary, Sir William Swan, who was sent by Charles II. as envoy to the Elector of Brandenburg during the Dutch war: some lively and interesting letters written by him from Germany on this occasion were published by the late Lord King. Those who are acquainted with Locke only in the character of a grave philosopher, will be surprised to find the following humorous description, which he gives to one of his friends, of some Christmas ceremonies witnessed by him in a church at Cleves.

### *Christmas Ceremonies at Cleves.*

About one in the morning I went a-gossiping to our Lady. Think me not profane, for the name is a great deal modester than the service I was at. I shall not describe all the particulars I observed in that church, being the principal of the Catholics in Cleves; but only those that were particular to the occasion. Near the high-altar was a little altar for this day's solemnity; the scene was a stable, wherein was an ox, an ass, a cradle, the Virgin, the babe, Joseph, shepherds, and angels, *dramatis personæ*. Had they but given them motion, it had been a perfect puppet-play, and might have deserved pence apiece; for they were of the same size and make that our English puppets are; and I am confident these shepherds and this Joseph are kin to that Judith and Holophernes which I have seen at Bartholomew Fair. A little without the stable was a flock of sheep, cut out of cards; and these, as they then stood without their shepherds, appeared to me the best emblem I had seen a long time, and methought represented these poor innocent people, who, whilst their shepherds pretend so much to follow Christ, and pay their devotion to him, are left unregarded in the barren wilderness. This was the show: the music to it was all vocal in the quire adjoining, but such as I never heard. They had strong voices, but so ill-tuned, so ill-managed, that it was their misfortune, as well as ours, that they could be heard. He that could not, though he had a cold, make better music with a chevy chase over a pot of smooth ale, deserved well to pay the reckoning, and go away athirst. However, I think they were the honestest singing-men I have ever seen, for they endeavoured to deserve their money, and earned it certainly with pains enough; for what they wanted in skill, they made up in loudness and variety. Every one had his own tune, and the result of all was like the noise of choosing parliament-men, where every one endeavours to cry loudest. Besides the men, there were a company of little choristers. I thought, when I saw them at first, they had danced to the others' music, and that it had been your Gray's Inn revels; for they were jumping up and down about a good charcoal-fire that was in the middle of the quire—this their devotion and their singing was enough, I think, to keep them warm, though it were a very cold night—but it was not dancing, but singing they served for; for when it came to their turns, away they ran to their places, and there they made as good harmony as a concert of little pigs would, and they were much about as cleanly. Their part being done, out they sallied again to the fire, where they played till their cue called them, and then back to their places they huddled. So negligent and slight are they in their service in a place where the nearness of adversaries might teach them to be more careful.

In less than a year, Locke returned to Oxford, where he soon afterwards received an offer of considerable preferment in the Irish Church, if he should think fit to take orders. This, after due consideration, he declined. 'A man's affairs and whole course of his life,' says he, in a letter to the friend who made the proposal to him, 'are not to be changed in a moment, and one is not made fit for a calling, and that in a day. I believe you think me too proud to undertake anything wherein I should acquit myself but unworthily. I am sure I cannot content myself with being undermost, possibly the middlemost, of my profession; and you will allow, on consideration, care is to be taken not to engage in a calling wherein, if one chance to be a bungler, there is no retreat.'

In 1666, Locke became acquainted with Lord Ashley, afterwards Earl of Shaftesbury; and so valuable did his lordship find the medical advice and general conversation of the philosopher, that a close and permanent friendship sprang up between them, and Locke became an inmate of his lordship's house. This brought him into the society of Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Halifax, and other celebrated wits of the time. An anecdote is told of him which shews the easy terms on which he stood with these noblemen. On an occasion when several of them were met at Lord Ashley's house, the party, soon after assembling, sat down to cards, so that scarcely any conversation took place. Locke, after looking on for some time, took out his note-book, and began to write in it, with much appearance of gravity and deliberation. One of the party observing this, inquired what he was writing. 'My lord,' he replied, 'I am endeavouring to profit as far as I am able in your company; for having waited with impatience for the honour of being in an assembly of the greatest geniuses of the age, and having at length obtained this good-fortune, I thought that I could not do better than write down your conversation; and indeed I have set down the substance of what has been said for this hour or two.' A very brief specimen of what he had written was sufficient to make the objects of his irony abandon the card-table, and engage in rational discourse. While residing with Lord Ashley, Locke superintended the education, first of his lordship's son, and subsequently of his grandson, the third Earl of Shaftesbury, celebrated as an able philosophical and moral writer in the reign of Queen Anne. In 1672, when Lord Ashley received an earldom and the office of chancellor, he gave Locke the appointment of secretary of presentations, which the philosopher enjoyed only till the following year, when his patron lost favour with the court, and was deprived of the seals. The delicate state of Locke's health induced him in 1675 to visit France, where he resided several years, first at Montpellier, and afterwards at Paris, where he had opportunities of cultivating the acquaintance of the most eminent French literary men of the day. When Shaftesbury regained power for a brief season in 1679, he recalled Locke to England; and, on taking refuge in Holland, three years afterwards, was followed thither by his friend, whose safety likewise was in jeopardy, from the connection which subsisted between them. After the death of his patron in 1683, Locke found it necessary to prolong his stay in Holland, and even there was obliged, by the machinations of his political enemies at home, to live for upwards of a year in concealment. In 1684, by a special order from Charles II. he was deprived of his studentship at Christ Church, Oxford. In 1687, he instituted, at Amsterdam, a literary society, the members of which—among whom were Le Clerc, Limborch, and other learned men—met weekly for the purpose of enjoying each other's conversation. The Revolution of 1688 finally restored Locke to his native country, to which he was conveyed by the fleet that brought over the Princess of Orange. He was made a Commissioner of Appeals, with a salary of £200 a year. He now became a prominent defender of civil and religious liberty, in a succession of works which have exerted a highly beneficial influence on subsequent generations, not only in Britain, but throughout the civilised world. While in Holland, he had written in Latin, *A Letter concerning Toleration:* this appeared at Gouda in 1689, and translations of it were immediately published in Dutch, French, and English. The liberal opinions which it maintained were controverted by an Oxford writer, in reply to whom Locke successively wrote three additional *Letters*. In 1690 was published his most celebrated work, *An Essay concerning Human Understanding*. In the composition of this treatise, which his retirement in Holland afforded him leisure to finish, he had been engaged for eighteen years. His object in writing it is thus explained in the Prefatory Epistle to the Reader: 'Were it fit to trouble thee with the history of this Essay, I should tell thee that five or six friends meeting at my chamber, and discoursing on a subject very remote from this, found themselves quickly at a stand by the difficulties that rose on every side. After we had a while puzzled ourselves, without coming any nearer a resolution of those doubts which perplexed us, it came into my thoughts, that we took a wrong course, and that, before we set ourselves upon inquiries of that nature, it was necessary to examine our own abilities, and see what objects our understandings were, or were not, fitted to deal with. This I proposed to the company, who all readily assented.' In proceeding to treat of the subject originally proposed, he found this matter increase upon his hands, and was gradually led into other fields of investigation. It hence happens, that of the four books of which the Essay consists, only the last is devoted to an inquiry into the objects within the sphere of the human understanding. In the first book of his Essay, Locke treats of innate ideas. He denies altogether the doctrine of innate ideas or innate principles in the mind: 'God having endued man with those faculties of knowing which he hath, was no more obliged by His goodness to implant those innate notions in his mind, than that having given him reason, hands, and materials, he should build him bridges or houses.' And he argues that the idea or sense of a God is so manifest from the visible marks of wisdom and power in creation, that no rational creature could, on reflection, miss the discovery of a Deity. In the second book, Locke follows up this principle or position by tracing the origin of our ideas, simple and complex, which he derives from sensation and reflection. His reasoning on the latter is somewhat indefinite. 'Duration is certainly no mode of thinking, yet the idea of duration is reckoned by Locke among those with which we are furnished by reflection. The same may perhaps be said as to his account of several other ideas, which cannot be deduced from external sensation, nor yet can be reckoned modifications or operations of the soul itself; such as number, power, existence' (*Hallam*). The third book of the Essay is on language and signs as instruments of truth; and the fourth book is intended to determine the nature, validity, and limits of the understanding. Of the importance of this great work in diffusing a just mode of thinking and inquiry, it is unnecessary to speak. Some passages may appear contradictory, 'but any person reading the Essay carefully through will,' says Mr Lewes, 'find all clear and coherent.'

The style of the work is simple, pure, and expressive; and, as it was designed for general perusal, there is a frequent employment of colloquial phraseology. Locke hated scholastic jargon, and wrote in language intelligible to every man of common-sense. 'No one,' says his pupil, Shaftesbury, 'has done more towards the recalling of philosophy from barbarity, into the use and practice of the world, and into the company of the better and politer sort, who might well be ashamed of it in its other dress.'

In 1690, Locke published two *Treatises on Civil Government*, in defence of the principles of the Revolution against the Tories; or, as he expresses himself, 'to establish the throne of our great restorer, our present King William; to make good his title in the consent of the people, which, being the only one of all lawful governments, he has more fully and clearly than any prince in Christendom; and to justify to the world the people of England, whose love of their just and natural rights, with their resolution to preserve them, saved the nation when it was on the very brink of slavery and ruin.' The chief of his other productions are—*Thoughts concerning Education* (1693), *The Reasonableness of Christianity* (1695), two *Vindications* of that work (1696), and an admirable tract *On the Conduct of the Understanding*, printed after the author's death. A theological controversy in which he engaged with Stillingfleet, bishop of Worcester, has already been mentioned in our account of that prelate. Many letters and miscellaneous pieces of Locke have been published, partly in the beginning of last century, and partly by Lord King in his Life of the philosopher (1829).

In reference to the writings of Locke, Sir James Mackintosh observes, that justly to understand their character, it is necessary to take a deliberate survey of the circumstances in which the writer was placed. 'Educated among the English dissenters, during the short period of their political ascendency, he early imbibed that deep piety and ardent spirit of liberty which actuated that body of men; and he probably imbibed also in their schools the disposition to metaphysical inquiries which has everywhere accompanied the Calvinistic theology. Sects founded in the right of private judgment, naturally tend to purify themselves from intolerance, and in time learn to respect in others the freedom of thought to the exercise of which they owe their own existence. By the Independent divines who were his instructors, our philosopher was taught those principles of religious liberty which they were the first to disclose to the world. When free inquiry led him to milder dogmas, he retained the severe morality which was their honourable singularity, and which continues to distinguish their successors in those communities which have abandoned their rigorous opinions. His professional pursuits afterwards engaged him in the study of the physical sciences, at the moment when the spirit of experiment and observation was in its youthful fervour, and when a repugnance to scholastic subtleties was the ruling passion of the scientific world. At a more mature age, he was admitted into the society of great wits and ambitious politicians. During the remainder of his life, he was often a man of business, and always a man of the world, without much undisturbed leisure, and probably with that abated relish for merely abstract speculation which is the inevitable result of converse with society and experience in affairs. But his political connections agreeing with his early bias, made him a zealous advocate of liberty in opinion and in government; and he gradually limited his zeal and activity to the illustrations of such general principles as are the guardians of these great interests of human society. Almost all his writings, even his Essay itself, were occasional, and intended directly to counteract the enemies of reason and freedom in his own age. The first Letter on Toleration, the most original perhaps of his works, was composed in Holland, in a retirement where he was forced to conceal himself from the tyranny which pursued him into a foreign land; and it was published in England in the year of the Revolution, to vindicate the Toleration Act, of which the author lamented the imperfection.' On the continent, the principal works of Locke became extensively known through the medium of translation.

Immediately after the Revolution, employment in the diplomatic service was offered to Locke, who declined it on the ground of ill-health. In 1695, having aided government with his advice on the subject of the coinage, he was appointed a member of the Board of Trade, which office, however, the state of his health also obliged him to resign. The last years of his existence were spent at Oates, in Essex, the seat of Sir Francis Masham, who had invited him to make that mansion his home. Lady Masham, a daughter of Dr Cudworth, and to whom Locke was attached by strong ties of friendship, soothed by her attention the infirmities of his declining years. The death of this excellent man took place October 28, 1704, when he had attained the age of seventy-two.

### *Causes of Weakness in Men's Understandings.*

There is, it is visible, great variety in men's understandings, and their natural constitutions put so wide a difference between some men in this respect, that art and industry would never be able to master; and their very natures seem to want a foundation to raise on it that which other men easily attain unto. Amongst men of equal education, there is a great inequality of parts. And the woods of America, as well as the schools of Athens, produce men of several abilities in the same kind. Though this be so, yet I imagine most men come very short of what they might attain unto in their several degrees, by a neglect of their understandings. A few rules of logic are thought sufficient in this case for those who pretend to the highest improvement; whereas I think there are a great many natural defects in the understanding capable of amendment, which are overlooked and wholly neglected. And it is easy to perceive that men are guilty of a great many faults in the exercise and improvement of this faculty of the mind, which hinder them in their progress, and keep them in ignorance and error all their lives. Some of them I shall take notice of, and endeavour to point out proper remedies for, in the following discourse.

Besides the want of determined ideas, and of sagacity and exercise in finding out and laying in order intermediate ideas, there are three miscarriages that men are guilty of in reference to their reason, whereby this faculty is hindered in them from that service it might do and was designed for. And he that reflects upon the actions and discourses of mankind, will find their defects in this kind very frequent and very observable.

1. The first is of those who seldom reason at all, but do and think according to the example of others, whether parents, neighbours, ministers, or who else they are pleased to make choice of to have an implicit faith in, for the saving of themselves the pains and trouble of thinking and examining for themselves.

2. The second is of those who put passion in the place of reason, and being resolved that shall govern their actions and arguments, neither use their own, nor hearken to other people's reason, any further than it suits their humour, interest, or party; and these, one may observe, commonly content themselves with words which have no distinct ideas to them, though, in other matters, that they come with an unbiassed indifferency to, they want not abilities to talk and hear reason, where they have no secret inclination that hinders them from being untractable to it.

3. The third sort is of those who readily and sincerely follow reason, but for want of having that which one may call large, sound, round-about sense, have not a full view of all that relates to the question, and may be of moment to decide it. We are all short-sighted, and very often see but one side of a matter; our views are not extended to all that has a connection with it. From this defect, I think, no man is free. We see but in part, and we know but in part, and therefore it is no wonder we conclude not right from our partial views. This might instruct the proudest esteemer of his own parts how useful it is to talk and consult with others, even such as came short with him in capacity, quickness, and penetration; for, since no one sees all, and we generally have different prospects of the same thing, according to our different, as I may say, positions to it, it is not incongruous to think, nor beneath any man to try, whether another may not have notions of things which have escaped him, and which his reason would make use of if they came into his mind. The faculty of reasoning seldom or never deceives those who trust to it; its consequences from what it builds on are evident and certain; but that which it oftenest, if not only, misleads us in, is, that the principles from which we conclude, the ground upon which we bottom our reasoning, are but a part; something is left out which should go into the reckoning to make it just and exact.

### *Practice and Habit.*

We are born with faculties and powers capable almost of anything, such at least as would carry us further than can be easily imagined; but it is only the exercise of those powers which gives us ability and skill in anything, and leads us towards perfection.

A middle-aged ploughman will scarce ever be brought to the carriage and language of a gentleman, though his body be as well proportioned, and his joints as supple, and his natural parts not any way inferior. The legs of a dancing-master, and the fingers of a musician, fall, as it were, naturally without thought or pains into regular and admirable motions. Bid them change their parts, and they will in vain endeavour to produce like motions in the members not used to them, and it will require length of time and long practice to attain but some degrees of a like ability. What incredible and astonishing actions do we find rope-dancers and tumblers bring their bodies to! not but that sundry in almost all manual arts are as wonderful; but I name those which the world takes notice of for such, because, on that very account, they give money to see them. All these admired motions, beyond the reach, and almost the conception of unpractised spectators, are nothing but the mere effects of use and industry in men, whose bodies have nothing peculiar in them from those of the amazed lookers-on.

As it is in the body, so it is in the mind; practice makes it what it is; and most even of those excellences which are looked on as natural endowments, will be found, when examined into more narrowly, to be the product of exercise, and to be raised to that pitch only by repeated actions. Some men are remarked for pleasantness in raillery, others for apologues and apposite diverting stories. This is apt to be taken for the effect of pure nature, and that the rather, because it is not got by rules, and those who excel in either of them, never purposely set themselves to the study of it as an art to be learnt. But yet it is true, that at first some lucky hit which took with somebody, and gained him commendation, encouraged him to try again, inclined his thoughts and endeavours that way, till at last he insensibly got a facility in it without perceiving how; and that is attributed wholly to nature, which was much more the effect of use and practice. I do not deny that natural disposition may often give the first rise to it; but that never carries a man far without use and exercise, and it is practice alone that brings the powers of the mind as well as those of the body to their perfection. Many a good poetic vein is buried under a trade, and never produces anything for want of improvement. We see the ways of discourse and reasoning are very different, even concerning the same matter, at court and in the university. And he that will go but from Westminster Hall to the Exchange, will find a different genius and turn in their ways of talking; and one cannot think that all whose lot fell in the city were born with different parts from those who were bred at the university or inns of court.

To what purpose all this, but to shew that the difference, so observable in men's understandings and parts, does not arise so much from the natural faculties, as acquired habits? He would be laughed at that should go about to make a fine dancer out of a country hedger at past fifty. And he will not have much better success who shall endeavour at that age to make a man reason well, or speak handsomely, who has never been used to it, though you should lay before him a collection of all the best precepts of logic or oratory. Nobody is made anything by hearing of rules, or laying them up in his memory; practice must settle the habit of doing without reflecting on the rule; and you may as well hope to make a good painter or musician, extempore, by a lecture and instruction in the arts of music and painting, as a coherent thinker, or strict reasoner, by a set of rules, shewing him wherein right reasoning consists.

This being so, that defects and weakness in men's understandings, as well as other faculties, come from want of a right use of their own minds, I am apt to think the fault is generally mislaid upon nature, and there is often a complaint of want of parts, when the fault lies in want of a due improvement of them. We see men frequently dexterous and sharp enough in making a bargain, who, if you reason with them about matters of religion, appear perfectly stupid.

### *Prejudices.*

Every one is forward to complain of the prejudices that mislead other men or parties, as if he were free, and had none of his own. This being objected on all sides, it is agreed that it is a fault, and a hinderance to knowledge. What, now, is the cure? No other but this—that every man should let alone others' prejudices, and examine his own. Nobody is convinced of his by the accusation of another: he recriminates by the same rule, and is clear. The only way to remove this great cause of ignorance and error out of the world, is for every one impartially to examine himself. If others will not deal fairly with their own minds, does that make my errors truths, or ought it to make me in love with them, and willing to impose on myself? If others love cataracts on their eyes, should that hinder me from couching of mine as soon as I could? Every one declares against blindness, and yet who almost is not fond of that which dims his sight, and keeps the clear light out of his mind, which should lead him into truth and knowledge? False or doubtful positions, relied upon as unquestionable maxims, keep those in the dark from truth who build on them. Such are usually the prejudices imbibed from education, party, reverence, fashion, interest, &c. This is the mote which every one sees in his brother's eye, but never regards the beam in his own. For who is there, almost, that is ever brought fairly to examine his own principles, and see whether they are such as will bear the trial? But yet this should be one of the first things every one should set about, and be scrupulous in, who would rightly conduct his understanding in the search of truth and knowledge.

To those who are willing to get rid of this great hinderance of knowledge—for to such only I write—to those who would shake off this great and dangerous impostor Prejudice, who dresses up falsehood in the likeness of truth, and so dexterously hoodwinks men's minds, as to keep them in the dark, with a belief that they are more in the light than any that do not see with their eyes, I shall offer this one mark whereby prejudice may be known. He that is strongly of any opinion, must suppose—unless he be self-condemned—that his persuasion is built upon good grounds, and that his assent is no greater than what the evidence of the truth he holds forces him to; and that they are arguments, and not inclination or fancy, that make him so confident and positive in his tenets. Now if, after all his profession, he cannot bear any opposition to his opinion, if he cannot so much as give a patient hearing, much less examine and weigh the arguments on the other side, does he not plainly confess it is prejudice governs him? And it is not evidence of truth, but some lazy anticipation, some beloved presumption, that he desires to rest undisturbed in. For if what he holds be as he gives out, well fenced with evidence, and he sees it to be true, what need he fear to put it to the proof? If his opinion be settled upon a firm foundation, if the arguments that support it, and have obtained his assent, be clear, good, and convincing, why should he be shy to have it tried whether they be proof or not? He whose assent goes beyond his evidence, owes this excess of his adherence only to prejudice, and does in effect own it when he refuses to hear what is offered against it; declaring thereby, that it is not evidence he seeks, but the quiet enjoyment of the opinion he is fond of, with a forward condemnation of all that may stand in opposition to it, unheard and unexamined.

### *Injudicious Haste in Study.*

The eagerness and strong bent of the mind after knowledge, if not warily regulated, is often a hinderance to it. It still presses into further discoveries and new objects, and catches at the variety of knowledge, and therefore often stays not long enough on what is before it, to look into it as it should, for haste to pursue what is yet out of sight. He that rides post through a country may be able, from the transient view, to tell in general how the parts lie, and may be able to give some loose description of here a mountain and there a plain, here a morass and there a river; woodland in one part, and savannahs in another. Such superficial ideas and observations as these he may collect in galloping over it; but the more useful observations of the soil, plants, animals, and inhabitants, with their several sorts and properties, must necessarily escape him; and it is seldom men ever discover the rich mines without some digging. Nature commonly lodges her treasures and jewels in rocky ground. If the matter be knotty, and the sense lies deep, the mind must stop and buckle to it, and stick upon it with labour and thought, and close contemplation, and not leave it until it has mastered the difficulty and got possession of truth. But here care must be taken to avoid the other extreme: a man must not stick at every useless nicety, and expect mysteries of science in every trivial question or scruple that he may raise. He that will stand to pick up and examine every pebble that comes in his way, is as unlikely to return enriched and laden with jewels, as the other that travelled full speed. Truths are not the better nor the worse for their obviousness or difficulty, but their value is to be measured by their usefulness and tendency. Insignificant observations should not take up any of our minutes; and those that enlarge our view, and give light towards further and useful discoveries, should not be neglected, though they stop our course, and spend some of our time in a fixed attention.

There is another haste that does often, and will, mislead the mind, if it be left to itself and its own conduct. The understanding is naturally forward, not only to learn its knowledge by variety—which makes it skip over one to get speedily to another part of knowledge—but also eager to enlarge its views by running too fast into general observations and conclusions, without a due examination of particulars enough whereon to found those general axioms. This seems to enlarge their stock, but it is of fancies, not realities; such theories, built upon narrow foundations, stand but weakly, and if they fall not themselves, are at least very hardly to be supported against the assaults of opposition. And thus men, being too hasty to erect to themselves general notions and ill-grounded theories, find themselves deceived in their stock of knowledge, when they come to examine their hastily assumed maxims themselves, or to have them attacked by others. General observations, drawn from particulars, are the jewels of knowledge, comprehending great store in a little room; but they are therefore to be made with the greater care and caution, lest, if we take counterfeit for true, our loss and shame will be the greater, when our stock comes to a severe scrutiny. One or two particulars may suggest hints of inquiry, and they do well who take those hints; but if they turn them into conclusions, and make them presently general rules, they are forward indeed; but it is only to impose on themselves by propositions assumed for truths without sufficient warrant. To make such observations is, as has been already remarked, to make the head a magazine of materials which can hardly be called knowledge, or at least it is but like a collection of lumber not reduced to use or order; and he that makes everything an observation, has the same useless plenty, and much more falsehood mixed with it. The extremes on both sides are to be avoided; and he will be able to give the best account of his studies who keeps his understanding in the right mean between them.

### *Pleasure and Pain.*

The infinitely wise Author of our being, having given us the power over several parts of our bodies, to move or keep them at rest, as we think fit; and also, by the motion of them, to move ourselves and contiguous bodies, in which consists all the actions of our body; having also given a power to our mind, in several instances, to choose amongst its ideas which it will think on, and to pursue the inquiry of this or that subject with consideration and attention; to excite us to these actions of thinking and motion that we are capable of, has been pleased to join to several thoughts and several sensations a perception of delight. If this were wholly separated from all our outward sensations and inward thoughts, we should have no reason to prefer one thought or action to another, negligence to attention, or motion to rest. And so we should neither stir our bodies nor employ our minds; but let our thoughts—if I may so call it—run adrift, without any direction or design; and suffer the ideas of our minds, like unregarded shadows, to make their appearances there, as it happened, without attending to them. In which state, man, however furnished with the faculties of understanding and will, would be a very idle, inactive creature, and pass his time only in a lazy lethargic dream. It has therefore pleased our wise Creator to annex to several objects, and the ideas which we receive from them, as also to several of our thoughts, a concomitant pleasure, and that in several objects to several degrees, that those faculties which he had endowed us with might not remain wholly idle and unemployed by us.

Pain has the same efficacy and use to set us on work that pleasure has, we being as ready to employ our faculties to avoid that, as to pursue this; only this is worth our consideration, 'that pain is often produced by the same objects and ideas that produce pleasure in us.' This, their near conjunction, which makes us often feel pain in the sensations where we expected pleasure, gives us new occasion of admiring the wisdom and goodness of our Maker, who, designing the preservation of our being, has annexed pain to the application of many things to our bodies, to warn us of the harm that they will do, and as advices to withdraw from them. But He, not designing our preservation barely, but the preservation of every part and organ in its perfection, hath, in many cases, annexed pain to those very ideas which delight us. Thus heat, that is very agreeable to us in one degree, by a little greater increase of it, proves no ordinary torment; and the most pleasant of all sensible objects, light itself, if there be too much of it, if increased beyond a due proportion to our eyes, causes a very painful sensation; which is wisely and favourably so ordered by nature, that when any object does, by the vehemency of its operation, disorder the instruments of sensation, whose structures cannot but be very nice and delicate, we might by the pain be warned to withdraw, before the organ be quite put out of order, and so be unfitted for its proper function for the future. The consideration of those objects that produce it, may well persuade us that this is the end or use of pain. For, though great light be insufferable to our eyes, yet the highest degree of darkness does not at all disease them; because that causing no disorderly motion in it, leaves that curious organ unharmed in its natural state. But yet excess of cold, as well as heat, pains us, because it is equally destructive to that temper which is necessary to the preservation of life, and the exercise of the several functions of the body, and which consists in a moderate degree of warmth, or, if you please, a motion of the insensible parts of our bodies, confined within certain bounds.

Beyond all this, we may find another reason why God hath scattered up and down several degrees of pleasure and pain in all the things that environ and affect us, and blended them together in almost all that our thoughts and senses have to do with; that we, finding imperfection, dissatisfaction, and want of complete happiness in all the enjoyments which the creatures can afford us, might be led to seek it in the enjoyment of Him 'with whom there is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand are pleasures for evermore.'

### *History.*

The stories of Alexander and Cæsar, further than they instruct us in the art of living well, and furnish us with observations of wisdom and prudence, are not one jot to be preferred to the history of Robin Hood, or the Seven Wise Masters. I do not deny but history is very useful, and very instructive of human life; but if it be studied only for the reputation of being a historian, it is a very empty thing; and he that can tell all the particulars of Herodotus and Plutarch, Curtius and Livy, without making any other use of them, may be an ignorant man with a good memory, and with all his pains, hath only filled his head with Christmas tales. And, which is worse, the greatest part of the history being made up of wars and conquests, and their style, especially the Romans, speaking of valour as the chief if not the only virtue, we are in danger to be misled by the general current and business of history; and, looking on Alexander and Cæsar, and such-like heroes, as the highest instances of human greatness, because they each of them caused the death of several hundred thousand men, and the ruin of a much greater number, overran a great part of the earth, and killed the inhabitants to possess themselves of their countries—we are apt to make butchery and rapine the chief marks and very essence of human greatness. And if civil history be a great dealer of it, and to many readers thus useless, curious and difficult inquirings in antiquity are much more so; and the exact dimensions of the Colossus, or figure of the Capitol, the ceremonies of the Greek and Roman marriages, or who it was that first coined money; these, I confess, set a man well off in the world, especially amongst the learned, but set him very little on in his way. . . .

I shall only add one word, and then conclude; and that is, that whereas in the beginning I cut off history from our study as a useless part, as certainly it is where it is read only as a tale that is told; here, on the other side, I recommend it to one who hath well settled in his mind the principles of morality, and knows how to make a judgment on the actions of men, as one of the most useful studies he can apply himself to. There he shall see a picture of the world and the nature of mankind, and so learn to think of men as they are. There he shall see the rise of opinions, and find from what slight and sometimes shameful occasions some of them have taken their rise, which yet afterwards have had great authority, and passed almost for sacred in the world, and borne down all before them. There also one may learn great and useful instructions of prudence, and be warned against the cheats and rogueries of the world, with many more advantages which I shall not here enumerate.

### *Disputation.*

One should not dispute with a man who, either through stupidity or shamelessness, denies plain and visible truths.

### *Liberty.*

Let your will lead whither necessity would drive, and you will always preserve your liberty.

### *Opposition to New Doctrines.*

The imputation of novelty is a terrible charge amongst those who judge of men's heads, as they do of their perukes, by the fashion, and can allow none to be right but the received doctrines. Truth scarce ever yet carried it by vote anywhere at its first appearance: new opinions are always suspected, and usually opposed, without any other reason but because they are not already common. But truth, like gold, is not the less so for being newly brought out of the mine. It is trial and examination must give it price, and not any antique fashion; and though it be not yet current by the public stamp, yet it may, for all that, be as old as nature, and is certainly not the less genuine.

### *Duty of Preserving Health.*

If by gaining knowledge we destroy our health, we labour for a thing that will be useless in our hands; and if, by harassing our bodies—though with a design to render ourselves more useful—we deprive ourselves of the abilities and opportunities of doing that good we might have done with a meaner talent, which God thought sufficient for us, by having denied us the strength to improve it to that pitch which men of stronger constitutions can attain to, we rob God of so much service, and our neighbour of all that help which, in a state of health, with moderate knowledge, we might have been able to perform. He that sinks his vessel by overloading it, though it be with gold, and silver, and precious stones, will give his owner but an ill account of his voyage.

## SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

Sir Isaac Newton holds, by universal consent, the highest rank among the natural philosophers of ancient or modern times. He was born, December 25, 1642, at Woolsthorpe, in Lincolnshire, where his father cultivated a small paternal estate. From childhood, he manifested a strong inclination towards mechanical and mathematical pursuits. He received his early education at the Grammar-school of Grantham, and at the age of fifteen was summoned to take charge of the farm at home; but he was found unfit for business, and was allowed to return to school and follow the bent of his genius. In 1661, he was admitted as a sizar in Trinity College, Cambridge; became a Junior Fellow in 1667, and M.A. in 1668. In 1669, he succeeded Barrow as mathematical professor; in 1671, he became a Fellow of the Royal Society, and communicated to it his new theory of Light. He served repeatedly in parliament as member for the university; was appointed Warden of the Mint in 1695, became President of the Royal Society in 1703; and, two years afterwards, received the honour of knighthood from Queen Anne. To the unrivalled genius and sagacity of Newton, the world is indebted for a variety of splendid discoveries in natural philosophy and mathematics; among these, his exposition of the laws which regulate the movements of the solar system may be referred to as the most brilliant. The first step in the formation of the Newtonian system of philosophy was his discovery of the law of gravitation, which, as he proved, affected the vast orbs that revolve around the sun, not less than the smallest objects on our own globe. The traditional story of the philosopher sitting in his garden one day, and being led by the fall of an apple to meditate on the law of gravitation, may be a mere myth—the apple may be as fabulous as the golden fruit of the Hesperides; but the train of thought which led to the discovery may have been suggested by some circumstance as trivial. He saw that there was a remarkable power or principle which caused all bodies to descend towards the centre of the earth, and that this unseen power operated at the top of the highest mountains and at the bottom of the deepest mines. When the true cause, the law of gravitation, dawned upon his mind, Newton is said to have been so agitated as to be unable to work out the problem. Mathematical calculation soon demonstrated the fact, and placed it on an immovable basis. 'The whole material universe,' as Sir David Brewster says, 'was spread out before him; the sun with all his attending planets, the planets with all their satellites, the comets wheeling in their eccentric orbits, and the system of the fixed stars stretching to the remotest limits of space.' What must have been the sensations of Newton when all these varied movements of the heavenly bodies were thus presented to his mind—and presented, let us remember, as the result of that law which he had himself discovered! The situation of Columbus when, after his long voyage, he first descried the shores of the new world he had so adventurously sailed to explore, was one of moral and intellectual grandeur. So was the position of Milton, when old, and blind, and poor, he had realised the dream of his youth, completed his great epic, and sent it forth on its voyage of immortality. But the situation of Newton was one still more transcendent. His feelings were perhaps the most strange—the most sublime—ever permitted to mortality. He had laid his hand on the key of Nature's secrets, and unlocked a mighty mystery—a mystery hidden from mankind for countless ages, and at that moment known only to himself. And in his joy at this vast discovery there was no room for fear or regret. The conqueror or explorer of a new country may sigh to think what sin and suffering may be introduced with civilisation, supplanting the ignorant innocence of the natives; but in this case nothing could result but fresh and astounding proofs of that divine wisdom and law of order which form the harmony of the universe.

The work in which Newton unfolded his simple but sublime system was written in Latin, and appeared in 1687, under the title of *Philosophiæ Naturalis Principia Mathematica*. To Newton we owe likewise extensive discoveries in optics, by which the aspect of that science was so entirely changed, that he may justly be termed its founder. He was the first to conceive and demonstrate the divisibility of light into rays of seven different colours, and possessing different degrees of refrangibility. After pursuing his optical investigations during a period of thirty years, he gave to the world, in 1704, a detailed account of his discoveries in an admirable work entitled *Optics: or a Treatise of the Refractions, Inflections, and Colours of Light*. Besides these, he published various profound mathematical works, which it is unnecessary here to enumerate. Like his illustrious contemporaries, Boyle, Barrow, and Locke, this eminent man devoted much attention to theology as well as to natural science. The prophetic books of Scripture were those which he chiefly investigated; and to his great interest in these studies we owe the composition of his *Observations upon the Prophecies of Holy Writ, particularly the Prophecies of Daniel and the Apocalypse of St John*, published after his death. Among his manuscripts were found many other theological pieces, mostly on such subjects as the Prophetic Style, the Host of Heaven, the Revelations, the Temple of Solomon, the Sanctuary, the Working of the Mystery of Iniquity, and the Contest between the Host of Heaven and the Transgressors of the Covenant. The whole manuscripts left by Sir Isaac were perused by Dr Pellet, by agreement with the executors, with the view of publishing such as were thought fit for the press: the report of that gentleman, however, was, that, of the whole mass, nothing but a work on the Chronology of Ancient Kingdoms was adapted for publication. That treatise accordingly appeared; and, contrary to Dr Pellet's opinion, the *Observations upon the Prophecies*, already mentioned, were likewise sent to the press. *An Historical Account of Two Notable Corruptions of Scripture* (John, v. 7, and 1 Tim. iii. 16), also from the pen of Sir Isaac, first appeared in a perfect form in Dr Horsley's edition of his works in 1779. The timidity, no less than the profound humility, of this great man led him to shrink from any publication likely to lead to controversy, and perhaps the only defect in his noble nature was this morbidly sensitive and somewhat suspicious temperament. We subjoin a specimen of his remarks on

### *The Prophetic Language.*

For understanding the prophecies, we are, in the first place, to acquaint ourselves with the figurative language of the prophets. This language is taken from the analogy between the world natural, and an empire or kingdom considered as a world politic.

Accordingly the whole world natural, consisting of heaven and earth, signifies the whole world politic, consisting of thrones and people; or so much of it as is considered in the prophecy. And the things in that world signifies the analogous things in this. For the heavens, and the things therein, signify thrones and dignities, and those who enjoy them; and the earth, with the things thereon, the inferior people; and the lowest parts of the earth, called Hades, or Hell, the lowest or most miserable part of them. Whence, ascending towards heaven, and descending to the earth, are put for rising and falling in power and honour; rising out of the earth or waters, and falling into them, for the rising up to any dignity, or dominion, out of the inferior state of the people, or falling down from the same into that inferior state; descending into the lower parts of the earth, for descending to a very low and unhappy state; speaking with a faint voice out of the dust, for being in a weak and low condition; moving from one place to another, for translation from one office, dignity, or dominion to another; great earthquakes, and the shaking of heaven and earth, for the shaking of dominions, so as to distract or overthrow them; the creating a new heaven and earth, and the passing away of an old one, or the beginning and end of the world, for the rise and reign of the body politic signified thereby.

In the heavens, the sun and moon are, by the interpreters of dreams, put for the persons of kings and queens. But in sacred prophecy, which regards not single persons, the sun is put for the whole species and race of kings, in the kingdom or kingdoms of the world politic, shining with regal power and glory; the moon for the body of the common people, considered as the king's wife; the stars for subordinate princes and great men, or for bishops and rulers of the people of God, when the sun is Christ; light for the glory, truth, and knowledge, wherewith great and good men shine and illuminate others; darkness for obscurity of condition, and for error, blindness, and ignorance; darkening, smiting, or setting of the sun, moon, and stars, for the ceasing of a kingdom, or for the desolation thereof, proportional to the darkness; darkening the sun, turning the moon into blood, and falling of the stars, for the same; new moons, for the return of a dispersed people into a body politic or ecclesiastic.

Fire and meteors refer to both heaven and earth, and signify as follows: Burning anything with fire, is put for the consuming thereof by war; a conflagration of the earth, or turning a country into a lake of fire, for the consumption of a kingdom by war; the being in a furnace, for the being in slavery under another nation; the ascending up of the smoke of any burning thing for ever and ever, for the continuation of a conquered people under the misery of perpetual subjection and slavery; the scorching heat of the sun, for vexatious wars, persecutions, and troubles inflicted by the king; riding on the clouds, for reigning over much people; covering the sun with a cloud, or with smoke, for oppression of the king by the armies of an enemy; tempestuous winds, or the motion of clouds, for wars; thunder, or the voice of a cloud, for the voice of a multitude; a storm of thunder, lightning, hail, and overflowing rain, for a tempest of war descending from the heavens and clouds politic on the heads of their enemies; rain, if not immoderate, and dew, and living water, for the graces and doctrines of the Spirit; and the defect of rain, for spiritual barrenness.

In the earth, the dry land and congregated waters, as a sea, a river, a flood, are put for the people of several regions, nations, and dominions; imbittering of waters, for great affliction of the people by war and persecution; turning things into blood, for the mystical death of bodies politic—that is, for their dissolution; the overflowing of a sea or river, for the invasion of the earth politic, by the people of the waters; drying up of waters, for the conquests of their regions by the earth; fountains of waters, for cities, the permanent heads of rivers politic; mountains and islands, for the cities of the earth and sea politic, with the territories and dominions belonging to those cities; dens and rocks of mountains, for the temples of cities; the hiding of men in those dens and rocks, for the shutting up of idols in their temples; houses and ships, for families, assemblies, and towns in the earth and sea politic; and a navy of ships of war, for an army of that kingdom that is signified by the sea.

Animals also, and vegetables, are put for the people of several regions and conditions; and particularly trees, herbs, and land-animals, for the people of the earth politic; flags, reeds, and fishes, for those of the waters politic; birds and insects, for those of the politic heaven and earth; a forest, for a kingdom; and a wilderness, for a desolate and thin people.

If the world politic, considered in prophecy, consists of many kingdoms, they are represented by as many parts of the world natural, as the noblest by the celestial frame, and then the moon and clouds are put for the common people; the less noble, by the earth, sea, and rivers, and by the animals or vegetables, or buildings therein; and then the greater and more powerful animals and taller trees, are put for kings, princes, and nobles. And because the whole kingdom is the body politic of the king, therefore the sun, or a tree, or a beast, or bird, or a man, whereby the king is represented, is put in a large signification for the whole kingdom; and several animals, as a lion, a bear, a leopard, a goat, according to their qualities, are put for several kingdoms and bodies politic; and sacrificing of beasts, for slaughtering and conquering of kingdoms; and friendship between beasts, for peace between kingdoms. Yet sometimes vegetables and animals are, by certain epithets or circumstances, extended to other significations; as a tree, when called the 'tree of life' or 'of knowledge;' and a beast, when called 'the old serpent,' or worshipped.

A question with respect to Sir Isaac Newton excited much controversy in the literary world. During the last forty years of his life, the inventive powers of this great philosopher seemed to have lost their activity; he made no further discoveries, and, in his later scientific publications, imparted to the world only the views which he had formed in early life. In the article 'Newton' in the French *Biographie Universelle*, written by M. Biot, a statement was for the first time advanced, that his mental powers were impaired by an attack of insanity, which occurred in the years 1692 and 1693. That Newton's mind was much out of order at the period mentioned, appears to be satisfactorily proved. Mr Abraham de la Pryme, a Cambridge student, under date the 3d of February 1692–3, relates, in a passage which Brewster has published, the loss of Newton's papers by fire while he was at chapel; adding, that when the philosopher came home, 'and had seen what was done, every one thought he would have run mad; he was so troubled thereat, that he was not himself for a month after.' Newton himself, writing on the 13th September 1693 to Pepys, secretary to the Admiralty, says: 'I am extremely troubled at the embroilment I am in, and have neither ate nor slept well this twelvemonth, nor have my former consistency of mind.' Again, on the 16th of the same month, he writes to his friend Locke in the following remarkable manner:

Sir—Being of opinion that you endeavoured to embroil me with women, and by other means, I was so much affected with it, as when one told me you were sickly, and would not live, I answered, 'twere better if you were dead. I desire you to forgive me this uncharitableness; for I am now satisfied that what you have done is just, and I beg your pardon for my having hard thoughts of you for it, and for representing that you struck at the root of morality, in a principle you laid in your book of Ideas, and designed to pursue in another book, and that I took you for a Hobbist. I beg your pardon, also, for saying or thinking that there was a design to sell me an office, or to embroil me. I am your most humble and unfortunate servant—Is. Newton.

The answer of Locke is admirable for the gentle and affectionate spirit in which it is written:

Sir—I have been, ever since I first knew you, so entirely and sincerely your friend, and thought you so much mine, that I could not have believed what you tell me of yourself, had I had it from anybody else. And though I cannot but be mightily troubled that you should have had so many wrong and unjust thoughts of me, yet, next to the return of good offices, such as from a sincere good-will I have ever done you, I receive your acknowledgment of the contrary as the kindest thing you could have done me, since it gives me hopes that I have not lost a friend I so much valued. After what your letter expresses, I shall not need to say anything to justify myself to you. I shall always think your own reflection on my carriage both to you and all mankind will sufficiently do that. Instead of that, give me leave to assure you, that I am more ready to forgive you than you can be to desire it; and I do it so freely and fully, that I wish for nothing more than the opportunity to convince you that I truly love and esteem you; and that I have still the same good-will for you as if nothing of this had happened. To confirm this to you more fully, I should be glad to meet you anywhere, and the rather, because the conclusion of your letter makes me apprehend it would not be wholly useless to you. But whether you think it fit or not, I leave wholly to you. I shall always be ready to serve you to my utmost, in any way you shall like, and shall only need your commands or permission to do it.

My book is going to press for a second edition; and though I can answer for the design with which I writ it, yet since you have so opportunely given me notice of what you have said of it, I should take it as a favour if you would point out to me the places that gave occasion to that censure, that, by explaining myself better, I may avoid being mistaken by others, or unawares doing the least prejudice to truth or virtue. I am sure you are so much a friend to them both, that were you none to me, I could expect this from you. But I cannot doubt but you would do a great deal more than this for my sake, who, after all, have all the concern of a friend for you, wish you extremely well, and am, without compliment, &c.

To this Sir Isaac replied on the 5th of October:

Sir—The last winter, by sleeping too often by my fire, I got an ill habit of sleeping; and a distemper, which this summer has been epidemical, put me further out of order, so that, when I wrote to you, I had not slept an hour a-night for a fortnight together, and for five days together not a wink. I remember I wrote you, but what I said of your book I remember not. If you please to send me a transcript of that passage, I will give you an account of it if I can. I am your most humble servant—Is. Newton.

On the 26th September, Pepys wrote to a friend of his, at Cambridge, a Mr Millington, making inquiry about Newton's mental condition, as he had 'lately received a letter from him so surprising to me for the inconsistency of every part of it, as to be put into great disorder by it, from the concernment I have for him, lest it should arise from that which of all mankind I should least dread from him, and most lament for—I mean a discomposure in head, or mind, or both.' Millington answers on the 30th, that, two days previously, he had met Newton at Huntingdon; 'where,' says he, 'upon his own accord, and before I had time to ask him any question, he told me that he had writ to you a very odd letter, at which he was much concerned; and added, that it was a distemper that much seized his head, and that kept him awake for above five nights together; which upon occasion he desired I would represent to you, and beg your pardon, he being very much ashamed he should be so rude to a person for whom he hath so great an honour. He is now very well, and though I fear he is under some small degree of melancholy, yet I think there is no reason to suspect it hath at all touched his understanding, and I hope never will.'

This conclusion is proved to have been the correct one. Sir David Brewster has examined the point at some length in his elaborate *Life of Newton*, 2 vols. 1855, and has established the fact that the great philosopher's illness was temporary. Sir David had access to the papers in the possession of Lord Portsmouth, the descendant of Newton's niece, Mrs Barton, and has thrown much light on the private character and social relations of Sir Isaac, besides describing his discoveries in fluxions, optics, and gravitation. Among the papers thus published for the first time, is the following account, by Sir Isaac, of his religious faith or belief:

### *Religious Belief of Sir Isaac Newton.*

1. There is one God the Father, ever living, omnipresent, omniscient, almighty, the maker of heaven and earth, and one Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus.

2. The Father is the invisible God whom no eye hath seen, nor can see. All other beings are sometimes visible.

3. The Father hath life in himself, and hath given the Son to have life in himself.

4. The Father is omniscient, and hath all knowledge originally in his own breast, and communicates knowledge of future things to Jesus Christ; and none in heaven or earth, or under the earth, is worthy to receive knowledge of future things immediately from the Father, but the Lamb. And, therefore, the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy, and Jesus is the Word or Prophet of God.

5. The Father is immovable, no place being capable of becoming emptier or fuller of him than it is by the eternal necessity of nature. All other beings are movable from place to place.

6. All the worship—whether of prayer, praise, or thanksgiving—which was due to the Father before the coming of Christ, is still due to him. Christ came not to diminish the worship of his Father.

7. Prayers are most prevalent when directed to the Father in the name of the Son.

8. We are to return thanks to the Father alone for creating us, and giving us food and raiment and other blessings of this life, and whatsoever we are to thank him for, or desire that he would do for us, we ask of him immediately in the name of Christ.

9. We need not pray to Christ to intercede for us. If we pray the Father aright, he will intercede.

10. It is not necessary to salvation to direct our prayers to any other than the Father in the name of the Son.

11. To give the name of God to angels or kings, is not against the First Commandment. To give the worship of the God of the Jews to angels or kings, is against it. The meaning of the commandment is, Thou shalt worship no other God but me.

12. To us there is but one God, the Father, of whom are all things, and one Lord Jesus Christ, by whom are all things, and we by him. That is, we are to worship the Father alone as God Almighty, and Jesus alone as the Lord, the Messiah, the Great King, the Lamb of God who was slain, and hath redeemed us with his blood, and made us kings and priests.

The character and most prominent discoveries of Newton are summed up in his epitaph, of which the following is a translation: 'Here lies interred Isaac Newton, Knight, who, with an energy of mind almost divine, guided by the light of mathematics purely his own, first demonstrated the motions and figures of the planets, the paths of comets, and the causes of the tides; who discovered, what before his time no one had even suspected, that rays of light are differently refrangible, and that this is the cause of colours; and who was a diligent, penetrating, and faithful interpreter of nature, antiquity, and the sacred writings. In his philosophy, he maintained the majesty of the Supreme Being; in his manners, he expressed the simplicity of the gospel. Let mortals congratulate themselves that the world has seen so great and excellent a man, the glory of human nature.' Newton died March 20, 1727.

## CRITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS WRITERS.

### JAMES HOWELL.

**James Howell** (1594–1666) was one of the most intelligent travellers and pleasing miscellaneous writers in the early part of the seventeenth century. Born in Caermarthenshire, he received his education at Hereford and Oxford, and repaired to London in quest of employment. He was there appointed steward to a patent-glass manufactory, in which capacity he went abroad, to procure materials and engage workmen. In the course of his travels, which lasted three years, he visited many commercial towns in Holland, Flanders, France, Spain, and Italy; and, being possessed of an acute and inquiring mind, laid up a store of useful observations on men and manners, besides acquiring an extensive knowledge of modern languages. His connection with the glass-company soon after ceased, and he again visited France as the travelling companion of a young gentleman. After this he was sent to Spain (1622), as agent for the recovery of an English vessel which had been seized in Sardinia on a charge of smuggling; but all hopes of obtaining redress being destroyed by the breaking off of Prince Charles's proposed marriage with the Infanta, he returned to England in 1624. His next office was that of secretary to Lord Scrope, as President of the North; and in 1627 he was chosen by the corporation of Richmond to be one of their representatives in parliament. Three years afterwards, he visited Copenhagen as secretary to the English ambassador. About the beginning of the Civil War, he was appointed one of the Clerks of Council; but being 'prodigally inclined,' according to Anthony à Wood, 'and therefore running much into debt,' he was imprisoned in the Fleet, by order of a committee of parliament. Here he remained till after the king's death, supporting himself by translating and composing a variety of works. At the Restoration, he became historiographer-royal, being the first who ever enjoyed that title; and he continued his literary avocations till his death in 1666. Of upwards of forty publications of this lively and sensible writer, none is now generally read except his *Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ, or Familiar Letters*, which were published in four successive instalments, in 1645, 1647, 1650, and 1655. This work is considered to be the earliest specimen of epistolary literature in the language. The letters are dated from various places at home and abroad; and though some of them are supposed to have been composed from memory while the author was in the Fleet Prison, the greater number seem to bear sufficient internal evidence of having been written at the times and places indicated. His remarks on the leading events and characters of the time, as well as the description of what he saw in foreign countries, and the reflections with which his Letters abound, contribute to render the work one of permanent interest and value.

### *Letter from Venice.*

These wishes come to you from Venice, a place where there is nothing wanting that heart can wish; renowned Venice, the admired'st city in the world, a city that all Europe is bound unto, for she is her greatest rampart against that huge eastern tyrant, the Turk, by sea; else, I believe, he had overrun all Christendom by this time. Against him this city hath performed notable exploits, and not only against him, but divers others: she hath restored emperors to their thrones, and popes to their chairs, and with her galleys often preserved St Peter's bark from sinking: for which, by way of reward, one of his successors espoused her to the sea, which marriage is solemnly renewed every year in solemn procession by the Doge and all the Clarissimos, and a gold ring cast into the sea out of the great galeasse, called the Bucentoro, wherein the first ceremony was performed by the pope himself, above three hundred years since, and they say it is the self-same vessel still, though often put upon the careen and trimmed. This made me think on that famous ship at Athens; nay, I fell upon an abstracted notion in philosophy, and a speculation touching the body of man, which being in perpetual flux, and a kind of succession of decays, and consequently requiring, ever and anon, a restoration of what it loseth of the virtue of the former aliment, and what was converted after the third concoction into a blood and fleshy substance, which, as in all other sublunary bodies that have internal principles of heat, useth to transpire, breathe out, and waste away through invisible pores, by exercise, motion, and sleep, to make room still for a supply of new nurriture: I fell, I say, to consider whether our bodies may be said to be of like condition with this Bucentoro, which, though it be reputed still the same vessel, yet I believe there's not a foot of that timber remaining which it had upon the first dock, having been, as they tell me, so often planked and ribbed, caulked and pieced. In like manner, our bodies may be said to be daily repaired by new sustenance, which begets new blood, and consequently new spirits, new humours, and, I may say, new flesh; the old, by continual deperdition and insensible perspirations, evaporating still out of us, and giving way to fresh; so that I make a question whether, by reason of these perpetual reparations and accretions, the body of man may be said to be the same numerical body in his old age that he had in his manhood, or the same in his manhood that he had in his youth, the same in his youth that he carried about with him in his childhood, or the same in his childhood which he wore first in the womb. I make a doubt whether I had the same identical, individually numerical body, when I carried a calf-leather satchel to school in Hereford, as when I wore a lambskin hood in Oxford; or whether I have the same mass of blood in my veins, and the same flesh, now in Venice, which I carried about me three years since, up and down London streets, having, in lieu of beer and ale, drunk wine all this while, and fed upon different viands. Now, the stomach is like a crucible, for it hath a chemical kind of virtue to transmute one body into another, to transubstantiate fish and fruits into flesh within and about us; but though it be questionable whether I wear the same flesh which is fluxible, I am sure my hair is not the same, for you may remember I went flaxen-haired out of England, but you shall find me returned with a very dark brown, which I impute not only to the heat and air of those hot countries I have eat my bread in, but to the quality and difference of food: you will say that hair is but an excrementitious thing, and makes not to this purpose; moreover, methinks I hear thee say that this may be true only in the blood and spirits, or such fluid parts, not in the solid and heterogeneal parts. But I will press no further at this time this philosophical notion, which the sight of Bucentoro infused into me, for it hath already made me exceed the bounds of a letter, and, I fear me, to trespass too much upon your patience; I leave the further disquisition of this point to your own contemplations, who are a far riper philosopher than I, and have waded deeper into and drunk more of Aristotle's well. But, to conclude, though it be doubtful whether I carry about me the same body or no in all points that I had in England, I am well assured I bear still the same mind, and therein I verify the old verse:

> Cœlum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.
>
> The air, but not the mind, they change,
> Who in outlandish countries range.

For, what alterations soever happen in this microcosm, in this little world, this small bulk and body of mine, you may be confident that nothing shall alter my affections, specially towards you, but that I will persevere still the same—the very same J. H.

VENICE, *25th June, 1621.*

### *Letter from Rome.*

I am now come to Rome, and Rome, they say, is every man's country; she is called *Communis Patria*, for every one that is within the compass of the Latin Church finds himself here, as it were, at home, and in his mother's house, in regard of interest in religion, which is the cause that for one native there be five strangers that sojourn in this city; and without any distinction or mark of strangeness, they come to preferments and offices, both in church and state, according to merit, which is more valued and sought after here than anywhere.

But whereas I expected to have found Rome elevated upon seven hills, I met her rather spreading upon a flat, having humbled herself, since she was made a Christian, and descended from those hills to Campus Martius; with Trastevere, and the suburbs of Saint Peter, she hath yet in compass about fourteen miles, which is far short of that vast circuit she had in Claudius his time; for Vopiscus writes she was then of fifty miles' circumference, and she had five hundred thousand free citizens in a famous cense that was made, which, allowing but six to every family in women, children, and servants, came to three millions of souls; but she is now a wilderness in comparison of that number. The pope is grown to be a great temporal prince of late years, for the state of the church extends above three hundred miles in length, and two hundred miles in breadth; it contains Ferrara, Bologna, Romagnia, the Marquisate of Ancona, Umbria, Sabina, Perugia, with a part of Tuscany, the patrimony, Rome herself, and Latium. In these there are above fifty bishoprics; the pope hath also the duchy of Spoleto, and the exarchate of Ravenna; he hath the town of Benevento in the kingdom of Naples, and the country of Venissa, called Avignon, in France. He hath title also good enough to Naples itself; but, rather than offend his champion, the king of Spain, he is contented with a white mule, and purse of pistoles about the neck, which he receives every year for a heriot or homage, or what you will call it; he pretends also to be lord-paramount of Sicily, Urbia, Parma, and Masseran; of Norway, Ireland, and England, since King John did prostrate our crown at Pandulfo his legate's feet.

The state of the apostolic see here in Italy lieth 'twixt two seas, the Adriatic and the Tyrrhene, and it runs through the midst of Italy, which makes the pope powerful to do good or harm, and more capable than any other to be an umpire or an enemy. His authority being mixed 'twixt temporal and spiritual, disperseth itself into so many members, that a young man may grow old here before he can well understand the form of government.

The consistory of cardinals meet but once a week, and once a week they solemnly wait all upon the pope. I am told there are now in Christendom but sixty-eight cardinals, whereof there are six cardinal bishops, fifty-one cardinal priests, and eleven cardinal deacons. The cardinal bishops attend and sit near the pope, when he celebrates any festival; the cardinal priests assist him at mass; and the cardinal deacons attire him. A cardinal is made by a short breve or writ from the pope in these words: '*Creamus te socium regibus, superiorem ducibus, et fratrem nostrum*' ['We create thee a companion to kings, superior to dukes, and our brother']. If a cardinal bishop should be questioned for any offence, there must be twenty-four witnesses produced against him. The Bishop of Ostia hath most privilege of any other, for he consecrates and installs the pope, and goes always next to him. All these cardinals have the repute of princes, and besides other incomes, they have the annats of benefices to support their greatness.

For point of power, the pope is able to put 50,000 men in the field, in case of necessity, besides his naval strength in galleys. We read how Paul III. sent Charles III. twelve thousand foot and five hundred horse. Pius V. sent a greater aid to Charles IX.; and for riches, besides the temporal dominions he hath in all the countries before named, the datany or despatching of bulls, the triennial subsidies, annats, and other ecclesiastical rights, mount to an unknown sum; and it is a common saying here, that as long as the pope can finger a pen, he can want no pence. Pius V. notwithstanding his expenses in buildings, left four millions in the Castle of Saint Angelo in less than five years; more, I believe, than this Gregory XV. will, for he hath many nephews; and better is it to be the pope's nephew, than to be a favourite to any prince in Christendom.

Touching the temporal government of Rome, and oppidan affairs, there is a prætor and some choice citizens, which sit in the Capitol. Among other pieces of policy, there is a synagogue of Jews permitted here—as in other places of Italy—under the pope's nose, but they go with a mark of distinction in their hats; they are tolerated for advantage of commerce, wherein the Jews are wonderful dexterous, though most of them be only brokers and Lombardeers; and they are held to be here as the cynic held women to be—*malum necessarium*. . . .

Present Rome may be said to be but a monument of Rome past, when she was in that flourish that St Austin desired to see her in. She who tamed the world, tamed herself at last, and falling under her own weight, fell to be a prey to time; yet there is a providence seems to have a care of her still; for though her air be not so good, nor her circumjacent soil so kindly as it was, yet she hath wherewith to keep life and soul together still, by her ecclesiastical courts, which is the sole cause of her peopling now; so that it may be said, when the pope came to be her head, she was reduced to her first principles; for as a shepherd was founder, so a shepherd is still governor and preserver.

### *Description of the Wine Countries.*

Greece, with all her islands, Italy, Spain, France, one part of four of Germany, Hungary, with divers countries thereabouts, all the islands in the Mediterranean and Atlantic sea, are wine-countries.

The most generous wines of Spain grow in the midland parts of the continent, and St Martin bears the bell, which is near the court. Now, as in Spain, so in all other wine-countries, one cannot pass a day's journey but he will find a differing race of wine; those kinds that our merchants carry over are those only that grow upon the sea-side, as Malagas, Sherries, Tents, and Alicants: of this last there's little comes over right; therefore the vintners make Tent—which is a name for all wines in Spain, except white—to supply the place of it. There is a gentle kind of white wine grows among the mountains of Galicia, but not of body enough to bear the sea, called Rabidavia. Portugal affords no wines worth the transporting.[*] They have an odd stone we call Yef, which they use to throw into their wines, which clarifieth it, and makes it more lasting. There's also a drink in Spain called Alosha, which they drink between meals in hot weather, and 'tis a hydromel made of water and honey; much of them take of our mead. In the court of Spain there's a German or two that brew beer; but for that ancient drink of Spain which Pliny speaks of, composed of flowers, the receipt thereof is utterly lost.

In Greece there are no wines that have bodies enough to bear the sea for long voyages; some few Muscadels and Malmsies are brought over in small casks; nor is there in Italy any wine transported to England but in bottles, as Verde and others; for the length of the voyage makes them subject to pricking, and so lose colour by reason of their delicacy.

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[*] The importation of wines from Portugal dates from the reign of Charles II. In 1703, the Methuen Treaty was entered into with Portugal, binding England to receive her produce at a rate of one-third less than on that of France. Port then became the most important wine for British use. Since the reduction of duty on French wines, the consumption of port has greatly declined.

France, participating of the climes of all the countries about her, affords wines of quality accordingly; as, towards the Alps and Italy, she hath a luscious rich wine called Frontiniac. In the country of Provence, towards the Pyrenees in Languedoc, there are wines concustable with those of Spain: one of the prime sort of white wines is that of Beaume; and of clarets, that of Orleans, though it be interdicted to wine the king's cellar with it, in respect of the corrosiveness it carries with it. As in France, so in all other wine-countries, the white is called the female, and the claret or red wine is called the male, because commonly it hath more sulphur, body, and heat in't: the wines that our merchants bring over upon the river of Garonne, near Bordeaux, in Gascony, which is the greatest mart for wines in all France. The Scot, because he hath always been a useful confederate to France against England, hath (among other privileges) right of pre-emption of first choice of wines in Bordeaux; he is also permitted to carry his ordnance to the very walls of the town, whereas the English are forced to leave them at Blay, a good way distant down the river. There is a hard green wine, that grows about Rochelle, and the islands thereabouts, which the cunning Hollander sometime used to fetch, and he hath a trick to put a bag of herbs, or some other infusions, into it—as he doth brimstone in Rhenish—to give it a whiter tincture and more sweetness; then they re-embark it for England, where it passeth for good Bachrag, and this is called stuming of wines. In Normandy there's little or no wine at all grows; therefore the common drink of that country is cider, specially in low Normandy. There are also many beer-houses in Paris and elsewhere; but though their barley and water be better than ours, or that of Germany, and though they have English and Dutch brewers among them, yet they cannot make beer in that perfection.

The prime wines of Germany grow about the Rhine, specially in the Psallts or lower Palatinate about Bachrag, which hath its etymology from Bachiara; for in ancient times there was an altar erected there to the honour of Bacchus, in regard of the richness of the wines. Here, and all France over, 'tis held a great part of incivility for maidens to drink wine until they are married, as it is in Spain for them to wear high shoes, or to paint till then. The German mothers, to make their sons fall into a hatred of wine, do use, when they are little, to put some owls' eggs into a cup of Rhenish, and sometimes a little living eel, which twingling in the wine while the child is drinking, so scares him, that many come to abhor and have an antipathy to wine all their lives after. From Bachrag the first stock of vines which grow now in the grand Canary Island were brought, which, with the heat of the sun and the soil, is grown now to that height of perfection, that the wines which they afford are accounted the richest, the most firm, the best bodied, and lastingst wine, and the most defecated from all earthly grossness, of any other whatsoever; it hath little or no sulphur at all in't, and leaves less dregs behind, though one drink it to excess. French wines may be said but to pickle meat in the stomachs, but this is the wine that digests, and doth not only breed good blood, but it nutrifieth also, being a glutinous substantial liquor: of this wine, if of any other, may be verified that merry induction, 'that good wine makes good blood, good blood causeth good humours, good humours cause good thoughts, good thoughts bring forth good works, good works carry a man to heaven—ergo, good wine carrieth a man to heaven.' If this be true, surely more English go to heaven this way than any other; for I think there's more Canary brought into England than to all the world besides. I think also, there is a hundred times more drunk under the name of Canary wine than there is brought in; for Sherries and Malagas, well mingled, pass for Canaries in most taverns, more often than Canary itself; else I do not see how 'twere possible for the vintner to save by it, or to live by his calling, unless he were permitted sometimes to be a brewer. When Sacks and Canaries were brought in first among us, they were used to be drunk in aqua-vitæ measures, and 'twas held fit only for those to drink who were used to carry their legs in their hands, their eyes upon their noses, and an almanac in their bones; but now they go down every one's throat, both young and old, like milk.

The countries that are freest from excess of drinking are Spain and Italy. If a woman can prove her husband to have been thrice drunk, by the ancient laws of Spain she may plead for a divorce from him. Nor indeed can the Spaniard, being hot-brained, bear much drink, yet I have heard that Gondamar was once too hard for the king of Denmark, when he was here in England. But the Spanish soldiers that have been in the wars of Flanders will take their cups freely, and the Italians also. When I lived t'other side the Alps, a gentleman told me a merry tale of a Ligurian soldier, who had got drunk in Genoa; and Prince Doria going a-horseback to walk the round one night, the soldier took his horse by the bridle, and asked what the price of him was, for he wanted a horse. The prince, seeing in what humour he was, caused him to be taken into a house and put to sleep. In the morning he sent for him, and asked him what he would give for his horse. 'Sir,' said the recovered soldier, 'the merchant that would have bought him last night of your Highness went away betimes in the morning.' The boonest companions for drinking are the Greeks and Germans; but the Greek is the merriest of the two, for he will sing, and dance, and kiss his next companions; but the other will drink as deep as he. If the Greek will drink as many glasses as there be letters in his mistress's name, the other will drink the number of his years; and though he be not apt to break out in singing, being not of so airy a constitution, yet he will drink often musically a health to every one of these six notes, *ut*, *re*, *mi*, *fa*, *sol*, *la*; which, with his reason, are all comprehended in this hexameter:

Ut relivet miserum fatum solitosque labores.

The fewest draughts he drinks are three—the first to quench the thirst past, the second to quench the present thirst, the third to prevent the future. I heard of a company of Low Dutchmen that had drunk so deep, that beginning to stagger, and their heads turning round, they thought verily they were at sea, and that the upper chamber where they were was a ship, insomuch that, it being foul windy weather, they fell to throw the stools and other things out of the window, to lighten the vessel, for fear of suffering shipwreck.

From another of Howell's works, entitled *Instructions for Foreign Travel*, published in 1642, and which, like his Letters, contains many acute and humorous observations on men and things, we extract the following passage on the

### *Tales of Travellers.*

Others have a custom to be always relating strange things and wonders (of the humour of Sir John Mandeville), and they usually present them to the hearers through multiplying-glasses, and thereby cause the thing to appear far greater than it is in itself; they make mountains of mole-hills, like Charenton Bridge echo, which doubles the sound nine times. Such a traveller was he that reported the Indian fly to be as big as a fox, China birds to be as big as some horses, and their mice to be as big as monkeys; but they have the wit to fetch this far enough off, because the hearer may rather believe it than make a voyage so far to disprove it.

Every one knows the tale of him who reported he had seen a cabbage under whose leaves a regiment of soldiers were sheltered from a shower of rain. Another who was no traveller, yet the wiser man, said he had passed by a place where there were 400 brasiers making of a caldron—200 within and 200 without, beating the nails in; the traveller asking for what use that huge caldron was, he told him: 'Sir, it was to boil your cabbage.'

Such another was the Spanish traveller, who was so habituated to hyperbolise and relate wonders, that he became ridiculous in all companies, so that he was forced at last to give order to his man, when he fell into any excess this way, and report anything improbable, he should pull him by the sleeve. The master falling into his wonted hyperboles, spoke of a church in China that was ten thousand yards long; his man, standing behind, and pulling him by the sleeve, made him stop suddenly. The company asking: 'I pray, sir, how broad might that church be?' he replied: 'But a yard broad; and you may thank my man for pulling me by the sleeve, else I had made it foursquare for you.'

### SIR THOMAS HERBERT.

The only other traveller of much note at this time was Sir Thomas Herbert, who, in 1626, set out on a journey to the East, and, after his return, published, in 1634, *A Relation of some Years' Travels into Africa and the Greater Asia, especially the Territory of the Persian Monarchy, and some Parts of the Oriental Indies and Isles adjacent.* In the civil wars of England, Herbert sided with the Parliament, and, when the king was required to dismiss his own servants, was chosen by His Majesty one of the grooms of the bed-chamber. Herbert then became much attached to the king, served him with much zeal and assiduity, and was on the scaffold when the ill-fated monarch was brought to the block. After the Restoration, he was rewarded by Charles II. with a baronetcy, and subsequently devoted much time to literary pursuits. In 1678, he wrote *Threnodia Carolina, containing an Historical Account of the Two Last Years of the Life of King Charles I.* Herbert died in 1682.

### SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

Sir Thomas Browne (1605–1682) was a learned, desultory, but eloquent writer, fond of discussing abstruse and conjectural points, such as only a humorist can seriously concern himself with; and he displays throughout his works the mind rather of an amiable and eccentric scholar, than that of a man who takes an interest in the great concerns of humanity. Browne was born in London, and after being educated at Winchester and Oxford, proceeded to travel, first in Ireland, and subsequently in France, Italy, and Holland. He belonged to the medical profession, and having obtained his doctor's degree at Leyden, settled finally as a practitioner at Norwich. His first work, entitled *Religio Medici* (The Religion of a Physician), was published surreptitiously in 1642, and next year a perfect copy was issued by himself; it immediately rendered him famous as a literary man. In this singular production he gives a minute account of his opinions, not only on religion, but on a variety of philosophical and fanciful questions, besides affording the reader glimpses into the eccentricities of his personal character. The language of the work is bold and poetical, adorned with picturesque imagery, but frequently pedantic, rugged, and obscure. His next publication, entitled *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*, or treatise on Vulgar Errors, appeared in 1646. It is much more philosophical in its character than the *Religio Medici*, and is considered the most solid and useful of his productions. The following enumeration of some of the errors which he endeavours to dispel, will serve both to shew the kind of subjects he was fond of investigating, and to exemplify the notions which prevailed in the seventeenth century: 'That crystal is nothing else but ice strongly congealed; that a diamond is softened or broken by the blood of a goat; that a pot full of ashes will contain as much water as it would without them; that bays preserve from the mischief of lightning and thunder; that an elephant hath no joints; that a wolf, first seeing a man, begets a dumbness in him; that moles are blind; that the flesh of peacocks corrupteth not; that storks will only live in republics and free states; that the chicken is made out of the yolk of the egg; that men weigh heavier dead than alive; that the forbidden fruit was an apple; that there was no rainbow before the Flood; that John the Baptist should not die.' He treats also of the ring-finger; saluting upon sneezing; pigmies; the canicular or dog days; the picture of Moses with horns; the blackness of negroes; the river Nilus; gipsies; Methuselah; the food of John the Baptist; the cessation of oracles; Friar Bacon's brazen head that spoke; the poverty of Belisarius; and the wish of Philoxenus to have the neck of a crane. In 1658, Browne published his *Hydriotaphia, or Urn Burial; a Discourse on the Sepulchral Urns lately found in Norfolk*, a work not inferior in style to the *Religio Medici.* Here the author's learning appears in the details which he gives concerning the modes in which the bodies of the dead have been disposed of in different ages and countries; while his reflections on death, oblivion, and immortality are, for solemnity and grandeur, probably unsurpassed in English literature. The occasion would hardly have called forth a work from any less meditative mind. In a field at Walsingham were dug up between forty and fifty urns, containing the remains of human bones, some small brass instruments, boxes, and other fragmentary relics. Coals and burnt substances were found near the same plot of ground, and hence it was conjectured that this was the *Ustrina*, or place of burning, or the spot whereon the Druidical sacrifices were made. Furnished with a theme for his philosophic musings, Sir Thomas Browne then comments on that vast charnel-house, the earth.

'Nature,' he says, 'hath furnished one part of the earth, and man another. The treasures of time lie high, in urns, coins, and monuments, scarce below the roots of some vegetables. Time hath endless rarities, and shows of all varieties; which reveals old things in heaven, makes new discoveries in earth, and even earth itself a discovery. *That great antiquity, America, lay buried for a thousand years;* and a large part of the earth is still in the urn unto us. Though, if Adam were made out of an extract of the earth, all parts might challenge a restitution, yet few have returned their bones far lower than they might receive them; not affecting the graves of giants, under hilly and heavy coverings, but content with less than their own depth, have wished their bones might lie soft, and the earth be light upon them; even such as hope to rise again would not be content with central interment, or so desperately to place their relics as to lie beyond discovery, and in no way to be seen again; which happy contrivance hath made communication with our forefathers, and left unto our view some parts which they never beheld themselves.'

He then successively describes and comments upon the different modes of interment and decomposition—whether by fire ('some apprehending a purifying virtue in fire, refining the grosser commixture, and firing out the ethereal particles so deeply immersed in it'); by making their graves in the air like the Scythians, 'who swore by wind and sword;' or in the sea, like some of the nations about Egypt. 'Men,' he finely remarks, 'have lost their reason in nothing so much as their religion, wherein stones and clouts make martyrs; and since the religion of one seems madness unto another, to afford an account or rational of old rights requires no rigid reader. That they kindled the pyre aversely, or turning their face from it, was a handsome symbol of unwilling ministration; that they washed their bones with wine and milk; that the mother wrapt them in linen and dried them in her bosom, the first fostering part, and place of their nourishment; that they opened their eyes towards heaven, before they kindled the fire, as the place of their hopes or original, were no improper ceremonies. Their last valediction, thrice uttered by the attendants, was also very solemn, and somewhat answered by Christians, who thought it too little if they threw not the earth thrice upon the interred body. That, in strewing their tombs, the Romans affected the rose, the Greeks, amaranthus and myrtle; that the funeral pyre consisted of sweet fuel, cypress, fir, larix, yew, and trees perpetually verdant, lay silent expressions of their surviving hopes; wherein Christians, who deck their coffins with bays, have found a more elegant emblem—for that it seeming dead, will restore itself from the root, and its dry and exsuccous leaves resume their verdure again; which, if we mistake not, we have also observed in furze. Whether the planting of yew in churchyards hold not its original from ancient funeral rites, or as an emblem of resurrection, from its perpetual verdure, may also admit conjecture.' Among the beauties of expression in Browne, may be quoted the following eloquent definition: 'Nature is not at variance with art, nor art with nature—they being both the servants of His providence. Art is the perfection of nature. Were the world now as it was the sixth day, there were yet a chaos. Nature hath made one world, and art another. In belief, all things are artificial, for nature is the art of God.' This seems the essence of true philosophy. To the *Hydriotaphia* is appended a small treatise, called *The Garden of Cyrus; or the Quincuncial Lozenge, or Network Plantations of the Ancients, artificially, naturally, and mystically considered.* This is written in a similar style, and displays much of the author's whimsical fancy and propensity to laborious trifling. One of the most striking of these fancies has been often quoted. Wishing to denote that it is late, or that he was writing at a late hour, he says that 'the Hyades (the quincunx of heaven) run low—that we are unwilling to spin out our awaking thoughts into the phantasms of sleep—that to keep our eyes open longer were but to act our antipodes—that the huntsmen are up in America—and that they are already past their first sleep in Persia.' This is fantastic, but it is the offspring of genius. Among Browne's posthumous pieces is a collection of aphorisms, entitled *Christian Morals*, to which Dr Johnson prefixed a life of the author. He left also various essays on antiquarian and other subjects. Sir Thomas Browne died in 1682, at the age of seventy-seven. He was of a modest and cheerful disposition, retiring in his habits, and sympathised little with the pursuits and feelings of the busy multitude. His opinions were tinged with the credulity of his age. He believed in witchcraft, apparitions, and diabolical illusions; and gravely observes, 'that to those who would attempt to teach animals the art of speech, the dogs and cats that usually speak unto witches may afford some encouragement.'

In the writings of Sir Thomas Browne, the practice of employing Latin words with English terminations is carried to excess. Thus, speaking in his *Vulgar Errors* of the nature of ice, he says: 'Ice is only water congealed by the frigidity of the air, whereby it acquireth no new form, but rather a consistence or determination of its diffluency, and amitteth not its essence, but condition of fluidity. Neither doth there anything properly conglaciate but water, or watery humidity; for the determination of quicksilver is properly fixation; that of milk, coagulation; and that of oil and unctuous bodies, only incrassation.' He uses abundantly such words as dilucidate, ampliate, manuduction, indigitate, reminiscential, evocation, farraginous, advenient, ariolation, lapifidical.

Those who are acquainted with Dr Johnson's style will at once perceive the resemblance, particularly in respect to the abundance of Latin words, which it bears to that of Sir Thomas Browne. Indeed, there can be no doubt that the author of the *Rambler* acquired much of his fondness for pompous and sounding expressions from the writings of the learned knight of Norwich. Coleridge, who was so well qualified to appreciate the writings of Browne, has numbered him among his first favourites. 'Rich in various knowledge, exuberant in conceptions and conceits; contemplative, imaginative, often truly great and magnificent in his style and diction, though, doubtless, too often big, stiff, and *hyper-Latinistic.* He is a quiet and sublime *enthusiast*, with a strong tinge of the *fantast:* the humorist constantly mingling with, and flashing across, the philosopher, as the darting colours in shot-silk play upon the main dye.' The same writer has pointed out the *entireness* of Browne in every subject before him. He never wanders from it, and he has no occasion to wander; for whatever happens to be his subject, he metamorphoses all nature into it. We may add the complete *originality* of his mind. He seems like no other writer, and his vast and solitary abstractions, stamped with his peculiar style, like the hieroglyphic characters of the East, carry the imagination back into the primeval ages of the world, or forward into the depths of eternity.

### *Oblivion.*

What song the sirens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, though puzzling questions, are not beyond all conjecture. What time the persons of these ossuaries entered the famous nations of the dead, and slept with princes and counsellors, might admit a wide solution. But who were the proprietaries of these bones, or what bodies these ashes made up, were a question above antiquarianism; not to be resolved by man, nor easily perhaps by spirits, except we consult the provincial guardians, or tutelary observators. Had they made as good provision for their names as they have done for their relics, they had not so grossly erred in the art of perpetuation. But to subsist in bones, and be but pyramidally extant, is a fallacy in duration. Vain ashes, which, in the oblivion of names, persons, times, and sexes, have found unto themselves a fruitless continuation, and only arise unto late posterity, as emblems of mortal vanities, antidotes against pride, vainglory, and maddening vices. Pagan vainglories, which thought the world might last for ever, had encouragement for ambition, and finding no Atropos unto the immortality of their names, were never damped with the necessity of oblivion. Even old ambitions had the advantage of ours, in the attempts of their vainglories, who, acting early, and before the probable meridian of time, have by this time found great accomplishment of their designs, whereby the ancient heroes have already outlasted their monuments and mechanical preservations. But in this latter scene of time we cannot expect such mummies unto our memories, when ambition may fear the prophecy of Elias;[1] and Charles V. can never hope to live within two Methuselahs of Hector.[2]

And therefore restless inquietude for the diuturnity of our memories unto present considerations, seems a vanity almost out of date, and superannuated piece of folly. We cannot hope to live so long in our names as some have done in their persons; one face of Janus holds no proportion unto the other. It is too late to be ambitious. The great mutations of the world are acted, or time may be too short for our designs. To extend our memories by monuments, whose death we daily pray for, and whose duration we cannot hope, without injury to our expectations, in the advent of the last day, were a contradiction to our beliefs. We, whose generations are ordained in this setting part of time, are providentially taken off from such imaginations; and being necessitated to eye the remaining particle of futurity, are naturally constituted unto thoughts of the next world, and cannot excusably decline the consideration of that duration, which maketh pyramids pillars of snow, and all that is past a moment.

Circles and right lines limit and close all bodies, and the mortal right-lined circle[3] must conclude and shut up all. There is no antidote against the opium of time, which temporally considereth all things. Our fathers find their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us how we may be buried in our survivors. Gravestones tell truth scarce forty years. Generations pass while some trees stand, and old families last not three oaks. To be read by bare inscriptions like many in Gruter,[4] to hope for eternity by enigmatical epithets, or first letters of our names, to be studied by antiquaries who we were, and have new names given us, like many of the mummies, are cold consolations unto the students of perpetuity, even by everlasting languages.

To be content that times to come should only know there was such a man, not caring whether they knew more of him, was a frigid ambition in Cardan; disparaging his horoscopal inclination and judgment of himself, who cares to subsist, like Hippocrates' patients, or Achilles' horses in Homer, under naked nominations, without deserts and noble acts, which are the balsam of our memories, the *entelechia* and soul of our subsistences. To be nameless in worthy deeds exceeds an infamous history. The Canaanitish woman lives more happily without a name than Herodias with one. And who had not rather have been the good thief, than Pilate.

But the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit of perpetuity: who can but pity the founder of the Pyramids. Herostratus lives that burnt the temple of Diana; he is almost lost that built it: time hath spared the epitaph of Adrian's horse; confounded that of himself. In vain we compute our felicities by the advantage of our good names, since bad have equal durations; and Thersites is like to live as long as Agamemnon, without the favour of the everlasting register. Who knows whether the best of men be known; or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot than any that stand remembered in the known account of time. Without the favour of the everlasting register, the first man had been as unknown as the last, and Methuselah's long life had been his only chronicle.

Oblivion is not to be hired: the greatest part must be content to be as though they had not been; to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man. Twenty-seven names make up the first story before the Flood; and the recorded names ever since contain not one living century. The number of the dead long exceedeth all that shall live. The night of time far surpasseth the day, and who knows when was the equinox. Every hour adds unto that current arithmetic which scarce stands one moment. And since death must be the Lucina of life; and even pagans could doubt whether thus to live were to die; since our longest sun sets at right descensions, and makes but winter arches, and therefore it cannot be long before we lie down in darkness, and have our light in ashes; since the brother of death daily haunts us with dying mementos, and time, that grows old in itself, bids us hope no long duration; diuturnity is a dream, and folly of expectation.

Darkness and light divide the course of time, and oblivion shares with memory a great part even of our living beings; we slightly remember our felicities, and the smartest strokes of affliction leave but short smart upon us. Sense endureth no extremities, and sorrows destroy us or themselves. To weep into stones are fables. Afflictions induce callosities; miseries are slippery, or fall like snow upon us, which, notwithstanding, is no unhappy stupidity. To be ignorant of evils to come, and forgetful of evils past, is a merciful provision in nature, whereby we digest the mixture of our few and evil days; and our delivered senses not relapsing into cutting remembrances, our sorrows are not kept raw by the edge of repetitions. A great part of antiquity contented their hopes of subsistency with a transmigration of their souls—a good way to continue their memories, while, having the advantage of plural successions, they could not but act something remarkable in such variety of beings; and, enjoying the fame of their passed selves, make accumulation of glory unto their last durations. Others, rather than be lost in the uncomfortable night of nothing, were content to recede into the common being, and make one particle of the public soul of all things, which was no more than to return into their unknown and divine original again. Egyptian ingenuity was more unsatisfied, contriving their bodies in sweet consistencies to attend the return of their souls. But all was vanity, feeding the wind, and folly. The Egyptian mummies, which Cambyses or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth. Mummy is become merchandise; Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams. . . .

There is nothing strictly immortal but immortality. Whatever hath no beginning may be confident of no end, which is the peculiar of that necessary essence that cannot destroy itself, and the highest strain of omnipotency to be so powerfully constituted as not to suffer even from the power of itself; all others have a dependent being, and within the reach of destruction. But the sufficiency of Christian immortality frustrates all earthly glory, and the quality of either state after death makes a folly of posthumous memory. God, who can only destroy our souls, and hath assured our resurrection, either of our bodies or names hath directly promised no duration; wherein there is so much of chance, that the boldest expectants have found unhappy frustration, and to hold long subsistence seems but a scape in oblivion. But man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave, solemnising nativities and deaths with equal lustre, nor omitting ceremonies of bravery in the infamy of his nature. . . .

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[1] That the world may last but six thousand years.

[2] Hector's fame lasting above two lives of Methuselah, before that famous prince was extant.

[3] The character of death.

[4] Gruteri *Inscriptiones Antiquæ*.

Pyramids, arches, obelisks were but the irregularities of vainglory, and wild enormities of ancient magnanimity. But the most magnanimous resolution rests in the Christian religion, which trampleth upon pride, and sits on the neck of ambition, humbly pursuing that infallible perpetuity, unto which all others must diminish their diameters, and be poorly seen in angles of contingency.

Pious spirits, who passed their days in raptures of futurity, made little more of this world than the world that was before it, while they lay obscure in the chaos of pre-ordination and night of their fore-beings. And if any have been so happy as truly to understand Christian annihilation, ecstasies, exolution, liquefaction, transformation, the kiss of the spouse, gustation of God, and ingression into the divine shadow, they have already had a handsome anticipation of heaven: the glory of the world is surely over, and the earth in ashes unto them.

To subsist in lasting monuments, to live in their productions, to exist in their names, and predicament of chimeras, was large satisfaction unto old expectations, and made one part of their elysiums. But all this is nothing in the metaphysics of true belief. To live indeed is to be again ourselves, which being not only a hope but an evidence in noble believers, 'tis all one to lie in St Innocent's churchyard, as in the sands of Egypt; ready to be anything in the ecstasy of being ever, and as content with six foot as the moles of Adrianus.

### *Light the Shadow of God.*

Light, that makes things seen, makes some things invisible. Were it not for darkness, and the shadow of the earth, the noblest part of creation had remained unseen, and the stars in heaven as invisible as on the fourth day, when they were created above the horizon with the sun, and there was not an eye to behold them. The greatest mystery of religion is expressed by adumbration, and in the noblest part of Jewish types we find the cherubim shadowing the mercy-seat. Life itself is but the shadow of death, and souls departed but the shadows of the living. All things fall under this name. The sun itself is but the dark Simulachrum, and light but the shadow of God.

### *Study of God's Works.*

The world was made to be inhabited by beasts, but studied and contemplated by man; it is the debt of our reason we owe unto God, and the homage we pay for not being beasts; without this, the world is still as though it had not been, or as it was before the sixth day, when as yet there was not a creature that could conceive or say there was a world. The wisdom of God receives small honour from those vulgar heads that rudely stare about, and with a gross rusticity admire his works; those highly magnify him whose judicious inquiry into his acts, and deliberate research into his creatures, return the duty of a devout and learned admiration.

### *Ghosts.*

I believe that the whole frame of a beast doth perish, and is left in the same state after death as before it was materialed into life; that the souls of men know neither contrary nor corruption; that they subsist beyond the body, and outlive death by the privilege of their proper natures, and without a miracle; that the souls of the faithful, as they leave earth, take possession of heaven; that those apparitions and ghosts of departed persons are not the wandering souls of men, but the unquiet walks of devils, prompting and suggesting us unto mischief, blood, and villainy, instilling and stealing into our hearts; that the blessed spirits are not at rest in their graves, but wander solicitous of the affairs of the world; but that those phantasms appear often, and do frequent cemeteries, charnel-houses, and churches, it is because those are the dormitories of the dead, where the devil, like an insolent champion, beholds with pride the spoils and trophies of his victory over Adam.

### *Of Myself.*

For my life it is a miracle of thirty years, which to relate were not a history, but a piece of poetry, and would sound to common ears like a fable. For the world, I count it not an inn, but an hospital, and a place not to live, but to die in. The world that I regard is myself; it is the microcosm of my own frame that I can cast mine eye on—for the other, I use it but like my globe, and turn it round sometimes for my recreation. . . . The earth is a point not only in respect of the heavens above us, but of that heavenly and celestial part within us. That mass of flesh that circumscribes me, limits not my mind. That surface that tells the heavens it hath an end, cannot persuade me I have any. . . . Whilst I study to find how I am a microcosm, or little world, I find myself something more than the great. There is surely a piece of divinity in us—something that was before the heavens, and owes no homage unto the sun. Nature tells me I am the image of God, as well as Scripture. He that understands not thus much, hath not his introduction or first lesson, and hath yet to begin the alphabet of man.

### *Charity.*

But to return from philosophy to charity: I hold not so narrow a conceit of this virtue as to conceive that to give alms is only to be charitable, or think a piece of liberality can comprehend the total of charity. Divinity hath wisely divided the acts thereof into many branches, and hath taught us in this narrow way many paths unto goodness: as many ways as we may do good, so many ways we may be charitable; there are infirmities, not only of body, but of soul and fortunes, which do require the merciful hand of our abilities. I cannot contemn a man for ignorance, but behold him with as much pity as I do Lazarus. It is no greater charity to clothe his body, than apparel the nakedness of his soul. It is an honourable object to see the reasons of other men wear our liveries, and their borrowed understandings do homage to the bounty of ours. It is the cheapest way of beneficence, and, like the natural charity of the sun, illuminates another without obscuring itself. To be reserved and caitiff in this part of goodness, is the sordidest piece of covetousness, and more contemptible than pecuniary avarice. To this, as calling myself a scholar, I am obliged by the duty of my condition: I make not, therefore, my head a grave, but a treasure of knowledge; I intend no monopoly, but a community in learning; I study not for my own sake only, but for theirs that study not for themselves. I envy no man that knows more than myself, but pity them that know less. I instruct no man as an exercise of my knowledge, or with an intent rather to nourish and keep it alive in mine own head, than beget and propagate it in his; and in the midst of all my endeavours, there is but one thought that dejects me, that my acquired parts must perish with myself, nor can be legacied among my honoured friends. I cannot fall out, or contemn a man for an error, or conceive why a difference in opinion should divide an affection; for controversies, disputes, and argumentations, both in philosophy and in divinity, if they meet with discreet and peaceable natures, do not infringe the laws of charity.

## SIR MATTHEW HALE.

Sir Matthew Hale (1609–1676) not only acquired some reputation as a literary man, but is celebrated as one of the most upright judges that ever sat upon the English bench. Both in his studies and in the exercise of his profession he displayed uncommon industry, which was favoured by his acquaintance with Selden, who esteemed him so highly as to appoint him his executor. Hale was a judge both in the time of the Commonwealth and under Charles II.; he was appointed Chief-baron of the Exchequer in 1660, and Lord Chief-justice of the King's Bench eleven years afterwards. In the former capacity, one of his most notable and least creditable acts was the condemnation of some persons accused of witchcraft at Bury St Edmunds in 1664. Amidst the immorality of Charles II.'s reign, Sir Matthew Hale stands out with peculiar lustre as an impartial, incorruptible, and determined administrator of justice. His works are various, but relate chiefly to natural philosophy, divinity, and law. His religious opinions were Calvinistic; and his chief theological work, entitled *Contemplations, Moral and Divine*, retains considerable popularity. As a specimen of his style, we present part of a letter of advice to his children, written about the year 1662.

### *On Conversation.*

Dear Children—I thank God I came well to Farrington this day, about five o'clock. And as I have some leisure time at my inn, I cannot spend it more to my own satisfaction and your benefit, than, by a letter, to give you some good counsel. The subject shall be concerning your speech; because much of the good or evil that befalls persons arises from the well or ill managing of their conversation. When I have leisure and opportunity, I shall give you my directions on other subjects.

Never speak anything for a truth which you know or believe to be false. Lying is a great sin against God, who gave us a tongue to speak the truth, and not falsehood. It is a great offence against humanity itself; for, where there is no regard to truth, there can be no safe society between man and man. And it is an injury to the speaker; for, besides the disgrace which it brings upon him, it occasions so much baseness of mind, that he can scarcely tell truth, or avoid lying, even when he has no colour of necessity for it; and, in time, he comes to such a pass, that as other people cannot believe he speaks truth, so he himself scarcely knows when he tells a falsehood. As you must be careful not to lie, so you must avoid coming near it. You must not equivocate, nor speak anything positively for which you have no authority but report, or conjecture, or opinion.

Be not too earnest, loud, or violent in your conversation. Silence your opponent with reason, not with noise. Be careful not to interrupt another when he is speaking; hear him out, and you will understand him the better, and be able to give him the better answer. Consider before you speak, especially when the business is of moment; weigh the sense of what you mean to utter, and the expressions you intend to use, that they may be significant, pertinent, and inoffensive. Inconsiderate persons do not think till they speak; or they speak, and then think.

Some men excel in husbandry, some in gardening, some in mathematics. In conversation, learn, as near as you can, where the skill or excellence of any person lies; put him upon talking on that subject, observe what he says, keep it in your memory, or commit it to writing. By this means you will glean the worth and knowledge of everybody you converse with; and at an easy rate, acquire what may be of use to you on many occasions.

When you are in company with light, vain, impertinent persons, let the observing of their failings make you the more cautious both in your conversation with them and in your general behaviour, that you may avoid their errors.

If a man, whose integrity you do not very well know, makes you great and extraordinary professions, do not give much credit to him. Probably, you will find that he aims at something besides kindness to you, and that when he has served his turn, or been disappointed, his regard for you will grow cool.

Beware also of him who flatters you, and commends you to your face, or to one who, he thinks, will tell you of it; most probably he has either deceived and abused you, or means to do so. Remember the fable of the fox commending the singing of the crow, who had something in her mouth which the fox wanted.

Be careful that you do not commend yourselves. It is a sign that your reputation is small and sinking, if your own tongue must praise you; and it is fulsome and unpleasing to others to hear such commendations.

Speak well of the absent whenever you have a suitable opportunity. Never speak ill of them, or of anybody, unless you are sure they deserve it, and unless it is necessary for their amendment, or for the safety and benefit of others.

Avoid, in your ordinary communications, not only oaths, but all imprecations and earnest protestations. Forbear scoffing and jesting at the condition or natural defects of any person. Such offences leave a deep impression; and they often cost a man dear.

Never utter any profane speeches, nor make a jest of any Scripture expressions. When you pronounce the name of God or of Christ, or repeat any passages or words of Holy Scripture, do it with reverence and seriousness, and not lightly, for that is 'taking the name of God in vain.' If you hear of any unseemly expressions used in religious exercises, do not publish them; endeavour to forget them; or, if you mention them at all, let it be with pity and sorrow, not with derision or reproach.

I have little further to add at this time but my wish and command that you will remember the former counsels that I have frequently given you. Begin and end the day with private prayer; read the Scriptures often and seriously; be attentive to the public worship of God. Keep yourselves in some useful employment; for idleness is the nursery of vain and sinful thoughts, which corrupt the mind, and disorder the life. Be kind and loving to one another. Honour your minister. Be not bitter nor harsh to my servants. Be respectful to all. Bear my absence patiently and cheerfully. Behave as if I were present among you and saw you. Remember, you have a greater Father than I am, who always, and in all places, beholds you, and knows your hearts and thoughts. Study to requite my love and care for you with dutifulness, observance, and obedience; and account it an honour that you have an opportunity, by your attention, faithfulness, and industry, to pay some part of that debt which, by the laws of nature and of gratitude, you owe to me. Be frugal in my family, but let there be no want; and provide conveniently for the poor.

I pray God to fill your hearts with his grace, fear, and love, and to let you see the comfort and advantage of serving him; and that his blessing, and presence, and direction, may be with you, and over you all.—I am your ever loving father.

## JOHN EARLE.

JOHN EARLE (1601–1665), a native of York, bishop of Worcester, and afterwards of Salisbury, was a very successful miscellaneous writer. He was a man of great learning and eloquence, extremely agreeable and facetious in conversation, and of such excellent moral and religious qualities, that—in the language of Walton—there had lived since the death of Richard Hooker no man 'whom God had blessed with more innocent wisdom, more sanctified learning, or a more pious, peaceable, primitive temper.' He was at one period chaplain and tutor to Prince Charles, with whom he went into exile during the Civil War, after being deprived of his whole property for his adherence to the royal cause. His principal work is entitled *Microcosmography, or a Piece of the World Discovered, in Essays and Characters*, published about 1628, and often reprinted; it is a valuable storehouse of particulars illustrative of the manners of the times. Among the characters drawn are those of an antiquary, a carrier, a player, a pot-poet, a university dun, and a clown. We shall give the last.

### *The Clown.*

The plain country fellow is one that manures his ground well, but lets himself lie fallow and untilled. He has reason enough to do his business, and not enough to be idle or melancholy. He seems to have the punishment of Nebuchadnezzar, for his conversation is among beasts, and his talons none of the shortest, only he eats not grass, because he loves not sallets. His hand guides the plough, and the plough his thoughts, and his ditch and land-mark is the very mound of his meditations. He expostulates with his oxen very understandingly, and speaks gee and ree better than English. His mind is not much distracted with objects; but if a good fat cow come in his way, he stands dumb and astonished, and though his haste be never so great, will fix here half an hour's contemplation. His habitation is some poor thatched roof, distinguished from his barn by the loop-holes that let out smoke, which the rain had long since washed through, but for the double ceiling of bacon on the inside, which has hung there from his grandsire's time, and is yet to make rashers for posterity. His dinner is his other work, for he sweats at it as much as at his labour; he is a terrible fastener on a piece of beef, and you may hope to stave the guard off sooner. His religion is a part of his copyhold, which he takes from his landlord, and refers it wholly to his discretion: yet if he give him leave, he is a good Christian, to his power (that is), comes to church in his best clothes, and sits there with his neighbours, where he is capable only of two prayers, for rain and fair weather. He apprehends God's blessings only in a good year or a fat pasture, and never praises him but on good ground. Sunday he esteems a day to make merry in, and thinks a bagpipe as essential to it as evening-prayer, where he walks very solemnly after service with his hands coupled behind him, and censures the dancing of his parish. His compliment with his neighbour is a good thump on the back, and his salutation commonly some blunt curse. He thinks nothing to be vices but pride and ill-husbandry, from which he will gravely dissuade the youth, and has some thrifty hobnail proverbs to clout his discourse. He is a niggard all the week, except only market-day, where, if his corn sell well, he thinks he may be drunk with a good conscience. He is sensible of no calamity but the burning a stack of corn, or the overflowing of a meadow, and thinks Noah's flood the greatest plague that ever was, not because it drowned the world, but spoiled the grass. For death he is never troubled, and if he get in but his harvest before, let it come when it will, he cares not.

## PETER HEYLIN.

Among those clerical adherents of the king, who, like Bishop Earle, were despoiled of their goods by the parliament, was PETER HEYLIN (1600–1662), born near Oxford. This industrious writer, who figures at once as a geographer, a divine, a poet, and an historian, composed not fewer than thirty-seven publications, of which one of the most celebrated is his *Microcosmus, or a Description of the Great World*, first printed in 1621. Among his other works are *A Help to English History* (1641), and *History of the Reformation* (1661). As an historian, he displays too much of the spirit of a partisan and bigot, and stands among the defenders of civil and ecclesiastical tyranny. His works, though now almost forgotten, were much read in the seventeenth century, and portions of them may still be perused with pleasure. After the Restoration, his health suffered so much from disappointment at the neglect of his claims for preferment in the church, that he died soon after, in 1662. In a narrative which he published of a six weeks' tour to France in 1625, he gives the following humorous description of

### *The French.*

The present French is nothing but an old Gaul moulded into a new name: as rash he is, as head-strong, and as hare-brained. A nation whom you shall win with a feather, and lose with a straw; upon the first sight of him, you shall have him as familiar as your sleep, or the necessity of breathing. In one hour's conference you may endear him to you, in the second unbutton him, the third pumps him dry of all his secrets, and he gives them you as faithfully as if you were his ghostly father, and bound to conceal them *sub sigillo confessionis* ['under the seal of confession']—when you have learned this, you may lay him aside, for he is no longer serviceable. If you have any humour in holding him in a further acquaintance—a favour which he confesseth, and I believe him, he is unworthy of—himself will make the first separation: he hath said over his lesson now unto you, and now must find out somebody else to whom to repeat it. Fare him well; he is a garment whom I would be loath to wear above two days together, for in that time he will be threadbare. *Familiare est hominis omnia sibi remittere* ['It is usual for men to overlook their own faults'], saith Velleius of all; it holdeth most properly in this people. He is very kind-hearted to himself, and thinketh himself as free from wants as he is full; so much he hath in him the nature of a Chinese, that he thinketh all men blind but himself. In this private self-conceitedness he hateth the Spaniard, loveth not the English, and contemneth the German; himself is the only courtier and complete gentleman, but it is his own glass which he seeth in. Out of this conceit of his own excellency, and partly out of a shallowness of brain, he is very liable to exceptions; the least distaste that can be draweth his sword, and a minute's pause sheatheth it to your hand; afterwards, if you beat him into better manners, he shall take it kindly, and cry *serviteur*. In this one thing they are wonderfully like the devil; meekness or submission makes them insolent; a little resistance putteth them to their heels, or makes them your spaniels. In a word—for I have held him too long—he is a walking vanity in a new fashion.

I will give you now a taste of his table, which you shall find in a measure furnished—I speak not of the peasant—but not with so full a manner as with us. Their beef they cut out into such chops, that that which goeth there for a laudable dish, would be thought here a university commons, new served from the hatch. A loin of mutton serves amongst them for three roastings, besides the hazard of making pottage with the rump. Fowl, also, they have in good plenty, especially such as the king found in Scotland; to say truth, that which they have is sufficient for nature and a friend, were it not for the mistress or the kitchen wench. I have heard much fame of the French cooks, but their skill lieth not in the neat handling of beef and mutton. They have—as generally have all this nation—good fancies, and are special fellows for the making of puff-pastes, and the ordering of banquets. Their trade is not to feed the belly, but the palate. It is now time you were set down, where the first thing you must do is to say your grace: private graces are as ordinary there as private masses, and from thence I think they learned them. That done, fall to where you like best; they observe no method in their eating, and if you look for a carver, you may rise fasting. When you are risen, if you can digest the sluttishness of the cookery, which is most abominable at first sight, I dare trust you in a garrison. Follow him to church, and there he will shew himself most irreligious and irreverent; I speak not of all, but the general. At a mass, in Cordeliers' church in Paris, I saw two French papists, even when the most sacred mystery of their faith was celebrating, break out into such a blasphemous and atheistical laughter, that even an Ethnic would have hated it; it was well they were Catholics, otherwise some French hothead or other would have sent them laughing to Pluto.

The French language is, indeed, very sweet and delectable: it is cleared of all harshness, by the cutting and leaving out the consonants, which maketh it fall off the tongue very volubly; yet, in my opinion, it is rather elegant than copious; and, therefore, is much troubled for want of words to find out paraphrases. It expresseth very much of itself in the action; the head, body, and shoulders concur all in the pronouncing of it; and he that hopeth to speak it with a good grace, must have something in him of the mimic. It is enriched with a full number of significant proverbs, which is a great help to the French humour in scoffing; and very full of courtship, which maketh all the people complimental. The poorest cobbler in the village hath his court cringes and his *eau bénite de cour*, his court holy-water, as perfectly as the Prince of Condé.

### *French Love of Dancing.*

At my being there, the sport was dancing, an exercise much used by the French, who do naturally affect it. And it seems this natural inclination is so strong and deep rooted, that neither age nor the absence of a smiling fortune can prevail against it. For on this dancing green there assembleth not only youth and gentry, but also age and beggary; old wives, which could not set foot to ground without a crutch in the streets, had here taught their feet to amble; you would have thought, by the cleanly conveyance and carriage of their bodies, that they had been troubled with the sciatica, and yet so eager in the sport, as if their dancing-days should never be done. Some there was so ragged, that a swift galliard would almost have shaken them into nakedness, and they, also, most violent to have their carcasses directed in a measure. To have attempted the staying of them at home, or the persuading of them to work when they heard the fiddle, had been a task too unwieldy for Hercules. In this mixture of age and condition, did we observe them at their pastime; the rags being so interwoven with the silks, and wrinkled brows so interchangeably mingled with fresh beauties, that you would have thought it to have been a mummery of fortunes; as for those of both sexes which were altogether past action, they had caused themselves to be carried thither in their chairs, and trod the measures with their eyes.[*]

### OWEN FELTHAM.

Owen Feltham or Felltham (*circa* 1610–1678), the author of a work of great popularity in its day, entitled *Resolves; Divine, Moral, and Political*, is a writer of whose personal history little is known, except that he was of a good Suffolk family, and lived for some years in the house of the Earl of Thomond. The first part of his *Resolves* appeared in 1628; the second part in 1707, and in two years it had reached the twelfth edition. The work consists of essays moral and religious, in the sententious style of that period, and was perhaps suggested by Bacon's Essays. Mr Hallam has characterised Feltham as one of our worst writers in point of style. He is, indeed, often affected and obscure, but his essays have a fine vein of moral observation and reflection, with occasional picturesqueness of expression.

### *Moderation in Grief.*

I like of Solon's course, in comforting his constant friend; when, taking him up to the top of a turret, overlooking all the piled buildings, he bids him think how many discontents there had been in those houses since their framing—how many are, and how many will be; then, if he can, to leave the world's calamities, and mourn but for his own. To mourn for none else were hardness and injustice. To mourn for all were endless. The best way is to uncontract the brow, and let the world's mad spleen fret, for that we smile in woes.

Silence was a full answer in that philosopher, that being asked what he thought of human life, said nothing, turned him round, and vanished.

### *Limitation of Human Knowledge.*

Learning is like a river whose head being far in the land, is at first rising little, and easily viewed; but, still as you go, it gapeth with a wider bank, not without pleasure and delightful winding, while it is on both sides set with trees, and the beauties of various flowers. But still the further you follow it, the deeper and the broader 'tis; till at last, it inwaves itself in the unfathomed ocean; there you see more water, but no shore—no end of that liquid, fluid vastness. In many things we may sound Nature, in the shallows of her revelations. We may trace her to her second causes; but, beyond them, we meet with nothing but the puzzle of the soul, and the dazzle of the mind's dim eyes. While we speak of things that are, that we may dissect, and have power and means to find the causes, there is some pleasure, some certainty. But when we come to metaphysics, to long-buried antiquity, and unto unrevealed divinity, we are in a sea, which is deeper than the short reach of the line of man. Much may be gained by studious inquisition; but more will ever rest, which man cannot discover.

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[*] Goldsmith, a century and a quarter after this period, finely illustrated the same national peculiarity:

Alike all ages: dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze;
And the gay grandsire, skilled in gestic lore,
Has frisked beneath the burden of threescore.
*The Traveller.*

### *Against Readiness to Take Offence.*

We make ourselves more injuries than are offered us; they many times pass for wrongs in our own thoughts, that were never meant so by the heart of him that speaketh. The apprehension of wrong hurts more than the sharpest part of the wrong done. So, by falsely making ourselves patients of wrong, we become the true and first actors. It is not good, in matters of discourtesy, to dive into a man's mind, beyond his own comment; nor to stir upon a doubtful indignity without it, unless we have proofs that carry weight and conviction with them. Words do sometimes fly from the tongue that the heart did neither hatch nor harbour. While we think to revenge an injury, we many times begin one; and after that, repent our misconceptions. In things that may have a double sense, it is good to think the better was intended; so shall we still both keep our friends and quietness.

### *Against Detraction.*

In some dispositions there is such an envious kind of pride, that they cannot endure that any but themselves should be set forth as excellent; so that, when they hear one justly praised, they will either openly detract from his virtues, or, if those virtues be like a clear and shining light, eminent and distinguished, so that he cannot be safely traduced by the tongue, they will then raise a suspicion against him by a mysterious silence, as if there were something remaining to be told, which overclouded even his brightest glory. Surely, if we considered detraction to proceed, as it does, from envy, and to belong only to deficient minds, we should find that to applaud virtue would procure us far more honour, than underhandedly seeking to disparage her. The former would shew that we loved what we commended, while the latter tells the world we grudge that in others which we want in ourselves. It is one of the basest offices of man to make his tongue the lash of the worthy. Even if we do know of faults in others, I think we can scarcely shew ourselves more nobly virtuous than in having the charity to conceal them; so that we do not flatter or encourage them in their failings. But to relate anything we may know against our neighbour, in his absence, is most unbeseeming conduct. And who will not condemn him as a traitor to reputation and society, who tells the private fault of his friend to the public and ill-natured world? When two friends part, they should lock up one another's secrets, and exchange their keys. The honest man will rather be a grave to his neighbour's errors, than in any way expose them.

### *Of Neglect.*

There is the same difference between diligence and neglect, that there is between a garden properly cultivated and the sluggard's field which fell under Solomon's view, when overgrown with nettles and thorns. The one is clothed with beauty, the other is unpleasant and disgusting to the sight. Negligence is the rust of the soul, that corrodes through all her best resolutions. What nature made for use, for strength, and ornament, neglect alone converts to trouble, weakness, and deformity. We need only sit still, and diseases will arise from the mere want of exercise.

How fair soever the soul may be, yet while connected with our fleshy nature, it requires continual care and vigilance to prevent its being soiled and discoloured. Take the weeders from the *Floralium* and a very little time will change it to a wilderness, and turn that which was before a recreation for men into a habitation for vermin. Our life is a warfare; and we ought not, while passing through it, to sleep without a sentinel, or march without a scout. He who neglects either of these precautions exposes himself to surprise, and to becoming a prey to the diligence and perseverance of his adversary. The mounds of life and virtue, as well as those of pastures, will decay; and if we do not repair them, all the beasts of the field will enter, and tear up everything good which grows within them. With the religious and well-disposed, a slight deviation from wisdom's laws will disturb the mind's fair peace. Macarius did penance for only killing a gnat in anger. Like the Jewish touch of things unclean, the least miscarriage requires purification. Man is like a watch; if evening and morning he be not wound up with prayer and circumspection, he is unprofitable and false, or serves to mislead. If the instrument be not truly set, it will be harsh and out of tune; the diapason dies, when every string does not perform his part. Surely, without a union to God, we cannot be secure or well. Can he be happy who from happiness is divided? To be united to God, we must be influenced by His goodness, and strive to imitate His perfections. Diligence alone is a good patrimony; but neglect will waste the fairest fortune. One preserves and gathers; the other, like death, is the dissolution of all. The industrious bee, by her sedulity in summer, lives on honey all the winter. But the drone is not only cast out from the hive, but beaten and punished.

### *No Man can be Good to All.*

I never yet knew any man so bad, but some have thought him honest and afforded him love; nor ever any so good, but some have thought him evil and hated him. Few are so stigmatical as that they are not honest to some; and few, again, are so just, as that they seem not to some unequal: either the ignorance, the envy, or the partiality of those that judge, do constitute a various man. Nor can a man in himself always appear alike to all. In some, nature hath invested a disparity; in some, report hath fore-blinded judgment; and in some, accident is the cause of disposing us to love or hate. Or, if not these, the variation of the bodies' humours; or, perhaps, not any of these. The soul is often led by secret motions, and loves she knows not why. There are impulsive privacies which urge us to a liking, even against the parliamental acts of the two houses, reason and the common sense; as if there were some hidden beauty, of a more magnetic force than all that the eye can see; and this, too, more powerful at one time than another. Undiscovered influences please us now, with what we would sometimes contemn. I have come to the same man that hath now welcomed me with a free expression of love and courtesy, and another time hath left me unsaluted at all; yet, knowing him well, I have been certain of his sound affection; and have found this not an intended neglect, but an indisposedness, or a mind seriously busied within. Occasion reins the motions of the stirring mind. Like men that walk in their sleep, we are led about, we neither know whither nor how.

### *Meditation.*

Meditation is the soul's perspective glass; whereby, in her long remove, she discerneth God, as if he were nearer hand. I persuade no man to make it his whole life's business. We have bodies as well as souls; and even this world, while we are in it, ought somewhat to be cared for. As those states are likely to flourish where execution follows sound advisements, so is man when contemplation is seconded by action. Contemplation generates; action propagates. Without the first, the latter is defective; without the last, the first is but abortive and embryous. St Bernard compares contemplation to Rachel, which was the more fair; but action to Leah, which was the more fruitful. I will neither always be busy and doing, nor ever shut up in nothing but thought. Yet that which some would call idleness, I will call the sweetest part of my life, and that is, my thinking.

### ABRAHAM COWLEY.

COWLEY (1618–1667) holds a distinguished position among the prose writers of this age; indeed, he has been placed at the head of those who cultivated that clear, easy, and natural style which was subsequently employed and improved by Dryden, Tillotson, Sir William Temple, and Addison. Johnson has pointed out as remarkable the contrast between the simplicity of Cowley's prose, and the stiff formality and affectation of his poetry. 'No author,' says he, 'ever kept his verse and his prose at a greater distance from each other. His thoughts are natural, and his style has a smooth and placid equability, which has never yet obtained its due commendation. Nothing is far-sought or hard-laboured; but all is easy without feebleness, and familiar without grossness.' The prose works of Cowley extend to but sixty folio pages, and consist of *Essays*, which treat of Liberty, Solitude, Obscurity, Agriculture, The Garden, Greatness, Avarice, The Dangers of an Honest Man in much Company, The Shortness of Life and Uncertainty of Riches, The Danger of Procrastination, Of Myself, &c. He wrote also a *Discourse, by way of Vision, concerning the Government of Oliver Cromwell*, and a *Proposition for the Advancement of Experimental Philosophy*. In his Essays, Cowley's longing for peace and retirement is a frequently recurring theme. But he has also wit and humour, with an occasional touch of satire.

### *Of Myself.*

It is a hard and nice subject for a man to write of himself; it grates his own heart to say anything of disparagement, and the reader's ears to hear anything of praise from him. There is no danger from me of offending him in this kind; neither my mind, nor my body, nor my fortune allow me any materials for that vanity. It is sufficient for my own contentment, that they have preserved me from being scandalous, or remarkable on the defective side. But besides that, I shall here speak of myself only in relation to the subject of these precedent discourses, and shall be likelier thereby to fall into the contempt, than rise up to the estimation of most people. As far as my memory can return back into my past life, before I knew or was capable of guessing what the world, or glories, or business of it were, the natural affections of my soul gave a secret bent of aversion from them, as some plants are said to turn away from others, by an antipathy imperceptible to themselves, and inscrutable to man's understanding. Even when I was a very young boy at school, instead of running about on holidays, and playing with my fellows, I was wont to steal from them, and walk into the fields, either alone with a book, or with some one companion, if I could find any of the same temper. I was then, too, so much an enemy to constraint, that my masters could never prevail on me, by any persuasions or encouragements, to learn, without book, the common rules of grammar, in which they dispensed with me alone, because they found I made a shift to do the usual exercise out of my own reading and observation. That I was then of the same mind as I am now—which, I confess, I wonder at myself—may appear at the latter end of an ode which I made when I was but thirteen years old, and which was then printed, with many other verses. The beginning of it is boyish; but of this part which I here set down, if a very little were corrected, I should hardly now be much ashamed.

This only grant me, that my means may lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.
    Some honour I would have,
Not from great deeds, but good alone;
Th' unknown are better than ill-known.
    Rumour can ope the grave:
Acquaintance I would have; but when 't depends
Not on the number, but the choice of friends.

Books should, not business, entertain the light,
And sleep, as undisturbed as death, the night.
    My house a cottage, more
Than palace, and should fitting be
For all my use, no luxury.
    My garden painted o'er
With Nature's hand, not Art's; and pleasures yield,
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

Thus would I double my life's fading space,
For he that runs it well, twice runs his race.
    And in this true delight,
These unbought sports, that happy state,
I would not fear nor wish my fate,
    But boldly say each night,
To-morrow let my sun his beams display,
Or in clouds hide them; I have lived to-day.

You may see by it I was even then acquainted with the poets, for the conclusion is taken out of Horace; and perhaps it was the immature and immoderate love of them which stamped first, or rather engraved, the characters in me. They were like letters cut in the bark of a young tree, which, with the tree, still grow proportionably. But how this love came to be produced in me so early, is a hard question: I believe I can tell the particular little chance that filled my head first with such chimes of verse, as have never since left ringing there: for I remember when I began to read, and take some pleasure in it, there was wont to lie in my mother's parlour—I know not by what accident, for she herself never in her life read any book but of devotion—but there was wont to lie Spenser's works; this I happened to fall upon, and was infinitely delighted with the stories of the knights, and giants, and monsters, and brave houses which I found everywhere there—though my understanding had little to do with all this—and by degrees, with the tinkling of the rhyme, and dance of the numbers; so that I think I had read him all over before I was twelve years old. With these affections of mind, and my heart wholly set upon letters, I went to the university; but was soon torn from thence by that public violent storm, which would suffer nothing to stand where it did, but rooted up every plant, even from the princely cedars, to me, the hyssop. Yet I had as good fortune as could have befallen me in such a tempest; for I was cast by it into the family of one of the best persons, and into the court of one of the best princesses in the world. Now, though I was here engaged in ways most contrary to the original design of my life; that is, into much company, and no small business, and into a daily sight of greatness, both militant and triumphant—for that was the state then of the English and the French courts—yet all this was so far from altering my opinion, that it only added the confirmation of reason to that which was before but natural inclination. I saw plainly all the paint of that kind of life the nearer I came to it; and that beauty which I did not fall in love with, when, for aught I knew, it was real, was not like to bewitch or entice me when I saw it was adulterate. I met with several great persons, whom I liked very well, but could not perceive that any part of their greatness was to be liked or desired, no more than I would be glad or content to be in a storm, though I saw many ships which rid safely and bravely in it. A storm would not agree with my stomach, if it did with my courage; though I was in a crowd of as good company as could be found anywhere, though I was in business of great and honourable trust, though I eat at the best table, and enjoyed the best conveniences for present subsistence that ought to be desired by a man of my condition, in banishment and public distresses; yet I could not abstain from renewing my old schoolboy's wish, in a copy of verses to the same effect:

Well, then, I now do plainly see
This busy world and I shall ne'er agree, &c.

And I never then proposed to myself any other advantage from his majesty's happy restoration, but the getting into some moderately convenient retreat in the country, which I thought in that case I might easily have compassed, as well as some others, who, with no greater probabilities or pretences, have arrived to extraordinary fortunes. But I had before written a shrewd prophecy against myself, and I think Apollo inspired me in the truth, though not in the elegance of it:

Thou neither great at court nor in the war,
Nor at the Exchange shalt be, nor at the wrangling bar;
Content thyself with the small barren praise
Which thy neglected verse does raise, &c.

However, by the failing of the forces which I had expected, I did not quit the design which I had resolved on; I cast myself into it a *corpus perditum*, without making capitulations, or taking counsel of fortune. But God laughs at man, who says to his soul, 'Take thy ease:' I met presently not only with many little incumbrances and impediments, but with so much sickness—a new misfortune to me—as would have spoiled the happiness of an emperor as well as mine. Yet I do neither repent nor alter my course; *Non ego perfidum dixi sacramentum* [I have not falsely sworn]. Nothing shall separate me from a mistress which I have loved so long, and have now at last married; though she neither has brought me a rich portion, nor lived yet so quietly with me as I hoped from her.

*Nec vos, dulcissima mundi*
*Nomina, vos musæ, libertas, otia, libri,*
*Hortique, sylvæque, animâ remanente relinquam.*

Nor by me e'er shall you,
You of all names the sweetest and the best,
You muses, books, and liberty, and rest;
You gardens, fields, and woods forsaken be,
As long as life itself forsakes not me.

### *The Spring-tides of Public Affairs.*

I have often observed, with all submission and resignation of spirit to the inscrutable mysteries of Eternal Providence, that when the fulness and maturity of time is come that produces the great confusions and changes in the world, it usually pleases God to make it appear, by the manner of them, that they are not the effects of human force or policy, but of the divine justice and predestination; and, though we see a man, like that which we call Jack of the Clock-house, striking as it were, the hour of that fulness of time, yet our reason must needs be convinced that his hand is moved by some secret, and, to us who stand without, invisible direction. And the stream of the current is then so violent, that the strongest men in the world cannot draw up against it; and none are so weak but they may sail down with it. These are the spring-tides of public affairs, which we see often happen, but seek in vain to discover any certain causes. And one man then, by maliciously opening all the sluices that he can come at, can never be the sole author of all this—though he may be as guilty as if he really were, by intending and imagining to be so—but it is God that breaks up the flood-gates of so general a deluge, and all the art then, and industry of mankind, is not sufficient to raise up dikes and ramparts against it.

### *The Antiquity of Agriculture.*

The three first men in the world were a gardener, a ploughman, and a grazier; and if any man object that the second of these was a murtherer, I desire he would consider that, as soon as he was so, he quitted our profession and turned builder. It is for this reason, I suppose, that Ecclesiasticus forbids us to hate husbandry; 'because,' says he, 'the Most High has created it.' We were all born to this art, and taught by Nature to nourish our bodies by the same earth out of which they were made, and to which they must return, and pay at last for their sustenance. Behold the original and primitive nobility of all these great persons, who are too proud now, not only to till the ground, but almost to tread upon it! We may talk what we please of lilies and lions rampant, and spread eagles in fields *d'or* or *d'argent*; but if heraldry were guided by reason, a plough in a field arable would be the most noble and ancient arms.

### *Of Obscurity.*

What a brave privilege is it to be free from all contentions, from all envying or being envied, from receiving and from paying all kind of ceremonies! It is, in my mind, a very delightful pastime for two good and agreeable friends to travel up and down together, in places where they are by nobody known, nor know anybody. It was the case of Æneas and his Achates, when they walked invisibly about the fields and streets of Carthage. Venus herself

A veil of thickened air around them cast,
That none might know, or see them, as they passed.
VIRG. 1 ÆN.

The common story of Demosthenes's confession, that he had taken great pleasure in hearing of a tanker-woman say, as he passed: 'This is that Demosthenes,' is wonderfully ridiculous from so solid an orator. I myself have often met with that temptation to vanity, if it were any; but am so far from finding it any pleasure, that it only makes me run faster from the place, till I get, as it were, out of sight-shot. Democritus relates, and in such a manner as if he gloried in the good fortune and commodity of it, that, when he came to Athens, nobody there did so much as take notice of him; and Epicurus lived there very well, that is, lay hid many years in his gardens, so famous since that time, with his friend Metrodorus: after whose death, making, in one of his letters, a kind commemoration of the happiness which they two had enjoyed together, he adds at last that he thought it no disparagement to those great felicities of their life, that, in the midst of the most talked-of and talking country in the world, they had lived so long, not only without fame, but almost without being heard of; and yet, within a very few years afterward, there were no two names of men more known or more generally celebrated. If we engage into a large acquaintance and various familiarities, we set open our gates to the invaders of most of our time; we expose our life to a quotidian ague of frigid impertinences, which would make a wise man tremble to think of. Now, as for being known much by sight, and pointed at, I cannot comprehend the honour that lies in that; whatsoever it be, every mountebank has it more than the best doctor, and the hangman more than the lord chief-justice of a city. Every creature has it, both of nature and art, if it be anyways extraordinary. It was as often said: 'This is that Bucephalus,' or, 'This is that Incitatus,' when they were led prancing through the streets, as, 'This is that Alexander,' or, 'This is that Domitian;' and truly, for the latter, I take Incitatus to have been a much more honourable beast than his master, and more deserving the consulship than he the empire.

I love and commend a true good fame, because it is the shadow of virtue: not that it doth any good to the body which it accompanies, but it is an efficacious shadow, and like that of St Peter, cures the diseases of others. The best kind of glory, no doubt, is that which is reflected from honesty, such as was the glory of Cato and Aristides; but it was harmful to them both, and is seldom beneficial to any man whilst he lives; what it is to him after his death I cannot say, because I love not philosophy merely notional and conjectural, and no man who has made the experiment has been so kind as to come back to inform us. Upon the whole matter, I account a person who has a moderate mind and fortune, and lives in the conversation of two or three agreeable friends, with little commerce in the world besides, who is esteemed well enough by his few neighbours that know him, and is truly irreproachable by anybody; and so, after a healthful quiet life, before the great inconveniences of old age, goes more silently out of it than he came in—for I would not have him so much as cry in the exit: this innocent deceiver of the world, as Horace calls him, this *muta persona*, I take to have been more happy in his part than the greatest actors that fill the stage with show and noise; nay, even than Augustus himself, who asked, with his last breath, whether he had not played his farce very well.

### *The Danger of Procrastination.*

I am glad that you approve and applaud my design of withdrawing myself from all tumult and business of the world, and consecrating the little rest of my time to those studies to which nature had so motherly inclined me, and from which fortune, like a step-mother, has so long detained me. But, nevertheless, you say (which *but* is *ærugo mera*, a rust which spoils the good metal it grows upon)—but you say you would advise me not to precipitate that resolution, but to stay a while longer with patience and complaisance, till I had gotten such an estate as might afford me—according to the saying of that person, whom you and I love very much, and would believe as soon as another man—*cum dignitate otium*. This were excellent advice to Joshua, who could bid the sun stay too. But there's no fooling with life, when it is once turned beyond forty: the seeking for a fortune then is but a desperate after-game; 'tis a hundred to one if a man fling two sixes, and recover all; especially if his hand be no luckier than mine.

There is some help for all the defects of fortune; for if a man cannot attain to the length of his wishes, he may have his remedy by cutting of them shorter. Epicurus writes a letter to Idomeneus—who was then a very powerful, wealthy, and, it seems, a bountiful person—to recommend to him, who had made so many rich, one Pythocles, a friend of his, whom he desired might be made a rich man too; 'but I entreat you that you would not do it just the same way as you have done to many less deserving persons; but in the most gentlemanly manner of obliging him, which is, not to add anything to his estate, but to take something from his desires.'

The sum of this is, that for the certain hopes of some conveniences, we ought not to defer the execution of a work that is necessary; especially when the use of those things which we would stay for may otherwise be supplied, but the loss of time never recovered; nay, farther yet, though we were sure to obtain all that we had a mind to, though we were sure of getting never so much by continuing the game, yet when the light of life is so near going out, and ought to be so precious, *le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*, the play is not worth the expense of the candle; after having been long tossed in a tempest, if our masts be standing, and we have still sail and tackling enough to carry us to our port, it is no matter for the want of streamers and topgallants. A gentleman, in our late civil wars, when his quarters were beaten up by the enemy, was taken prisoner, and lost his life afterwards only by staying to put on a band and adjust his periwig: he would escape like a person of quality, or not at all, and died the noble martyr of ceremony and gentility.

### *Vision of Oliver Cromwell.*

I was interrupted by a strange and terrible apparition; for there appeared to me—arising out of the earth as I conceived—the figure of a man, taller than a giant, or indeed than the shadow of any giant in the evening. His body was naked, but that nakedness adorned, or rather deformed, all over with several figures, after the manner of the ancient Britons, painted upon it; and I perceived that most of them were the representation of the late battles in our civil wars, and, if I be not much mistaken, it was the battle of Naseby that was drawn upon his breast. His eyes were like burning brass; and there were three crowns of the same metal, as I guessed, and that looked as red-hot, too, upon his head. He held in his right hand a sword that was yet bloody, and nevertheless, the motto of it was *Pax quæritur bello* [' We war for peace ']; and in his left hand a thick book, upon the back of which was written, in letters of gold, Acts, Ordinances, Protestations, Covenants, Engagements, Declarations, Remonstrances, &c.

Though this sudden, unusual, and dreadful object might have quelled a greater courage than mine, yet so it pleased God—for there is nothing bolder than a man in a vision—that I was not at all daunted, but asked him resolutely and briefly: 'What art thou?' And he said: 'I am called the North-west Principality, his highness the Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and the dominions belonging thereunto; for I am that Angel to whom the Almighty has committed the government of those three kingdoms, which thou seest from this place.' And I answered and said: 'If it be so, sir, it seems to me that for almost these twenty years past your highness has been absent from your charge; for not only if any angel, but if any wise and honest man had since that time been our governor, we should not have wandered thus long in these laborious and endless labyrinths of confusion; but either not have entered at all into them, or at least have returned back ere we had absolutely lost our way; but, instead of your highness, we have had since such a protector as was his predecessor Richard III. to the king, his nephew; for he presently slew the Commonwealth, which he pretended to protect, and set up himself in the place of it: a little less guilty, indeed, in one respect, because the other slew an innocent, and this man did but murder a murderer. Such a protector we have had as we would have been glad to have changed for an enemy, and rather received a constant Turk than this every month's apostate; such a protector as man is to his flocks which he shears, and sells, or devours himself; and I would fain know what the wolf, which he protects him from, could do more? Such a protector'—— And, as I was proceeding, methought his highness began to put on a displeased and threatening countenance, as men use to do when their dearest friends happen to be traduced in their company; which gave me the first rise of jealousy against him; for I did not believe that Cromwell, among all his foreign correspondences, had ever held any with angels. However, I was not hardened enough yet to venture a quarrel with him then; and therefore—as if I had spoken to the Protector himself in Whitehall—I desired him 'that his highness would please to pardon me, if I had unwittingly spoken anything to the disparagement of a person whose relations to his highness I had not the honour to know.' At which he told me, 'that he had no other concernment for his late highness, than as he took him to be the greatest man that ever was of the English nation, if not,' said he, 'of the whole world; which gives me a just title to the defence of his reputation, since I now account myself, as it were, a naturalised English angel, by having had so long the management of the affairs of that country.—And pray, countryman,' said he, very kindly and very flatteringly, 'for I would not have you fall into the general error of the world, that detests and decries so extraordinary a virtue; what can be more extraordinary than that a person of mean birth, no fortune, no eminent qualities of body, which have sometimes, or of mind, which have often, raised men to the highest dignities, should have the courage to attempt, and the happiness to succeed in, so improbable a design as the destruction of one of the most ancient and most solidly founded monarchies upon the earth? that he should have the power or boldness to put his prince and master to an open and infamous death; to banish that numerous and strongly allied family; to do all this under the name and wages of a parliament; to trample upon them, too, as he pleased, and spurn them out of doors when he grew weary of them; to raise up a new and unheard-of monster out of their ashes; to stifle that in the very infancy, and set up himself above all things that ever were called sovereign in England; to oppress all his enemies by arms, and all his friends afterwards by artifice; to serve all parties patiently for a while, and to command them victoriously at last; to overrun each corner of the three nations, and overcome with equal facility both the riches of the south and the poverty of the north; to be feared and courted by all foreign princes, and adopted a brother to the gods of the earth; to call together parliaments with a word of his pen, and scatter them again with the breath of his mouth; to be humbly and daily petitioned, that he would please to be hired, at the rate of two millions a year, to be the master of those who had hired him before to be their servant; to have the estates and lives of three kingdoms as much at his disposal as was the little inheritance of his father, and to be as noble and liberal in the spending of them; and, lastly—for there is no end of all the particulars of his glory—to bequeath all this with one word to his posterity; to die with peace at home, and triumph abroad; to be buried among kings, and with more than regal solemnity; and to leave a name behind him not to be extinguished but with the whole world; which, as it is now too little for his praises, so might have been, too, for his conquests, if the short line of his human life could have been stretched out to the extent of his immortal designs.'

### IZAAK WALTON.

One of the most interesting and popular of our early writers was IZAAK WALTON (1593-1683), an English *worthy* of the simple antique cast, who retained in the heart of London, and in the midst of close and successful application to business, an unworldly simplicity of character, and an inextinguishable fondness for country scenes, pastimes, and recreations. He had also a power of natural description and lively dialogue that has rarely been surpassed. His *Complete Angler* is a rich storehouse of rural pictures and pastoral poetry, of quaint but wise thoughts, of agreeable and humorous fancies, and of truly apostolic purity and benevolence. The slight tincture of superstitious credulity and innocent eccentricity which pervades his works, gives them a finer zest, and original flavour, without detracting from their higher power to soothe, instruct, and delight. Walton was born in the town of Stafford. Of his education or his early years nothing is related; but according to Anthony à Wood, he acquired a moderate competency, by following in London the occupation of a sempster or linendraper. He had a shop in the Royal Burse in Cornhill, which was *seven feet and a half long, and five wide*. Lord Bacon has a punning remark, that a small room helps a studious man to condense his thoughts, and certainly Izaak Walton was not destitute of this intellectual succedaneum. He had a more pleasant and spacious study, however, in the fields and rivers in the neighbourhood of London, 'in such days and times as he laid aside business, and went a-fishing with honest Nat. and R. Roe.' From the Royal Burse, Izaak—for so he always wrote his name—removed to Fleet Street, where he had *one half of a shop*, the other half being occupied by a hosier. About the year 1632, he was married to Anne, the daughter of Thomas Ken, of Furnival's Inn, and sister of Dr Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells. This respectable connection probably introduced Walton to the acquaintance of the eminent men and dignitaries of the church, at whose houses he spent much of his time in his latter years, especially after the death of his wife, 'a woman of remarkable prudence, and of the primitive piety.'

Walton retired from business in 1643, and lived forty years afterwards in uninterrupted leisure. His first work was a *Life of Dr Donne* prefixed to a collection of the doctor's sermons, published in 1640. Sir Henry Wotton was to have written Donne's life, Walton merely collecting the materials; but Sir Henry dying before he had begun to execute the task, Izaak 'reviewed his forsaken collections, and resolved that the world should see the best plain picture of the author's life that his artless pencil, guided by the hand of truth, could present.' The memoir is circumstantial and deeply interesting. He next wrote a *Life of Sir Henry Wotton* (1651), and edited his literary remains. In 1652 he published a small work, a translation by Sir John Skeffington, from the Spanish, *The Heroe of Lorenzo*, to which he prefixed a short affectionate notice of his deceased friend, the translator, who had died the previous year. His principal production, *The Complete Angler, or Contemplative Man's Recreation*, appeared in 1653; and four other editions of it were called for during his life—namely, in 1655, 1664, 1668, and 1676. Walton also wrote a *Life of Richard Hooker* (1662), a *Life of George Herbert* (1670), and a *Life of Bishop Sanderson* (1678). They are all exquisitely simple, touching, and impressive. Though no man seems to have possessed his soul more patiently during the troublous times in which he lived, the venerable Izaak was tempted, in 1680, to write and publish anonymously two letters on the *Distempers of the Times*, 'written from a quiet and conformable citizen of London to two busie and factious shopkeepers in Coventry.' In 1683, when in his ninetieth year, he published the *Thealma and Clearchus* of Chalkhill, which we have previously noticed; and he died at Winchester on the 15th December of the same year, while residing with his son-in-law, Dr Hawkins, prebendary of Winchester Cathedral.

The *Complete Angler* of Walton is a production unique in our literature. In writing it, he says he made 'a recreation of a recreation,' and, by mingling innocent mirth and pleasant scenes with the graver parts of his discourse, he designed it as a picture of his own disposition. The work is, indeed, essentially autobiographical in spirit and execution. A hunter and falconer are introduced as parties in the dialogues, but they serve only as foils to the venerable and complacent Piscator, in whom the interest of the piece wholly centres. The opening scene lets us at once into the genial character of the work and its hero. The three interlocutors meet accidentally on Tottenham Hill, near London, on a 'fine fresh May morning.' They are open and cheerful as the day. Piscator is going towards Ware, Venator to meet a pack of other dogs upon Amwell Hill, and Auceps to Theobald's, to see a hawk that a friend there *mews* or moults for him. Piscator willingly joins with the lover of hounds in helping to destroy otters, for he 'hates them perfectly, because they love fish so well, and destroy so much.' The sportsmen proceed onwards together, and they agree each to 'commend his recreation' or favourite pursuit. Piscator alludes to the virtue and contentedness of anglers, but gives the precedence to his companions in discoursing on their different crafts. The lover of hawking is eloquent on the virtues of air, the element that he trades in, and on its various winged inhabitants. He describes the falcon 'making her highway over the steepest mountains and deepest rivers, and, in her glorious career, looking with contempt upon those high steeples and magnificent palaces which we adore and wonder at.' The singing birds, 'those little nimble musicians of the air, that warble forth their curious ditties with which nature hath furnished them to the shame of art,' are descanted upon with pure poetical feeling and expression.

### *The Singing Birds.*

At first the lark, when she means to rejoice, to cheer herself and those that hear her, she then quits the earth, and sings as she ascends higher into the air; and having ended her heavenly employment, grows then mute and sad, to think she must descend to the dull earth, which she would not touch but for necessity.

How do the blackbird and throssel (song-thrush), with their melodious voices, bid welcome to the cheerful spring, and in their fixed mouths warble forth such ditties as no art or instrument can reach to!

Nay, the smaller birds also do the like in their particular seasons, as, namely, the laverock (skylark), the titlark, the little linnet, and the honest robin, that loves mankind both alive and dead.

But the nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet loud music out of her little instrumental throat that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the very labourer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say: 'Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth!'

The lover of hunting next takes his turn, and comments, though with less force—for here Walton himself must have been at *fault*—on the perfection of smell possessed by the hound, and the joyous music made by a pack of dogs in full chase. Piscator then unfolds his long-treasured and highly prized lore on the virtues of water—sea, river, and brook; and on the antiquity and excellence of fishing and angling. The latter, he says, is '*somewhat like poetry: men must be born so.*' He quotes Scripture, and numbers the prophets who allude to fishing. He also remembers with pride that four of the twelve apostles were fishermen, and that our Saviour never reproved them for their employment or calling, as he did the Scribes and money-changers; for 'He found that the hearts of such men, by nature, were fitted for contemplation and quietness; men of mild, and sweet, and peaceable spirits, as, *indeed, most anglers are.*' The idea of angling seems to have unconsciously mixed itself with all Izaak Walton's speculations on goodness, loyalty, and veneration. Even worldly enjoyment he appears to have grudged to any less gifted mortals. A finely dressed dish of fish, or a rich drink, he pronounces too good for any but anglers or very honest men; and his parting benediction is upon 'all that are lovers of virtue, and dare trust in Providence, and be quiet, and go a-angling.' The last condition would, in his ordinary mood, when not peculiarly solemn or earnest, be quite equivalent to any of the others. The rhetoric and knowledge of Piscator at length fairly overcome Venator, and make him a convert to the superiority of angling, as compared with his more savage pursuit of hunting. He agrees to accompany Piscator in his sport, adopts him as his master and guide, and in time becomes initiated into the practice and mysteries of the gentle craft. The angling excursions of the pair give occasion to the practical lessons and descriptions in the book, and elicit what is its greatest charm, the minute and vivid painting of rural objects, the display of character, both in action and conversation, the flow of generous sentiment and feeling, and the associated recollections of picturesque poetry, natural piety, and examples and precepts of morality. Add to this the easy elegance of Walton's style, sprinkled, but not obscured, by the antiquated idiom and expression of his times, and clear and sparkling as one of his own favourite summer streams. Not an hour of the fishing day is wasted or unimproved. The master and scholar rise with the early dawn, and after four hours' fishing, breakfast at nine under a sycamore that shades them from the sun's heat. Old Piscator reads his admiring scholar a lesson on fly-fishing, and they sit and discourse while a 'smoking shower' passes off, freshening all the meadow and the flowers.

And now, scholar, I think it will be time to repair to our angle rods, which we left in the water to fish for themselves; and you shall choose which shall be yours; and it is an even lay, one of them catches.

And, let me tell you, this kind of fishing with a dead rod, and laying night hooks, are like putting money to use; for they both work for their owners when they do nothing but sleep, or eat, or rejoice, as you know we have done this last hour, and sat as quietly and as free from cares under this sycamore, as Virgil's Tityrus and his Melibœus did under their broad beech-tree. No life, my honest scholar, no life so happy and so pleasant as the life of a well-governed angler; for when the lawyer is swallowed up with business, and the statesman is preventing or contriving plots, then we sit on cowslip banks, hear the birds sing, and possess ourselves in as much quietness as these silent silver streams which we now see glide so quietly by us. Indeed, my good scholar, we may say of angling as Dr Boteler said of strawberries, 'Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did;' and so if I might be judge, 'God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling.'

I 'll tell you, scholar, when I sat last on this primrose bank, and looked down these meadows, I thought of them as Charles the Emperor did of the city of Florence, 'that they were too pleasant to be looked on but only on holidays.' As I then sat on this very grass, I turned my present thoughts into verse: 'twas a wish which I 'll repeat to you:

### *The Angler's Wish.*

I in these flowery meads would be ;
These crystal streams should solace me ;
To whose harmonious bubbling noise,
I with my angle would rejoice ;
Sit here, and see the turtle-dove
Court his chaste mate to acts of love ;

Or on that bank feel the west wind
Breathe health and plenty : please my mind,
To see sweet dew-drops kiss these flowers,
And then washed off by April showers ;
Here, hear my Kenna sing a song ;
There, see a blackbird feed her young,

Or a laverock build her nest :
Here give my weary spirits rest,
And raise my low-pitched thoughts above
Earth, or what poor mortals love :
Thus, free from lawsuits and the noise
Of Princes' courts, I would rejoice.

Or, with my Bryan[1] and a book,
Loiter long days near Shawford brook ;
There sit by him and eat my meat,
There see the sun both rise and set,
There bid good-morning to next day,
There meditate my time away,
And angle on ; and beg to have .
A quiet passage to a welcome grave.

The master and scholar, at another time, sit under a honeysuckle-hedge while a shower falls, and encounter a handsome milkmaid and her mother, who sing to them 'that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlow :'

Come live with me, and be my love ;

and the answer to it, 'which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days' (see *ante*, p. 103). At night, when sport and instruction are over, they repair to the little alehouse, well known to Piscator, where they find 'a cleanly room, lavender in the windows, and twenty ballads stuck about the wall.' The hostess is cleanly, handsome, and civil, and knows how to dress the fish after Piscator's own fashion—he is learned in cookery—and having made a supper of their gallant trout, they drink their ale, tell tales, sing ballads, or join with a brother-angler who drops in, in a merry catch, till sleep overpowers them, and they retire to the hostess' two beds, 'the linen of which looks white and smells of lavender.' All this humble but happy painting is fresh as nature herself, and instinct with moral feeling and beauty. The only speck upon the brightness of old Piscator's benevolence is one arising from his entire devotion to his art. He will allow no creature to take fish but the angler, and concludes that any honest man may make a *just quarrel* with swan, geese, ducks, the sea-gull, heron, &c. His directions for making live-bait have subjected him to the charge of cruelty,[2] and are certainly curious enough. Painted flies seem not to have occurred to him, and the use of snails, worms, &c. induced no compunctious visitings. For taking pike he recommends a perch, *as the longest lived fish on a hook*, and the poor frog is treated with elaborate and extravagant inhumanity :

And thus use your frog, that he may continue long alive : put your hook into his mouth, which you may easily do from the middle of April till August ; and then the frog's mouth grows up, and he continues so for at least six months without eating, but is sustained none but He whose name is Wonderful knows how. I say, put your hook, I mean the arming wire, through his mouth and out at his gills ; and with a fine needle and silk sew the upper part of his leg, with only one stitch, to the arming wire of your hook ; or tie the frog's leg above the upper joint to the armed wire ; *and, in so doing, use him as though you loved him*, that is, harm him as little as you may possible, *that he may live the longer.*

Modern taste and feeling would recoil from such experiments as these, and we may oppose to the aberrations of the venerable Walton the philosophical maxim of Wordsworth :

Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.

If this observation falls into the opposite extreme—seeing that it would, if rigidly interpreted, suppress field-sports and many of the luxuries and amusements of life—we must admit that it is an excess more amiable than that into which Piscator was led by his attachment to angling. Towards the conclusion of his work, Walton indulges in the following strain of moral reflection and admonition, and is as philosophically just and wise in his counsels, as his language and imagery are chaste, beautiful, and animated.

### *Thankfulness for Worldly Blessings.*

Well, scholar, having now taught you to paint your rod, and we having still a mile to Tottenham High Cross, I will, as we walk towards it in the cool shade of this sweet honeysuckle-hedge, mention to you some of the thoughts and joys that have possessed my soul since we two met together. And these thoughts shall be told you, that you also may join with me in thankfulness to the Giver of every good and perfect gift for our happiness. And that our present happiness may appear to be the greater, and we the more thankful for it, I will beg you to consider with me how many do, even at this very time, lie under the torment of the stone, the gout, and toothache ; and this we are free from. And every misery that I miss is a new mercy ; and therefore let us be thankful. There have been, since we met, others that have met disasters of broken limbs ; some have been blasted, others thunder-strucken ; and we have been freed from these and all those many other miseries that threaten human nature : let us therefore rejoice and be thankful. Nay, which is a far greater mercy, we are free from the unsupportable burden of an accusing, tormenting conscience—a misery that none can bear ; and therefore let us praise Him for his preventing grace, and say, Every misery that I miss is a new mercy. Nay, let me tell you, there be many that have forty times our estates, that would give the greatest part of it to be healthful and cheerful like us, who, with the expense of a little money, have eat, and drank, and laughed, and angled, and sung, and slept securely ; and rose next day, and cast away care, and sung, and laughed, and angled again, which are blessings rich men cannot purchase with all their money. Let me tell you, scholar, I have a rich neighbour that is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh ; the whole business of his life is to get money, and more money, that he may still get more and more money ; he is still drudging on, and says that Solomon says, 'The hand of the diligent maketh rich;' and it is true indeed: but he considers not that it is not in the power of riches to make a man happy: for it was wisely said by a man of great observation, 'that there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side them.' And yet God deliver us from pinching poverty, and grant that, having a competency, we may be content and thankful! Let us not repine, or so much as think the gifts of God unequally dealt, if we see another abound with riches, when, as God knows, the cares that are the keys that keep those riches hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle, that they clog him with weary days and restless nights, even when others sleep quietly. We see but the outside of the rich man's happiness; few consider him to be like the silkworm, that, when she seems to play, is at the very same time spinning her own bowels, and consuming herself; and this many rich men do, loading themselves with corroding cares, to keep what they have, probably unconscionably got. Let us therefore be thankful for health and competence, and, above all, for a quiet conscience.

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[1] Supposed to be the name of his dog.

[2] And angling, too, that solitary vice,
Whatever Izaak Walton sings or says ;
The quaint, old, cruel coxcomb, in his gullet
Should have a hook, and a small trout to pull it.
*Don Juan*, Canto xiii.

Let me tell you, scholar, that Diogenes walked on a day, with his friend, to see a country fair, where he saw ribbons, and looking-glasses, and nut-crackers, and fiddles, and hobby-horses, and many other gimcracks; and having observed them, and all the other finnimbruns that make a complete country fair, he said to his friend: 'Lord, how many things are there in this world of which Diogenes hath no need!' And truly it is so, or might be so, with very many who vex and toil themselves to get what they have no need of. Can any man charge God that he hath not given him enough to make his life happy? No, doubtless; for nature is content with a little. And yet you shall hardly meet with a man that complains not of some want, though he, indeed, wants nothing but his will; it may be, nothing but his will of his poor neighbour, for not worshipping or not flattering him: and thus, when we might be happy and quiet, we create trouble to ourselves. I have heard of a man that was angry with himself because he was no taller; and of a woman that broke her looking-glass because it would not shew her face to be as young and handsome as her next neighbour's was. And I knew another to whom God had given health and plenty, but a wife that nature had made peevish, and her husband's riches had made purse-proud; and must, because she was rich, and for no other virtue, sit in the highest pew in the church; which being denied her, she engaged her husband into a contention for it, and at last into a lawsuit with a dogged neighbour, who was as rich as he, and had a wife as peevish and purse-proud as the other; and this lawsuit begot higher oppositions and actionable words, and more vexations and lawsuits; for you must remember that both were rich, and must therefore have their wills. Well, this wilful purse-proud lawsuit lasted during the life of the first husband, after which his wife vexed and chid, and chid and vexed, till she also chid and vexed herself into her grave; and so the wealth of these poor rich people was cursed into a punishment, because they wanted meek and thankful hearts, for those only can make us happy. I knew a man that had health and riches, and several houses, all beautiful and ready furnished, and would often trouble himself and family to be removing from one house to another; and being asked by a friend why he removed so often from one house to another, replied: 'It was to find content in some one of them.' But his friend knowing his temper, told him, 'if he would find content in any of his houses, he must leave himself behind him; for content will never dwell but in a meek and quiet soul.' And this may appear, if we read and consider what our Saviour says in St Matthew's gospel, for he there says: 'Blessed be the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed be the pure in heart, for they shall see God. Blessed be the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. And blessed be the meek, for they shall possess the earth.' Not that the meek shall not also obtain mercy, and see God, and be comforted, and at last come to the kingdom of heaven; but, in the meantime, he, and he only, possesses the earth, as he goes toward that kingdom of heaven, by being humble and cheerful, and content with what his good God has allotted him. He has no turbulent, repining, vexatious thoughts that he deserves better; nor is vexed when he sees others possessed of more honour or more riches than his wise God has allotted for his share; but he possesses what he has with a meek and contented quietness, such a quietness as makes his very dreams pleasing, both to God and himself.

My honest scholar, all this is told to incline you to thankfulness; and, to incline you the more, let me tell you, that though the prophet David was guilty of murder and adultery, and many other of the most deadly sins, yet he was said to be a man after God's own heart, because he abounded more with thankfulness than any other that is mentioned in holy Scripture, as may appear in his book of Psalms, where there is such a commixture of his confessing of his sins and unworthiness, and such thankfulness for God's pardon and mercies, as did make him to be accounted, even by God himself, to be a man after his own heart: and let us, in that, labour to be as like him as we can: let not the blessings we receive daily from God make us not to value, or not praise Him, because they be common; let not us forget to praise Him for the innocent mirth and pleasure we have met with since we met together. What would a blind man give to see the pleasant rivers and meadows, and flowers and fountains, that we have met with since we met together! I have been told, that if a man that was born blind could obtain to have his sight for but only one hour during his whole life, and should, at the first opening of his eyes, fix his sight upon the sun when it was in his full glory, either at the rising or setting of it, he would be so transported and amazed, and so admire the glory of it, that he would not willingly turn his eyes from that first ravishing object to behold all the other various beauties this world could present to him. And this and many other like blessings we enjoy daily. And for most of them, because they be so common, most men forget to pay their praises; but let not us, because it is a sacrifice so pleasing to Him that made that sun and us, and still protects us, and gives us flowers, and showers, and stomachs, and meat, and content, and leisure to go a-fishing.

Well, scholar, I have almost tired myself, and, I fear, more than almost tired you. But I now see Tottenham High Cross, and our short walk thither will put a period to my too long discourse, in which my meaning was, and is, to plant that in your mind with which I labour to possess my own soul—that is, a meek and thankful heart. And to that end I have shewed you, that riches without them (meekness and thankfulness) do not make any man happy. But let me tell you that riches with them remove many fears and cares. And therefore my advice is, that you endeavour to be honestly rich, or contentedly poor; but be sure that your riches be justly got, or you spoil all; for it is well said by Caussin: 'He that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping.' Therefore, be sure you look to that. And, in the next place, look to your health; and if you have it, praise God, and value it next to a good conscience; for health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of—a blessing that money cannot buy—and therefore value it, and be thankful for it. As for money, which may be said to be the third blessing, neglect it not; but note, that there is no necessity of being rich; for I told you there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side them; and if you have a competence, enjoy it with a meek, cheerful, thankful heart. I will tell you, scholar, I have heard a grave divine say that God has two dwellings, one in heaven, and the other in a meek and thankful heart; which Almighty God grant to me and to my honest scholar! And so you are welcome to Tottenham High Cross.

*Venator.* Well, master, I thank you for all your good directions, but for none more than this last, of thankfulness, which I hope I shall never forget.

To the fifth edition of the *Complete Angler* was added a second part, by **Charles Cotton**, the poet, and translator of Montaigne. It consisted of instructions how to angle for a trout or grayling in a clear stream. Though the work was written in the short space of ten days, Cotton, who had long been familiar with fly-fishing, and was an adopted son of Izaak Walton, produced a treatise valuable for its technical knowledge and accuracy. Walton's form of conveying instruction in dialogues is also preserved, the author being Piscator junior, and his companion a traveller (Viator), who had paid a visit to the romantic scenery of Derbyshire, near which the residence of Cotton was situated. This traveller turns out to be the Venator of the first part, 'wholly addicted to the chase,' till Mr Izaak Walton taught him as good, a more quiet, innocent, and less dangerous diversion. The friends embrace: Piscator conducts his new associate to his 'beloved river Dove,' extends to him the hospitalities of his mansion, and next morning shews him his fishing-house, inscribed 'Piscatoribus Sacrum,' with the 'prettily contrived' cipher including the first two letters of father Walton's name and those of his son Cotton. A delicate clear river flowed about the house, which stood on a little peninsula, with a bowling-green close by, and fair meadows and mountains in the neighbourhood. This building still remains, adding interest to the romantic and beautiful scenery on the banks of the river Dove, and recalling the memory of the venerable angler and his disciple, whose genuine love of nature, and moral and descriptive pages, have silently but powerfully influenced the taste and literature of their native country.

## THOMAS ELLWOOD.

**Thomas Ellwood** (1639–1713) was a humble but sincere Quaker—anxious to do good, and diligent to acquire knowledge. His father was as averse to the new creed as Admiral Penn. He sometimes beat him with great severity, particularly when the son persisted in remaining covered in his presence. To prevent the recurrence of this offence, he successively took from Thomas all his hats; but there remained another cause of offence; for, 'whenever I had occasion,' says Ellwood, 'to speak to my father, though I had no hat now to offend him, yet my language did as much; for I durst not say "you" to him, but "thou" or "thee," as the occasion required, and then he would be sure to fall on me with his fists. At one of these times, I remember, when he had beaten me in that manner, he commanded me—as he commonly did at such times—to go to my chamber, which I did, and he followed me to the bottom of the stairs. Being come thither, he gave me a parting blow, and in a very angry tone said: "Sirrah, if ever I hear you say *thou* or *thee* to me again, I'll strike your teeth down your throat." I was greatly grieved to hear him say so, and feeling a word rise in my heart unto him, I turned again, and calmly said unto him: "Should it not be just if God should serve thee so, when thou sayest 'thou' or 'thee' to him." Though his hand was up, I saw it sink, and his countenance fall, and he turned away, and left me standing there.'

But what has given a peculiar interest to Ellwood is his having been a pupil of Milton, and one of those who read to the poet after the loss of his sight. The object of Ellwood in offering his services as a reader was, that he might, in return, obtain from Milton some assistance in his own studies. This was in 1662.

### *Ellwood's Intercourse with Milton.*

He received me courteously, as well for the sake of Dr Paget, who introduced me, as of Isaac Penington, who recommended me, to both of whom he bore a good respect; and having inquired divers things of me, with respect to my former progressions in learning, he dismissed me, to provide myself of such accommodations as might be most suitable to my future studies.

I went, therefore, and took myself a lodging as near to his house—which was then in Jewin Street—as conveniently I could; and, from thenceforward, went every day, in the afternoon, except on the first day of the week; and sitting by him in his dining-room, read to him such books, in the Latin tongue, as he pleased to hear me read.

At my first sitting to read to him, observing that I used the English pronunciation, he told me if I would have the benefit of the Latin tongue—not only to read and understand Latin authors, but to converse with foreigners, either abroad or at home—I must learn the foreign pronunciation. To this I consenting, he instructed me how to sound the vowels, so different from the common pronunciation used by the English—who speak Anglice their Latin—that, with some few other variations in sounding some consonants, in particular cases—as *C*, before *E* or *I*, like *Ch*; *Sc*, before *I*, like *Sh*, &c.—the Latin thus spoken seemed as different from that which was delivered as the English generally speak it, as if it was another language.

I had, before, during my retired life at my father's, by unwearied diligence and industry, so far recovered the rules of grammar—in which I had once been very ready—that I could both read a Latin author, and after a sort, hammer out his meaning. But this change of pronunciation proved a new difficulty to me. It was now harder to me to read, than it was before to understand when read. But

'Labor omnia vincit improbus.'
Incessant pains the end obtains.

And so did I, which made my reading the more acceptable to my master. He, on the other hand, perceiving with what earnest desire I pursued learning, gave me not only all the encouragement, but all the help he could; for, having a curious ear, he understood, by my tone, when I understood what I read, and when I did not; and accordingly would stop me, examine me, and open the most difficult passages to me. . . .

Some little time before I went to Aylesbury prison, I was desired by my quondam master, Milton, to take a house for him in the neighbourhood where I dwelt, that he might get out of the city, for the safety of himself and his family, the pestilence then growing hot in London (1665). I took a pretty box for him in Giles Chalfont, a mile from me, of which I gave him notice, and intended to have waited on him, and seen him well settled in it, but was prevented by that imprisonment.

But now, being released, and returned home, I soon made a visit to him, to welcome him into the country.

After some common discourses had passed between us, he called for a manuscript of his, which, being brought, he delivered to me, bidding me to take it home with me, and read it at my leisure, and, when I had so done, return it to him, with my judgment thereupon.

When I came home, and had set myself to read it, I found it was that excellent poem which he entitled *Paradise Lost*. After I had, with the utmost attention, read it through, I made him another visit, and returned him his book, with due acknowledgment for the favour he had done me, in communicating it to me. He asked me how I liked it, and what I thought of it, which I modestly but freely told him; and after some further discourse about it, I pleasantly said to him: 'Thou hast said much here of Paradise lost; but what hast thou to say of Paradise found?' He made me no answer, but sat some time in a muse; then brake off that discourse, and fell upon another subject.

After the sickness was over, and the city well cleansed, and become safely habitable again, he returned thither; and when, afterwards, I went to wait on him there—which I seldom failed of doing, whenever my occasions drew me to London—he shewed me his second poem, called *Paradise Regained*, and, in a pleasant tone, said to me: 'This is owing to you, for you put it into my head at Chalfont; which before I had not thought of.'

Ellwood furnishes some interesting particulars concerning the London prisons, in which he and many of his brother Quakers were confined, and the manner in which they were treated both there and out of doors. Besides his Autobiography, he wrote numerous controversial treatises, the most prominent of which is *The Foundation of Tithes Shaken*, published in 1682; also, *Sacred Histories of the Old and New Testaments*, which appeared in 1705 and 1709.

### JOHN DRYDEN.

DRYDEN, who contributed more than any other English author to improve the poetical diction of his native tongue, performed also essential service of the same kind to our prose. Throwing off, still more than Cowley had done, those inversions and other forms of Latin idiom which abound in the pages of his most distinguished predecessors, Dryden speaks in the language of polite and well-educated society. Strength, ease, copiousness, variety, and animation, are the predominant qualities of his style. He excels also in pointed epigram and antithesis. 'Nothing is cold or languid,' as Johnson remarks; he overflows with happy illustration; but the haste with which he composed, and his inherent dislike to the labour of correction, are visible in the negligence and roughness of some of his sentences. On the whole, however, to Dryden may be assigned the palm of superiority, in his own generation, for graceful, as well as forcible and idiomatic English. This great author has left no extensive work in prose; the pieces which he wrote were merely accompaniments to his poems and plays, and consist of Prefaces, Dedications, and Critical Essays. His long dedications are noted for the fulsome and unprincipled flattery in which he seems to have thought himself authorised by the practice of the age to indulge. The critical essays, though written with more carelessness than would now be tolerated in similar productions, embody many sound and valuable opinions on classic authors and subjects connected with polite literature. According to Johnson, Dryden's *Essay on Dramatic Poesy* 'was the first regular and valuable treatise on the art of writing.' It opens with the following graphic and magnificent exordium:

*A Sea-fight Heard at a Distance.*

It was that memorable day in the first summer of the late war [June 3, 1665] when our navy engaged the Dutch; a day wherein the two most mighty and best appointed fleets which any age had ever seen, disputed the command of the greater half of the globe, the commerce of nations, and the riches of the universe: while these vast floating bodies, on either side, moved against each other in parallel lines, and our countrymen, under the happy command of his Royal Highness [Duke of York, afterwards James II.] went breaking, little by little, into the line of the enemies; the noise of the cannon from both navies reached our ears about the city.* So that all men being alarmed with it, and in a dreadful suspense of the event, which they knew was then deciding, every one went following the sound as his fancy led him; and leaving the town almost empty, some took towards the Park, some cross the river, others down it; all seeking the noise in the depth of silence. Amongst the rest it was the fortune of Eugenius, Crites, Lisideius, and Neander to be in company together. . . . Taking then a barge, which a servant of Lisideius had provided for them, they made haste to shoot the bridge, and left behind them that great fall of waters which hindered them from hearing what they desired: after which having disengaged themselves from many vessels which rode at anchor in the Thames, and almost blocked up the passage towards Greenwich, they ordered the watermen to let fall their oars more gently; and then every one favouring his own curiosity, with a strict silence, it was not long ere they perceived the air to break about them like the noise of distant thunder, or of swallows in a chimney—those little undulations of sound, though almost vanishing before they reached them, yet still seeming to retain somewhat of their first horror which they had betwixt the fleets. After they had attentively listened till such time as the sound, by little and little, went from them, Eugenius, lifting up his head, and taking notice of it, was the first who congratulated to the rest that happy omen of our nation's victory, adding, that we had but this to desire in confirmation of it, that we might hear no more of that noise which was now leaving the English coast.

Scott is as enthusiastic as Johnson in his praise of Dryden's essays and prefaces. 'The prose of Dryden,' says Sir Walter, 'may rank with the best in the English language. It is no less of his own formation than his versification; is equally spirited, and equally harmonious. Without the lengthened and pedantic sentences of Clarendon, it is dignified when dignity is becoming, and is lively without the accumulation of strained and absurd allusions and metaphors, which were unfortunately mistaken for wit by many of the author's contemporaries.' It is recorded by Malone, that Dryden's prose writings were held in high estimation by Burke, who carefully studied them on account equally of their style and matter, and is thought to have in some degree taken them as the model of his own diction. Dryden himself acknowledged that he had made Tillotson his model. In this saying he must have referred to the easy modern style of the composition. In all other respects, the copy immensely surpasses the model. Besides his Prefaces and Essays, Dryden published two translations from the French—Bonhours' *Life of Francis Xavier* (1687), and Du Fresnoy's *Art of Painting* (1695).

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* The engagement took place off the coast near Lowestoft, in Suffolk. We took eighteen large Dutch ships, and destroyed fourteen others. The Dutch admiral, Opdam, was blown up, and he and all his crew perished.

The following finely-drawn characters of the great Elizabethan dramatists are from the *Essay on Dramatic Poesy* (1668):

### *Shakspeare.*

To begin, then, with Shakspeare. He was the man who, of all modern, and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously, but luckily. When he describes anything, you more than see it—you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning, give him the greater commendation. He was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inwards, and found her there. I cannot say he is everywhere alike; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat, insipid; his comic wit degenerating into clenches, his serious swelling into bombast. But he is always great when some great occasion is presented to him; no man can say he ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of poets,

> Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.[1]

The consideration of this made Mr Hales of Eton say, that there was no subject of which any poet ever writ, but he would produce it much better done in Shakspeare; and however others are now generally preferred before him, yet the age wherein he lived, which had contemporaries with him Fletcher and Jonson, never equalled them to him in their esteem. And in the last king's court, when Ben's reputation was at highest, Sir John Suckling, and with him the greater part of the courtiers, set our Shakspeare far above him.

### *Beaumont and Fletcher.*

Beaumont and Fletcher, of whom I am next to speak, had, with the advantage of Shakspeare's wit, which was their precedent, great natural gifts, improved by study; Beaumont especially, being so accurate a judge of plays, that Ben Jonson, while he lived, submitted all his writings to his censure, and, 'tis thought, used his judgment in correcting, if not contriving, all his plots. What value he had for him, appears by the verses he writ to him, and therefore I need speak no farther of it. The first play that brought Fletcher and him in esteem was their *Philaster;* for before that they had written two or three very unsuccessfully: as the like is reported of Ben Jonson, before he writ *Every Man in his Humour.* Their plots were generally more regular than Shakspeare's, especially those which were made before Beaumont's death; and they understood and imitated the conversation of gentlemen much better; whose wild debaucheries, and quickness of wit in repartees, no poet before them could paint as they have done. Humour, which Ben Jonson derived from particular persons, they made it not their business to describe; they represented all the passions very lively, but above all, love. I am apt to believe the English language in them arrived to its highest perfection: what words have since been taken in, are rather superfluous than ornamental. Their plays are now the most pleasant and frequent entertainments of the stage; two of theirs being acted through the year, for one of Shakspeare's or Jonson's: the reason is, because there is a certain gaiety in their comedies, and pathos in their more serious plays, which suits generally with all men's humours. Shakspeare's language is likewise a little obsolete, and Ben Jonson's wit comes short of theirs.

### *Ben Jonson.*

As for Jonson, to whose character I am now arrived, if we look upon him while he was himself—for his last plays were but his dotages—I think him the most learned and judicious writer which any theatre ever had. He was a most severe judge of himself, as well as others. One cannot say he wanted wit, but rather that he was frugal of it. In his works, you find little to retrench or alter. Wit, and language, and humour also in some measure, we had before him; but something of art was wanting to the drama, till he came. He managed his strength to more advantage than any who preceded him. You seldom find him making love in any of his scenes, or endeavouring to move the passions; his genius was too sullen and saturnine to do it gracefully, especially when he knew he came after those who had performed both to such a height. Humour was his proper sphere; and in that he delighted most to represent mechanic people. He was deeply conversant in the ancients, both Greek and Latin, and he borrowed boldly from them; there is scarce a poet or historian among the Roman authors of those times whom he has not translated in *Sejanus* and *Catiline.* But he has done his robberies so openly, that one may see he fears not to be taxed by any law. He invades authors like a monarch; and what would be theft in other poets, is only victory in him. With the spoils of these writers he so represents old Rome to us, in its rites, ceremonies, and customs, that if one of their poets had written either of his tragedies, we had seen less of it than in him. If there was any fault in his language, 'twas that he weaved it too closely and laboriously, in his comedies especially: perhaps, too, he did a little too much Romanise our tongue, leaving the words which he translated almost as much Latin as he found them; wherein, though he learnedly followed their language, he did not enough comply with the idiom of ours. If I would compare him with Shakspeare, I must acknowledge him the more correct poet, but Shakspeare the greater wit. Shakspeare was the Homer, or father of our dramatic poets: Jonson was the Virgil, the pattern of elaborate writing; I admire him, but I love Shakspeare. To conclude of him: as he has given us the most correct plays, so, in the precepts which he has laid down in his *Discoveries,* we have as many and profitable rules for perfecting the stage, as any wherewith the French can furnish us.

### *Improved Style of Dramatic Dialogue after the Restoration.—From 'Defence of the Epilogue,' &c. 1672.*

I have always acknowledged the wit of our predecessors with all the veneration which becomes me; but, I am sure, their wit was not that of gentlemen; there was ever somewhat that was ill-bred and clownish in it, and which confessed the conversation of the authors.

And this leads me to the last and greatest advantage of our writing, which proceeds from conversation. In the age wherein those poets lived, there was less of gallantry than in ours; neither did they keep the best company of theirs. Their fortune has been much like that of Epicurus in the retirement of his gardens; to live almost unknown, and to be celebrated after their decease. I cannot find that any of them had been conversant in courts, except Ben Jonson; and his genius lay not so much that way, as to make an improvement by it. Greatness was not then so easy of access, nor conversation so free, as it now is. I cannot, therefore, conceive it any insolence to affirm, that by the knowledge and pattern of their wit who writ before us, and by the advantage of our own conversation, the discourse and raillery of our comedies excel what has been written by them. And this will be denied by none, but some few old fellows who value themselves on their acquaintance with the Black Friars; who, because they saw their plays, would pretend a right to judge ours. . . .

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[1] Like shrubs when lofty cypresses are near.
DRYDEN.

Now, if any ask me whence it is that our conversation is so much refined, I must freely, and without flattery, ascribe it to the court, and in it, particularly to the king, whose example gives a law to it. His own misfortunes, and the nation's, afforded him an opportunity which is rarely allowed to sovereign princes, I mean of travelling, and being conversant in the most polished courts of Europe; and thereby of cultivating a spirit which was formed by nature to receive the impressions of a gallant and generous education. At his return, he found a nation lost as much in barbarism as in rebellion: and as the excellency of his nature forgave the one, so the excellency of his manners reformed the other. The desire of imitating so great a pattern, first awakened the dull and heavy spirits of the English from their natural reservedness; loosened them from their stiff forms of conversation, and made them easy and pliant to each other in discourse. Thus insensibly, our way of living became more free; and the fire of the English wit, which was before stifled under a constrained melancholy way of breeding, began first to display its force by mixing the solidity of our nation with the air and gaiety of our neighbours. This being granted to be true, it would be a wonder if the poets, whose work is imitation, should be the only persons in the three kingdoms who should not receive advantage by it; or if they should not more easily imitate the wit and conversation of the present age than of the past.

### *Translations of the Ancient Poets.—From Preface to the Second Miscellany,*' 1685.

Translation is a kind of drawing after the life; where every one will acknowledge there is a double sort of likeness, a good one and a bad. It is one thing to draw the outlines true, the features like, the proportions exact, the colouring itself perhaps tolerable; and another thing to make all these graceful, by the posture, the shadowings, and chiefly by the spirit which animates the whole. I cannot, without some indignation, look on an ill copy of an excellent original; much less can I behold with patience Virgil, Homer, and some others, whose beauties I have been endeavouring all my life to imitate, so abused, as I may say, to their faces by a botching interpreter. What English readers, unacquainted with Greek or Latin, will believe me or any other man, when we commend these authors, and confess we derive all that is pardonable in us from their fountains, if they take those to be the same poets whom our Oglebies have translated? But I dare assure them that a good poet is no more like himself in a dull translation, than his carcass would be to his living body. There are many who understand Greek and Latin, and yet are ignorant of their mother-tongue. The proprieties and delicacies of the English are known to few; it is impossible even for a good wit to understand and practise them without the help of a liberal education, long reading, and digesting of those few good authors we have amongst us; the knowledge of men and manners, the freedom of habitudes and conversation with the best company of both sexes; and, in short, without wearing off the rust which he contracted while he was laying in a stock of learning. Thus difficult it is to understand the purity of English, and critically to discern, not only good writers from bad, and a proper style from a corrupt, but also to distinguish that which is pure in a good author, from that which is vicious and corrupt in him. And for want of all these requisites, or the greatest part of them, most of our ingenious young men take up some cried-up English poet for their model; adore him, and imitate him, as they think, without knowing wherein he is defective, where he is boyish and trifling, wherein either his thoughts are improper to his subject, or his expressions unworthy of his thoughts, or the turn of both is unharmonious.

Thus it appears necessary that a man should be a nice critic in his mother-tongue before he attempts to translate in a foreign language. Neither is it sufficient that he be able to judge of words and style, but he must be a master of them too: he must perfectly understand his author's tongue, and absolutely command his own; so that to be a thorough translator, he must be a thorough poet. Neither is it enough to give his author's sense, in good English, in poetical expressions, and in musical numbers; for, though all these are exceeding difficult to perform, yet there remains a harder task; and it is a secret of which few translators have sufficiently thought. I have already hinted a word or two concerning it; that is the maintaining the character of an author, which distinguishes him from all others, and makes him appear that individual poet whom you would interpret. For example, not only the thoughts, but the style and versification of Virgil and Ovid are very different; yet I see, even in our best poets, who have translated some parts of them, that they have confounded their several talents; and by endeavouring only at the sweetness and harmony of numbers, have made them both so much alike, that if I did not know the originals, I should never be able to judge by the copies which was Virgil and which was Ovid. It was objected against a late noble painter, that he drew many graceful pictures, but few of them were like. And this happened to him, because he always studied himself more than those who sat to him. In such translators I can easily distinguish the hand which performed the work, but I cannot distinguish their poet from another. Suppose two authors are equally sweet; yet there is as great distinction to be made in sweetness, as in that of sugar, and that of honey. I can make the difference more plain, by giving you—if it be worth knowing—my own method of proceeding, in my translations out of four several poets in this volume—Virgil, Theocritus, Lucretius, and Horace. In each of these, before I undertook them, I considered the genius and distinguishing character of my author. I looked on Virgil as a succinct and grave majestic writer; one who weighed not only every thought, but every word and syllable; who was still aiming to crowd his sense into as narrow a compass as possibly he could; for which reason he is so very figurative, that he requires—I may almost say—a grammar apart to construe him. His verse is everywhere sounding the very thing in your ears whose sense it bears; yet the numbers are perpetually varied, to increase the delight of the reader, so that the same sounds are never repeated twice together. On the contrary, Ovid and Claudian, though they write in styles differing from each other, yet have each of them but one sort of music in their verses. All the versification and little variety of Claudian is included within the compass of four or five lines, and then he begins again in the same tenor, perpetually closing his sense at the end of a verse, and that verse commonly which they call golden, or two substantives and two adjectives, with a verb betwixt them to keep the peace. Ovid, with all his sweetness, has as little variety of numbers and sound as he; he is always, as it were, upon the hand-gallop, and his verse runs upon carpet ground. He avoids, like the other, all synalæphas, or cutting off one vowel when it comes before another in the following word; so that, minding only smoothness, he wants both variety and majesty. But to return to Virgil: though he is smooth where smoothness is required, yet he is so far from affecting it, that he seems rather to disdain it; frequently makes use of synalæphas, and concludes his sense in the middle of his verse. He is everywhere above conceits of epigrammatic wit and gross hyperboles; he maintains majesty in the midst of plainness; he shines, but glares not; and is stately without ambition. . . .

He who excels all other poets in his own language, were it possible to do him right, must appear above them in our tongue, which, as my Lord Roscommon justly observes, approaches nearest to the Roman in its majesty; nearest, indeed, but with a vast interval betwixt them. There is an inimitable grace in Virgil's words, and in them principally consists that beauty which gives so inexpressible a pleasure to him who best understands their force. This diction of his—I must once again say—is never to be copied; and, since it cannot, he will appear but lame in the best translation. The turns of his verse, his breakings, his propriety, his numbers and his gravity, I have as far imitated as the poverty of our language and the hastiness of my performance would allow. I may seem sometimes to have varied from his sense; but I think the greatest variations may be fairly deduced from him; and where I leave his commentators, it may be I understand him better; at least I writ without consulting them in many places. But two particular lines in Mezentius and Lausus I cannot so easily excuse. They are, indeed, remotely allied to Virgil's sense; but they are too like the trifling tenderness of Ovid, and were printed before I had considered them enough to alter them. The first of them I have forgotten, and cannot easily retrieve, because the copy is at the press. The second is this:

When Lausus died, I was already slain.

This appears pretty enough, at first sight; but I am convinced, for many reasons, that the expression is too bold; that Virgil would not have said it, though Ovid would. The reader may pardon it, if he please, for the freeness of the confession; and, instead of that, and the former, admit these two lines, which are more according to the author:

Nor ask I life, nor fought with that design;
As I had used my fortune, use thou thine.

Having with much ado got clear of Virgil, I have, in the next place, to consider the genius of Lucretius, whom I have translated more happily in those parts of him which I undertook. If he was not of the best age of Roman poetry, he was at least of that which preceded it; and he himself refined it to that degree of perfection, both in the language and the thoughts, that he left an easy task to Virgil, who, as he succeeded him in time, so he copied his excellences; for the method of the *Georgics* is plainly derived from him. Lucretius had chosen a subject naturally crabbed; he therefore adorned it with poetical descriptions, and precepts of morality, in the beginning and ending of his books, which you see Virgil has imitated with great success in those four books, which, in my opinion, are more perfect in their kind than even his divine *Æneids*. The turn of his verses he has likewise followed in those places which Lucretius has most laboured, and some of his very lines he has transplanted into his own works, without much variation. If I am not mistaken, the distinguishing character of Lucretius—I mean of his soul and genius—is a certain kind of noble pride, and positive assertion of his opinions. He is everywhere confident of his own reason, and assuming an absolute command, not only over his vulgar reader, but even his patron Memmius; for he is always bidding him attend, as if he had the rod over him, and using a magisterial authority while he instructs him. From his time to ours, I know none so like him as our poet and philosopher of Malmesbury [Hobbes]. This is that perpetual dictatorship which is exercised by Lucretius, who, though often in the wrong, yet seems to deal *bonâ fide* with his reader, and tells him nothing but what he thinks; in which plain sincerity, I believe, he differs from our Hobbes, who could not but be convinced, or at least doubt, of some eternal truths which he has opposed. But for Lucretius, he seems to disdain all manner of replies, and is so confident of his cause, that he is beforehand with his antagonists; urging for them whatever he imagined they could say, and leaving them, as he supposes, without an objection for the future: all this, too, with so much scorn and indignation, as if he were assured of the triumph before he entered into the lists. From this sublime and daring genius of his, it must of necessity come to pass that his thoughts must be masculine, full of argumentation, and that sufficiently warm. From the same fiery temper proceeds the loftiness of his expressions, and the perpetual torrent of his verse, where the barrenness of his subject does not too much constrain the quickness of his fancy. For there is no doubt to be made but that he could have been everywhere as poetical as he is in his descriptions, and in the moral part of his philosophy, if he had not aimed more to instruct, in his System of Nature, than to delight. But he was bent upon making Memmius a materialist, and teaching him to defy an invisible power: in short, he was so much an atheist, that he forgot sometimes to be a poet. These are the considerations which I had of that author, before I attempted to translate some parts of him. And accordingly I laid by my natural diffidence and scepticism for a while, to take up that dogmatical way of his, which, as I said, is so much his character, as to make him that individual poet. As for his opinions concerning the mortality of the soul, they are so absurd, that I cannot, if I would, believe them. I think a future state demonstrable even by natural arguments; at least, to take away rewards and punishments is only a pleasing prospect to a man who resolves beforehand not to live morally. But, on the other side, the thought of being nothing after death is a burden insupportable to a virtuous man, even though a heathen. We naturally aim at happiness, and cannot bear to have it confined to the shortness of our present being; especially when we consider that virtue is generally unhappy in this world, and vice fortunate: so that it is hope of futurity alone that makes this life tolerable, in expectation of a better. Who would not commit all the excesses to which he is prompted by his natural inclinations, if he may do them with security while he is alive, and be incapable of punishment after he is dead? If he be cunning and secret enough to avoid the laws, there is no band of morality to restrain him; for fame and reputation are weak ties: many men have not the least sense of them. Powerful men are only awed by them as they conduce to their interest, and that not always when a passion is predominant; and no man will be contained within the bounds of duty, when he may safely transgress them. These are my thoughts abstractedly, and without entering into the notions of our Christian faith, which is the proper business of divines.

### *Spenser and Milton.—From 'Discourse on the Original and Progress of Satire,'* 1693.

[In epic poetry] the English have only to boast of Spenser and Milton, who neither of them wanted either genius or learning to have been perfect poets, and yet both of them are liable to many censures. For there is no uniformity in the design of Spenser; he aims at the accomplishment of no one action, he raises up a hero for every one of his adventures, and endows each of them with some particular moral virtue, which renders them all equal, without subordination or preference. Every one is most valiant in his own legend; only, we must do him that justice to observe, that Magnanimity, which is the character of Prince Arthur, shines throughout the whole poem, and succours the rest when they are in distress. The original of every knight was then living in the court of Queen Elizabeth; and he attributed to each of them that virtue which he thought was most conspicuous in them—an ingenious piece of flattery, though it turned not much to his account. Had he lived to finish his poem, in the six remaining legends, it had certainly been more of a piece, but could not have been perfect, because the model was not true. But Prince Arthur, or his chief patron, Sir Philip Sidney, whom he intended to make happy by the marriage of his Gloriana, dying before him, deprived the poet both of means and spirit to accomplish his design. For the rest, his obsolete language, and the ill choice of his stanza, are faults but of the second magnitude; for, notwithstanding the first, he is still intelligible, at least after a little practice; and for the last, he is the more to be admired, that, labouring under such a difficulty, his verses are so numerous, so various, and so harmonious, that only Virgil, whom he professedly imitated, has surpassed him among the Romans, and only Mr Waller among the English.

As for Mr Milton, whom we all admire with so much justice, his subject is not that of a heroic poem, properly so called. His design is the losing of our happiness; his event is not prosperous, like that of all other epic works; his heavenly machines are many, and his human persons are but two. But I will not take Mr Rymer's work out of his hands: he has promised the world a critique on that author, wherein, though he will not allow his poem for heroic, I hope he will grant us that his thoughts are elevated, his words sounding, and that no man has so happily copied the manner of Homer, or so copiously translated his Grecisms, and the Latin elegances of Virgil. It is true he runs into a flat of thought sometimes for a hundred lines together, but it is when he has got into a track of Scripture. His antiquated words were his choice, not his necessity; for therein he imitated Spenser, as Spenser did Chaucer. And though, perhaps, the love of their masters may have transported both too far, in the frequent use of them, yet, in my opinion, obsolete words may then be laudably revived, when either they are more sounding or more significant than those in practice; and when their obscurity is taken away by joining other words to them which clear the sense, according to the rule of Horace, for the admission of new words. But in both cases a moderation is to be observed in the use of them; for unnecessary coinage, as well as unnecessary revival, runs into affectation; a fault to be avoided on either hand. Neither will I justify Milton for his blank verse, though I may excuse him, by the example of Hannibal Caro, and other Italians, who have used it; for whatever causes he alleges for the abolishing of rhyme—which I have not now the leisure to examine—his own particular reason is plainly this, that rhyme was not his talent; he had neither the ease of doing it, nor the graces of it, which is manifest in his *Juvenilia*, or verses written in his youth, where his rhyme is always constrained and forced, and comes hardly from him, at an age when the soul is most pliant, and the passion of love makes almost every man a rhymer, though not a poet.

### *On Lampoons.—From the Same.*

In a word, that former sort of satire, which is known in England by the name of lampoon, is a dangerous sort of weapon, and for the most part unlawful. We have no moral right on the reputation of other men. It is taking from them what we cannot restore to them. There are only two reasons for which we may be permitted to write lampoons; and I will not promise that they can always justify us. The first is revenge, when we have been affronted in the same nature, or have been anyways notoriously abused, and can make ourselves no other reparation. And yet we know, that, in Christian charity, all offences are to be forgiven, as we expect the like pardon for those which we daily commit against Almighty God. And this consideration has often made me tremble when I was saying our Saviour's prayer; for the plain condition of the forgiveness which we beg, is the pardoning of others the offences which they have done to us; for which reason I have many times avoided the commission of that fault, even when I have been notoriously provoked. Let not this, my lord [Dorset], pass for vanity in me, for it is truth. More libels have been written against me than almost any man now living; and I had reason on my side to have defended my own innocence. I speak not of my poetry, which I have wholly given up to the critics; let them use it as they please: posterity, perhaps, may be more favourable to me; for interest and passion will lie buried in another age, and partiality and prejudice be forgotten. I speak of my morals, which have been sufficiently aspersed: that only sort of reputation ought to be dear to every honest man, and is to me. But let the world witness for me, that I have been often wanting to myself in that particular: I have seldom answered any scurrilous lampoon, when it was in my power to have exposed my enemies: and, being naturally vindicative, have suffered in silence, and possessed my soul in quiet.

Anything, though never so little, which a man speaks of himself, in my opinion, is still too much; and therefore, I will waive this subject, and proceed to give the second reason which may justify a poet when he writes against a particular person; and that is, when he is become a public nuisance. All those whom Horace in his Satires, and Persius and Juvenal have mentioned in theirs, with a brand of infamy, are wholly such. It is an action of virtue to make examples of vicious men. They may and ought to be upbraided with their crimes and follies; both for their amendment, if they are not yet incorrigible, and for the terror of others, to hinder them from falling into those enormities, which they see are so severely punished in the persons of others. The first reason was only an excuse for revenge; but this second is absolutely of a poet's office to perform: but how few lampooners are now living who are capable of this duty!* When they come in my way, it is impossible sometimes to avoid reading them. But, good God! how remote they are, in common justice, from the choice of such persons as are the proper subject of satire! And how little wit they bring for the support of their injustice! The weaker sex is their most ordinary theme; and the best and fairest are sure to be the most severely handled. Amongst men, those who are prosperously unjust are entitled to panegyric; but afflicted virtue is insolently stabbed with all manner of reproaches; no decency is considered, no fulsomeness omitted; no venom is wanting, as far as dulness can supply it; for there is a perpetual dearth of wit; a barrenness of good sense and entertainment. The neglect of the readers will soon put an end to this sort of scribbling. There can be no pleasantry where there is no wit; no impression can be made where there is no truth for the foundation. To conclude: they are like the fruits of the earth in this unnatural season; the corn which held up its head is spoiled with rankness; but the greater part of the harvest is laid along, and little of good income and wholesome nourishment is received into the barns. This is almost a digression, I confess to your lordship; but a just indignation forced it from me.

### *History and Biography.—From 'The Life of Plutarch,'* 1683.

It may now be expected that, having written the life of an historian, I should take occasion to write somewhat concerning history itself. But I think to commend it is unnecessary, for the profit and pleasure of that study are so very obvious, that a quick reader will be beforehand with me, and imagine faster than I can write. Besides, that the post is taken up already; and few authors have travelled this way, but who have strewed it with rhetoric as they passed. For my own part, who must confess it to my shame, that I never read anything but for pleasure, it has always been the most delightful entertainment of my life; but they who have employed the study of it, as they ought, for their instruction, for the regulation of their private manners, and the management of public affairs, must agree with me that it is the most pleasant school of wisdom. It is a familiarity with past ages, and an acquaintance with all the heroes of them; it is, if you will pardon the similitude, a prospective glass, carrying your soul to a vast distance, and taking in the farthest objects of antiquity. It informs the understanding by the memory; it helps us to judge of what will happen, by shewing us the like revolutions of former times. For mankind being the same in all ages, agitated by the same passions, and moved to action by the same interests, nothing can come to pass but some precedent of the like nature has already been produced; so that, having the causes before our eyes, we cannot easily be deceived in the effects, if we have judgment enough but to draw the parallel.

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* The abuse of personal satires, or lampoons, as they were called, was carried to a prodigious extent in the days of Dryden, when every man of fashion was obliged to write verses; and those who had neither poetry nor wit, had recourse to ribaldry and libelling.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

God, it is true, with his divine providence overrules and guides all actions to the secret end he has ordained them; but in the way of human causes, a wise man may easily discern that there is a natural connection betwixt them; and though he cannot foresee accidents, or all things that possibly can come, he may apply examples, and by them foretell that from the like counsels will probably succeed the like events; and thereby in all concernments, and all offices of life, be instructed in the two main points on which depend our happiness—that is, what to avoid, and what to choose.

The laws of history, in general, are truth of matter, method, and clearness of expression. The first propriety is necessary, to keep our understanding from the impositions of falsehood; for history is an argument framed from many particular examples or inductions; if these examples are not true, then those measures of life which we take from them will be false, and deceive us in their consequence. The second is grounded on the former; for if the method be confused, if the words or expressions of thought are any way obscure, then the ideas which we receive must be imperfect; and if such, we are not taught by them what to elect or what to shun. Truth, therefore, is required as the foundation of history to inform us, disposition and perspicuity as the manner to inform us plainly; one is the being, the other the well-being of it.

History is principally divided into these three species—commentaries, or annals; history, properly so called; and biographia, or the lives of particular men.

Commentaries, or annals, are—as I may so call them—naked history, or the plain relation of matter of fact, according to the succession of time, divested of all other ornaments. The springs and motives of actions are not here sought, unless they offer themselves, and are open to every man's discernment. The method is the most natural that can be imagined, depending only on the observation of months and years, and drawing, in the order of them, whatsoever happened worthy of relation. The style is easy, simple, unforced, and unadorned with the pomp of figures; councils, guesses, politic observations, sentences, and orations, are avoided; in few words, a bare narration is its business. Of this kind, the *Commentaries* of Cæsar are certainly the most admirable, and after him the *Annals* of Tacitus may have place; nay, even the prince of Greek historians, Thucydides, may almost be adopted into the number. For, though he instructs everywhere by sentences, though he gives the causes of actions, the councils of both parties, and makes orations where they are necessary, yet it is certain that he first designed his work a commentary; every year writing down, like an unconcerned spectator as he was, the particular occurrences of the time, in the order as they happened; and his eighth book is wholly written after the way of annals; though, outliving the war, he inserted in his others those ornaments which render his work the most complete and most instructive now extant.

History, properly so called, may be described by the addition of those parts which are not required to annals; and therefore there is little further to be said concerning it; only, that the dignity and gravity of style is here necessary. That the guesses of secret causes inducing to the actions, be drawn at least from the most probable circumstances, not perverted by the malignity of the author to sinister interpretations—of which Tacitus is accused—but candidly laid down, and left to the judgment of the reader; that nothing of concernment be omitted; but things of trivial moment are still to be neglected, as debasing the majesty of the work; that neither partiality nor prejudice appear, but that truth may everywhere be sacred. . . .

Biographia, or the history of particular men's lives, comes next to be considered; which in dignity is inferior to the other two, as being more confined in action, and treating of wars and councils, and all other public affairs of nations, only as they relate to him whose life is written, or as his fortunes have a particular dependence on them, or connection to them. All things here are circumscribed and driven to a point, so as to terminate in one; consequently, if the action or counsel were managed by colleagues, some part of it must be either lame or wanting, except it be supplied by the excursion of the writer. Herein, likewise, must be less of variety, for the same reason; because the fortunes and actions of one man are related, not those of many. Thus the actions and achievements of Sylla, Lucullus, and Pompey, are all of them but the successive parts of the Mithridatic war; of which we could have no perfect image, if the same hand had not given us the whole, though at several views, in their particular lives.

Yet though we allow, for the reasons above alleged, that this kind of writing is in dignity inferior to history and annals, in pleasure and instruction it equals, or even excels, both of them. It is not only commended by ancient practice to celebrate the memory of great and worthy men, as the best thanks which posterity can pay them, but also the examples of virtue are of more vigour when they are thus contracted into individuals. As the sunbeams, united in a burning-glass to a point, have greater force than when they are darted from a plain superficies, so the virtues and actions of one man, drawn together in a single story, strike upon our minds a stronger and more lively impression than the scattered relations of many men and many actions; and by the same means that they give us pleasure, they afford us profit too. For when the understanding is intent and fixed upon a single thing, it carries closer to the mark; every part of the object sinks into it, and the soul receives it unmixed and whole. For this reason, Aristotle commends the unity of action in a poem; because the mind is not capable of digesting many things at once, nor of conceiving fully any more than one idea at a time. Whatsoever distracts the pleasure, lessens it; and as the reader is more concerned at one man's fortune than those of many, so likewise the writer is more capable of making a perfect work if he confine himself to this narrow compass. The lineaments, features, and colourings of a single picture may be hit exactly; but in a history-piece of many figures, the general design, the ordonnance or disposition of it, the relation of one figure to another, the diversity of the posture, habits, shadowings, and all the other graces conspiring to a uniformity, are of so difficult performance, that neither is the resemblance of particular persons often perfect, nor the beauty of the piece complete; for any considerable error in the parts renders the whole disagreeable and lame. Thus, then, the perfection of the work, and the benefit arising from it, are both more absolute in biography than in history. All history is only the precepts of moral philosophy reduced into examples. Moral philosophy is divided into two parts, ethics and politics; the first instructs us in our private offices of virtue, the second in those which relate to the management of the commonwealth. Both of these teach by argumentation and reasoning, which rush, as it were, into the mind, and possess it with violence; but history rather allures than forces us to virtue. There is nothing of the tyrant in example; but it gently glides into us, is easy and pleasant in its passage, and, in one word, reduces into practice our speculative notions; therefore the more powerful the examples are, they are the more useful also, and by being more known, they are more powerful. Now, unity which is defined, is in its own nature more apt to be understood than multiplicity, which in some measure participates of infinity. The reason is Aristotle's.

Biographia, or the histories of particular lives, though circumscribed in the subject, is yet more extensive in the style than the other two; for it not only comprehends them both, but has somewhat superadded, which neither of them have. The style of it is various, according to the occasion. There are proper places in it for the plainness and nakedness of narration, which is ascribed to annals; there is also room reserved for the loftiness and gravity of general history, when the actions related shall require that manner of expression. But there is, withal, a descent into minute circumstances and trivial passages of life, which are natural to this way of writing, and which the dignity of the other two will not admit. There you are conducted only into the rooms of state, here you are led into the private lodgings of the hero; you see him in his undress, and are made familiar with his most private actions and conversations. You may behold a Scipio and a Lælius gathering cockle-shells on the shore, Augustus playing at bounding-stones with boys, and Agesilaus riding on a hobby-horse among his children. The pageantry of life is taken away; you see the poor reasonable animal as naked as ever nature made him; are made acquainted with his passions and his follies, and find the demi-god a man. Plutarch himself has more than once defended this kind of relating little passages; for, in the life of Alexander, he says thus: 'In writing the lives of illustrious men, I am not tied to the laws of history; nor does it follow, that, because an action is great, it therefore manifests the greatness and virtue of him who did it; but, on the other side, sometimes a word or a casual jest betrays a man more to our knowledge of him, than a battle fought wherein ten thousand men were slain, or sacking of cities, or a course of victories.' In another place, he quotes Xenophon on the like occasion: 'The sayings of great men in their familiar discourses, and amidst their wine, have somewhat in them which is worthy to be transmitted to posterity.' Our author therefore needs no excuse, but rather deserves a commendation, when he relates, as pleasant, some sayings of his heroes, which appear—I must confess it—very cold and insipid mirth to us. For it is not his meaning to commend the jest, but to paint the man; besides, we may have lost somewhat of the idiom of that language in which it was spoken; and where the conceit is couched in a single word, if all the significations of it are not critically understood, the grace and the pleasantry are lost.

Dryden was exceedingly sensitive to the criticisms of the paltry versifiers of his day. Among those who annoyed him was Elkanah Settle, a now forgotten rhymster, with whom he carried on a violent war of ridicule and abuse. The following is an amusing specimen of a criticism by Dryden on Settle's tragedy, called *The Empress of Morocco*, which was acted at court, and seems to have roused the jealousy and indignation of the critic:

To conclude this act with the most rumbling piece of nonsense spoken yet—

To flattering lightning our feigned smiles conform,
Which, backed with thunder, do but gild a storm.

*Conform a smile to lightning*, make a *smile* imitate *lightning*, and *flattering lightning;* lightning, sure, is a threatening thing. And this lightning must *gild a storm*. Now, if I must conform my smiles to lightning, then my smiles must gild a storm too: to *gild* with *smiles* is a new invention of gilding. And gild a storm by being *backed with thunder*. Thunder is part of the storm; so one part of the storm must help to *gild* another part, and help by *backing;* as if a man would gild a thing the better for being backed, or having a load upon his back. So that here is *gilding* by *conforming*, *smiling*, *lightning*, *backing*, and *thundering*. The whole is as if I should say thus: I will make my counterfeit smiles look like a flattering horse, which, being backed with a trooper, does but gild the battle. I am mistaken if nonsense is not here pretty thick sown.

The controversies in which Dryden was frequently engaged were not restrained within the bounds of legitimate discussion. The authors of those days descended to gross personalities. 'There was,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'during the reign of Charles II. a semi-barbarous virulence of controversy, even upon abstract points of literature, which would be now thought injudicious and unfair, even by the newspaper advocates of contending factions. A critic of that time never deemed he had so effectually refuted the reasoning of his adversary, as when he had said something disrespectful of his talents, person, or moral character. Thus, literary contest was imbittered by personal hatred, and truth was so far from being the object of the combatants, that even victory was tasteless unless obtained by the disgrace and degradation of the antagonist.'

### SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE (1628-1699), a well-known statesman and miscellaneous writer, possesses a high reputation. He was the son of Sir John Temple, Master of the Rolls in Ireland in the reigns of Charles I. and II. Sir William was born in London. He studied at Cambridge under Cudworth as tutor; but being intended for public life, devoted his attention chiefly to the French and Spanish languages. After travelling for six years on the continent, he went to reside with his father in Ireland, where he represented the county of Carlow in the parliament at Dublin in 1661. Removing, two years afterwards, to England, the introductions which he carried to the leading statesmen of the day speedily procured him employment in the diplomatic service. He was sent, in 1665, on a secret mission to the bishop of Munster, and performed his duty so well, that on his return a baronetcy was bestowed on him, and he was appointed English resident at the court of Brussels. The peace of Western Europe was at this time in danger from the ambitious designs of Louis XIV. who aimed at the subjugation of the Spanish Netherlands. Temple paid a visit to the Dutch governor, De Witt, at the Hague, and with great skill brought about, in 1668, the celebrated 'triple alliance' between England, Holland, and Sweden, by which the career of Louis was for a time effectually checked. In the same year he received the appointment of ambassador at the Hague, where he resided in that capacity for about twelve months, on terms of intimacy with De Witt, and also with the young Prince of Orange, afterwards William III. of England. The corrupt and wavering principles of the English court having led to the recall of Temple in 1669, he retired from public business to his residence at Sheen, near Richmond, and there employed himself in literary occupations and gardening. In 1674, however, he, with some reluctance, consented to return as ambassador to Holland; in which country, besides engaging in various important negotiations, he contributed to bring about the marriage of the Prince of Orange with the Duke of York's eldest daughter, Mary. That important and popular event took place in 1677. Having finally returned to England in 1679, Temple was pressed by the king to accept the appointment of Secretary of State, which, however, he persisted in refusing. Charles was now in the utmost perplexity, in consequence of the discontents and difficulties which a long course of misgovernment had occasioned; and used to hold anxious conferences with Temple on the means of extricating himself from his embarrassments. The measure advised by Sir William was the appointment of a privy-council of thirty persons, in conformity with whose advice the king should always act, and by whom all his affairs should be freely and openly debated; one half of the members to consist of the great officers of state, and the other of the most influential and wealthy noblemen and gentlemen of the country. This scheme was adopted by Charles, and excited great joy throughout the nation. The hopes of the people were, however, speedily frustrated by the turbulent and unprincipled factiousness of some of the members. Temple, who was himself one of the council, soon became disgusted with its proceedings, as well as those of the king, and, in 1681, finally retired from public life. He spent the remainder of his days chiefly at Moor Park, in Surrey—'the sweetest place,' he says, 'that I have seen in my life either before or since, at home or abroad.' He has given a description of the garden at Moor Park in the second of his essays—that upon Gardening in the year 1685, which has been considered the best of his miscellaneous treatises. It is very pleasingly written, and abounds in interesting facts and short descriptions. In this essay, Temple vindicates the English climate, and relates a saying of Charles II.:

### *The English Climate.*

I must needs add one thing more in favour of our climate which I heard the king say, and I thought new and right, and truly like a king of England that loved and esteemed his own country. 'Twas in reply to some of the company that were reviling our climate, and extolling those of Italy and Spain, or at least of France. He said, he thought that was the best climate where he could be abroad in the air with pleasure, or at least without trouble and inconvenience, the most days of the year, and the most hours of the day; and this he thought he could be in England more than in any country he knew of in Europe. And I believe it true, not only of the hot and the cold, but even among our neighbours of France and the Low Countries themselves, where the heats or the colds, and changes of the seasons are less treatable than they are with us.

The truth is, our climate wants no heat to produce excellent fruits; and the default of it is only the short seasons of our heats or summers, by which many of the later are left behind and imperfect with us. But all such as are ripe before the end of August are, for aught I know, as good with us as anywhere else. This makes me esteem the true region of gardens in England to be the compass of ten miles about London, where the accidental warmth of air from the fires and steams of so vast a town, makes fruits as well as corn a great deal forwarder than in Hampshire or Wiltshire, though more southward by a full degree.

There are, besides the temper of our climate, two things particular to us that contribute much to the beauty and elegance of our gardens, which are the gravel of our walks, and the fineness and almost perpetual greenness of our turf. The first is not known anywhere else, which leaves all their dry walks in other countries very unpleasant and uneasy. The other cannot be found in France or in Holland, as we have it, the soil not admitting that fineness of blade in Holland, nor the sun that greenness in France, during most of the summer; nor, indeed, is it to be found but in the finest of our soils.

At Moor Park, Temple had for secretary and humble companion the famous Jonathan Swift, who retained no very agreeable recollection of that period of dependence and obscurity. There also resided one with whom Swift was indissolubly associated. Esther Johnson, immortalised as 'Stella,' was the daughter of Temple's housekeeper; she was seventeen years younger than Sir William's Irish secretary, and the latter became her instructor, her companion, and lifelong friend. Yet never was genius more disastrous or friendship more fatal in its influence!

After the Revolution, King William sometimes visited Temple, in order to consult him about public affairs. His death took place in January 1698–9. Throughout his whole career, the conduct of Sir William Temple was marked by a cautious regard for his personal comfort and reputation; which strongly disposed him to avoid risks of every kind, and to stand aloof from public business where the exercise of eminent courage and decision was required. His character as a patriot is therefore not one which calls for high admiration; though it ought to be remarked in his favour, that as he seems to have had a lively consciousness that neither his abilities nor dispositions fitted him for vigorous action in stormy times, he probably acted with prudence in withdrawing from a field in which he would have only been mortified by failure, and done harm instead of good to the public. Being subject to frequent attacks of low spirits, he might have been disabled for action by the very emergencies which demanded the greatest mental energy and self-possession. But as an adviser, he was enlightened, safe, and sagacious. As a private character, Sir William was respectable and decorous: his temper, naturally haughty and unamiable, was generally kept under good regulation; and among his foibles, vanity was the most prominent.

The works of Sir William Temple consist chiefly of short miscellaneous pieces. His longest production is *Observations upon the United Provinces of the Netherlands*, composed during his first retirement at Sheen, and which, compared with his *Essay on the Original and Nature of Government*, written about the same time, shews that he had much more ability as an observer and describer, than as a reasoner on what he saw. Besides several political tracts of temporary interest, he wrote *Essays* on Ancient and Modern Learning; the Gardens of Epicurus; Heroic Virtue; Poetry;

Popular Discontents; Health and Long Life. In these are to be found many sound and acute observations, expressed in the perspicuous and easy, but not very correct or precise language, for which he is noted. His memoirs and correspondence have been published by T. Peregrine Courtenay (2 vols. 1836).

Dr Johnson said 'Sir William Temple was the first writer who gave cadence to English prose: before his time, they were careless of arrangement, and did not mind whether a sentence ended with an important word or an insignificant word, or with what part of speech it was concluded.' It is true that some of Temple's productions are eminently distinguished by harmony and cadence; but that he was the first who introduced the latter, will not be admitted by any one who is familiar with the prose of Cowley, Bishop Hall, Jeremy Taylor, and Dryden.

### *Against Excessive Grief.**

The honour which I received by a letter from your ladyship was too great not to be acknowledged; yet I doubted whether that occasion could bear me out in the confidence of giving your ladyship any further trouble. But I can no longer forbear, on account of the sensible wounds that have so often of late been given your friends here, by the desperate expressions in several of your letters, respecting your temper of mind, your health, and your life; in all which you must allow them to be extremely concerned. Perhaps none can be, at heart, more partial than I am to whatever regards your ladyship, nor more inclined to defend you on this very occasion, how unjust and unkind soever you are to yourself. But when you throw away your health, or your life, so great a remainder of your own family, and so great hopes of that into which you are entered, and all by a desperate melancholy, upon an event past remedy, and to which all the mortal race is perpetually subject, give me leave to tell you, madam, that what you do is not at all consistent either with so good a Christian, or so reasonable and great a person, as your ladyship appears to the world in all other lights.

I know no duty in religion more generally agreed on, nor more justly required by God Almighty, than a perfect submission to his will in all things; nor do I think any disposition of mind can either please him more, or becomes us better, than that of being satisfied with all he gives, and contented with all he takes away. None, I am sure, can be of more honour to God, nor of more ease to ourselves. For, if we consider him as our Maker, we cannot contend with him; if as our Father, we ought not to distrust him; so that we may be confident, whatever he does is intended for good; and whatever happens that we interpret otherwise, yet we can get nothing by repining, nor save anything by resisting.

But if it were fit for us to reason with God Almighty, and your ladyship's loss were acknowledged as great as it could have been to any one, yet, I doubt, you would have but ill grace to complain at the rate you have done, or rather as you do; for the first emotions or passions may be pardoned; it is only the continuance of them which makes them inexcusable. In this world, madam, there is nothing perfectly good; and whatever is called so, is but either comparatively with other things of its kind, or else with the evil that is mingled in its composition; so he is a good man who is better than men commonly are, or in whom the good qualities are more than the bad; so, in the course of life, his condition is esteemed good which is better than that of most other men, or in which the good circumstances are more than the evil. By this measure, I doubt, madam, your complaints ought to be turned into acknowledgments, and your friends would have cause to rejoice rather than to condole with you. When your ladyship has fairly considered how God Almighty has dealt with you in what he has given, you may be left to judge yourself how you have dealt with him in your complaints for what he has taken away. If you look about you, and consider other lives as well as your own, and what your lot is, in comparison with those that have been drawn in the circle of your knowledge; if you think how few are born with honour, how many die without name or children, how little beauty we see, how few friends we hear of, how much poverty, and how many diseases there are in the world, you will fall down upon your knees, and, instead of repining at one affliction, will admire so many blessings as you have received at the hand of God.

To put your ladyship in mind of what you are, and of the advantages which you have, would look like a design to flatter you. But this I may say, that we will pity you as much as you please, if you will tell us who they are whom you think, upon all circumstances, you have reason to envy. Now, if I had a master who gave me all I could ask, but thought fit to take one thing from me again, either because I used it ill, or gave myself so much over to it as to neglect what I owed to him, or to the world; or, perhaps, because he would shew his power, and put me in mind from whom I held all the rest, would you think I had much reason to complain of hard usage, and never to remember any more what was left me, never to forget what was taken away?

It is true you have lost a child, and all that could be lost in a child of that age; but you have kept one child, and you are likely to do so long; you have the assurance of another, and the hopes of many more. You have kept a husband, great in employment, in fortune, and in the esteem of good men. You have kept your beauty and your health, unless you have destroyed them yourself, or discouraged them to stay with you by using them ill. You have friends who are as kind to you as you can wish, or as you can give them leave to be. You have honour and esteem from all who know you; or if ever it fails in any degree, it is only upon that point of your seeming to be fallen out with God and the whole world, and neither to care for yourself, nor anything else, after what you have lost.

You will say, perhaps, that one thing was all to you, and your fondness of it made you indifferent to everything else. But this, I doubt, will be so far from justifying you, that it will prove to be your fault as well as your misfortune. God Almighty gave you all the blessings of life, and you set your heart wholly upon one, and despise or undervalue all the rest: is this his fault or yours? Nay, is it not to be very unthankful to Heaven, as well as very scornful to the rest of the world? is it not to say, because you have lost one thing God has given, you thank him for nothing he has left, and care not what he takes away? is it not to say, since that one thing is gone out of the world, there is nothing left in it which you think can deserve your kindness or esteem? A friend makes me a feast, and places before me all that his care or kindness could provide; but I set my heart upon one dish alone, and if that happens to be thrown down, I scorn all the rest; and though he sends for another of the same kind, yet I rise from the table in a rage, and say: 'My friend is become my enemy, and he has done me the greatest wrong in the world.' Have I reason, madam, or good grace in what I do? or would it become me better to eat of the rest that is before me, and think no more of what had happened, and could not be remedied?

Christianity teaches and commands us to moderate our passions; to temper our affections towards all things below; to be thankful for the possession, and patient under the loss, whenever He who gave shall see fit to take away. Your extreme fondness was perhaps as displeasing to God before as now your extreme affliction is; and your loss may have been a punishment for your faults in the manner of enjoying what you had. It is at least pious to ascribe all the ill that befalls us to our own demerits, rather than to injustice in God. And it becomes us better to adore the issues of his providence in the effects, than to inquire into the causes; for submission is the only way of reasoning between a creature and its Maker; and contentment in his will is the greatest duty we can pretend to, and the best remedy we can apply to all our misfortunes.

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* Addressed to the Countess of Essex in 1674, after the death of her only daughter.

Passions are perhaps the stings without which, it is said, no honey is made. Yet I think all sorts of men have ever agreed they ought to be our servants, and not our masters; to give us some agitation for entertainment or exercise, but never to throw our reason out of its seat. It is better to have no passions at all, than to have them too violent; or such alone as, instead of heightening our pleasures, afford us nothing but vexation and pain.

In all such losses as your ladyship's has been, there is something that common nature cannot be denied; there is a great deal that good nature may be allowed. But all excessive and outrageous grief or lamentation for the dead was accounted, among the ancient Christians, to have something heathenish; and, among the civil nations of old, to have something barbarous: and therefore it has been the care of the first to moderate it by their precepts, and of the latter to restrain it by their laws. When young children are taken away, we are sure they are well, and escape much ill, which would in all appearance have befallen them if they had stayed longer with us. Our kindness to them is deemed to proceed from common opinions or fond imaginations, not friendship or esteem; and to be grounded upon entertainment rather than use in the many offices of life. Nor would it pass from any person besides your ladyship to say you lost a companion and a friend of nine years old; though you lost one, indeed, who gave the fairest hopes that could be of being both in time and everything else that is estimable and good. But yet that itself is very uncertain, considering the chances of time, the infection of company, the snares of the world, and the passions of youth: so that the most excellent and agreeable creature of that tender age might, by the course of years and accidents, become the most miserable herself; and a greater trouble to her friends by living long, than she could have been by dying young.

Yet, after all, madam, I think your loss so great, and some measure of your grief so deserved, that, would all your passionate compliants, all the anguish of your heart, do anything to retrieve it; could tears water the lovely plant, so as to make it grow again after once it is cut down; could sighs furnish new breath, or could it draw life and spirits from the wasting of yours, I am sure your friends would be so far from accusing your passion, that they would encourage it as much, and share it as deeply, as they could. But alas! the eternal laws of the creation extinguish all such hopes, forbid all such designs; nature gives us many children and friends to take them away, but takes none away to give them to us again. And this makes the excesses of grief to be universally condemned as unnatural, because so much in vain; whereas nature does nothing in vain: as unreasonable, because so contrary to our own designs; for we all design to be well and at ease, and by grief we make ourselves troubles most properly out of the dust, whilst our ravings and complaints are but like arrows shot up into the air at no mark, and so to no purpose, but only to fall back upon our own heads and destroy ourselves.

Perhaps, madam, you will say this is your design, or, if not, your desire; but I hope you are not yet so far gone, or so desperately bent. Your ladyship knows very well your life is not your own, but His who lent it you to manage and preserve in the best way you can, and not to throw it away, as if it came from some common hand. Our life belongs, in a great measure, to our country and our family: therefore, by all human laws, as well as divine, self-murder has ever been agreed upon as the greatest crime; and it is punished here with the utmost shame, which is all that can be inflicted upon the dead. But is the crime much less to kill ourselves by a slow poison than by a sudden wound? Now, if we do it, and know we do it, by a long and continual grief, can we think ourselves innocent? What great difference is there, if we break our hearts or consume them, if we pierce them or bruise them; since all terminates in the same death, as all arises from the same despair? But what if it does not go so far; it is not, indeed, so bad as it might be, but that does not excuse it. Though I do not kill my neighbour, is it no hurt to wound him, or to spoil him of the conveniences of life? The greatest crime is for a man to kill himself; is it a small one to wound himself by anguish of heart, by grief, or despair; to ruin his health, to shorten his age, to deprive himself of all the pleasure, ease, and enjoyment of life? . . .

Whilst I had any hopes that your tears would ease you, or that your grief would consume itself by liberty and time, your ladyship knows very well I never accused it, nor ever increased it by the common formal ways of attempting to assuage it: and this, I am sure, is the first office of the kind I ever performed, otherwise than in the most ordinary forms. I was in hopes what was so violent could not be long; but when I observed it to grow stronger with age, and increase like a stream the further it ran; when I saw it draw out to such unhappy consequences, and threaten not less than your child, your health and your life, I could no longer forbear this endeavour. Nor can I end it without begging of your ladyship, for God's sake, for your own, for that of your children and your friends, your country and your family, that you would no longer abandon yourself to so disconsolate a passion; but that you would at length awaken your piety, give way to your prudence, or, at least, rouse up the invincible spirit of the Percies, which never yet shrunk at any disaster; that you would sometimes remember the great honours and fortunes of your family, not always the losses; cherish those veins of good humour that are so natural to you, and sear up those of ill, that would make you so unkind to your children and to yourself; and, above all, that you would enter upon the cares of your health and your life. For my part, I know nothing that could be so great an honour and a satisfaction to me, as if your ladyship would own me to have contributed towards this cure; but, however, none can perhaps more justly pretend to your pardon for the attempt, since there is none, I am sure, who has always had at heart a greater honour for your ladyship's family, nor can have more esteem for you, than, madam, your most obedient and most humble servant.

### *Right of Private Judgment in Religion.*

Whosoever designs the change of religion in a country or government by any other means than that of a general conversion of the people, or the greatest part of them, designs all the mischiefs to a nation that use to usher in, or attend, the two great distempers of a state, civil war or tyranny; which are violence, oppression, cruelty, rapine, intemperance, injustice; and, in short, the miserable effusion of human blood, and the confusion of all laws, orders, and virtues among men.

Such consequences as these, I doubt, are something more than the disputed opinions of any man, or any particular assembly of men, can be worth; since the great and general end of all religion, next to men's happiness hereafter, is their happiness here; as appears by the commandments of God being the best and greatest moral and civil, as well as divine precepts, that have been given to a nation; and by the rewards

> proposed to the piety of the Jews, throughout the Old Testament, which were the blessings of this life, as health, length of age, number of children, plenty, peace, or victory. . . .
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> A man that tells me my opinions are absurd or ridiculous, impertinent or unreasonable, because they differ from his, seems to intend a quarrel instead of a dispute, and calls me fool, or madman, with a little more circumstance; though, perhaps, I pass for one as well in my senses as he, as pertinent in talk, and as prudent in life: yet these are the common civilities, in religious argument, of sufficient and conceited men, who talk much of right reason, and mean always their own, and make their private imagination the measure of general truth. But such language determines all between us, and the dispute comes to end in three words at last, which it might as well have ended in at first: That he is in the right, and I am in the wrong.
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> The other great end of religion, which is our happiness here, has been generally agreed on by all mankind, as appears in the records of all their laws, as well as all their religions, which comes to be established by the concurrence of men's customs and opinions; though, in the latter, that concurrence may have been produced by divine impressions or inspirations. For all agree in teaching and commanding, in planting and improving, not only those moral virtues which conduce to the felicity and tranquillity as every private man's life, but also those manners and dispositions that tend to the peace, order, and safety of all civil societies and governments among men. Nor could I ever understand how those who call themselves, and the world usually calls, *religious men*, come to put so great weight upon those points of belief which men never have agreed in, and so little upon those of virtue and morality, in which they have hardly ever disagreed. Nor why a state should venture the subversion of their peace, and their order, which are certain goods, and so universally esteemed, for the propagation of uncertain or contested opinions.

Sir William Temple's *Essay upon the Ancient and Modern Learning* gave occasion to one of the most celebrated literary controversies which have occurred in England. The composition of it was suggested to him principally by a French work of Charles Perrault, on *The Age of Louis the Great*, in which, with the view of flattering the pride of the *grand monarque*, it was affirmed that the writers of antiquity had been excelled by those of modern times. This doctrine excited a warm discussion in France, where the poet Boileau was among those by whom it was strenuously opposed. It was in behalf of the ancients that Sir William Temple also took the field. The first of the enemy's arguments which he controverts is the allegation, 'that we must have more knowledge than the ancients, because we have the advantage both of theirs and our own; just as a dwarf standing upon a giant's shoulders sees more and further than he.' To this he replies, that the ancients may have derived vast stores of knowledge from their predecessors—namely the Chinese, Egyptians, Chaldeans, Persians, Syrians, and Jews. Among these nations, he remarks, 'were planted and cultivated mighty growths of astronomy, astrology, magic, geometry, natural philosophy, and ancient story; and from these sources Orpheus, Homer, Lycurgus, Pythagoras, Plato, and others of the ancients, are acknowledged to have drawn all those depths of knowledge or learning which have made them so renowned in all succeeding ages.' Here Temple manifests extreme ignorance and credulity in assuming as facts the veriest fables of the ancients, particularly with respect to Orpheus, of whom he afterwards speaks in conjunction with that equally authentic personage, Arion, and in reference to whose musical powers he asks triumphantly, 'What are become of the charms of music, by which men and beasts, fishes, fowls, and serpents, were so frequently enchanted, and their very natures changed; by which the passions of men were raised to the greatest height and violence, and then as suddenly appeased, so that they might be justly said to be turned into lions or lambs, into wolves or into harts, by the powers and charms of this admirable music?' In the same credulous spirit, he affirms that 'the more ancient sages of Greece appear, by the characters remaining of them, to have been much greater men than Hippocrates, Plato, and Xenophon. They were generally princes or lawgivers of their countries, or at least offered or invited to be so, either of their own or of others, that desired them to frame or reform their several institutions of civil government. They were commonly excellent poets and great physicians: they were so learned in natural philosophy, that they foretold not only eclipses in the heavens, but earthquakes at land, and storms at sea, great droughts, and great plagues, much plenty or much scarcity of certain sorts of fruits or grain; not to mention the magical powers attributed to several of them to allay storms, to raise gales, to appease commotions of the people, to make plagues cease; which qualities, whether upon any ground of truth or no, yet, if well believed, must have raised them to that strange height they were at, of common esteem and honour, in their own and succeeding ages.' The objection occurs to him, as one likely to be set up by the admirers of modern learning, that there is no evidence of the existence of books before those now either extant or on record. This, however, gives him no alarm: for it is very doubtful, he tells us, whether books, though they may be helps to knowledge, and serviceable in diffusing it, 'are necessary ones, or much advance any other science beyond the particular records of actions or registers of time'—as if any example could be adduced of science having flourished where tradition was the only mode of handing it down! His notice of astronomy is equally ludicrous: 'There is nothing new in astronomy,' says he, 'to vie with the ancients, *unless it be the Copernican system*'—a system which overturns the whole fabric of ancient astronomical science, though Temple declares with great simplicity that it 'has made no change in the conclusions of astronomy.' In comparing 'the great wits among the moderns' with the authors of antiquity, he mentions no Englishmen except Sir Philip Sidney, Bacon, and Selden, leaving Shakspeare and Milton altogether out of view. How little he was qualified to judge of the comparative merits of ancient and modern authors, is evident not only from his total ignorance of the Greek language, but from the very limited knowledge of English literature evinced by his considering Sir Philip Sidney to be 'both the greatest poet and the noblest genius of any that have left writings behind them, and published in ours or any other modern language.' He further declares, that after Ariosto, Tasso, and Spenser, he 'knows none of the moderns that have made any achievements in heroic poetry worth recording.' Descartes and

Hobbes are 'the only new philosophers that have made entries upon the noble stage of the sciences for fifteen hundred years past,' and these 'have by no means eclipsed the lustre of Plato, Aristotle, Epicurus, and others of the ancients.' Bacon, Newton, and Boyle are not regarded as philosophers at all. But the most unlucky blunder committed by Temple on this occasion was his adducing the Greek Epistles of Phalaris in support of the proposition, that 'the oldest books we have are still in their kind the best.' These Epistles, says he, 'I think to have more grace, more spirit, more force of wit and genius, than any others I have seen, either ancient or modern.' Some critics, he admits, have asserted that they are not the production of Phalaris—who lived in Sicily more than five centuries before Christ—but of some writer in the declining age of Greek literature. In reply to these sceptics, he enumerates such transcendent excellences of the Epistles, that any man, he thinks, 'must have little skill in painting that cannot find out this to be an original.' The celebrity given to these Epistles by the publication of Temple's Essay, led to the appearance of a new edition of them at Oxford, under the name of Charles Boyle as editor. Boyle, while preparing it for the press, got into a quarrel with the celebrated critic, Richard Bentley, a man deeply versed in Greek literature; on whom he inserted a bitter reflection in his preface. Bentley, in reply, demonstrated the Epistles to be a forgery, taking occasion at the same time to speak somewhat irreverently of Sir William Temple. Boyle, with the assistance of Aldrich, Atterbury, and other Christ-church doctors—who, indeed, were the real combatants—sent forth a reply, the plausibility of which seemed to give him the advantage; till Bentley, in a most triumphant rejoinder, exposed the gross ignorance which lay concealed under the wit and assumption of his opponents. To these parties, however, the controversy was not confined. Boyle and his friends were backed by the sarcastic powers, if not by the learning, of Pope, Swift, Garth, Middleton, and others. Swift, who came into the field on behalf of his patron, Sir William Temple, published on this occasion his famous *Battle of the Books*, and to the end of his life continued to speak of Bentley in the language of hatred and contempt. In the work just mentioned, Swift has ridiculed not only that scholar, but also his friend, the Rev. William Wotton, who had opposed Temple in a treatise, entitled *Reflections upon Ancient and Modern Learning*, published in 1694. To some parts of that treatise Sir William wrote a reply, the following passage in which perhaps suggested the satirical account given long afterwards by Swift, in *Gulliver's Travels*, of the experimental researches of the projectors at Lagoda:

### *Schemes of Projectors.*

What has been produced for the use, benefit, or pleasure of mankind, by all the airy speculations of those who have passed for the great advancers of knowledge and learning these last fifty years—which is the date of our modern pretenders—I confess I am yet to seek, and should be very glad to find. I have indeed heard of wondrous pretensions and visions of men possessed with notions of the strange advancement of learning and sciences, on foot in this age, and the progress they are like to make in the next; as the universal medicine, which will certainly cure all that have it; the philosopher's stone, which will be found out by men that care not for riches; the transfusion of young blood into old men's veins, which will make them as gamesome as the lambs from which 'tis to be derived; a universal language, which may serve all men's turn when they have forgot their own; the knowledge of one another's thoughts without the grievous trouble of speaking; the art of flying, till a man happens to fall down and break his neck; double-bottomed ships, whereof none can ever be cast away besides the first that was made; the admirable virtues of that noble and necessary juice called spittle, which will come to be sold, and very cheap, in the apothecaries' shops; discoveries of new worlds in the planets, and voyages between this and that in the moon to be made as frequently as between York and London: which such poor mortals as I am think as wild as those of Ariosto, but without half so much wit, or so much instruction; for there, these modern sages may know where they may hope in time to find their lost senses, preserved in phials, with those of Orlando.

## SIR GEORGE MACKENZIE.

SIR GEORGE MACKENZIE, lord advocate under Charles II. and James II. (1636–1691), was a native of Dundee, son of Simon Mackenzie of Lochslin, brother of the Earl of Seaforth. He was educated at St Andrews and Aberdeen, and studied civil law at Bourges, in France. In 1660, he published *Aretine; or the Serious Romance.* He seems to have been almost the only learned man of his time in Scotland who maintained an acquaintance with the lighter departments of contemporary English literature. Sir George was a friend of Dryden, by whom he is mentioned with great respect; and he himself composed poetry, which, if it has no other merit, is at least in pure English, and appears to have been fashioned after the best models of the time. He also wrote some moral essays, which possess the same merits. These are entitled—*On Happiness; The Religious Stoic; Moral Gallantry; The Moral History of Frugality;* and *Reason.* In 1665, Sir George published at Edinburgh *A Moral Essay, preferring Solitude to Public Employment*, which drew forth an answer from John Evelyn. Both are curious and pleasing works, and it is remarkable as illustrating the propensity of men to dwell in imagination on pleasures which they do not possess, that the writer who contended for solitude was a person busily employed in scenes of active life, the king's advocate for Scotland; while Evelyn, whose pursuits were principally those which ornament retirement—who longed to be 'delivered from the gilded impertinences of life'—stood forward as the champion of public and active employment. The arguments of Evelyn are, however, unanswerable. He ought to be a wise and good man, indeed, that dares to live alone; for ambition and malice, lust and superstition, or torpid indolence, are in solitude as in their kingdom. The most busy may find time for occasional retirement from the world, while the highest virtues lose their efficacy from being unseen. Even the love of letters—the chief delight and attraction of a secluded life—palls upon the mind, and fails to render instruction, for 'not to read men, and converse with living libraries, is to deprive ourselves of the most useful and profitable of studies.' The literary efforts of Sir George Mackenzie were but holiday recreations. His business was law. He was author of *Institute of the Law of Scotland*, and *Laws and Customs in Matters Criminal;* also *A Defence of the Royal Line of Scotland*, in which he gravely supports the story of the forty fabulous kings deduced from Gathelus, son-in-law of Pharaoh, and his spouse Scota! An important historical production of his pen, entitled *Memoirs of the Affairs of Scotland, from the Restoration of Charles II.* lay undiscovered in manuscript till the present century, and was not printed till 1821. Sir George disgraced himself by subserviency to the court, and by the inhumanity and cruelty which, as Lord Advocate, he was instrumental in perpetrating against the Covenanters. He is distinguished as the founder of the Library of the Faculty of Advocates in Edinburgh. At the Revolution, he retired to England, where his death took place in 1691.

Sir George Mackenzie was less successful in verse than in prose:

### *Praise of a Country Life.*

O happy country life! pure like its air;
Free from the rage of pride, the pangs of care.
Here happy souls lie bathed in soft content,
And are at once secure and innocent.
No passion here but love: here is no wound
But that by which lovers their names confound
On barks of trees, whilst with a smiling face
They see those letters as themselves embrace.
Here the kind myrtles pleasant branches spread;
And sure no laurel casts so sweet a shade.
Yet all these country pleasures, without love,
Would but a dull and tedious prison prove.
But oh! what woods [and] parks [and] meadows lie
In the blest circle of a mistress' eye!
What courts, what camps, what triumphs may one find
Displayed in Cælia, when she will be kind!
What a dull thing this lower world had been,
If heavenly beauties were not sometimes seen!
For when fair Cælia leaves this charming place,
Her absence all its glories does deface.

### *Against Envy.*

We may cure envy in ourselves either by considering how useless or how ill these things were for which we envy our neighbours; or else how we possess as much or as good things. If I envy his greatness, I consider that he wants my quiet: as also I consider that he possibly envies me as much as I do him; and that when I begun to examine exactly his perfections, and to balance them with my own, I found myself as happy as he was. And though many envy others, yet very few would change their condition even with those whom they envy, all being considered. And I have oft admired why we have suffered ourselves to be so cheated by contradictory vices, as to contemn this day him whom we envied the last; or why we envy so many, since there are so few whom we think to deserve as much as we do. Another great help against envy is, that we ought to consider how much the thing envied costs him whom we envy, and if we would take it at the price. Thus, when I envy a man for being learned, I consider how much of his health and time that learning consumes: if for being great, how he should flatter and serve for it; and if I would not pay his price, no reason I ought to have what he has got. Sometimes, also, I consider that there is no reason for my envy: he whom I envy deserves more than he has, and I less than I possess. And by thinking much of these, I repress their envy, which grows still from the contempt of our neighbour and the overrating ourselves. As also I consider that the perfections envied by me may be advantageous to me; and thus I check myself for envying a great pleader, but am rather glad that there is such a man, who may defend my innocence: or to envy a great soldier, because his valour may defend my estate or country. And when any of my countrymen begin to raise envy in me, I alter the scene, and begin to be glad that Scotland can boast of so fine a man; and I remember, that though now I am angry at him when I compare him with myself, yet, if I were discoursing of my nation abroad, I would be glad of that merit in him which now displeases me. Nothing is envied but what appears beautiful and charming; and it is strange that I should be troubled at the sight of what is pleasant. I endeavour also to make such my friends as deserve my envy; and no man is so base as to envy his friend. Thus, whilst others look on the angry side of merit, and thereby trouble themselves, I am pleased in admiring the beauties and charms which burn them as a fire, whilst they warm me as the sun.

### *Fame.*

I smile to see underling pretenders, and who live in a country scarce designed in the exactest maps, sweat and toil for so unmassy a reputation, that, when it is hammered out to the most stretching dimensions, will not yet reach the nearest towns of a neighbouring country: whereas, examine such as have but lately returned from travelling in most flourishing kingdoms, and though curiosity was their greatest errand, yet ye will find that they scarce know who is chancellor or president in these places; and in the exactest histories we hear but few news of the famousest pleaders, divines, or physicians; and by soldiers these are undervalued as pedants, and these by them as madcaps, and both by philosophers as fools.

### *The True Path to Esteem.*

I have remarked in my own time that some, by taking too much care to be esteemed and admired, have by that course missed their aim; whilst others of them who shunned it, did meet with it, as if it had fallen on them whilst it was flying from the others; which proceeded from the unfit means these able and reasonable men took to establish their reputation. It is very strange to hear men value themselves upon their honour, and their being men of their word in trifles, when yet that same honour cannot tie them to pay the debts they have contracted upon solemn promise of secure and speedy repayment; starving poor widows and orphans to feed their lusts; and adding thus robbery and oppression to the dishonourable breach of trust. And how can we think them men of honour, who, when a potent and foreign monarch is oppressing his weaker neighbours, hazard their very lives to assist him, though they would rail at any of their acquaintance, that, meeting a strong man fighting with a weaker, should assist the stronger in his oppression?

The surest and most pleasant path to universal esteem and true popularity is to be just; for all men esteem him most who secures most their private interest, and protects best their innocence. And all who have any notion of a Deity, believe that justice is one of his chief attributes; and that, therefore, whoever is just, is next in nature to Him, and the best picture of Him, and to be reverenced and loved. But yet how few trace this path! most men choosing rather to toil and vex themselves, in seeking popular applause, by living high, and in profuse prodigalities, which are entertained by injustice and oppression; as if rational men would pardon robbers because they feasted them upon a part of their own spoils; or did let them see fine and glorious shows, made for the honour of the giver upon the expense of the robbed spectators. But when a virtuous person appears great by his merit, and obeyed only by the charming force of his reason, all men think him descended from that heaven which he serves, and to him they gladly pay the noble tribute of deserved praises.

## JOHN EVELYN.

JOHN EVELYN (1620–1706), a gentleman of easy fortune, and the most amiable personal character, distinguished himself by several scientific works written in a popular style. His *Sylva, or a Discourse of Forest Trees, and the Propagation of Timber in His Majesty's Dominions*, published in 1664, was written in consequence of an application to the Royal Society by the commissioners of the navy, who dreaded a scarcity of timber in the country. This work, aided by the king's example, stimulated the landholders to plant an immense number of oak trees, which, a century after, proved of the greatest service to the nation in the construction of ships of war. *Terra; a Discourse of the Earth, relating to the Culture and Improvement of it, for Vegetation and the Propagation of Plants*, appeared in 1675; and a treatise on medals is another production of the venerable author. There has been printed, also, a volume of his *Miscellanies*. Evelyn was one of the first in this country to treat gardening and planting scientifically; and his grounds at Sayes-Court, near Deptford, where he resided during a great part of his life, attracted much admiration, on account of the number of foreign plants which he reared in them, and the fine order in which they were kept. The czar Peter was tenant of that mansion after the removal of Evelyn to another estate; and the old man was mortified by the gross manner in which his house and garden were abused by the Russian potentate and his retinue. It was one of Peter's amusements to demolish a 'most glorious and impenetrable holly-hedge,' by riding through it on a wheelbarrow.

Evelyn travelled abroad in 1646, and visited the magnificent scenery of the Alps, which he considered horrid and melancholy. Nature, he thought, had 'swept up the rubbish of the earth in the Alps, to form and clear the plains of Lombardy'—so little, at that time, was wild picturesque scenery appreciated! The unromantic cavalier, throughout the greater part of his life, kept a diary, in which he entered every remarkable event in which he was in any way concerned. This was published in 1818 (two volumes quarto), and proved to be a most valuable addition to our store of historical materials respecting the latter half of the seventeenth century. Evelyn chronicles familiar as well as important circumstances; but he does it without loss of dignity, and everywhere preserves the tone of an educated and reflecting observer. It is curious to read, in this work, of great men going *after dinner* to attend a council of state, or the business of their particular offices, or the bowling-green, or even the church; of an hour's sermon being of moderate length; of ladies painting their faces being a novelty; or of their receiving visits from gentlemen whilst dressing, after having just risen out of bed; of the female attendant of a lady of fashion travelling on a pillion behind one of the footmen, and the footmen riding with swords. In his notices of the court, Evelyn passes quickly, but with austere dignity, over the scenes of folly and vice exhibited by Charles. On one occasion he writes: 'I thence walked through St James's Park to the garden, when I both saw and heard a very familiar discourse between (the king) and Mrs Nelly, as they called an impudent comedian [Nell Gwynne]; she looking out of her garden on a terrace at the top of the wall, and (the king) standing on the green walk under it. I was heartily sorry for this scene. Thence the king walked to the Duchess of Cleveland, another lady of pleasure, and curse of our nation.' The following is a striking picture of the court of Charles II. on the Sunday preceding his death, February 6, 1685:

### *The Last Sunday of Charles II.*

I can never forget the inexpressible luxury and profaneness, gaming, and all dissoluteness, and as it were total forgetfulness of God—it being Sunday evening—which this day se'ennight I was witness of—the king sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleveland, and Mazarin, &c.; a French boy singing love-songs in that glorious gallery, whilst about twenty of the great courtiers and other dissolute persons were at basset round a large table, a bank of at least £2000 in gold before them, upon which two gentlemen who were with me made reflections with astonishment. Six days after, all was in the dust.

Of the following extracts from the *Diary*, the first is given in the original spelling:

### *The Great Fire in London.*

1666. 2d Sept. This fatal night about ten began that deplorable fire near Fish Streete in London.

3d. The fire continuing, after dinner I took coach with my wife and sonn and went to the Bank side in Southwark, where we beheld that dismal spectacle, the whole citty in dreadful flames near y$^{e}$ water side; all the houses from the Bridge, all Thames Street, and upwards towards Cheapeside, downe to the Three Cranes, were now consum'd.

The fire having continu'd all this night—if I may call that night which was light as day for 10 miles round about, after a dreadful manner—when conspiring with a fierce eastern wind in a very drie season, I went on foote to the same place, and saw the whole south part of y$^{e}$ citty burning from Cheapside to y$^{e}$ Thames, and all along Cornehill—for it kindl'd back against y$^{e}$ wind as well as forward—Tower Streete, Fenchurch Streete, Gracious Streete, and so along to Bainard's Castle, and was now taking hold of St Paule's Church, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly. The conflagration was so universal, and the people so astonish'd, that from the beginning, I know not by what despondency or fate, they hardly stirr'd to quench it, so that there was nothing heard or seene but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their goods, such a strange consternation there was upon them, so as it burned both in breadth and length, the churches, publiq halls, exchange, hospitals, monuments, and ornaments, leaping after a prodigious manner from house to house and streete to streete, at greate distances one from y$^{e}$ other; for y$^{e}$ heate with a long set of faire and warme weather had even ignited the air, and prepar'd the materials to conceive the fire, which devour'd, after an incredible manner, houses, furniture, and everything. Here we saw the Thames cover'd with goods floating, all the barges and boates laden with what some had time and courage to save, as, on y$^{e}$ other, y$^{e}$ carts, &c. carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strew'd with moveables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away. Oh the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as haply the world had not seene the like since the foundation of it, nor be outdone till the universal conflagration thereof. All the skie was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, and the light seene above 40 miles round about for many nights. God grant my eyes may never behold the like, who now saw above 10,000 houses all in one flame: the noise, and cracking, and thunder of the impetuous flames, y$^{e}$ shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like an hideous storme, and the aire all about so hot and inflam'd, that at last one was not able to approach it, so that they were forc'd to stand still and let y$^{e}$ flames burn on, w$^{ch}$ they did for neere two miles in length and one in bredth. The clouds of smoke were dismall, and reach'd upon computation neer 50 miles in length. Thus I left it this afternoone burning, a resemblance of Sodom or the last day. It forcibly called to my mind that passage —*non enim hic habemus stabilem civitatem:* the ruins resembling the picture of Troy. London was, but is no more! Thus, I returned.

4th. The burning still rages, and it is now gotten as far as the Inner Temple: all Fleete Streete, the Old Bailey, Ludgate Hill, Warwick Lane, Newgate, Paul's Chain, Watling Streete, now flaming, and most of it reduc'd to ashes; the stones of Paules flew like granados, y$^{e}$ mealting lead running downe the streetes in a streame, and the very pavements glowing with fiery rednesse, so as no horse nor man was able to tread on them, and the demolition had stopp'd all the passages, so that no help could be applied. The eastern wind still more impetuously drove the flames forward. Nothing but y$^{e}$ Almighty power of God was able to stop them, for vaine was y$^{e}$ help of man.

5th. It crossed towards Whitehall: but oh! the confusion there was then at that court! It pleased his Ma$^{ty}$ to command me among y$^{e}$ rest to looke after the quenching of Fetter Lane end, to preserve, if possible, that part of Holborn, whilst the rest of y$^{e}$ gentlemen tooke their several posts—for now they began to bestir themselves, and not till now, who hitherto had stood as men intoxicated, with their hands acrosse—and began to consider that nothing was likely to put a stop but the blowing up of so many houses, as might make a wider gap than any had yet ben made by the ordinary method of pulling them down with engines; this some stout seamen propos'd early enough to have sav'd near y$^{e}$ whole citty, but this some tenacious and avaritious men, aldermen, &c. would not permit, because their houses must have ben of the first. It was therefore now commanded to be practis'd, and my concern being particularly for the hospital of St Bartholomew, neere Smithfield, where I had many wounded and sick men, made me the more diligent to promote it, nor was my care for the Savoy lesse. It now pleas'd God, by abating the wind, and by the industrie of y$^{e}$ people, infusing a new spirit into them, that the fury of it began sensibly to abate about noone, so as it came no farther than y$^{e}$ Temple westward, nor than y$^{e}$ entrance of Smithfield north. But continu'd all this day and night so impetuous towards Cripplegate and the tower, as made us all despaire; it also broke out againe in the Temple, but the courage of the multitude persisting, and many houses being blown up, such gaps and desolations were soone made, as with the former three days' consumption, the back fire did not so vehemently urge upon the rest as formerly. There was yet no standing neere the burning and glowing ruines by neere a furlong's space.

The coale and wood wharfes and magazines of oyle, rosin, &c. did infinite mischiefe, so as the invective which a little before I had dedicated to his Ma$^{ty}$, and publish'd, giving warning what might probably be the issue of suffering those shops to be in the citty, was look'd on as a prophecy.

The poore inhabitants were dispers'd about St George's Fields, and Moorefields, as far as Highgate, and severall miles in circle, some under tents, some under miserable hutts and hovells, many without a rag or any necessary utensills, bed or board, who, from delicatenesse, riches, and easy accommodations in stately and well-furnish'd houses, were now reduc'd to extreamest misery and poverty.

In this calamitous condition, I return'd with a sad heart to my house, blessing and adoring the mercy of God to me and mine, who in the midst of all this ruine was like Lot, in my little Zoar, safe and sound. . . .

7th. I went this morning on foot f$^{m}$ Whitehall as far as London Bridge, thro' the late Fleete Street, Ludgate Hill, by St Paules, Cheapside, Exchange, Bishopgate, Aldersgate, and out to Moorefields, thence thro' Cornehill, &c. with extraordinary difficulty, clambering over heaps of yet smoking rubbish, and frequently mistaking where I was. The ground under my feete was so hot, that it even burnt the soles of my shoes. In the meantime his Ma$^{ty}$ got to the Tower by water, to demolish y$^{e}$ houses about the graff, which being built intirely about it, had they taken fire and attack'd the White Tower where the magazine of powder lay, would undoubtedly not only have beaten down and destroy'd all y$^{e}$ bridge, but sunke and torne the vessells in y$^{e}$ river, and render'd y$^{e}$ demolition beyond all expression for several miles about the countrey.

At my return, I was infinitely concern'd to find that goodly church, St Paules, now a sad ruine, and that beautiful portico—for structure comparable to any in Europe, as not long before repair'd by the late king—now rent in pieces, flakes of vast stone split asunder, and nothing remaining intire but the inscription in the architrave, showing by whom it was built, which had not one letter of it defac'd! It was astonishing to see what immense stones the heat had in a manner calcin'd, so that all y$^{e}$ ornaments, columns, freezes, and projectures of massie Portland stone flew off, even to y$^{e}$ very roofe, where a sheet of lead covering a great space was totally mealted; the ruines of the vaulted roofe falling broken into St Faith's, which being filled with the magazines of bookes belonging to y$^{e}$ stationers, and carried thither for safety, they were all consum'd, burning for a weeke following. It is also observable, that the lead over y$^{e}$ altar at y$^{e}$ east end was untouch'd, and among the divers monuments, the body of one bishop remain'd intire. Thus lay in ashes that most venerable church, one of the most antient pieces of early piety in y$^{e}$ Christian world, besides neere 100 more. The lead, yron worke, bells, plate, &c. mealted; the exquisitely wrought Mercers Chapell, the sumptuous Exchange, y$^{e}$ august fabriq of Christ Church, all y$^{e}$ rest of the Companies Halls, sumptuous buildings, arches, all in dust; the fountaines dried up and ruin'd, whilst the very waters remain'd boiling; the vorago's of subterranean cellars, wells, and dungeons, formerly warehouses, still burning in stench and dark clouds of smoke, so that in 5 or 6 miles, in traversing about, I did not see one load of timber unconsum'd, nor many stones but what were calcin'd white as snow. The people who now walk'd about y$^{e}$ ruines appear'd like men in a dismal desart, or rather in some greate citty laid waste by a cruel enemy; to which was added the stench that came from some poore creatures bodies, beds, &c. Sir Tho. Gressham's statue, tho' fallen from its nich in the Royal Exchange, remain'd intire, when all those of y$^{e}$ kings since y$^{e}$ Conquest were broken to pieces, also the standard in Cornehill, and Q. Elizabeth's effigies, with some armes on Ludgate, continued with but little detriment, whilst the vast yron chaines of the citty streetes, hinges, barrs, and gates of prisons, were many of them mealted and reduc'd to cinders by y$^{e}$ vehement heate. I was not able to passe through any of the narrow streetes, but kept the widest; the ground and air, smoake and fiery vapour continu'd so intense, that my haire was almost sing'd, and my feete unsufferably sur-heated. The bie lanes and narrower streetes were quite fill'd up with rubbish, nor could one have knowne where he was, but by y$^{e}$ ruines of some church or hall, that had some remarkable tower or pinnacle remaining. I then went towards Islington and Highgate, where one might have seene 200,000 people of all ranks and degrees dispers'd and lying along by their heapes of what they could save from the fire, deploring their losse; and tho' ready to perish for hunger and destitution, yet not asking one penny for relief, which to me appear'd a stranger sight than any I had yet beheld. His Majesty and Council indeede tooke all imaginable care for their reliefe, by proclamation for the country to come in and refresh them with provisions. In y$^{e}$ midst of all this calamity and confusion, there was, I know not how, an alarme begun that the French and Dutch, with whom we were now in hostility, were not onely landed, but even entering the citty. There was, in truth, some days before, greate suspicion of those 2 nations joining; and now that they had ben the occasion of firing the towne. This report did so terrifie, that on a suddaine there was such an uproare and tumult, that they ran from their goods, and taking what weapons they could come at, they could not be stopp'd from falling on some of those nations, whom they casually met, without sense or reason. The clamour and peril grew so excessive, that it made the whole court amaz'd, and they did with infinite paines and greate difficulty reduce and appease the people, sending troops of soldiers and guards to cause them to retire into y$^{e}$ fields againe, where they were watch'd all this night. I left them pretty quiet, and came home sufficiently weary and broken. Their spirits thus a little calmed, and the affright abated, they now began to repaire into y$^{e}$ suburbs about the citty, where such as had friends or opportunity got shelter for the present, to which his Maty$^{s}$ proclamation also invited them.

### *A Fortunate Courtier not Envied.*

*Sept.* 6 [1680].—I dined with Sir Stephen Fox, now one of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury. This gentleman came first a poor boy from the choir of Salisbury, then was taken notice of by Bishop Duppa, and afterwards waited on my Lord Percy, brother to Algernon, Earl of Northumberland, who procured for him an inferior place amongst the clerks of the kitchen and green cloth side, where he was found so humble, diligent, industrious, and prudent in his behaviour, that his majesty being in exile, and Mr Fox waiting, both the king and lords about him frequently employed him about their affairs; and trusted him both with receiving and paying the little money they had. Returning with his majesty to England, after great wants and great sufferings, his majesty found him so honest and industrious, and withal so capable and ready, that being advanced from clerk of the kitchen to that of the green cloth, he procured to be paymaster to the whole army; and by his dexterity and punctual dealing, he obtained such credit among the bankers, that he was in a short time able to borrow vast sums of them upon any exigence. The continual turning thus of money, and the soldiers' moderate allowance to him for his keeping touch with them, did so enrich him, that he is believed to be worth at least £200,000 honestly gotten and unenvied, which is next to a miracle. With all this he continues as humble and ready to do a courtesy as ever he was. He is generous, and lives very honourably; of a sweet nature, well-spoken, well-bred, and is so highly in his majesty's esteem, and so useful, that, being long since made a knight, he is also advanced to be one of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, and has the reversion of the cofferer's place after Harry Brounker. He has married his eldest daughter to my Lord Cornwallis, and gave her £12,000, and restored that entangled family besides. He matched his eldest son to Mrs Trollope, who brings with her, besides a great sum, near, if not altogether, £2000 per annum. Sir Stephen's lady, an excellent woman, is sister to Mr Whittle, one of the king's chirurgeons. In a word, never was man more fortunate than Sir Stephen; he is a handsome person, virtuous, and very religious.[*]

### *Frost Fair on the Thames.*

1683-4. 1*st January.* The weather continuing intolerably severe, streets of booths were set upon the Thames; the air was so very cold and thick, as of many years there had not been the like.

*9th.* I went across the Thames on the ice, now become so thick as to bear not only streets of booths, in which they roasted meat, and had divers shops of wares, quite across as in a town, but coaches, carts, and horses passed over. So I went from Westminster-stairs to Lambeth, and dined with the archbishop: where I met my Lord Bruce, Sir George Wheeler, Colonel Cooke, and several divines. After dinner and discourse with his Grace till evening prayers, Sir George Wheeler and I walked over the ice from Lambeth-stairs to the Horse-ferry.

*16th January.* The Thames was filled with people and tents, selling all sorts of wares as in the City.

*24th.* The frost continuing more and more severe, the Thames before London was still planted with booths in formal streets, all sorts of trades and shops furnished, and full of commodities, even to a printing-press, where the people and ladies took a fancy to have their names printed, and the day and year set down when printed on the Thames: this humour took so universally, that it was estimated the printer gained £5 a day, for printing a line only, at sixpence a name, besides what he got by ballads, &c. Coaches plied from Westminster to the Temple, and from several other stairs to and fro, as in the streets, sleds, sliding with skates, a bull-baiting, horse and coach-races, puppet-plays and interludes, cooks, tippling, and other lewd places, so that it seemed to be a bacchanalian triumph, or carnival on the water, whilst it was a severe judgment on the land, the trees not only splitting as if lightning-struck, but men and cattle perishing in divers places, and the very seas so locked up with ice, that no vessels could stir out or come in. The fowls, fish, and birds, and all our exotic plants and greens, universally perishing. Many parks of deer were destroyed, and all sorts of fuel so dear, that there were great contributions to preserve the poor alive. Nor was this severe weather much less intense in most parts of Europe, even as far as Spain and the most southern tracts. London, by reason of the excessive coldness of the air hindering the ascent of the smoke, was so filled with the fuliginous steam of the sea-coal, that hardly could one see across the streets, and this filling the lungs with its gross particles, exceedingly obstructed the breast, so as one could scarcely breathe. Here was no water to be had from the pipes and engines, nor could the brewers and divers other tradesmen work, and every moment was full of disastrous accidents.

*5th February.* It began to thaw, but frose again. My coach crossed from Lambeth to the Horse-ferry at Milbank, Westminster. The booths were almost all taken down; but there was first a map or landscape cut in copper representing all the manner of the camp, and the several actions, sports, and pastimes thereon, in memory of so signal a frost.

### *Evelyn's Account of his Daughter Mary.*

*March* 7 [1685].—My daughter Mary [in the nineteenth year of her age] was taken with the small-pox, and there was soon found no hope of her recovery. A great affliction to me, but God's holy will be done!

*March* 10.—She received the blessed sacrament; after which, disposing herself to suffer what God should determine to inflict, she bore the remainder of her sickness with extraordinary patience and piety, and more than ordinary resignation and blessed frame of mind. She died the 14th, to our unspeakable sorrow and affliction; and not to ours only, but that of all who knew her, who were many of the best quality, greatest and most virtuous persons. The justness of her stature, person, comeliness of countenance, gracefulness of motion, unaffected, though more than ordinarily beautiful, were the least of her ornaments, compared with those of her mind. Of early piety, singularly religious, spending a part of every day in private devotion, reading, and other virtuous exercises; she had collected and written out many of the most useful and judicious periods of the books she read in a kind of commonplace, as out of Dr Hammond on the New Testament, and most of the best practical treatises. She had read and digested a considerable deal of history and of places [geography]. The French tongue was as familiar to her as English; she understood Italian, and was able to render a laudable account of what she read and observed, to which assisted a most faithful memory and discernment; and she did make very prudent and discreet reflections upon what she had observed of the conversations among which she had at any time been, which being continually of persons of the best quality, she thereby improved. She had an excellent voice, to which she played a thorough base on the harpsichord.... What shall I say, or rather not say, of the cheerfulness and agreeableness of her humour? Condescending to the meanest servant in the family, or others, she still kept up respect, without the least pride. She would often read to them, examine, instruct, and pray with them if they were sick, so as she was exceedingly beloved of everybody. She never played at cards without extreme importunity. No one could read prose or verse better or with more judgment; and, as she read, so she writ, not only most correct orthography, with that maturity of judgment and exactness of the periods, choice of expressions, and familiarity of style, that some letters of hers have astonished me and others. Nothing was so delightful to her as to go into my study, where she would willingly have spent whole days, for, as I said, she had read abundance of history, and all the best poets; even Terence, Plautus, Homer, Virgil, Horace, Ovid; all the best romances and modern poems; she could compose happily, as in the *Mundus Muliebris*, wherein is an enumeration of the immense variety of the modes and ornaments belonging to her sex; but all these are vain trifles to the virtues that adorned her soul; she was sincerely religious, most dutiful to her parents, whom she loved with an affection tempered with great esteem, so as we were easy and free, and never were so well pleased as when she was with us, nor needed we other conversation. She was kind to her sisters, and was still improving them by her constant course of piety. O dear, sweet, and desirable child! how shall I part with all this goodness and virtue without the bitterness of sorrow and reluctance of a tender parent? Thy affection, duty, and love to me was that of a friend as well as a child. Nor less dear to thy mother, whose example and tender care of thee was unparalleled; nor was thy return to her less conspicuous. Oh, how she mourns thy loss! how desolate hast thou left us! to the grave shall we both carry thy memory.

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[*] Sir Stephen Fox was the progenitor of the noble house of Holland, so remarkable for the line of distinguished statesmen which it has given to England.

### *Fashions in Dress.—From 'Tyrannus, or the Mode.'*

'Twas a witty expression of Malvezzi, *I vestimenti negli animali sono molto sicuri segni della loro natura; negli huomini del lor ceruello*—garments, says he, in animals are infallible signs of their nature; in men, of their understanding. Though I would not judge of the monk by the hood he wears, or celebrate the humour of Julian's court, where the philosophic mantle made all his officers appear like so many conjurors, 'tis worth the observing yet, that the people of Rome left off the *toga*, an ancient and noble garment, with their power, and that the vicissitude of their habit was little better than a presage of that of their fortune; for the military *saga*, differencing them from their slaves, was no small indication of the declining of their courage, which shortly followed. And I am of opinion that when once we shall see the Venetian senate quit the gravity of their vests, the state itself will not long subsist without some considerable alteration. I am of opinion that the Swiss had not been now a nation but for keeping to their prodigious breeches.

Be it excusable in the French to alter and impose the mode on others, 'tis no less a weakness and a shame in the rest of the world, who have no dependence on them, to admit them, at least to that degree of levity as to turn into all their shapes without discrimination; so as when the freak takes our Monsieurs to appear like so many farces or Jack Puddings on the stage, all the world should alter shape, and play the pantomimes with them.

Methinks a Frenh tailor, with his ell in his hand, looks the enchantress Circe over the companions of Ulysses, and changes them into as many forms. One while we are made to be loose in our clothes, and by and by appear like so many malefactors sewed up in sacks, as of old they were wont to treat a parricide, with a dog, an ape, and a serpent. Now, we are all twist, and at a distance look like a pair of tongs, and anon stuffed out behind like a Dutchman. This gallant goes so pinched in the waist, as if he were prepared for the question of the fiery plate in Turkey; and that so loose in the middle, as if he would turn insect, or drop in two; now, the short waists and shirts in Pye-court is the mode; then the wide hose, or a man in coats again. Methinks we should learn to handle distaff too: Hercules did so when he courted Omphale; and those who sacrificed to Ceres put on the petticoat with much confidence. . . .

It was a fine silken thing which I spied walking tother day through Westminster Hall, that had as much ribbon about him as would have plundered six shops, and set up twenty country pedlers. All his body was dressed like a May-pole, or a Tom-a-Bedlam's cap. A frigate newly rigged kept not half such a clatter in a storm, as this puppet's streamers did when the wind was in his shrouds; the motion was wonderful to behold, and the well-chosen colours were red, orange, blue, and well gummed satin, which argued a happy fancy; but so was our gallant overcharged, [that] whether he did wear this garment, or as a porter bear it only, was not easily to be resolved. . . .

For my part, I profess that I delight in a cheerful gaiety, affect and cultivate variety. The universe itself were not beautiful to me without it: but as that is in constant and uniform succession in the natural, where men do not disturb it, so would I have it also in the artificial. If the kings of Mexico changed four times a day, it was but an upper vest, which they were used to honour some meritorious servant with. Let men change their habits as oft as they please, so the change be for the better. I would have a summer habit, and a winter; for the spring and for the autumn. Something I would indulge to youth; something to age and humour. But what have we to do with these foreign butterflies? In God's name, let the change be our own, not borrowed of others; for why should I dance after a Monsieur's flageolet, that have a set of English viols for my concert? We need no French inventions for the stage, or for the back.

## SAMUEL PEPYS.

Very different from the diary of good and grave John Evelyn is that of his friend **Samuel Pepys** (1632–1703), who was Secretary to the Admiralty in the reigns of Charles II. and James II. Though not undistinguished in his official career, Pepys would have been slightly remembered had he not left behind him, in short-hand, a diary extending over above nine years—from January 1659-60 to May 1669—which being deciphered and published by Lord Braybrooke in 1825, gave the world a curious and faithful picture of the times, including almost every phase of public and social life, from the gaieties of the court to the pettiest details of domestic economy, business, and amusements. The character of Pepys himself, and his gradual rise in the world, with all his recorded foibles, weaknesses, and peculiarities, as displayed in his daily intercourse with society of all classes, form a highly amusing and instructive study, quite dramatic in its lights and shades, and of never-failing interest. He had excellent opportunities for observation, and nothing appeared too minute for notice in his diary, while his system of short-hand writing gave him both facility and secrecy in recording his memoranda of passing events. Pepys was of humble origin, the son of a London tailor, who had retired to Brampton, near Huntingdon, where he died. Samuel had a powerful and wealthy cousin, Sir Edward Montagu, afterwards the first Earl of Sandwich, to whose good offices he owed his advancement. Having studied at the university of Cambridge as a sizar, Pepys, in his twenty-third year, married a young lady of fifteen, who had just left a convent, and had no fortune. The consequences of this imprudent step might have been serious had not Sir Edward Montagu afforded an asylum in his house to the youthful pair. When the patron sailed upon his expedition to the Sound, in 1658, he took Pepys with him; and on their return, the latter was employed as a clerk in one of the government offices—living, he says, 'in Axe Yard, having my wife, and servant Jane, and no other in family than us three.' The times, however, were stirring—the restoration of monarchy was at hand, and Pepys's patron, Montagu, was employed to bring home Charles II. He took his cousin with him as secretary to the generals of the fleet; and when Montagu was rewarded for his loyal zeal and services with an earldom and public office, Pepys was appointed Clerk of the Acts of the Navy. This situation he afterwards exchanged for the higher one of Secretary to the Admiralty, which he held until the accession of William and Mary. He lived afterwards in a sort of dignified retirement, well earned by faithful public services, and by a useful and meritorious life.

The diary of Pepys can only be well understood or appreciated by longer extracts than our limits will permit. At the period of its commencement, his fortunes were at a low ebb; but after his voyage with Montagu, in June 1660, he records that on casting up his accounts he found that he was worth £100, 'for which,' he piously adds, 'I bless Almighty God, it being more than I hoped for so soon, being, I believe, not clearly worth £25 when I come to sea, besides my house and goods.' The emoluments and perquisites of his office soon added to his riches, and the Clerk of the Acts gradually soared into that region of fashion and gaiety which he had contemplated with wonder and admiration from a distance. On the 10th of July, he put on his first silk suit; and the subsequent additions to his wardrobe—camlet cloaks, with gold and silver buttons, &c.—are all carefully noted. His wife (whom he is never tired of praising) also shares in this finery, and her first grand appearance is thus recorded:

### *Mrs Pepys in a New Dress.*

*August* 18.—Towards Westminster by water. I landed my wife at Whitefriars with £5 to buy her a petticoat, and my father persuaded her to buy a most fine cloth, of 26*s.* a yard, and a rich lace, that the petticoat will come to £5; but she doing it very innocently, I could not be angry. Captain Ferrers took me and Creed to the Cockpit play, the first that I have had time to see since my coming from sea, *The Loyall Subject*, where one Kinaston, a boy, acted the Duke's sister, but made the loveliest lady that ever I saw in my life. After the play done, we went to drink, and, by Captain Ferrers' means, Kinaston, and another that acted Archas the General, came and drank with us.

19. (Lord's Day.)—This morning Sir W. Batten, Pen, and myself, went to church to the churchwardens, to demand a pew, which at present could not be given us; but we are resolved to have one built. So we staid, and heard Mr Mills, a very good minister. Home to dinner, where my wife had on her new petticoat that she bought yesterday, which indeed is a very fine cloth and a fine lace; but that being of a light colour, and the lace all silver, it makes no great show.

Of this gossiping complexion are most of Pepys's entries. The severe morality and deeper feeling of Evelyn would have suppressed much of what his friend set down without comment or scruple, but the picture thus presented of the court, and of the manners of the time, would have been less lively and less true. We subjoin, almost at random, a few passages from Pepys's faithful and minute chronicle:

### *Charles II. and the Queen in the Park.*

Hearing that the King and Queene are rode abroad with the Ladies of Honour to the Park; and seeing a great crowd of gallants staying here to see their return, I also staid, walking up and down. By and by the King and Queene, who looked in this dress, a white laced waistcoate and a crimson short petticoat, and her hair dressed *à la négligence*, mighty pretty; and the King rode hand in hand with her. Here was also my Lady Castlemaine, [who] rode among the rest of the ladies; but the king took, methought, no notice of her; nor when she 'light, did anybody press, as she seemed to expect, and staid for it, to take her down, but was taken down by her own gentleman. She looked mighty out of humour, and had a yellow plume in her hat, which all took notice of, and yet is very handsome, but very melancholy; nor did anybody speak to her, or she so much as smile or speak to anybody. I followed them up into Whitehall, and into the Queene's presence, where all the ladies walked, talking and fiddling with their hats and feathers, and changing and trying one another's by one another's heads, and laughing. But it was the finest sight to me, considering their great beautys and dress, that ever I did see in all my life. But, above all, Mrs Stewart [afterwards Duchess of Richmond] in this dresse, with her hat cocked and a red plume, with her sweet eye, little Roman nose, and excellent taille, is now the greatest beauty I ever saw, I think, in my life; and, if ever woman can, do exceed my Lady Castlemaine, at least in this dress: nor do I wonder if the king changes, which I verily believe is the reason of his coldness to my Lady Castlemaine.

### *Mr Pepys sets up a Carriage.*

*November* 5, 1668.—With Mr Povy spent all the afternoon going up and down among the coachmakers in Cow Lane, and did see several, and at last did pitch upon a little chariott, whose body was framed, but not covered, at the widow's, that made Mr Lowther's fine coach; and we are mightily pleased with it, it being light, and will be very genteel and sober: to be covered with leather, but yet will hold four. Being much satisfied with this, I carried him to Whitehall. Home, where I give my wife a good account of my day's work.

30.—My wife, after dinner, went the first time abroad in her coach, calling on Roger Pepys, and visiting Mrs Creed, and my cosen Turner. Thus ended this month with very good content, but most expenseful to my purse on things of pleasure, having furnished my wife's closet and the best chamber, and a coach and horses, that ever I knew in the world; and I am put into the greatest condition of outward state that ever I was in, or hoped ever to be, or desired.

*December* 2.—Abroad with my wife, the first time that ever I rode in my own coach, which do make my heart rejoice, and praise God, and pray him to bless it to me and continue it. So she and I to the King's playhouse, and there saw *The Usurper;* a pretty good play, in all but what is designed to resemble Cromwell and Hugh Peters, which is mighty silly. The play done, we to Whitehall; where my wife staid while I up to the Duchesse's and Queene's side, to speak with the Duke of York: and here saw all the ladies, and heard the silly discourse of the King, with his people about him.

*April* 11, 1669.—Thence to the Park, my wife and I; and here Sir W. Coventry did first see me and my wife in a coach of our own; and so did also this night the Duke of York, who did eye my wife mightily. But I begin to doubt that my being so much seen in my own coach at this time may be observed to my prejudice; but I must venture it now.

*May* 1.—Up betimes. Called by my tailor, and there first put on a summer suit this year; but it was not my fine one of flowered tabby vest, and coloured camelott tunique, because it was too fine with the gold lace at the bands, that I was afraid to be seen in it; but put on the stuff suit I made the last year, which is now repaired; and so did go to the Office in it, and sat all the morning, the day looking as if it would be fowle. At noon, home to dinner, and there find my wife extraordinary fine, with her flowered tabby gown that she made two years ago, now laced exceeding pretty; and, indeed, was fine all over; and mighty earnest to go, though the day was very lowering; and she would have me put on my fine suit, which I did. And so anon we went alone through the town with our new liveries of serge, and the horses' manes and tails tied with red ribbons, and the standards gilt with varnish, and all clean, and green reines, that people did mightily look upon us; and, the truth is, I did not see any coach more pretty, though more gay, than ours, all the day. But we set out, out of humour—I because Betty, whom I expected, was not come to go with us; and my wife that I would sit on the same seat with her, which she likes not, being so fine: and she then expected to meet Sheres, which we did in the Pell Mell, and, against my will, I was forced to take him into the coach, but was sullen all day almost, and little complaisant: the day being unpleasing, though the Park full of coaches, but dusty, and windy, and cold, and now and then a little dribbling of rain; and, what made it worse, there were so many hackney-coaches as spoiled the sight of the gentlemen's; and so we had little pleasure. But here was W. Batelier and his sister in a borrowed coach by themselves, and I took them and we to the lodge; and at the door did give them a syllabub, and other things, cost me 12*s.* and pretty merry.

### *Mr Pepys tries to admire Hudibras.*

*December* 26, 1662.—To the Wardrobe. Hither come Mr Battersby; and we falling into discourse of a new book of drollery in use, called *Hudibras*, I would needs go find it out, and met with it at the Temple: cost me 2*s.* 6*d.* But when I come to read it, it is so silly an abuse of the Presbyter Knight going to the warrs, that I am ashamed of it; and by and by meeting at Mr Townsend's at dinner, I sold it to him for 18*d.*

*February* 6.—To Lincoln's Inn Fields; and it being too soon to go to dinner, I walked up and down, and looked upon the outside of the new theatre building in Covent Garden, which will be very fine. And so to a bookseller's in the Strand, and there bought *Hudibras* again, it being certainly some ill-humour to be so against that which all the world cries up to be the example of wit; for which I am resolved once more to read him, and see whether I can find it or no.

*November* 28.—To Paul's Church-yard, and there looked upon the second part of *Hudibras*, which I buy not, but borrow to read, to see if it be as good as the first, which the world cried so mightily up, though it hath not a good liking in me, though I had tried but twice or three times reading to bring myself to think it witty.

### *Mr Pepys at the Theatre.*

*March* 2, 1667.—After dinner, with my wife, to the King's house to see *The Maiden Queene*, a new play of Dryden's mightily commended for the regularity of it, and the strain and wit; and, the truth is, there is a comical part done by Nell Gwynne, which is Florimell, that I never can hope ever to see the like done again, by man or woman. The King and Duke of York were at the play. But so great performance of a comical part was never, I believe, in the world before as Nell do this both as a mad girle, then most and best of all, when she comes in like a young gallant; and hath the motions and carriage of a spark the most that ever I saw any man have. It makes me, I confess, admire her.

*October* 5.—To the King's house; and there, going in, met with Knipp, and she took us up into the tireing-rooms: and to the woman's shift, where Nell was dressing herself, and was all unready, and is very pretty, prettier than I thought. And into the scene-room, and there sat down, and she gave us fruit: and here I read the questions to Knipp, while she answered me, through all her part of *Flora Figarys*, which was acted to-day. But, Lord! to see how they were both painted would make a man mad, and did make me loath them; and what base company of men comes among them, and how lewdly they talk! and how poor the men are in clothes, and yet what a show they make on the stage by candle-light, is very observable. But to see how Nell cursed for having so few people in the pit, was pretty; the other house carrying away all the people at the new play, and is said, now-a-days, to have generally most company, as being better players. By and by into the pit, and there saw the play, which is pretty good.

*December* 28.—To the King's house, and there saw *The Mad Couple*, which is but an ordinary play; but only Nell's and Hart's mad parts are most excellent done, but especially hers: which makes it a miracle to me to think how ill she do any serious part, as, the other day, just like a fool or changeling; and in a mad part do beyond imitation almost. It pleased us mightily to see the natural affection of a poor woman, the mother of one of the children, brought on the stage: the child crying, she by force got upon the stage, and took up her child, and carried it away off of the stage from Hart. Many fine faces here to-day.

*February* 27, 1667-8.—With my wife to the King's house, to see *The Virgin Martyr*, the first time it hath been acted a great while: and it is mighty pleasant; not that the play is worth much, but it is finely acted by Beck Marshall. But that which did please me beyond anything in the whole world was the wind-musick when the angel comes down, which is so sweet that it ravished me, and indeed, in a word, did wrap up my soul so that it made me really sick, just as I have formerly been when in love with my wife; that neither then, nor all the evening going home, and at home, I was able to think of anything, but remained all night transported, so as I could not believe that ever any musick hath that real command over the soul of a man as this did upon me: and makes me resolve to practise wind-musick, and to make my wife do the like.

### *Mr Pepys at Church.*

*May* 26, 1667.—My wife and I to church, where several strangers of good condition come to our pew. After dinner, I by water alone to Westminster to the parish church, and there did entertain myself with my perspective glass up and down the church, by which I had the great pleasure of seeing and gazing at a great many very fine women; and what with that, and sleeping, I passed away the time till sermon was done. I away to my boat, and up with it as far as Barne Elmes, reading of Mr Evelyn's late new book against Solitude, in which I do not find much excess of good matter, though it be pretty for a bye discourse.

*August* 18.—To Cree Church, to see it how it is: but I find no alteration there, as they say there was, for my Lord Mayor and Aldermen to come to sermon, as they do every Sunday, as they did formerly to Paul's. There dined with me Mr Turner and his daughter Betty. Betty is grown a fine young lady as to carriage and discourse. We had a good haunch of venison, powdered and boiled, and a good dinner. I walked towards Whitehall, but, being wearied, turned into St Dunstan's Church, where I heard an able sermon of the minister of the place; and stood by a pretty, modest maid, whom I did labour to take by the hand; but she would not, but got further and further from me; and, at last, I could perceive her to take pins out of her pocket to prick me if I should touch her again—which, seeing, I did forbear, and was glad I did spy her design. And then I fell to gaze upon another pretty maid, in a pew close to me, and she on me; and I did go about to take her by the hand, which she suffered a little and then withdrew. So the sermon ended.

### *Domestic Scene between Mr and Mrs Pepys.*

*May* 11, 1667.—My wife being dressed this day in fair hair did make me so mad, that I spoke not one word to her, though I was ready to burst with anger. After that, Creed and I into the Park, and walked, a most pleasant evening, and so took coach, and took up my wife, and in my way home discovered my trouble to my wife for her white locks, swearing several times, which I pray God forgive me for, and bending my fist that I would not endure it. She, poor wretch, was surprised with it, and made me no answer all the way home; but there we parted, and I to the office late, and then home, and without supper to bed, vexed.

12. (Lord's day.)—Up and to my chamber, to settle some accounts there, and by and by down comes my wife to me in her night-gown, and we begun calmly, that, upon having money to lace her gown for second mourning, she would promise to wear white locks no more in my sight, which I, like a severe fool, thinking not enough, begun to except against, and made her fly out to very high terms and cry, and in her heat, told me of keeping company with Mrs Knipp, saying, that if I would promise never to see her more—of whom she hath more reason to suspect than I had heretofore of Pembleton—she would never wear white locks more. This vexed me, but I restrained myself from saying anything, but do think never to see this woman—at least, to have her here more; and so all very good friends as ever. My wife and I bethought ourselves to go to a French house to dinner, and so inquired out Monsieur Robins, my perriwigg-maker, who keeps an ordinary, and in an ugly street in Covent Garden, did find him at the door, and so we in; and in a moment almost had the table covered, and clean glasses, and all in the French manner, and a mess of potage first, and then a piece of bœuf-a-la-mode, all exceeding well seasoned, and to our great liking; at least it would have been anywhere else but in this bad street, and in a perriwigg-maker's house; but to see the pleasant and ready attendance that we had, and all things so desirous to please, and ingenious in the people, did take me mightily. Our dinner cost us 6*s.*

### *Mr Pepys makes a Great Speech at the Bar of the House of Commons in defence of the Navy Board.*

*March* 5, 1668.—I full of thoughts and trouble touching the issue of this day; and, to comfort myself, did go to the Dog, and drink half a pint of mulled sack, and in the hall did drink a dram of brandy at Mrs Hewlett's; and with the warmth of this did find myself in better order as to courage, truly. So we all up to the lobby; and, between eleven or twelve o'clock, were called in, with the mace before us, into the House, where a mighty full House; and we stood at the bar—namely, Brouncker, Sir J. Minnes, Sir T. Harvey, and myself, W. Penn being in the House, as a member. I perceive the whole House was full of expectation of our defence what it would be, and with great prejudice. After the Speaker had told us the dissatisfaction of the House, and read the Report of the Committee, I began our defence most acceptable and smoothly, and continued at it without any hesitation or loss, but with full scope, and all my reason free about me, as if it had been at my own table, from that time till past three in the afternoon; and so ended, without any interruption from the Speaker; but we withdrew. And there all my fellow-officers, and all the world that was within hearing, did congratulate me, and cry up my speech as the best thing they ever heard. To my wife, whom W. Hewer had told of my success, and she overjoyed; and, after talking a while, I betimes to bed, having had no quiet rest a good while.

6.—Up betimes, and with Sir D. Gauden to Sir W. Coventry's chamber; where the first word he said to me was: 'Good-morrow, Mr Pepys, that must be Speaker of the Parliament-house:' and did protest I had got honour for ever in Parliament. He said that his brother, that sat by him, admires me; and another gentleman said that I could not get less than £1000 a year, if I would put on a gown and plead at the Chancery-bar; but what pleases me most, he tells me that the Solicitor-general did protest that he thought I spoke the best of any man in England. After several talks with him alone touching his own businesses, he carried me to Whitehall, and there parted; and I to the Duke of York's lodgings, and find him going to the Park, it being a very fine morning, and I after him; and, as soon as he saw me, he told me, with great satisfaction, that I had converted a great many yesterday, and did, with great praise of me, go on with the discourse with me. And, by and by, overtaking the King, the King and Duke of York came to me both; and he [the King] said: 'Mr Pepys, I am very glad of your success yesterday;' and fell to talk of my well speaking; and many of the Lords there. My Lord Barkeley did cry me up for what they had heard of it; and others, Parliament-men there, about the King, did say that they never heard such a speech in their lives delivered in that manner. Progers, of the Bedchamber, swore to me afterwards before Brouncker, in the afternoon, that he did tell the King that he thought I might match the Solicitor-general. Everybody that saw me almost came to me, as Joseph Williamson and others, with such eulogies as cannot be expressed. From thence I went to Westminster Hall, where I met Mr G. Montagu, who came to me and kissed me, and told me that he had often heretofore kissed my hands, but now he would kiss my lips: protesting that I was another Cicero, and said, all the world said the same of me.

Pepys, like Evelyn, records the daily devastation of the Great Fire, but with less minuteness. He had, however, watched the poor people lingering about their houses and furniture until the fire touched them; and then running into boats, or clambering by the waterside from one pair of stairs to another; 'and among other things, the poor pigeons were loth to leave their houses, and hovered about the windows and balconies till they burned their wings and fell down.'

### SIR ROGER L'ESTRANGE.

Sir Roger L'Estrange (1616–1704) enjoyed in the reigns of Charles II. and James II. great notoriety as a political writer. During the Civil War, he had fought as a Royalist soldier; being captured by the Parliamentary army, he was tried and condemned to death, and lay in prison almost four years, constantly expecting to be led forth to execution. A poem ascribed to him, entitled *the Liberty of the Imprisoned Royalists*, must have been written at this time. The following are a few of the stanzas:

Beat on, proud billows! Boreas, blow!
  Swell, curled waves, high as Jove's roof!
Your incivility shall shew
  That innocence is tempest-proof.
Though surly Nereus frown, my thoughts are calm;
Then strike, Affliction, for thy wounds are balm.

That which the world miscalls a gaol,
  A private closet is to me,
Whilst a good conscience is my bail,
  And innocence my liberty.
Locks, bars, walls, leanness, though together met,
Make me no prisoner, but an anchoret. . . .

My soul is free as ambient air,
  Although my baser parts be mewed;
Whilst loyal thoughts do still repair
  To company my solitude;
And though rebellion may my body bind,
My king can only captivate my mind.

Have you not seen the nightingale
  A pilgrim cooped into a cage,
And heard her tell her wonted tale,
  In that her narrow hermitage?
Even then her charming melody doth prove
That all her bars are trees, her cage a grove.

I am the bird whom they combine
  Thus to deprive of liberty;
But though they do my corps confine,
  Yet, maugre hate, my soul is free;
And though I'm mewed, yet I can chirp and sing,
Disgrace to rebels, glory to my king!

L'Estrange was at length set free, and lived in almost total obscurity till the Restoration. In 1663, he published a pamphlet, entitled *Considerations and Proposals in order to the Regulation of the Press*, for which he was rewarded by being appointed licenser or censor of the press, and also the sole privilege of printing and publishing news. In August 1663 appeared his newspaper, *The Public Intelligencer*. From this time, till a few years before his death, he was constantly occupied in editing newspapers and writing pamphlets, mostly in behalf of the court, from which he at last received the honour of knighthood. As a controversialist, L'Estrange was bold, lively, and vigorous, but coarse, impudent, abusive, and by no means a scrupulous regarder of truth. He is known also as a translator, having produced versions of Æsop's *Fables*, Seneca's *Morals*, Cicero's *Offices*, Erasmus's *Colloquies*, Quevedo's *Visions*, and the works of Josephus. In 1687, he published *A Brief History of the Times*, relating chiefly to the Popish Plot. The following is a chapter of his life of Æsop, prefixed to the translation of the *Fables:*

#### *Æsop's Invention to bring his Mistress back again to her Husband after she had left him.*

The wife of Xanthus was well born and wealthy, but so proud and domineering withal, as if her fortune and her extraction had entitled her to the breeches. She was horribly bold, meddling and expensive, as that sort of women commonly are, easily put off the hooks, and monstrous hard to be pleased again; perpetually chattering at her husband, and upon all occasions of controversy threatening him to be gone. It came to this at last, that Xanthus's stock of patience being quite spent, he took up a resolution of going another way to work with her, and of trying a course of severity, since there was nothing to be done with her by kindness. But this experiment, instead of mending the matter, made it worse; for, upon harder usage, the woman grew desperate, and went away from him in earnest. She was as bad, 'tis true, as bad might well be, and yet Xanthus had a kind of hankering for her still; beside that, there was matter of interest in the case; and a pestilent tongue she had, that the poor husband dreaded above all things under the sun. But the man was willing, however, to make the best of a bad game, and so his wits and his friends were set at work, in the fairest manner that might be, to get her home again. But there was no good to be done in it, it seems; and Xanthus was so visibly out of humour upon it, that Æsop in pure pity bethought himself immediately how to comfort him. 'Come, master,' says he, 'pluck up a good heart, for I have a project in my noddle, that shall bring my mistress to you back again, with as good a will as ever she went from you.' What does my Æsop, but away immediately to the market among the butchers, poulterers, fishmongers, confectioners, &c. for the best of everything that was in season. Nay, he takes private people in his way too, and chops into the very house of his mistress's relations, as by mistake. This way of proceeding set the whole town agog to know the meaning of all this bustle; and Æsop innocently told everybody that his master's wife was run away from him, and he had married another; his friends up and down were all invited to come and make merry with him, and this was to be the wedding-feast. The news flew like lightning, and happy were they that could carry the first tidings of it to the runaway lady—for everybody knew Æsop to be a servant in that family. It gathered in the rolling, as all other stories do in the telling, especially where women's tongues and passions have the spreading of them. The wife, that was in her nature violent and unsteady, ordered her chariot to be made ready immediately, and away she posts back to her husband, falls upon him with outrages of looks and language; and after the easing of her mind a little—'No, Xanthus,' says she, 'do not you flatter yourself with the hopes of enjoying another woman while I am alive.' Xanthus looked upon this as one of Æsop's master-pieces; and for that bout all was well again betwixt master and mistress.

#### *The Popish Plot.*

At the first opening of this plot, almost all people's hearts took fire at it, and nothing was heard but the bellowing of execrations and revenge against the accursed bloody Papists. It was imputed at first, and in the general, to the principles of the religion; and a Roman Catholic and a regicide were made one and the same thing. Nay, it was a saying frequent in some of our great and holy mouths, that they were confident there was not so much as one soul of the whole party, within his majesty's dominions, that was not either an actor in this plot, or a friend to't. In this heat, they fell to picking up of priests and Jesuits as fast as they could catch 'em, and so went on to consult their oracles the witnesses—with all formalities of sifting and examining—upon the particulars of place, time, manner, persons, &c.; while Westminster Hall and the Court of Requests were kept warm, and ringing still of new men come in, corroborating proofs, and further discoveries, &c. Under this train and method of reasoning, the managers advanced, decently enough, to the finding out of what they themselves had laid and concerted beforehand; and, to give the devil his due, the whole story was but a farce of so many parts, and the noisy informations no more than a lesson that they had much ado to go through with, even with the help of diligent and careful tutors, and of many and many a prompter, to bring them off at a dead lift. But popery was so dreadful a thing, and the danger of the king's life and of the Protestant religion so astonishing a surprise, that people were almost bound in duty to be inconsiderate and outrageous upon't; and loyalty itself would have looked a little cold and indifferent if it had not been intemperate; insomuch that zeal, fierceness, and jealousy were never more excusable than upon this occasion. And now, having excellent matter to work upon, and the passions of the people already disposed for violence and tumult, there needed no more than blowing the coal of Oates's narrative, to put all into a flame; and in the meantime, all arts and accidents were improved, as well toward the entertainment of the humour, as to the kindling of it. The people were first haired out of their senses with tales and jealousies, and then made judges of the danger, and consequently of the remedy; which upon the main, and briefly, came to no more than this: The plot was laid all over the three kingdoms; France, Spain, and Portugal taxed their quotas to't; we were all to be burnt in our beds, and rise with our throats cut; and no way in the world but exclusion and union to help us. The fancy of this exclusion spread immediately, like a gangrene, over the whole body of the monarchy; and no saving the life of his majesty without cutting off every limb of the prerogative: the device of union passed insensibly into a league of conspiracy; and, instead of uniting Protestants against Papists, concluded in an association of subjects against their sovereign, confounding policy with religion.

## SAMUEL BUTLER.

The fame of the author of *Hudibras* led to a general desire after his death for the publication of such literary remains as he might have left behind him. Two spurious compilations were issued (1715-1720), but out of fifty pieces thus thrust upon the world only three were genuine. At length, in 1759, two volumes of *Remains in Verse and Prose* were published from the original MSS. which Butler had left to his friend Longueville, and which had come into the possession of Mr R. Thyer, Manchester. The most interesting of these relics are *Characters*, in prose resembling in style those of Overbury, Earle, and Hall.

### *A Small Poet*

Is one that would fain make himself that which nature never meant him; like a fanatic that inspires himself with his own whimsies. He sets up haberdasher of small poetry, with a very small stock and no credit. He believes it is invention enough to find out other men's wit; and whatsoever he lights upon, either in books or company, he makes bold with as his own. This he puts together so untowardly, that you may perceive his own wit as the rickets, by the swelling disproportion of the joints. You may know his wit not to be natural, 'tis so unquiet and troublesome in him: for as those that have money but seldom, are always shaking their pockets when they have it, so does he, when he thinks he has got something that will make him appear. He is a perpetual talker; and you may know by the freedom of his discourse that he came lightly by it, as thieves spend freely what they get. He is like an Italian thief, that never robs but he murders, to prevent discovery; so sure is he to cry down the man from whom he purloins, that his petty larceny of wit may pass unsuspected. He appears so over-concerned in all men's wits, as if they were but disparagements of his own; and cries down all they do, as if they were encroachments upon him. He takes jests from the owners and breaks them, as justices do false weights, and pots that want measure. When he meets with anything that is very good, he changes it into small money, like three groats for a shilling, to serve several occasions. He disclaims study, pretends to take things in motion, and to shoot flying, which appears to be very true, by his often missing of his mark. As for epithets, he always avoids those that are near akin to the sense. Such matches are unlawful and not fit to be made by a Christian poet; and therefore all his care is to choose out such as will serve, like a wooden leg, to piece out a maimed verse that wants a foot or two, and if they will but rhyme now and then into the bargain, or run upon a letter, it is a work of supererogation. For similitudes, he likes the hardest and most obscure best; for as ladies wear black patches to make their complexions seem fairer than they are, so when an illustration is more obscure than the sense that went before it, it must of necessity make it appear clearer than it did; for contraries are best set off with contraries. He has found out a new sort of poetical Georgics—a trick of sowing wit like clover-grass on barren subjects, which would yield nothing before. This is very useful for the times, wherein, some men say, there is no room left for new invention. He will take three grains of wit like the elixir, and, projecting it upon the iron age, turn it immediately into gold. All the business of mankind has presently vanished, the whole world has kept holiday; there has been no men but heroes and poets, no women but nymphs and shepherdesses: trees have borne fritters, and rivers flowed plum-porridge. When he writes, he commonly steers the sense of his lines by the rhyme that is at the end of them, as butchers do calves by the tail. For when he has made one line, which is easy enough, and has found out some sturdy hard word that will but rhyme, he will hammer the sense upon it, like a piece of hot iron upon an anvil, into what form he pleases. There is no art in the world so rich in terms as poetry; a whole dictionary is scarce able to contain them; for there is hardly a pond, a sheep-walk, or a gravel-pit in all Greece, but the ancient name of it is become a term of art in poetry. By this means, small poets have such a stock of able hard words lying by them, as dryades, hamadryades, aönides, fauni, nymphæ, sylvani, &c. that signify nothing at all; and such a world of pedantic terms of the same kind, as may serve to furnish all the new inventions and 'thorough reformations' that can happen between this and Plato's great year.

### *A Vintner*

Hangs out his bush to shew he has not good wine; for that, the proverb says, needs it not. He had rather sell bad wine than good, that stands him in no more; for it makes men sooner drunk, and then they are the easier over-reckoned. By the knaveries he acts above-board, which every man sees, one may easily take a measure of those he does underground in his cellar; for he that will pick a man's pocket to his face, will not stick to use him worse in private, when he knows nothing of it. He does not only spoil and destroy his wines, but an ancient reverend proverb, with brewing and racking, that says, 'In vino veritas;' for there is no truth in his, but all false and sophisticated; for he can counterfeit wine as cunningly as Apelles did grapes, and cheat men with it, as he did birds. He is an anti-Christian cheat, for Christ turned water into wine, and he turns wine into water. He scores all his reckonings upon two tables, made like those of the Ten Commandments, that he may be put in mind to break them as oft as possibly he can; especially that of stealing and bearing false witness against his neighbour, when he draws him bad wine, and swears it is good, and that he can take more for the pipe than the wine will yield him by the bottle—a trick that a Jesuit taught him to cheat his own conscience with. When he is found to over-reckon notoriously, he has one common evasion for all, and that is, to say it was a mistake; by which he means, that he thought they had not been sober enough to discover it; for if it had passed, there had been no error at all in the case.

### *A Prater*

Is a common nuisance, and as great a grievance to those that come near him, as a pewterer is to his neighbours. His discourse is like the braying of a mortar, the more impertinent, the more voluble and loud, as a pestle makes more noise when it is rung on the sides of a mortar, than when it stamps downright, and hits upon the business. A dog that opens upon a wrong scent will do it oftener than one that never opens but upon a right. He is as long-winded as a ventiduct, that fills as fast as it empties; or a trade-wind, that blows one way for half a year together, and another as long, as if it drew in its breath for six months, and blew it out again for six more. He has no mercy on any man's ears or patience that he can get within his sphere of activity, but tortures him, as they correct boys in Scotland, by stretching their lugs without remorse. He is like an earwig, when he gets within a man's ear, he is not easily to be got out again. He is a siren to himself, and has no way to escape shipwreck but by having his mouth stopped instead of his ears. He plays with his tongue as a cat does with her tail, and is transported with the delight he gives himself of his own making.

### *An Antiquary*

Is one that has his being in this age, but his life and conversation is in the days of old. He despises the present age as an innovation, and slights the future; but has a great value for that which is past and gone, like the madman that fell in love with Cleopatra.

All his curiosities take place of one another according to their seniority, and he values them not by their abilities, but their standing. He has a great veneration for words that are stricken in years, and are grown so aged that they have outlived their employments. These he uses with a respect agreeable to their antiquity, and the good services they have done. He is a great time-server, but it is of time out of mind, to which he conforms exactly, but is wholly retired from the present. His days were spent and gone long before he came into the world; and since, his only business is to collect what he can out of the ruins of them. He has so strong a natural affection to anything that is old, that he may truly say to dust and worms, 'You are my father,' and to rottenness, 'Thou art my mother.' He has no providence nor foresight, for all his contemplations look backward upon the days of old, and his brains are turned with them, as if he walked backwards. He values things wrongfully upon their antiquity, forgetting that the most modern are really the most ancient of all things in the world, like those that reckon their pounds before their shillings and pence, of which they are made up. He esteems no customs but such as have outlived themselves, and are long since out of use; as the Catholics allow of no saints but such as are dead, and the fanatics, in opposition, of none but the living.

## WALTER CHARLETON.

Another lively describer of human character, who flourished in this period, was DR WALTER CHARLETON (1619–1707), physician to Charles II. a friend of Hobbes, and for several years President of the College of Physicians in London. He wrote many works on theology, natural history, natural philosophy, medicine, and antiquities; in which last department his most noted production is a treatise published in 1663, maintaining the Danish origin of Stonehenge, on Salisbury Plain, in opposition to Inigo Jones, who attributed that remarkable structure to the Romans. The work, however, which seems to deserve more particularly our attention in this place is *A Brief Discourse concerning the different Wits of Men*, published by Dr Charleton in 1675. It is interesting, both on account of the lively and accurate sketches of character which it contains, and because the author attributes the varieties of talent which are found among men to differences in the form, size, and quality of their brains. We shall give two of his happiest sketches.

### *The Ready and Nimble Wit.*

Such as are endowed wherewith have a certain extemporary acuteness of conceit, accompanied with a quick delivery of their thoughts, so as they can at pleasure entertain their auditors with facetious passages and fluent discourses even upon slight occasions; but being generally impatient of second thoughts and deliberations, they seem fitter for pleasant colloquies and drollery than for counsel and design; like fly-boats, good only in fair weather and shallow waters, and then, too, more for pleasure than traffic. If they be, as for the most part they are, narrow in the hold, and destitute of ballast sufficient to counterpoise their large sails, they reel with every blast of argument, and are often driven upon the sands of a 'nonplus;' but where favoured with the breath of common applause, they sail smoothly and proudly, and, like the City pageants, discharge whole volleys of squibs and crackers, and skirmish most furiously. But take them from their familiar and private conversation into grave and severe assemblies, whence all extemporary flashes of wit, all fantastic allusions, all personal reflections, are excluded, and there engage them in an encounter with solid wisdom, not in light skirmishes, but a pitched field of long and serious debate concerning any important question, and then you shall soon discover their weakness, and contemn that barrenness of understanding which is incapable of struggling with the difficulties of apodictical knowledge, and the deduction of truth from a long series of reasons. Again, if those very concise sayings and lucky repartees, wherein they are so happy, and which at first hearing were entertained with so much of pleasure and admiration, be written down, and brought to a strict examination of their pertinency, coherence, and verity, how shallow, how frothy, how forced will they be found! how much will they lose of that applause, which their tickling of the ear and present flight through the imagination had gained! In the greatest part, therefore, of such men, you ought to expect no deep or continued river of wit, but only a few plashes, and those, too, not altogether free from mud and putrefaction.

### *The Slow but Sure Wit.*

Some heads there are of a certain close and reserved constitution, which makes them at first sight to promise as little of the virtue wherewith they are endowed, as the former appear to be above the imperfections to which they are subject. Somewhat slow they are, indeed, of both conception and expression; yet no whit the less provided with solid prudence. When they are engaged to speak, their tongue doth not readily interpret the dictates of their mind, so that their language comes, as it were, dropping from their lips, even where they are encouraged by familiar entreaties, or provoked by the smartness of jests, which sudden and nimble wits have newly darted at them. Costive they are also in invention; so that when they would deliver somewhat solid and remarkable, they are long in seeking what is fit, and as long in determining in what manner and words to utter it. But after a little consideration, they penetrate deeply into the substance of things and marrow of business, and conceive proper and emphatic words by which to express their sentiments. Barren they are not, but a little heavy and retentive. Their gifts lie deep and concealed; but being furnished with notions, not airy and umbratil ones borrowed from the pedantism of the schools, but true and useful—and if they have been manured with good learning, and the habit of exercising their pen—oftentimes they produce many excellent conceptions, worthy to be transmitted to posterity. Having, however, an aspect very like to narrow and dull capacities, at first sight most men take them to be really such, and strangers look upon them with the eyes of neglect and contempt. Hence it comes, that excellent parts remaining unknown, often want the favour and patronage of great persons, whereby they might be redeemed from obscurity, and raised to employments answerable to their faculties, and crowned with honours proportionate to their merits. The best course, therefore, for these to overcome that eclipse which prejudice usually brings upon them, is to contend against their own modesty, and either, by frequent converse with noble and discerning spirits, to enlarge the windows of their minds, and dispel those clouds of reservedness that darken the lustre of their faculties; or, by writing on some new and useful subject, to lay open their talent, so that the world may be convinced of their intrinsic value.

In 1670, Dr Charleton published a vigorous translation of Epicurus's *Morals*.

## LUCY HUTCHINSON.

There is a group of ladies of the seventeenth century whose Memoirs and Letters are of very great interest.

**LUCY HUTCHINSON** (1620–1659) was a daughter of Sir Allan Apsley, and widow of Colonel John Hutchinson, governor of Nottingham Castle, and one of the judges of Charles I. Mrs Hutchinson wrote Memoirs of her husband's life and of her own, which were first published by their descendant, the Rev. Julius Hutchinson, in 1806. Few books are more interesting than this biographical narrative, which, besides adding to our knowledge of the period of the Civil War and the Commonwealth, furnishes information as to the domestic life, the position of women in society, the state of education, manners, &c. all related in a frank, lively, and engaging style. The lady was a person of great spirit and talent, of strong feelings, and of unbounded devotion to her husband and his political views. Though concurring in the sentence which condemned Charles I. to the scaffold, Colonel Hutchinson testified against Cromwell's usurpation, and lived in retirement till the Restoration. He was afterwards included in the act of amnesty. In the debate on the treatment to be dealt to the regicides, Colonel Hutchinson, as his faithful wife relates, shewed great address and firmness.

### *Col. Hutchinson Defends his Condemnation of Charles I.*

When it came to Inglesby's turn, he, with many tears, professed his repentance for that murther; and told a false tale, how Cromwell held his hand, and forced him to subscribe the sentence! And made a most whining recantation; after which he retired, and another had almost ended, when Colonel Hutchinson, who was not there at the beginning, came in, and was told what they were about, and that it would be expected he should say something. He was surprised with a thing he expected not, yet neither then nor in any the like occasion, did he ever fail himself, but told them, 'that for his actings in those days, if he had erred, it was the inexperience of his age, and the defect of his judgment, and not the malice of his heart, which had ever prompted him to pursue the general advantage of his country more than his own; and if the sacrifice of him might conduce to the public peace and settlement, he should freely submit his life and fortune to their dispose; that the vain expense of his age, and the great debts his public employments had run him into, as they were testimonies that neither avarice nor any other interest had carried him on, so they yielded him just cause to repent that he ever forsook his own blessed quiet to embark in such a troubled sea, where he had made shipwreck of all things but a good conscience. And as to that particular action of the king, he desired them to believe he had that sense of it that befitted an Englishman, a Christian, and a gentleman. As soon as the colonel had spoken, he retired into a room where Inglesby was, with his eyes yet red, who had called up a little spirit to succeed his whinings, and embracing Colonel Hutchinson: 'O colonel,' said he, 'did I ever imagine we could be brought to this! Could I have suspected it when I brought them Lambert in the other day, this sword should have redeemed us from being dealt with as criminals, by that people, for whom we had so gloriously exposed ourselves.' The colonel told him he had foreseen, ever since those usurpers thrust out the lawful authority of the land to enthrone themselves, it could end in nothing else; but the integrity of his heart in all he had done made him as cheerfully ready to suffer as to triumph in a good cause. The result of the House that day was to suspend Colonel Hutchinson and the rest from sitting in the House. Monk, after all his great professions, now sate still, and had not one word to interpose for any person, but was as forward to set vengeance on foot as any man.

## LADY FANSHAWE.

**ANNE HARRISON FANSHAWE** (1625–1679) was the daughter of Sir John Harrison, and wife of Sir Richard Fanshawe, ambassador from Charles II. to the court of Madrid in 1665. Lady Fanshawe wrote Memoirs of her own life, to which were added extracts from the correspondence of her husband. They were published in 1829, edited by Sir E. Harris Nicholas, but unfortunately from a very imperfect and inaccurate copy of the original manuscript. The original is extant in the possession of J. G. Fanshawe of Parsons, Essex, and as the Memoirs are of historical and general interest, the work should be re-edited and correctly printed.

### *Lady Fanshawe sees a Ghost in Ireland.*

We went to the Lady Honor O'Brien's. She was the youngest daughter of the Earl of Thomond. There we staid three nights—the first of which I was surprised by being laid in a chamber, when, about one o'clock, I heard a voice that awakened me. I drew the curtain, and, on the casement of the window, I saw, by the light of the moon, a woman leaning into the window through the casement, in white, with red hair, and pale and ghastly complexion. She spake loud, and in a tone I had never heard, thrice, 'A horse!' and then with a sigh more like the wind than breath, she vanished, and to me her body looked more like a thick cloud than substance. I was so much frightened, that my hair stood on end, and my night-clothes fell off. I pulled and pinched your father, who never woke during the disorder I was in; but at last was much surprised to see me in this fright, and more so when I related the story and shewed him the window opened. Neither of us slept more that night, but he entertained me with telling me how much more these apparitions were usual in this country than in England! and we concluded the cause to be the great superstition of the Irish, and the want of that knowing faith which should defend them from the power of the devil, which he exercises among them very much.

About five o'clock the lady of the house came to see us, saying she had not been in bed all night, because a cousin O'Brien of hers, whose ancestors had owned that house, had desired her to stay with him in his chamber, and that he died at two o'clock, and she said: 'I wish you had no disturbance, for 'tis the custom of the place, that, when any of the family are dying, the shape of a woman appears in the window every night till they be dead. This woman was many ages ago got with child by the owner of this place, who murdered her in his garden, and flung her into the river under the window; but truly I thought not of it when I lodged you here, it being the best room in the house.' We made little reply to her speech, but disposed ourselves to be gone suddenly.

### *A Domestic Scene*, A.D. 1645.

My husband had provided very good lodgings for us [at Bristol], and as soon as he could come home from the council, where he was at my arrival, he, with all expressions of joy, received me in his arms, and gave me a hundred pieces of gold, saying: 'I know thou that keeps my heart so well will keep my fortune, which from this I will ever put into thy hands as God shall bless me with increase;' and now I thought myself a perfect queen, and my husband so glorious a crown, that I more valued myself to be called by his name than born a princess; for I knew him very wise and very good, and his soul doted on me—upon which confidence I will tell you what happened. My Lady Rivers, a brave woman, and one that had suffered many thousand pounds loss for the king, and whom I had a great reverence for, and she a kindness for me as a kinswoman, in discourse she tacitly commended the knowledge of state affairs, and that some women were very happy in a good understanding thereof, as my Lady Aubigny, Lady Isabel Thynne, and divers others, and yet none was at first more capable than I; that in the night she knew there came a post from Paris from the queen, and that she would be extremely glad to hear what the queen commanded the king in order to his affairs, saying if I would ask my husband privately he would tell me what he found in the packet, and I might tell her. I, that was young and innocent, and to that day had never in my mouth 'What news?' began to think there was more inquiring into public affairs than I thought of, and that it being a fashionable thing would make me more beloved of my husband, if that had been possible, than I then was. When my husband returned home from council, and went with his handful of papers into his study for an hour or more, I followed him; he turned hastily and said: 'What wouldst thou have, my life?' I told him, I heard the prince had received a packet from the queen, and I guessed it was that in his hand, and I desired to know what was in it. He smilingly replied: 'My love, I will immediately come to thee; pray thee, go, for I am very busy.' When he came out of his closet, I revived my suit; he kissed me, and talked of other things. At supper I would eat nothing; he as usual sat by me, and drank often to me, which was his custom, and was full of discourse to company that was at table. Going to bed, I asked again, and said I could not believe he loved me if he refused to tell me all he knew; but he answered nothing, but stopped my mouth with kisses. So we went to bed; I cried, and he went to sleep. Next morning early, as his custom was, he called to rise, but began to discourse with me first, to which I made no reply; he rose, came on the other side of the bed, and kissed me, and drew the curtains softly and went to court. When he came home to dinner, he presently came to me as usual, and when I had him by the hand, I said: 'Thou dost not care to see me troubled;' to which he, taking me in his arms, answered: 'My dearest soul, nothing upon earth can afflict me like that: but when you asked me of my business, it was wholly out of my power to satisfy thee; for my life and fortune shall be thine, and every thought of my heart in which the trust I am in may not be revealed; but my honour is my own; which I cannot preserve if I communicate the prince's affairs; and pray thee, with this answer rest satisfied.' So great was his reason and goodness, that, upon consideration, it made my folly appear to me so vile, that from that day until the day of his death, I never thought fit to ask him any business, but what he communicated freely to me in order to his estate or family.

## LADY RACHEL RUSSELL.

The Letters of this lady have secured her a place in literature, though less elevated than that niche in history which she has won by heroism and conjugal attachment. Rachel Wriothesley was the second daughter and co-heiress of the Earl of Southampton. In 1667, when widow of Lord Vaughan, she married Lord William Russell, a son of the first Duke of Bedford. She was the senior of her second husband by five years, and it is said that her amiable and prudent character was the means of reclaiming him from youthful follies into which he had plunged at the time of the Restoration. His subsequent political career is known to every reader of English history. If ever a man opposed the course of a government in a pure and unselfish spirit, that man was Lord William Russell. The suspicious correspondence with Barillon, alluded to in the notice of Algernon Sidney (*ante*, 338), leaves him unsullied, for the ambassador distinctly mentions Russell and Lord Hollis as two who would not accept bribes. When brought to trial (July 1683), under the same circumstances as those which have been related in Sidney's case—with a packed jury and a brutal judge—and refused a counsel to conduct his defence, the only grace that was allowed him was to have an amanuensis.

*Lord Russell.* May I have somebody to write, to assist my memory?

*Mr Attorney-general.* Yes, a servant.

*Lord Chief-justice.* Any of your servants shall assist you in writing anything you please for you.

*Lord Russell.* My wife is here, my lord, to do it.

And when the spectators, we are told, turned their eyes and beheld the devoted lady, the daughter of the virtuous Earl of Southampton, rising up to assist her lord in his uttermost distress, a thrill of anguish ran through the assembly. Lady Russell, after the condemnation of her husband, personally implored his pardon without avail. He loved her as such a wife deserved to be loved; and when he took his final farewell of her, remarked: 'The bitterness of death is now past!' Her ladyship died in 1723, at the age of eighty-seven. Fifty years afterwards, appeared that collection of her Letters which gives her a name in our literary history.

### *To Dr Fitzwilliam—On her Sorrow.*

WOBORNE ABBEY, *27th Nov.* 1685.

As you profess, good doctor, to take pleasure in your writings to me, from the testimony of a conscience to forward my spiritual welfare, so do I to receive them as one to me of your friendship in both worldly and spiritual concernments; doing so, I need not waste my time nor yours to tell you they are very valuable to me. That you are so contented to read mine, I make the just allowance for; not for the worthiness of them, I know it cannot be; but, however, it enables me to keep up an advantageous conversation without scruple of being too troublesome. You say something sometimes, by which I should think you seasoned or rather tainted with being so much where compliment or praising is best learned; but I conclude, that often what one heartily wishes to be in a friend, one is apt to believe is so. The effect is not nought towards me, whom it animates to have a true, not false title to the least virtue you are disposed to attribute to me. Yet I am far from such a vigour of mind as surmounts the secret discontent so hard a destiny as mine has fixed in my breast; but there are times the mind can hardly feel displeasure, as while such friendly conversation entertained it; then a grateful sense moves one to express the courtesy.

If I could contemplate the conducts of Providence with the uses you do, it would give ease indeed, and no disastrous events should much affect us. The new scenes of each day make me often conclude myself very void of temper and reason, that I still shed tears of sorrow and not of joy, that so good a man is landed safe on the happy shore of a blessed eternity; doubtless he is at rest, though I find none without him, so true a partner he was in all my joys and griefs; I trust the Almighty will pass by this my infirmity; I speak it in respect to the world, from whose enticing delights I can now be better weaned. I was too rich in possessions whilst I possessed him: all relish is now gone, I bless God for it, and pray, and ask of all good people—do it for me from such you know are so—also to pray that I may more and more turn the stream of my affections upwards, and set my heart upon the ever-satisfying perfections of God; not starting at his darkest providences, but remembering continually either his glory, justice, or power is advanced by every one of them, and that mercy is over all his works, as we shall one day with ravishing delight see: in the meantime, I endeavour to suppress all wild imaginations a melancholy fancy is apt to let in; and say with the man in the gospel: 'I believe; help thou my unbelief.'

### *To the Earl of Galway—On Friendship.*

I have before me, my good lord, two of your letters, both partially and tenderly kind, and coming from a sincere heart and honest mind—the last a plain word, but, if I mistake not, very significant—are very comfortable to me, who, I hope, have no proud thoughts of myself as to any sort. The opinion of an esteemed friend, that one is not very wrong, assists to strengthen a weak and willing mind to do her duty towards that Almighty Being who has, from infinite bounty and goodness, so checkered my days on this earth, as I can thankfully reflect I felt many, I may say as many years of pure and, I trust, innocent, pleasant content, and happy enjoyments as this world can afford, particularly that biggest blessing of loving and being loved by those I loved and respected; on earth no enjoyment certainly to be put in the balance with it. All other are like wine, which intoxicates for a time, but the end is bitterness, at least not profitable. Mr Waller, whose picture you look upon, has, I long remember, these words:

All we know they do above
Is, that they sing, and that they love.

The best news I have heard is, you have two good companions with you, which, I trust, will contribute to divert you this sharp season, when, after so sore a fit as I apprehend you have felt, the air even of your improving pleasant garden cannot be enjoyed without hazard.

### *To Lord Cavendish—Bereavement.*

Though I know my letters do Lord Cavendish no service, yet, as a respect I love to pay him, and to thank him also for his last from Limbeck, I had not been so long silent, if the death of two persons, both very near and dear to me, had not made me so uncomfortable to myself, that I knew I was utterly unfit to converse where I would never be ill company. The separation of friends is grievous. My sister Montague was one I loved tenderly; my Lord Gainsborough was the only son of a sister I loved with too much passion: they both deserved to be remembered kindly by all that knew them. They both began their race long after me, and I hoped should have ended it so too; but the great and wise Disposer of all things, and who knows where it is best to place his creatures, either in this or in the other world, has ordered it otherwise. The best improvement we can make in these cases, and you, my dear lord, rather than I, whose glass runs low, while you are young, and I hope have many happy years to come, is, I say, that we should all reflect there is no passing through this to a better world without some crosses; and the scene sometimes shifts so fast, our course of life may be ended before we think we have gone half-way, and that a happy eternity depends on our spending well or ill that time allotted us here for probation.

Live virtuously, my lord, and you cannot die too soon, nor live too long. I hope the last shall be your lot, with many blessings attending it.

## SIR THOMAS URQUHART.

A translation of *Rabelais*,[*] partly executed in this period, and which still maintains its place as a faithful rendering of the sense and style of the original, is deserving of notice. The first three books of the *History of Gargantua and Pantagruel* were translated by **SIR THOMAS URQUHART** in 1653; two books were published in his lifetime; and **PETER ANTHONY MOTTEUX** (1660–1718)—a Frenchman by birth, but known as a dramatic writer in English—republished the work of Urquhart, and added the three remaining books translated by himself. This joint production was again published by **JOHN OZELL** (died in 1743), with corrections of the text of Urquhart and Motteux, and notes by a French editor, **JACOB LE DUCHAT** (1658–1735), who is said to have spent forty years in composing annotations on Rabelais.

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[*] Francis Rabelais, born in 1483 at Chinon, in Touraine, was sometime a churchman, but ran away from his convent and studied medicine. He obtained the Pope's absolution for the breach of his monastic vows, and died curé or rector of Meudon, about 1553. In his satirical romance, Rabelais, under an allegorical veil, lashes the vices of his age, especially the vices of the clergy. His work is stained with grossness and buffoonery, which were perhaps necessary, as Coleridge argues, 'as an amulet against the monks and legates.'

**Sir Thomas Urquhart** of Cromarty was a man of lively fancy, wit, and learning, but on some points hopelessly crazed. He traces the genealogy of his family up to Adam, from whom he was the 153d in descent, and by the mother's side he ascends to Eve. The first of the family who settled in Scotland was one Nomostor, married to Diosa (daughter of Alcibiades), who took his farewell of Greece and arrived at Cromarty, or *Portus Salutis*, 389 years before Christ! Sir Thomas was knighted by Charles I. and having proceeded with Charles II. into England, was present at the battle of Worcester, and there taken prisoner. He is said to have died of an inordinate fit of laughter, combined with the effect of 'flowing cups,' on hearing of the restoration of Charles II. Besides his excellent translation of Rabelais, the eccentric knight was author of a treatise on Trigonometry, (1650), *Epigrams, Divine and Moral* (1646); *Introduction to the Universal Language* (1653); *The Discovery of a most exquisite Jewel, more precious than Diamonds inchased in Gold, the like whereof was never seen in any age; found in the Kennel of Worcester Streets the day after the Fight and six before the Autumnal Equinox, anno* 1651. This 'Jewel' is a vindication of the honour of Scotland from the 'infamy' cast upon it by the rigid Presbyterian party. It contains the adventures of the Admirable Crichton and other brave and eminent Scotsmen. The following is one of Sir Thomas's epigrams:

Take *man* from *woman*, all that she can shew,
Of her own proper, is nought else but *wo*.

## NEWSPAPERS.

We have referred in a previous page (*ante*, 228) to the rise of newspapers. Down to the middle of the seventeenth century, and even later, intelligence of public events was chiefly conveyed by means of news-letters. 'To prepare such letters,' says Macaulay, 'became a calling in London, as it now is among the natives of India. The newswriter rambled from coffee-room to coffee-room, collecting reports; squeezed himself into the Sessions House at the Old Bailey, if there was an interesting trial; nay, perhaps obtained admission to the gallery of Whitehall, and noticed how the king and duke [Charles II. and the Duke of York] looked. In this way he gathered materials for weekly epistles, destined to enlighten some county town or some bench of rustic magistrates. Such were the sources from which the inhabitants of the largest provincial cities, and the great body of the gentry and clergy, learned almost all that they knew of the history of their own time.'

At this period, there existed a censorship of the press. In 1637, the Star Chamber of Charles I. issued a decree prohibiting the printing of all books, pamphlets, &c. that were not specially licensed and authorised. The Long Parliament continued the restriction by an Order, dated June 14, 1643, which prompted the *Areopagitica* of Milton, published the following year. But the newspapers appear to have been unmolested. During the civil war, *Diurnals* and *Mercuries*, in small quarto, began to be disseminated by the different parties into which the state was divided. Nearly a score are said to have been started in 1643, when the war was at its height. Peter Heylin, in the preface to his *Cosmography*, mentions that 'the affairs of each town or war were better presented in the weekly newsbooks.' Accordingly, we find some papers, entitled *News from Hull*, *Truths from York*, *Warranted Tidings from Ireland*, and *Special Passages* from other places. As the contest proceeded, the impatience of the public for early intelligence led to the shortening of the intervals of publication; and papers began to be distributed twice or thrice in every week. Among these were the *French Intelligencer*, the *Dutch Spy*, the *Irish Mercury*, the *Scots Dove*, the *Parliament Kite*, and the *Secret Owl*. There were likewise weekly papers of a humorous character, such as *Mercurius Acheronticus*, or *News from Hell; Mercurius Democritus*, bringing wonderful news from the world in the moon; the *Laughing Mercury*, with perfect news from the antipodes; and *Mercurius Mastix*, faithfully lashing all Scouts, Mercuries, Posts, Spies, and other intelligencers. On one side was the *Weekly Discoverer*, and on the other, the *Weekly Discoverer Stripped Naked*. So important an auxiliary was the press considered, that each of the rival armies carried a printer along with it.

The most conspicuous of the journalists and political writers of that period were **Marchmont Needham** (1620—1678), **Sir John Birkenhead** (1615—1679), and **Sir Roger L'Estrange**, already noticed as author and translator (*ante*, 467). Needham was a servile politician. With his *Mercurius Britannicus* he supported the parliamentarians from 1643 to 1647; with his *Mercurius Pragmaticus* he defended the king and royalists from 1647 till 1649; and with his *Mercurius Politicus* he was the champion of the Independents and Commonwealth till the Restoration in 1660. Birkenhead was a consistent, unscrupulous royalist, with considerable talent for satire and ridicule. His *Mercurius Aulicus*, or Court Mercury, was the medium of communication between the court at Oxford and the country at large.

Cromwell, with characteristic magnanimity, abolished the office of licenser; but it was restored by the government of Charles II. in 1662. In 1663, L'Estrange was appointed licenser; and in August of that year, he started his *Public Intelligencer*, which was continued till November 1665, when the *Oxford Gazette* appeared. The court had retired to Oxford, in consequence of the plague in London, and when this malady had ceased and the court returned to the metropolis, the title of 'Oxford Gazette' was changed to that of *London Gazette*. L'Estrange afterwards defended the arbitrary measures of the court from 1679 to 1687 in his journal, *The Observator*. He had many rivals, but was never eclipsed, in ready wit or raillery, or as a purveyor of news. In his character of licenser, L'Estrange issued a 'proclamation for suppressing the printing and publishing unlicensed news-books and pamphlets of news, because it has become a common practice for evil-disposed persons to vend to his majesty's people all the idle and malicious reports that they could collect or invent, contrary to law; the continuance whereof would in a short time endanger the peace of the kingdom: the same manifestly tending thereto, as has been declared by all his majesty's subjects unanimously.' The charge for inserting advertisements, as appears from the *Jockey's Intelligencer*, 1683, was then 'a shilling for a horse or coach, for notification, and sixpence for renewing;' also in the *Observator Reformed*, it is announced that advertisments of *eight lines* are inserted for one shilling; and Morphew's *County Gentleman's Courant*, two years afterwards, says, that 'seeing promotion of trade is a matter that ought to be encouraged, the price of advertisements is *advanced* to 2d. per line.' The publishers at this time, however, seem to have been sorely puzzled for news to fill their sheets, small as they were; and a few of them got over the difficulty in a sufficiently ingenious manner. Thus, the *Flying Post*, in 1695, announces, that 'if any gentleman has a mind to oblige his country friend or correspondent with this account of public affairs, he may have it for 2d. of J. Salisbury, at the Rising Sun in Cornhill, on a sheet of fine paper; *half of which being blank*, he may thereon write his own private business, or the material news of the day.' And again, *Dawkes's News-letter*—'This letter will be done up on good writing-paper, and blank space left, that any gentleman may write his own private business. It will be useful to improve the younger sort in writing a curious hand!' Between 1661 and 1688, it appears that no less than seventy newspapers were published—none oftener than twice a week, and some of them very short-lived. In 1709, the first morning paper appeared, under the title of the *Daily Courant*, and the discussion of political topics in newspapers is referred to this period. Hallam says: 'I find very little expression of political feelings till 1710, after the trial of Sacheverell and change of ministry. The *Daily Courant* and *Postman* then begin to attack the Jacobites, and the *Postboy* the Dissenters. But these newspapers were less important than the periodical sheets, such as the *Examiner* and *Medley*, which were solely devoted to party controversy.' Swift and Bolingbroke were among the writers for these periodical publications. The Tory ministers, in 1712, put a stamp-duty of a halfpenny on every printed half-sheet, and a penny on a whole sheet, besides a duty of one shilling on every advertisement. Many of the papers were immediately stopped: 'all Grub Street is ruined by the Stamp Act,' said Swift; but the periodical press continued to do battle for popular rights, though subjected to restrictions and persecution. From the accession of George I. may be dated the publication of parliamentary reports, though they were at first but general outlines, and the speakers were indicated by names drawn from Roman history. Even in 1740, Walpole was 'Tullius Cicero,' and Chesterfield 'Piso.' The real liberty of the press is of very recent date, the result of a long succession of struggles.

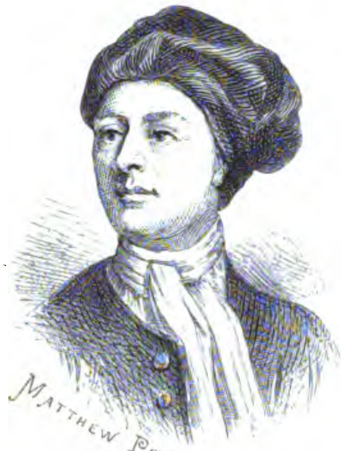
The first newspaper printed in Scotland was issued under the auspices of a party of Cromwell's troops at Leith, who caused their attendant printer to furnish impressions of a London Diurnal for their information and amusement. This was Needham's *Mercurius Politicus*, and the first number of the Scotch reprint appeared on the 26th of October 1653. In November of the following year, the establishment was transferred to Edinburgh, where this reprinting system was continued till the 11th of April 1660. About nine months afterwards appeared the *Mercurius Caledonius*, of which the ten numbers published contain some curious traits of the extravagant feeling of joy occasioned by the Restoration, along with many poor attempts at wit and cleverness.[*] It was succeeded by the *Kingdom's Intelligencer*, which continued about seven years. After this, there were only reprints of the English newspapers till 1699, when the *Edinburgh Gazette* was established.

In Ireland, the rebellion of 1641 called forth a news-sheet, entitled *Warranted Tidings from Ireland*. It was soon dropped; and it was not until 1685 that a regular newspaper, *The Dublin News-letter*, was published. This was followed by *Pue's Occurrences*, a small daily journal printed in Dublin, which was popular, and had vitality enough to exist for half a century.

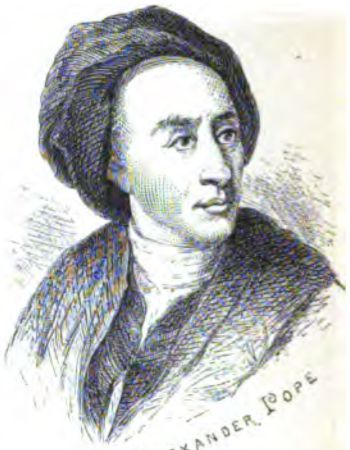
[*] For example: 'March 1, 1661.—A Report from London of a new gallows, the supporters to be of stones, and beautified with statues of the three grand traitors, Cromwell, Bradshaw, and Ireton.'

'As our old laws are renewed, so likewise are our good honest customs; for nobility in streets are known by brave retinues of their relations; when, during the Captivity [the Commonwealth], a lord was scarcely to be distinguished from a commoner. Nay, the old hospitality returns; for that laudable custom of suppers, which was covenanted out with raisins and roasted cheese, is again in fashion; and where before a peevish nurse would have been seen tripping up-stairs and down-stairs, with a posset for the lord or the lady, you shall now see sturdy jackmen, groaning with the weight of sirloins of beef, and chargers loaden with wild-fowl and capon.'

'But of all our bontadoes and capriccios [on the day of the coronation of Charles II.], that of the immortal Janet Geddes, princess of the Tron adventurers [herb-women] was the most pleasant; for she was not only content to assemble all her creels, baskets, creepies, forms, and other ingredients that composed her shop, but even her weather chair of state, where she used to dispense justice to her lang-kale vassals, which were all very orderly burnt, she herself countenancing the action with a high-flown spirit and vermilion majesty.'



MATTHEW PRIOR.



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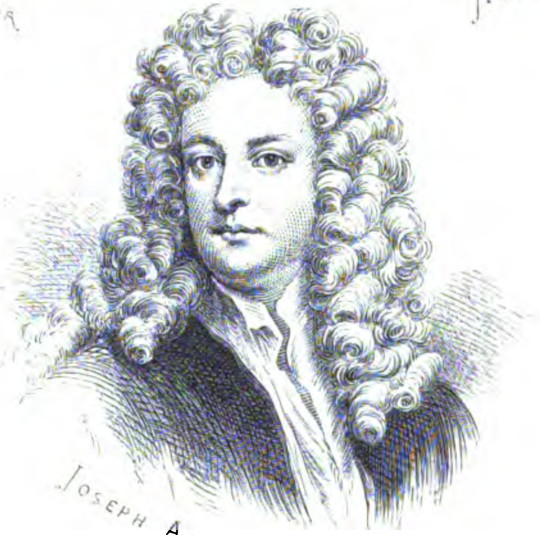
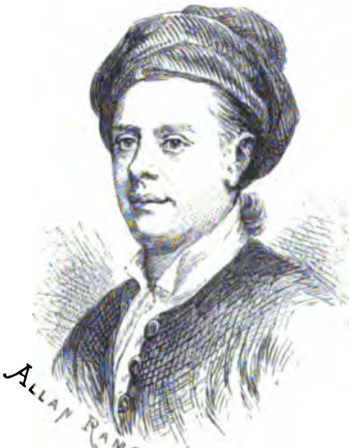
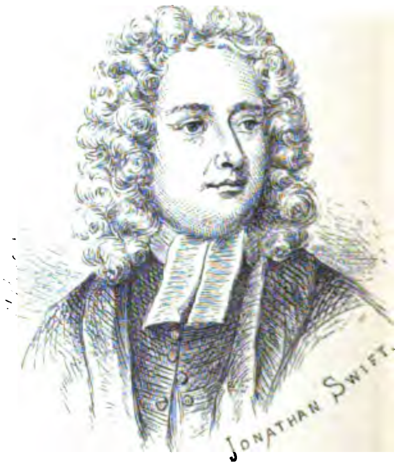


JOSEPH ADDISON



ALLAN RAMSAY.



JONATHAN SWIFT.

J.P.P del

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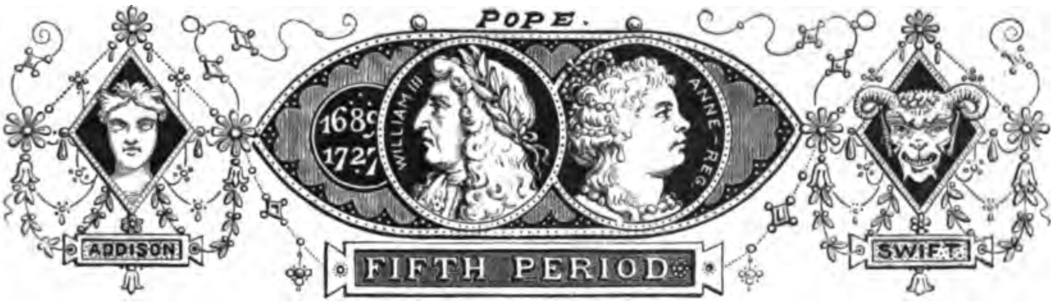

THE course of English literature was now becoming more correct, regular, and artificial, descending from Dryden, as from a new fountain of English thought, expression, and harmony, but losing in its progress some of the old native power and freedom. To be refined and critical, rather than original and inventive, was the ambition of our authors. The poets enjoyed a degree of worldly prosperity and importance in society that has too rarely blessed the general community of authors. Some filled high diplomatic and other official situations, or were engaged in schemes of politics and ambition. The reigns of Queen Anne and George I. have been designated the Augustan age of English literature, but excepting in the amount of patronage extended to authors, this eulogy has not been confirmed by later generations. The writings preceding the Restoration and those of our own times are more original, more imaginative, and at the same time more natural. The poetry of this period, exquisite as much of it is in the works of Prior and Pope, possesses none of the lyrical grandeur and enthusiasm which redeem so many errors in the elder poets. Where excellence is attained, it is seldom in the delineation of strong passion, and never in bold fertility of invention. Pope was at the head of this school of artificial life and manners. He was master of higher powers; he had access to the haunted ground of imagination, but it was not his favourite or ordinary walk. Others were content with humbler worship, with propitiating a minister or a mistress, reviving the forms of classic mythology, or satirising without seeking to reform the fashionable follies of the day. Several authors, however, were, each in his own line, masters. Satire, conveyed in language forcible and copious, was certainly carried to its utmost pitch of excellence by Swift. The wit of Arbuthnot is not yet eclipsed. The art of describing the manners and discussing the morals of the passing time was practised with unrivalled felicity by Steele and Addison; and with all the licentiousness of Congreve and Farquhar, it may fairly be said that English comedy was in their hands what it had never been before, and what it has scarcely in any instance but that of Sheridan subsequently attained.

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## POETS.

### WALSH—CHARLES MONTAGU.

Among the minor poets, contemporaries of Dryden, may be mentioned **William Walsh** (1663–1708), who was popular as a critic and scholar, and author of some miscellaneous pieces in prose and verse. These are now all forgotten, and Walsh is remembered only as the friend of Dryden and Pope. He directed the youthful studies of Pope, invited him to his seat of Abberley, in Worcestershire—which county Walsh represented in parliament—and generally extended to the young poet a degree of favour and kindness which was generous and never forgotten. The great patron of poetry at this time was **Charles Montagu**, Earl of Halifax (1661–1715), who first distinguished himself by some verses on the death of Charles II. and by joining with Prior in a burlesque poem, *The City Mouse and the Country Mouse*, written in ridicule of Dryden's *Hind and Panther*. Becoming a member of the House of Commons, Montagu evinced a knowledge of public affairs and talents for business which soon raised him to honours and emoluments. He filled some of the highest offices of the state; in 1700 he was created Baron Halifax, and on the accession of George I. he was made Earl of Halifax, Knight of the Garter, and first commissioner of the Treasury. Halifax was, as Pope says, 'fed with soft dedication all day long.' Steele, Congreve, Rowe, Tickell, and numerous other authors, dedicated works to the literary statesman; Swift solicited his patronage, but was disappointed; Pope said Halifax was one of the first to favour him, but the poet afterwards satirised him in the character of Bufo; Addison—whom Halifax nobly patronised—inscribed to him his best poetical production, *A Letter from Italy*. Thus Halifax continued the liberal patronage of literature begun in the previous reign by the Earl of Dorset; and the Tory leaders, Harley and Bolingbroke, 'vied with the chiefs of the Whig party,' as Macaulay remarks, 'in zeal for the encouragement of letters.' This fostering influence declined under the House of Hanover; but during the period now before us, the change was little felt.

### JOSEPH ADDISON.

**Joseph Addison**, the son of an English dean, was born at Milston, Wiltshire, in 1672. His prose works constitute the chief source of his fame; but his muse proved the architect of his fortune, and led him first to distinction. From his character, station, and talents, no man of his day exercised a more extensive or beneficial influence on literature. He distinguished himself at Oxford by his Latin poetry, and appeared first in English verse by an address to Dryden, written in his twenty-second year. It opens thus:

How long, great poet! shall thy sacred lays
Provoke our wonder, and transcend our praise!

Can neither injuries of time or age
Damp thy poetic heat, and quench thy rage?
Not so thy Ovid in his exile wrote;
Grief chilled his breast, and checked his rising thought;
Pensive and sad, his drooping muse betrays
The Roman genius in its last decays.

The youthful poet's praise of his great master is confined to his translations, works which a modern eulogist would scarcely select as the peculiar glory of Dryden. Addison also contributed an Essay on Virgil's *Georgics*, prefixed to Dryden's translation. His remarks are brief, but finely and clearly written. At the same time, he translated the fourth *Georgic*, and it was published in Dryden's *Miscellany*, issued in 1693, with a warm commendation from the aged poet on the 'most ingenious Mr Addison of Oxford.' Next year, he ventured on a bolder flight—*An Account of the Greatest English Poets*, addressed to Mr H. S. (the famous Dr Henry Sacheverell), April 3, 1694. This *Account* is a poem of about 150 lines, containing sketches of Chaucer, Spenser, Cowley, Milton, Waller, &c. We subjoin the lines on the author of the *Faery Queen*, though, if we are to believe Spence, Addison had not then read the poet he ventured to criticise:

Old Spenser next, warmed with poetic rage,
In ancient tales amused a barbarous age;
An age, that yet uncultivate and rude,
Where'er the poet's fancy led, pursued
Through pathless fields, and unfrequented floods,
To dens of dragons and enchanted woods.
But now the mystic tale, that pleased of yore,
Can charm an understanding age no more;
The long-spun allegories fulsome grow,
While the dull moral lies too plain below.
We view well pleased, at distance, all the sights
Of arms and palfreys, battles, fields, and fights,
And damsels in distress, and courteous knights.
But when we look too near, the shades decay,
And all the pleasing landscape fades away.

This subdued and frigid character of Spenser shews that Addison wanted both the fire and the fancy of the poet. And, strange to say, he does not mention Shakspeare! His next production is equally tame and commonplace, but the theme was more congenial to his style: it is *A Poem to His Majesty, Presented to the Lord-keeper.* Lord Somers, then the keeper of the great seal, was gratified by this compliment, and became one of the steadiest patrons of Addison. In 1699, he procured for him a pension of £300 a year, to enable him to make a tour in Italy. The government patronage was never better bestowed. The poet entered upon his travels, and resided abroad two years, writing from thence a poetical *Letter from Italy to Charles Lord Halifax*, 1701. This is the most elegant and animated of all his poetical productions. The classic ruins of Rome, the 'heavenly figures' of Raphael, the river Tiber, and streams 'immortalised in song,' and all the golden groves and flowery meadows of Italy, seem, as was justly remarked, 'to have raised his fancy, and brightened his expressions.' There was also, as Goldsmith observed, a strain of political thinking in the *Letter*, that was then new to our poetry. He returned to England in 1703. The death of King William deprived him of his pension, and appeared to crush his hopes and expectations; but being afterwards engaged to celebrate in verse the battle of Blenheim, Addison so gratified the lord-treasurer, Godolphin, by his 'gazette in rhyme,' that he was appointed a commissioner of appeals. This successful poem, *The Campaign*, was published in 1705, and the same year appeared the account of the poet's travels, entitled *Remarks on several Parts of Italy*, &c. dedicated to Lord Somers. Early in 1706, Addison, by the recommendation of Lord Godolphin, was appointed Under Secretary of State, and about a twelvemonth afterwards (March 4, 1706–7) his dramatic poem or opera, *Rosamond*, was produced at Drury Lane, but acted only for three nights. The story of fair Rosamond would seem well suited for dramatic representation; and in the bowers and shades of Woodstock, the poet had materials for scenic description and display. The genius of Addison, however, was not adapted to the drama; and his opera being confined in action, and written wholly in rhyme, possesses little to attract either readers or spectators. He wrote afterwards a comedy, *The Drummer, or the Haunted House*, which Steele brought out after the death of the author. This play contains a fund of quiet natural humour, but has not strength or breadth enough of character or action for the stage. In 1709, when the Marquis of Wharton was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Addison accompanied him as secretary, and was made keeper of records, with a salary of £300 a year. In the summer of that year he was elected M.P. for Cavan, and in the journals of two sessions his name frequently appears—occasionally as a debater in the Irish Parliament. He had also entered upon his brilliant career as an essayist. The *Tatler* was commenced by Steele on the 12th of April 1709; Addison's first contribution to it appeared on the 26th of May. By his papers in the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian*, Addison left all his contemporaries far behind in this delightful department of literature. In these papers, he first displayed that chaste and delicate humour, refined observation, and knowledge of the world, which now form his most distinguishing characteristics; and in his *Vision of Mirza*, his *Reflections in Westminster Abbey*, and other of his graver essays, he evinced a more poetical imagination and deeper vein of feeling than his previous writings had at all indicated. In 1713, his tragedy of *Cato* was brought upon the stage. Pope thought the piece deficient in dramatic interest, and the world has confirmed his judgment; but he wrote a prologue for the tragedy in his happiest manner, and it was performed with almost unexampled success. Party-spirit ran high: the Whigs applauded the liberal sentiments in the play, and their cheers were echoed back by the Tories, to shew that they did not apply them as censures on themselves. After all the Whig enthusiasm, Lord Bolingbroke sent for Booth the actor, who personated the character of Cato, and presented him with fifty guineas, in acknowledgment, as he said, of his defending the cause of liberty so well against a perpetual dictator (a hit at the Duke of Marlborough). Poetical eulogiums were showered upon the author, Steele, Hughes, Young, Tickell, and Ambrose Philips being among the writers of these encomiastic verses. The queen expressed a wish that the tragedy should be dedicated to her, but Addison had previously designed this honour for his friend Tickell;

and to avoid giving offence either to his loyalty or his friendship, he published it without any dedication. It was translated into French, Italian, and German, and was performed by the Jesuits in their college at St Omer. 'Being,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'in form and essence rather a French than an English play, it is one of the few English tragedies which foreigners have admired.' The unities of time and place have been preserved, and the action of the play is consequently much restricted. Cato abounds in generous and patriotic sentiments, and contains passages of great dignity and sonorous diction; but the poet fails to unlock the sources of passion and natural emotion. It is a splendid and imposing work of art, with the grace and majesty, and also the lifelessness, of a noble antique statue. Addison was now at the height of his fame. He had long aspired to the hand of the Countess-dowager of Warwick, whom he had first known by becoming tutor to her son, and he was united to her in 1716. The poet is said to have 'married discord in a noble wife.' His marriage was reported to be as unhappy as Dryden's with Lady Elizabeth Howard, and that both ladies awarded to their husbands the 'heraldry of hands, not hearts,' but in the case of Addison we have no direct trustworthy information on the subject. Addison received his highest political honour in 1717 when he was made secretary of state; but he held the office only for a short time. He wanted the physical boldness and ready resources of an effective public speaker, and was unable to defend his measures in parliament. He is also said to have been slow and fastidious in the discharge of the ordinary duties of office. When he held the situation of under-secretary, he was employed to send word to Prince George at Hanover of the death of the queen, and the vacancy of the throne; but the critical nicety of the author overpowered his official experience, and Addison was so distracted by the choice of expression, that the task was given to a clerk, who boasted of having done what was too hard for Addison. The vulgar love of wonder may have exaggerated the poet's inaptitude for business, but it is certain he was no orator. He retired from the principal secretaryship with a pension of £1500 per annum, and during his retirement, engaged himself in writing a work on the *Evidences of the Christian Religion*, which he did not live to complete. He was oppressed by asthma and dropsy, and was conscious that he should die at comparatively an early age. Two anecdotes are related of his death-bed. He sent, as Pope relates (but Pope is a very bad authority for any circumstance reflecting upon Addison, or indeed for any question of fact), a message by the Earl of Warwick to Gay, desiring to see him. Gay obeyed the summons; and Addison begged his forgiveness for an injury he had done him, for which, he said, he would recompense him if he recovered. The nature or extent of the injury he did not explain, but Gay supposed it referred to his having prevented some preferment designed for him by the court. At another time, he requested an interview with the Earl of Warwick, whom he was anxious to reclaim from a dissipated and licentious life. 'I have sent for you,' he said, that you may see in what peace a Christian can die.' The event thus calmly anticipated took place in Holland House on the 17th of June 1719. A minute or critical review of the daily life of Addison, and his intercourse with his literary associates, is calculated to diminish our reverence and affection. He appears to have been jealous and taciturn, until thawed by wine; and the fact of his putting an execution into Steele's house to recover a sum of money he had lent him—a fact which seems to rest on good authority—forms a disagreeable incident in his life. Though reserved in general society, his conversation was peculiarly fascinating among his friends, and he was highly popular with the public. With Swift he maintained throughout life, notwithstanding their political differences, a warm and cordial friendship. The quarrel between Addison and Pope is well known. Addison preferred Tickell's version of the first book of the *Iliad*, and sought to make the fortune of the translator. Pope resented this as a personal injury, and wrote his memorable satire on Atticus, in which some truth is mingled with bitterness and malignity. The charge that Addison could 'bear no rival near the throne' seems to have had some foundation in fact, but as respects Pope's insinuations against his illustrious contemporary, recent investigations have considerably shaken that poet's character for veracity. With all deductions from the idolatry of friends and the servility of flatterers, enough remains to establish Addison's title to the character of a good man and a sincere Christian. The uniform tendency of all his writings is his best and highest eulogium. No man can dissemble upon paper through years of literary exertion, or on topics calculated to disclose the nature of his tastes and feelings, and the qualities of his heart and temper. The display of these by Addison is so fascinating and unaffected, that the impression made by his writings, as has been finely remarked, is 'like being recalled to a sense of something like that original purity from which man has been long estranged.'

A *Life of Addison*, in two volumes, by Lucy Aiken, published in 1843, contains several letters supplied by a descendant of Tickell. The most interesting of the letters were written by Addison during his early travels; and though brief, and careless, contain touches of his inimitable pen. He thus records his impressions of France:

### *The French People in* 1699.

Truly, by what I have yet seen, they are the happiest nation in the world. 'Tis not in the power of want or slavery to make 'em miserable. There is nothing to be met with in the country but mirth and poverty. Every one sings, laughs, and starves. Their conversation is generally agreeable; for if they have any wit or sense, they are sure to shew it. They never mend upon a second meeting, but use all the freedom and familiarity at first sight that a long intimacy or abundance of wine can scarce draw from an Englishman. Their women are perfect mistresses in this art of shewing themselves to the best advantage. They are always gay and sprightly, and set off the worst faces in Europe with the best airs. Every one knows how to give herself as charming a look and posture as Sir Godfrey Kneller could draw her in. . . .

I have already seen, as I informed you in my last, all the king's palaces, and have now seen a great part of the country; I never thought there had been in the world such an excessive magnificence or poverty as I have met with in both together. One can scarce conceive the pomp that appears in everything about the king; but at the same time it makes half his subjects go barefoot. The people are, however, the happiest in the world, and enjoy, from the benefit of their climate and natural constitution, such a perpetual mirth and easiness of temper, as even liberty and plenty cannot bestow on those of other nations. Devotion and loyalty are everywhere at their greatest height, but learning seems to run very low, especially in the younger people: for all the rising geniuses have turned their ambition another way, and endeavoured to make their fortunes in the army. The *belles-lettres* in particular seem to be but short-lived in France.

In acknowledging a present of a snuff-box, we see traces of the easy wit and playfulness of the *Spectator:* 'About three days ago, Mr Bocher put a very pretty snuff-box in my hand. I was not a little pleased to hear that it belonged to myself, and was much more so when I found it was a present from a gentleman that I have so great an honour for. You do not probably foresee that it would draw on you the trouble of a letter, but you must blame yourself for it. For my part, I can no more accept of a snuff-box without returning my acknowledgments, than I can take snuff without sneezing after it. This last, I must own to you, is so great an absurdity, that I should be ashamed to confess it, were not I in hopes of correcting it very speedily. I am observed to have my box oftener in my hand than those that have been used to one these twenty years, for I can't forbear taking it out of my pocket whenever I think of Mr Dashwood. You know Mr Bayes recommends snuff as a great provocative to wit, but you may produce this letter as a standing evidence against him. I have, since the beginning of it, taken above a dozen pinches, and still find myself much more inclined to sneeze than to jest. From whence I conclude, that wit and tobacco are not inseparable; or, to make a pun of it, though a man may be master of a snuff-box,

Non cuicunque datum est habere Nasam.

I should be afraid of being thought a pedant for my quotation, did not I know that the gentleman I am writing to always carries a Horace in his pocket.'

The same taste which led Addison, as we have seen, to censure as fulsome the wild and gorgeous genius of Spenser, made him look with indifference, if not aversion, on the splendid scenery of the Alps. 'I am just arrived at Geneva,' he says, 'by a very troublesome journey over the Alps, where I have been for some days together shivering among the eternal snows. My head is still giddy with mountains and precipices, and you can't imagine how much I am pleased with the sight of a plain, that is as agreeable to me at present as a shore was about a year ago, after our tempest at Genoa.'

The matured powers of Addison shew less of this tame prosaic feeling. The higher of his essays, and his criticism on the *Paradise Lost*, evince no insensibility to the nobler beauties of creation, or the sublime effusions of genius. His conceptions were enlarged, and his mind expanded, by that literary study and reflection from which his political ambition never divorced him, even in the busiest and most engrossing period of his life.

### *From the 'Letter from Italy.'*

For wheresoe'er I turn my ravished eyes,
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise;
Poetic fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground;[1]
For here the muse so oft her harp has strung,
That not a mountain rears its head unsung;
Renowned in verse each shady thicket grows,
And every stream in heavenly numbers flows....
 See how the golden groves around me smile,
That shun the coast of Britain's stormy isle;
Or when transplanted and preserved with care,
Curse the cold clime, and starve in northern air.
Here kindly warmth their mountain juice ferments
To nobler tastes, and more exalted scents;
Even the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
And trodden weeds send out a rich prefume.
Bear me, some god, to Baia's gentle seats,
Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats;
Where western gales eternally reside,
And all the seasons lavish all their pride;
Blossoms, and fruits, and flowers together rise,
And the whole year in gay confusion lies. . . .
 How has kind heaven adorned the happy land,
And scattered blessings with a wasteful hand!
But what avail her unexhausted stores,
Her blooming mountains, and her sunny shores,
With all the gifts that heaven and earth impart,
The smiles of nature and the charms of art,
While proud oppression in her valleys reigns,
And tyranny usurps her happy plains?
The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
The redd'ning orange, and the swelling grain:
Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines,
And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines:
Starves in the midst of nature's bounty curst,
And in the loaded vineyard dies for thirst.
 O Liberty, thou goddess heavenly bright,
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight!
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
And smiling plenty leads thy wanton train;
Eased of her load, subjection grows more light,
And poverty looks cheerful in thy sight;
Thou mak'st the gloomy face of nature gay,
Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.
 Thee, goddess, thee, Britannia's isle adores;
How has she oft exhausted all her stores,
How oft in fields of death thy presence sought,
Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought?
On foreign mountains may the sun refine
The grape's soft juice and mellow it to wine;
With citron groves adorn a distant soil,
And the fat olive swell with floods of oil:
We envy not the warmer clime, that lies
In ten degrees of more indulgent skies;
Nor at the coarseness of our heaven repine,
Though o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine:
'Tis liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains
 smile.

### *Ode.*

How are thy servants blest, O Lord!
 How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
 Their help Omnipotence.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
 Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes I passed unhurt,
 And breathed in tainted air.

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[1] Malone states that this was the first time the phrase *classic ground*, since so common, was ever used. It was ridiculed by some contemporaries as very quaint and affected.

Thy mercy sweetened every soil,
Made every region please;
The hoary Alpine hills it warmed,
And smoothed the Tyrrhene seas.

Think, O my soul! devoutly think,
How with affrighted eyes,
Thou saw'st the wide-extended deep
In all its horrors rise.

Confusion dwelt on every face,
And fear in every heart,
When waves on waves, and gulfs on gulfs,
O'ercame the pilot's art.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord!
Thy mercy set me free;
Whilst in the confidence of prayer
My soul took hold on thee.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave,[*]
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the winds retired,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea that roared at thy command,
At thy command was still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
I'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to thee.

### *Ode.*

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim:
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And, nightly to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth:
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice, nor sound,
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine,
'The hand that made us is divine.'[*]

### *The Battle of Blenheim.—From 'The Campaign.'*

But now the trumpet terrible from far,
In shriller clangours animates the war;
Confed'rate drums in fuller concert beat,
And echoing hills the loud alarm repeat:
Gallia's proud standards to Bavaria's joined,
Unfurl their gilded lilies in the wind;
The daring prince his blasted hopes renews,
And while the thick embattled host he views
Stretched out in deep array, and dreadful length,
His heart dilates, and glories in his strength.

The fatal day its mighty course began,
That the grieved world had long desired in vain;
States that their new captivity bemoaned,
Armies of martyrs that in exile groaned,
Sighs from the depth of gloomy dungeons heard,
And prayers in bitterness of soul preferred;
Europe's loud cries, that Providence assailed,
And Anna's ardent vows, at length prevailed;
The day was come when Heav'n designed to shew
His care and conduct of the world below.

Behold, in awful march and dread array
The long extended squadrons shape their way!
Death, in approaching, terrible, imparts
An anxious horror to the bravest hearts;
Yet do their beating breasts demand the strife,
And thirst of glory quells the love of life.
No vulgar fears can British minds control;
Heat of revenge, and noble pride of soul,
O'erlook the foe, advantaged by his post,
Lessen his numbers, and contract his host;
Though fens and floods possessed the middle space,
That unprovoked they would have feared to pass;
Nor fens nor floods can stop Britannia's bands,
When her proud foe ranged on their borders stands.

But O, my muse, what numbers wilt thou find
To sing the furious troops in battle joined!
Methinks I hear the drum's tumultuous sound,
The victor's shouts and dying groans confound;
The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
And all the thunder of the battle rise.
'Twas then great Marlbro's mighty soul was proved,
That, in the shock of charging hosts unmoved,
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
Examined all the dreadful scenes of war;
In peaceful thought the field of death surveyed,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel, by divine command,
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia passed,
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast,
And, pleased th' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

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[*] 'The earliest composition that I recollect taking any pleasure in was the *Vision of Mirza*, and a hymn of Addison's, beginning, "How are thy servants blest, O Lord!" I particularly remember one half-stanza, which was music to my boyish ear:

For though in dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave.'
BURNS—*Letter to Dr Moore.*

[*] A fine passage in Sir Thomas Browne's *Religio Medici* (Part II. sec. 9) resembles this, and probably suggested it: 'There is a music wherever there is a harmony, order, or proportion; and thus far we may maintain the music of the spheres: for those well-ordered motions, and regular paces, though they give no sound unto the ear, yet to the understanding they strike a note most full of harmony. Whatsoever is harmonically composed delights in harmony, which makes me much distrust the symmetry of those heads which declaim against all church music. For myself, not only from my obedience but my particular genius I do embrace it: for even that vulgar and tavern music, which makes one man merry, another mad, strikes in me a deep fit of devotion, and a profound contemplation of the first composer. There is something in it of divinity more than the ear discovers: it is an hieroglyphical and shadowed lesson of the whole world and creatures of God—such a melody to the ear as the whole world, well understood, would afford the understanding. In brief, it is a sensible fit of that harmony which intellectually sounds in the ears of God.'

The concluding simile of the angel has been much celebrated, and was so admired by the lord treasurer, that on seeing it, without waiting for the completion of the poem, he rewarded the poet by appointing him, in the place of Locke—who had been promoted—a commissioner of appeals.

### *From the Tragedy of Cato.*

Act IV.—Scene 4.

Re-enter Portius.

*Portius.* Misfortune on misfortune! grief on grief!
My brother Marcus——
*Cato.* Ha! what has he done?
Has he forsook his post? has he given way?
Did he look tamely on, and let them pass?
*Portius.* Scarce had I left my father, but I met him.
Borne on the shields of his surviving soldiers,
Breathless and pale, and covered o'er with wounds.
Long at the head of his few faithful friends
He stood the shock of a whole host of foes;
Till obstinately brave, and bent on death,
Oppressed with multitudes, he greatly fell.
*Cato.* I'm satisfied.
*Portius.* Nor did he fall before
His sword had pierced through the false heart of Syphax.
Yonder he lies. I saw the hoary traitor
Grin in the pangs of death, and bite the ground.
*Cato.* Thanks to the gods! my boy has done his duty.
Portius, when I am dead, be sure thou place
His urn near mine.
*Portius.* Long may they keep asunder!
*Lucius.* O Cato! arm thy soul with all its patience;
See where the corse of thy dead son approaches!
The citizens and senators, alarmed,
Have gathered round it, and attend it weeping.
*Cato.* [*meeting the corpse.*]
Welcome, my son! here lay him down, my friends,
Full in my sight, that I may view at leisure
The bloody corse, and count those glorious wounds.
How beautiful is death, when earned by virtue!
Who would not be that youth? what pity is it
That we can die but once to serve our country!
Why sits this sadness on your brows, my friends?
I should have blushed if Cato's house had stood
Secure, and flourished in a civil war.
Portius, behold thy brother, and remember
Thy life is not thy own when Rome demands it.
*Juba.* Was ever man like this! [*Aside.*
*Cato.* Alas! my friends,
Why mourn you thus? let not a private loss
Afflict your hearts. 'Tis Rome requires our tears.
The mistress of the world, the seat of empire,
The nurse of heroes, the delight of gods,
That humbled the proud tyrants of the earth,
And set the nations free, Rome is no more.
O liberty! O virtue! O my country!
*Juba.* Behold that upright man! Rome fills his eyes
With tears that flowed not o'er his own dead son.
[*Aside.*
*Cato.* Whate'er the Roman virtue has subdued.
The sun's whole course, the day and year, are Cæsar's.
For him the self-devoted Decii died,
The Fabii fell, and the great Scipios conquered:
Even Pompey fought for Cæsar. Oh! my friends!
How is the toil of fate the work of ages.
The Roman empire fallen! O curst ambition!
Fallen into Cæsar's hands! our great forefathers
Had left him nought to conquer but his country.
*Juba.* While Cato lives, Cæsar will blush to see
Mankind enslaved, and be ashamed of empire.
*Cato.* Cæsar ashamed! has not he seen Pharsalia?
*Lucius.* Cato, 'tis time thou save thyself and us.
*Cato.* Lose not a thought on me, I'm out of danger.
Heaven will not leave me in the victor's hand.
Cæsar shall never say: 'I conquered Cato.'
But oh! my friends, your safety fills my heart
With anxious thoughts: a thousand secret terrors
Rise in my soul: how shall I save my friends!
'Tis now, O Cæsar, I begin to fear thee!
*Lucius.* Cæsar has mercy, if we ask it of him.
*Cato.* Then ask it, I conjure you! let him know
Whate'er was done against him, Cato did it.
Add, if you please, that I request it of him,
The virtue of my friends may pass unpunished.
Juba, my heart is troubled for thy sake.
Should I advise thee to regain Numidia,
Or seek the conqueror?
*Juba.* If I forsake thee
Whilst I have life, may Heaven abandon Juba!
*Cato.* Thy virtues, prince, if I foresee aright,
Will one day make thee great; at Rome, hereafter,
'Twill be no crime to have been Cato's friend.
Portius, draw near! My son, thou oft has seen
Thy sire engaged in a corrupted state,
Wrestling with vice and faction: now thou seest me
Spent, overpowered, despairing of success:
Let me advise thee to retreat betimes
To thy paternal seat, the Sabine field,
Where the great Censor toiled with his own hands,
And all our frugal ancestors were blest
In humble virtues and a rural life.
There live retired; pray for the peace of Rome;
Content thyself to be obscurely good.
When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station.
*Portius.* I hope my father does not recommend
A life to Portius that he scorns himself.
*Cato.* Farewell, my friends! if there be any of you
Who dare not trust the victor's clemency,
Know, there are ships prepared by my command—
Their sails already opening to the winds—
That shall convey you to the wished-for port.
Is there aught else, my friends, I can do for you?
The conqueror draws near. Once more farewell!
If e'er we meet hereafter, we shall meet
In happier climes, and on a safer shore,
Where Cæsar never shall approach us more.
[*Pointing to his dead son.*
There the brave youth, with love of virtue fired,
Who greatly in his country's cause expired,
Shall know he conquered. The firm patriot there—
Who made the welfare of mankind his care—
Though still, by faction, vice, and fortune crossed,
Shall find the generous labour was not lost.

Act V.—Scene 1.

[Cato, alone, sitting in a thoughtful posture: in his hand Plato's book on the Immortality of the Soul. A drawn sword on the table by him.]

It must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well!—
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought? why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untried being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass?
The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a power above us—
And that there is, all nature cries aloud
Through all her works—he must delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in must be happy.
But when? or where? This world was made for Cæsar.

I 'm weary of conjectures. This must end them.
[*Laying his hand on his sword.*
Thus am I doubly armed: my death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me:
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the wars of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds.
What means this heaviness that hangs upon me?
This lethargy that creeps through all my senses?
Nature oppressed, and harassed out with care,
Sinks down to rest. This once I 'll favour her,
That my awakened soul may take her flight,
Renewed in all her strength, and fresh with life,
An offering fit for heaven. Let guilt or fear
Disturb man's rest: Cato knows neither of them;
Indifferent in his choice to sleep or die.

### MATTHEW PRIOR.

MATTHEW PRIOR was born at a place called Abbot Street, one mile from Wimborne-Minster, Dorsetshire, on the 21st of July 1664. He was, as Swift told Stella, of mean birth; but fortunately a superior education was within his reach. His uncle, Samuel Prior, who kept the Rummer Tavern at Charing Cross, took the charge of bringing up his nephew, and he placed him at Westminster School. It is said he was afterwards taken home to assist in the business of the inn, and whilst there, was one day seen by the Earl of Dorset reading Horace. The earl generously undertook the care of his education; and in his eighteenth year, Prior was entered of St John's College, Cambridge. He distinguished himself during his academical career, and amongst other copies of verses, produced (1687), in conjunction with the Honourable Charles Montagu, the *City Mouse and Country Mouse*, in ridicule of Dryden's *Hind and Panther*. The Earl of Dorset did not forget the poet he had snatched from obscurity. He invited him to London, and obtained for him an appointment as secretary to the Earl of Berkeley, ambassador to the Hague. In this capacity, Prior obtained the approbation of King William, who made him one of the gentlemen of his bedchamber. In 1697, he was appointed secretary to the embassy on the treaty of Ryswick, at the conclusion of which he was presented with a considerable sum of money by the lords-justices. Next year he was ambassador at the court of Versailles. Johnson relates that as the poet was one day surveying the apartments at Versailles, being shewn the victories of Louis painted by Le Brun, and asked whether the King of England's palace had any such decorations: 'The monuments of my master's actions,' said he, 'are to be seen everywhere but in his own house.' On his return to England the poet was appointed a Commissioner of Trade. In 1701, he entered the House of Commons as representative for the borough of East Grinstead, and abandoning his former friends, the Whigs, joined the Tories in impeaching Lord Somers. This came with a peculiarly bad grace from Prior, for the charge against Somers was, that he had advised the partition treaty, in which treaty the poet himself had acted as agent. He evinced his patriotism, however, by afterwards celebrating in verse the battles of Blenheim and Ramilies (1706). When the Whig government was at length overturned, Prior became attached to Harley's administration, and went with Bolingbroke to France in 1711, to negotiate a treaty of peace. He lived in splendour in Paris, was a favourite of the French monarch, and enjoyed all the honours of ambassador. He returned to London in 1715. Queen Anne was then dead (August 1, 1714); and the Whigs being again in office, Prior was committed to custody on a charge of high treason. The accusation against him was, that he had held clandestine conferences with the French plenipotentiary, though, as he justly replied, no treaty was ever made without private interviews and preliminaries. The Whigs were indignant at the disgraceful treaty of Utrecht; but Prior only shared in the culpability of the government. The able but profligate Bolingbroke was the master-spirit that prompted the humiliating concession to France. After two years' confinement, the poet was released without a trial. He had in the interval written his poem of *Alma;* and being now left without any other support than his fellowship of St John's College, he continued his studies, and produced his *Solomon*, the most elaborate of his works. He had also recourse to the publication of a collected edition of his poems (1718), which was sold to subscribers for two guineas each copy, and which realised four thousand guineas. An equal sum was presented to Prior by the Earl of Oxford, and thus he had laid up a provision for old age. He was ambitious only of comfort and private enjoyment. These, however, he did not long possess; for he died on the 18th of September 1721, at Lord Oxford's seat at Wimpole, being at the time in the fifty-seventh year of his age. The Duchess of Portland, Lord Oxford's daughter, said Prior made himself beloved by every living thing in the house—master, child, and servant, human creature or animal. He is, however, described as having been fond of low company, and at the time of his death, was, according to Arbuthnot, on the point of marrying a certain Bessy Cox, who kept an alehouse in Long Acre. To this worthless female and to his man-servant, Prior left his estate. Arbuthnot, writing to a friend the month after Prior's death, says: 'We are to have a bowl of punch at Bessy Cox's. She would fain have put it upon Lewis that she was his (Prior's) Emma: she owned Flanders Jane was his Chloe.' To this doubtful Chloe some of his happiest effusions were devoted. The fairest and most high-born lady in the land might have envied such complimentary strains as the following:

What I speak, my fair Chloe, and what I write, shews
The difference there is betwixt nature and art;
I court others in verse, but I love thee in prose;
And they have my whimsies, but thou hast my heart.

The god of us verse-men—you know, child—the Sun,
How after his journey he sets up his rest;
If at morning o'er earth 'tis his fancy to run,
At night he reclines on his Thetis's breast.

So when I am wearied with wandering all day,
To thee, my delight, in the evening I come;
No matter what beauties I saw in my way,
They were but my visits, but thou art my home.

To Chloe was inscribed his *Henry and Emma*, a poem upon the model of the *Nut-brown Maid;* but Prior, in discarding the rude simplicity of the original, sacrificed a great portion of its charm.

The works of Prior range over a variety of styles and subjects—odes, songs, epistles, epigrams, and tales. His longest poem, *Solomon*, is of a serious character, and was considered by its author to be his best production, in which opinion he is supported by Cowper. It is the most moral, and perhaps the most correctly written; but the tales and lighter pieces of Prior are undoubtedly his happiest efforts. In these he displays that 'charming ease' with which Cowper says he embellished all his poems, added to the lively illustration and colloquial humour of his master, Horace. No poet ever possessed in greater perfection the art of graceful and fluent versification. His narratives flow on like a clear stream, without break or fall, and interest us by their perpetual good-humour and vivacity, even when they wander into metaphysics, as in *Alma*, or into licentiousness, as in his tales. His expression was choice and studied, abounding in classical allusions and images—which were then the fashion of the day—but without any air of pedantry or constraint. Like Swift, he loved to versify the common occurrences of life, and relate his personal feelings and adventures. He had, however, no portion of the dean's bitterness or misanthropy, and employed no stronger weapons of satire than raillery and arch allusion. He sported on the surface of existence, noting its foibles, its pleasures, and eccentricities, but without the power of penetrating into its recesses, or evoking the higher passions of our nature. He was the most natural of artificial poets—a seeming paradox, yet as true as the old maxim, that the perfection of art is the art of concealing it.

### *For My Own Monument.*

As doctors give physic by way of prevention,
Matt, alive and in health, of his tombstone took care;
For delays are unsafe, and his pious intention
May haply be never fulfilled by his heir.

Then take Matt's word for it, the sculptor is paid;
That the figure is fine, pray believe your own eye;
Yet credit but lightly what more may be said,
For we flatter ourselves, and teach marble to lie.

Yet counting as far as to fifty his years,
His virtues and vices were as other men's are;
High hopes he conceived, and he smothered great fears,
In a life party-coloured, half pleasure, half care.

Nor to business a drudge, nor to faction a slave,
He strove to make int'rest and freedom agree;
In public employments industrious and grave,
And alone with his friends, Lord! how merry was he.

Now in equipage stately, now humbly on foot,
Both fortunes he tried, but to neither would trust;
And whirled in the round as the wheel turned about,
He found riches had wings, and knew man was but dust.

This verse, little polished, though mighty sincere,
Sets neither his titles nor merit to view;
It says that his relics collected lie here,
And no mortal yet knows if this may be true.

Fierce robbers there are that infest the highway,
So Matt may be killed, and his bones never found;
False witness at court, and fierce tempests at sea,
So Matt may yet chance to be hanged or be drowned.

If his bones lie in earth, roll in sea, fly in air,
To Fate we must yield, and the thing is the same;
And if passing thou giv'st him a smile or a tear,
He cares not—yet, prithee, be kind to his fame.

### *Epitaph Extempore.*

Nobles and heralds, by your leave,
Here lies what once was Matthew Prior,
The son of Adam and of Eve;
Can Stuart or Nassau claim higher?

### *An Epitaph.*

Interred beneath this marble stone,
Lie sauntering Jack and idle Joan.
While rolling threescore years and one
Did round this globe their courses run;
If human things went ill or well,
If changing empires rose or fell,
The morning past, the evening came,
And found this couple just the same.
They walked and ate, good folks: What then?
Why, then they walked and ate again;
They soundly slept the night away;
They did just nothing all the day.
Nor sister either had nor brother;
They seemed just tallied for each other.
Their moral and economy
Most perfectly they made agree;
Each virtue kept its proper bound,
Nor trespassed on the other's ground.
Nor fame nor censure they regarded;
They neither punished nor rewarded.
He cared not what the footman did;
Her maids she neither praised nor chid:
So every servant took his course,
And, bad at first, they all grew worse.
Slothful disorder filled his stable,
And sluttish plenty decked her table.
Their beer was strong, their wine was port;
Their meal was large, their grace was short.
They gave the poor the remnant meat,
Just when it grew not fit to eat.
They paid the church and parish rate,
And took, but read not the receipt;
For which they claimed their Sunday's due,
Of slumbering in an upper pew.
No man's defects sought they to know,
So never made themselves a foe.
No man's good deeds did they commend,
So never raised themselves a friend.
Nor cherished they relations poor,
That might decrease their present store;
Nor barn nor house did they repair,
That might oblige their future heir.
They neither added nor confounded;
They neither wanted nor abounded.
Nor tear nor smile did they employ
At news of public grief or joy.
When bells were rung and bonfires made,
If asked, they ne'er denied their aid;
Their jug was to the ringers carried,
Whoever either died or married.
Their billet at the fire was found,
Whoever was deposed or crowned.
Nor good, nor bad, nor fools, nor wise,
They would not learn, nor could advise;
Without love, hatred, joy, or fear,
They led—a kind of—as it were;
Nor wished, nor cared, nor laughed, nor cried;
And so they lived, and so they died.

### *To a Child of Quality, Five Years Old,* 1704, *the Author then Forty.*

Lords, knights, and squires, the numerous band
That wear the fair Miss Mary's fetters,
Were summoned by her high command
To shew their passion by their letters.

My pen amongst the rest I took,
Lest those bright eyes that cannot read
Should dart their kindling fires, and look
The power they have to be obeyed.

Nor quality nor reputation
Forbid me yet my flame to tell.
Dear five-years-old befriends my passion,
And I may write till she can spell.

For, while she makes her silkworms' beds
With all the tender things I swear;
Whilst all the house my passion reads,
In papers round her baby's hair;

She may receive and own my flame,
For though the strictest prudes should know it,
She'll pass for a most virtuous dame,
And I for an unhappy poet.

Then, too, alas! when she shall hear
The lines some younger rival sends;
She'll give me leave to write, I fear,
And we shall still continue friends.

For, as our different ages move,
'Tis so ordained (would Fate but mend it!)
That I shall be past making love,
When she begins to comprehend it.

### *Abra's Love for Solomon.*

Another nymph, amongst the many fair,
That made my softer hours their solemn care,
Before the rest affected still to stand,
And watched my eye, preventing my command.
Abra—she so was called—did soonest haste
To grace my presence; Abra went the last;
Abra was ready ere I called her name;
And, though I called another, Abra came.
Her equals first observed her growing zeal,
And laughing, glossed that Abra served so well.
To me her actions did unheeded die,
Or were remarked but with a common eye;
Till, more apprised of what the rumour said,
More I observed peculiar in the maid.
The sun declined had shot his western ray,
When tired with business of the solemn day,
I purposed to unbend the evening hours,
And banquet private in the women's bowers.
I called before I sat to wash my hands—
For so the precept of the law commands—
Love had ordained that it was Abra's turn
To mix the sweets, and minister the urn.
With awful homage, and submissive dread,
The maid approached, on my declining head
To pour the oils; she trembled as she poured;
With an unguarded look she now devoured
My nearer face; and now recalled her eye,
And heaved, and strove to hide, a sudden sigh.
'And whence,' said I, 'canst thou have dread or pain?
What can thy imagery of sorrow mean?
Secluded from the world and all its care,
Hast thou to grieve or joy, to hope or fear?
For sure,' I added, 'sure thy little heart
Ne'er felt love's anger, or received his dart.'
Abashed she blushed, and with disorder spoke:
Her rising shame adorned the words it broke:
'If the great master will descend to hear
The humble series of his handmaid's care;
O! while she tells it, let him not put on
The look that awes the nations from the throne!
O! let not death severe in glory lie
In the king's frown and terror of his eye!
Mine to obey, thy part is to ordain;
And, though to mention be to suffer pain,
If the king smile whilst I my wo recite,
If weeping, I find favour in his sight,
Flow fast my tears, full rising his delight,
O! witness earth beneath, and heaven above!
For can I hide it? I am sick of love;
If madness may the name of passion bear,
Or love be called what is indeed despair.
'Thou Sovereign Power, whose secret will controls
The inward bent and motion of our souls!
Why hast thou placed such infinite degrees
Between the cause and cure of my disease?
The mighty object of that raging fire,
In which unpitied, Abra must expire.
Had he been born some simple shepherd's heir,
The lowing herd or fleecy sheep his care,
At morn with him I o'er the hills had run,
Scornful of winter's frost and summer's sun,
Still asking where he made his flock to rest at noon;
For him at night, the dear expected guest,
I had with hasty joy prepared the feast;
And from the cottage, o'er the distant plain,
Sent forth my longing eye to meet the swain,
Wavering, impatient, tossed by hope and fear,
Till he and joy together should appear,
And the loved dog declare his master near.
On my declining neck and open breast
I should have lulled the lovely youth to rest,
And from beneath his head, at dawning day,
With softest care have stol'n my arm away,
To rise, and from the fold release his sheep,
Fond of his flock, indulgent to his sleep.
Or if kind heaven, propitious to my flame—
For sure from heaven the faithful ardour came—
Had blest my life, and decked my natal hour
With height of title, and extent of power;
Without a crime my passion had aspired,
Found the loved prince, and told what I desired
Then I had come, preventing Sheba's queen,
To see the comeliest of the sons of men,
To hear the charming poet's amorous song,
And gather honey falling from his tongue,
To take the fragrant kisses of his mouth,
Sweeter than breezes of her native South,
Likening his grace, his person, and his mien,
To all that great or beauteous I had seen.' . . .
Here o'er her speech her flowing eyes prevail.
O foolish maid! and oh, unhappy tale!
I saw her; 'twas humanity; it gave
Some respite to the sorrows of my slave.
Her fond excess proclaimed her passion true,
And generous pity to that truth was due.
Well I entreated her, who well deserved;
I called her often, for she alway served.
Use made her person easy to my sight,
And ease insensibly produced delight.
Whene'er I revelled in the women's bowers—
For first I sought her but at looser hours—
The apples she had gathered smelt most sweet,
The cake she kneaded was the savoury meat:
But fruits their odour lost, and meats their taste,
If gentle Abra had not decked the feast.
Dishonoured did the sparkling goblet stand,
Unless received from gentle Abra's hand;
And, when the virgins formed the evening choir,
Raising their voices to the master lyre,
Too flat I thought this voice, and that too shrill,
One shewed too much, and one too little skill;

Nor could my soul approve the music's tone,
Till all was hushed, and Abra sung alone.
Fairer she seemed distinguished from the rest,
And better mien disclosed, as better drest.
A bright tiara round her forehead tied,
To juster bounds confined its rising pride.
The blushing ruby on her snowy breast
Rendered its panting whiteness more confessed;
Bracelets of pearl gave roundness to her arm,
And every gem augmented every charm.
Her senses pleased, her beauty still improved,
And she more lovely grew, as more beloved.

### *Written in Mezeray's History of France.*

Whate'er thy countrymen have done
By law and wit, by sword and gun,
  In thee is faithfully recited;
And all the living world that view
Thy work, give thee the praises due,
  At once instructed and delighted.

Yet for the fame of all these deeds,
What beggar in the Invalides,
  With lameness broke, with blindness smitten,
Wished ever decently to die,
To have been either Mezeray
  Or any monarch he has written?

It's strange, dear author, yet it true is,
That down, from Pharamond to Louis,
  All covet life, yet call it pain;
All feel the ill, yet shun the cure.
Can sense this paradox endure?
  Resolve me, Cambray, or Fontaine.

The man in graver tragic known
(Though his best part long since was done)
  Still on the stage desires to tarry;
And he who played the Harlequin,
After the jest still loads the scene,
  Unwilling to retire, though weary.[*]

### *The Thief and the Cordelier.—A Ballad.*

To the tune of *King John and the Abbot of Canterbury.*

Who has e'er been at Paris, must needs know the Grève,
The fatal retreat of th' unfortunate brave;
Where honour and justice most oddly contribute
To ease heroes' pains by a halter and gibbet.
    Derry down, down, hey derry down.

There death breaks the shackles which force had put on,
And the hangman completes what the judge but begun;
There the 'squire of the pad, and the knight of the post,
Find their pains no more balked, and their hopes no more crossed.
    Derry down, &c.

Great claims are there made, and great secrets are known;
And the king, and the law, and the thief, has his own;
But my hearers cry out: 'What a deuce dost thou ail?
Cut off thy reflections, and give us thy tale.'
    Derry down, &c.

'Twas there, then, in civil respect to harsh laws,
And for want of false witness to back a bad cause,
A Norman, though late, was obliged to appear;
And who to assist, but a grave Cordelier?
    Derry down, &c.

The 'squire, whose good grace was to open the scene,
Seemed not in great haste that the show should begin;
Now fitted the halter, now traversed the cart;
And often took leave, but was loath to depart.
    Derry down, &c.

'What frightens you thus, my good son?' says the priest;
'You murdered, are sorry, and have been confessed.'
'O father! my sorrow will scarce save my bacon;
For 'twas not that I murdered, but that I was taken.'
    Derry down, &c.

'Pooh, prithee ne'er trouble thy head with such fancies;
Rely on the aid you shall have from St Francis;
If the money you promised be brought to the chest,
You have only to die; let the church do the rest.'
    Derry down, &c.

'And what will folks say, if they see you afraid?
It reflects upon me, as I knew not my trade.
Courage, friend, for to-day is your period of sorrow;
And things will go better, believe me, to-morrow.'
    Derry down, &c.

'To-morrow!' our hero replied in a fright;
'He that's hanged before noon, ought to think of to-night.'
'Tell your beads,' quoth the priest, 'and be fairly trussed up,
For you surely to night shall in paradise sup.'
    Derry down, &c.

'Alas!' quoth the 'squire, 'howe'er sumptuous the treat,
Parbleu! I shall have little stomach to eat;
I should therefore esteem it great favour and grace,
Would you be so kind as to go in my place.'
    Derry down, &c.

'That I would,' quoth the father, 'and thank you to boot;
But our actions, you know, with our duty must suit;
The feast I proposed to you, I cannot taste,
For this night by our order, is marked for a fast.'
    Derry down, &c.

Then turning about to the hangman, he said:
'Despatch me, I prithee, this troublesome blade;
For thy cord and my cord both equally tie,
And we live by the gold for which other men die.'
    Derry down, &c.

### *Ode to a Lady: She refusing to Continue a Dispute with me, and leaving me in the Argument.*

Spare, generous victor, spare the slave,
  Who did unequal war pursue;
That more than triumphs he might have
  In being overcome by you!

In the dispute, whate'er I said,
  My heart was by my tongue belied;
And in my looks you might have read
  How much I argued on your side.

You, far from danger as from fear,
  Might have sustained an open fight;
For seldom your opinions err,
  Your eyes are always in the right.

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[*] Sir Walter Scott, about a year before his death, repeated the above when on a Border tour with Mr Lockhart. They met two beggars, old soldiers, one of whom recognised the baronet, and bade God bless him. 'The mendicants went on their way, and we stood breathing on the knoll. Sir Walter followed them with his eye, and, planting his stick firmly on the sod, repeated without break or hesitation Prior's verses to the historian Mezeray. That he applied them to himself was touchingly obvious.'

Why, fair one, would you not rely
  On reason's force with beauty's joined?
Could I their prevalence deny,
  I must at once be deaf and blind.

Alas! not hoping to subdue,
  I only to the fight aspired;
To keep the beauteous foe in view,
  Was all the glory I desired.

But she, howe'er of victory sure,
  Contemns the wreath so long delayed;
And, armed with more immediate power,
  Calls cruel silence to her aid.

Deeper to wound, she shuns the fight;
  She drops her arms, to gain the field:
Secures her conquest by her flight;
  And triumphs when she seems to yield.

So when the Parthian turned his steed,
  And from the hostile camp withdrew,
With cruel skill, the backward reed
  He sent, and as he fled he slew.

### *Theory of the Mind.—From 'Alma.'*

I say, whatever you maintain
Of Alma[1] in the heart or brain,
The plainest man alive may tell ye
Her seat of empire is the belly.
From hence she sends out those supplies
Which make us either stout or wise:
Your stomach makes the fabric roll
Just as the bias rules the bowl.
The great Achilles might employ
The strength designed to ruin Troy;
He dined on lion's marrow, spread
On toasts of ammunition bread;
But, by his mother sent away
Amongst the Thracian girls to play,
Effeminate he sat and quiet—
Strange product of a cheese-cake diet!
Observe the various operations
Of food and drink in several nations.
Was ever Tartar fierce or cruel
Upon the strength of water-gruel?
But who shall stand his rage or force
If first he rides, then eats his horse?
Salads, and eggs, and lighter fare,
Tune the Italian spark's guitar;
And, if I take Dan Congreve right,
Pudding and beef make Britons fight.
Tokay and coffee cause this work
Between the German and the Turk:
And both, as they provisions want,
Chicane, avoid, retire, and faint.

As, in a watch's fine machine,
Though many artful springs are seen;
The added movements, which declare
How full the moon, how old the year,
Derive their secondary power
From that which simply points the hour;
For though these gimcracks were away—
Quare[2] would not swear, but Quare would say—
However more reduced and plain,
The watch would still a watch remain:
But if the horal orbit ceases,
The whole stands still, or breaks to pieces,
Is now no longer what it was,
And you may e'en go sell the case.
So, if unprejudiced you scan
The goings of this clockwork, man,
You find a hundred movements made
By fine devices in his head;
But 'tis the stomach's solid stroke
That tells his being what's o'clock.
If you take off this *rhetoric* trigger,
He talks no more in trope and figure;
Or clog his *mathematic* wheel,
His buildings fall, his ship stands still;
Or, lastly, break his *politic* weight,
His voice no longer rules the state:
Yet, if these finer whims are gone,
Your clock, though plain, will still go on:
But, spoil the organ of digestion,
And you entirely change the question;
Alma's affairs no power can mend;
The jest, alas! is at an end;
Soon ceases all the worldly bustle,
And you consign the corpse to Russel.[1]

## REV. JAMES BRAMSTON.

Two satirical poems by the Rev. JAMES BRAMSTON (*circa* 1694-1744), included in Dodsley's *Collection*, were much admired in their day. These are: *The Art of Politics; in imitation of Horace's Art of Poetry*, 1729; and *The Man of Taste; occasioned by Pope's Epistle on that Subject*, 1731. Bramston also wrote an imitation of Philips's *Splendid Shilling*, entitled *The Crooked Sixpence*. In 1708, Bramston was admitted at Westminster School; in 1713, he was elected to a studentship at Christ Church, Oxford, and in 1725 he became vicar of Harting, in Sussex. His two principal poems are good imitations of the style of Young's and Pope's satires. The following is the conclusion of his *Art of Politics:*

Parliamenteering is a sort of itch,
That will too oft unwary knights bewitch.
Two good estates Sir Harry Clodpole spent;
Sate thrice, but spoke not once, in Parliament.
Two good estates are gone—who'll take his word?
Oh, should his uncle die, he'll spend a third;
He'd buy a house his happiness to crown,
Within a mile of some good borough-town;
Tag-rag and bobtail to Sir Harry's run,
Men that have votes, and women that have none;
Sons, daughters, grandsons, with his Honour dine;
He keeps a public-house without a sign.
Cobblers and smiths extol th' ensuing choice,
And drunken tailors boast their right of voice.
Dearly the free-born neighbourhood is bought,
They never leave him while he's worth a groat;
So leeches stick, nor quit the bleeding wound,
Till off they drop with skinfuls to the ground.

In *The Man of Taste* he thus ironically expatiates:

Swift's whims and jokes for my resentment call,
For he displeases me that pleases all.
Verse without rhyme I never could endure,
Uncouth in numbers, and in sense obscure.
To him as nature, when he ceased to see,
Milton's an universal blank to me.
Confirmed and settled by the nation's voice,
Rhyme is the poet's pride and people's choice,
Always upheld by national support,
Of market, university, and court:
Thomson, write blank; but know that for that reason,
These lines shall live when thine are out of season.
Rhyme binds and beautifies the poet's lays,
As London ladies owe their shape to stays.

## JONATHAN SWIFT.

JONATHAN SWIFT, one of the most remarkable men of the age, was born in Dublin, November 30, 1667. He was of English parentage—a fact which he never forgot, conceiving that there was a great distinction (as he wrote to Pope) 'between the English gentry of Ireland and the savage old Irish.' His grandfather was vicar of Goodrich, in Herefordshire, who lost his fortune through his zeal and activity for Charles I. during the Civil War. Three of the vicar's sons settled in Ireland; and Jonathan Swift, father of the celebrated author, was bred to the law in Dublin. He was steward to the society of the King's Inns, but died in great poverty before the birth of his distinguished son. Swift was supported by his uncle; and the circumstances of want and dependence with which he was early familiar, seem to have sunk deep into his haughty soul. 'Born a posthumous child,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'and bred up an object of charity, he early adopted the custom of observing his birthday as a term, not of joy, but of sorrow, and of reading, when it annually recurred, the striking passage of Scripture in which Job laments and execrates the day upon which it was said in his father's house "that a man-child was born."' Swift was sent to Trinity College, Dublin, which he left in his twenty-first year—having only obtained his degree by special favour—and was received into the house of Sir William Temple, a distant relation of his mother. Here Swift met King William, and indulged hopes of preferment, which were never realised. In 1692, he repaired to Oxford, for the purpose of taking his degree of M.A.; and shortly after obtaining this distinction, he resolved to quit the establishment of Temple, and take orders in the Irish Church. He procured the prebend of Kilroot, in the diocese of Connor, but was soon disgusted with the life of an obscure country clergyman with an income of £100 a year. He returned to Moor Park, the house of Sir William Temple, and threw up his living at Kilroot. Temple died in 1699, and the poet was glad to accompany Lord Berkeley to Ireland in the capacity of chaplain. From this nobleman he obtained the rectory of Aghar, and the vicarages of Laracor and Rathveggan; to which was afterwards added the prebend of Dunlavin, making his income only about £200 per annum. At Moor Park, Swift had (as stated in our notice of Temple) contracted an intimacy with Miss Esther Johnson, nominally the daughter of Sir William Temple's housekeeper; but her face, her position in the family, and Sir William's treatment of her, seemed to some to proclaim the fact that she was Temple's natural child. He left her £1000. She went, with a female friend, to reside in Ireland, to be near Swift, her early instructor, but they never were alone together.

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[1] The mind.

[2] A noted watchmaker of the day.

[1] An undertaker.

In 1701, Swift became a political writer on the side of the Whigs, and on his visits to England, he associated with Addison, Steele, and Halifax. In 1704 was published his *Tale of a Tub*, the wildest and wittiest of all polemical or controversial works. In 1710, conceiving that he was neglected by the ministry, he quarrelled with the Whigs, and united with Harley and the Tory administration. He was received with open arms. 'I stand with the new people,' he writes to Stella, 'ten times better than ever I did with the old, and forty times more caressed.' He carried with him shining weapons for party warfare—irresistible and unscrupulous satire, steady hate, and a dauntless spirit. From his new allies, he received, in 1713, the deanery of St Patrick's. During his residence in England, he had engaged the affections of another young lady, Esther Vanhomrigh, who, under the name of Vanessa, rivalled Stella in poetical celebrity, and in personal misfortune. After the death of her father, this young lady and her sister retired to Ireland, where their father had left a small property near Dublin. Human nature has, perhaps, never before or since presented the spectacle of a man of such transcendent powers as Swift involved in such a pitiable labyrinth of the affections. His pride or ambition led him to postpone indefinitely his marriage with Stella, to whom he was early attached. Though, he said, he 'loved her better than his life a thousand millions of times,' he kept her hanging on in a state of hope deferred, injurious alike to her peace and her reputation. Did he fear the scorn and laughter of the world, if he should marry the obscure daughter of Sir William Temple's housekeeper? He dared not afterwards, with manly sincerity, declare his situation to Vanessa, when this second victim avowed her passion. He was flattered that a girl of eighteen, of beauty and accomplishments, 'sighed for a gown of forty-four,' and he did not stop to weigh the consequences. The removal of Vanessa to Ireland, as Stella had gone before, to be near the presence of Swift—her irrepressible passion, which no coldness or neglect could extinguish—her life of deep seclusion, only checkered by the occasional visits of Swift, each of which she commemorated by planting with her own hand a laurel in the garden where they met—her agonising remonstrances, when all her devotion and her offerings had failed, are touching beyond expression.

'The reason I write to you,' she says, 'is because I cannot tell it to you, should I see you. For when I begin to complain, then you are angry; and there is something in your looks so awful, that it strikes me dumb. Oh! that you may have but so much regard for me left, that this complaint may touch your soul with pity. I say as little as ever I can. Did you but know what I thought, I am sure it would move you to forgive me, and believe that I cannot help telling you this and live.'

To a being thus agitated and engrossed with the strongest passion, how poor, how cruel, must have seemed the return of Swift!

> Cadenus, common forms apart,
> In every scene had kept his heart;
> Had sighed and languished, vowed and writ,
> For pastime, or to shew his wit;
> But books, and time, and state affairs,
> Had spoiled his fashionable airs;
> He now could praise, esteem, approve,
> But understood not what was love:
> His conduct might have made him styled
> A father, and the nymph his child.
> That innocent delight he took
> To see the virgin mind her book,
> Was but the master's secret joy
> In school to hear the finest boy.

The tragedy continued to deepen as it approached the close. Eight years had Vanessa nursed in solitude the hopeless attachment. At length she wrote to Stella, to ascertain the nature of the connection between her and Swift; the latter obtained the fatal letter, and rode instantly to Marley Abbey, the residence of the unhappy Vanessa. 'As he entered the apartment,' to adopt the picturesque language of Scott in recording the scene, 'the sternness of his countenance, which was peculiarly formed to express the stronger passions, struck the unfortunate Vanessa with such terror, that she could scarce ask whether he would not sit down. He answered by flinging a letter on the table; and instantly leaving the house, mounted his horse, and returned to Dublin. When Vanessa opened the packet, she only found her own letter to Stella. It was her death-warrant. She sunk at once under the disappointment of the delayed yet cherished hopes which had so long sickened her heart, and beneath the unrestrained wrath of him for whose sake she had indulged them. How long she survived this last interview, is uncertain, but the time does not seem to have exceeded a few weeks.'*

Even Stella, though believed by her friends to have been ultimately united to Swift, dropped into the grave without any public recognition of the tie; they were married, it is said, in secrecy in the garden of the deanery, when on her part all but life had faded away. The fair sufferers were deeply avenged. But let us adopt the only charitable—perhaps the just—interpretation of Swift's conduct; the malady which at length overwhelmed his reason might then have been lurking in his frame; and consciousness of the fact kept him single. Some years before Vanessa's death, a scene occurred which has been related by Young, the author of the *Night Thoughts*. Swift was walking with some friends in the neighbourhood of Dublin. 'Perceiving he did not follow us,' says Young, 'I went back, and found him fixed as a statue, and earnestly gazing upward at a noble elm, which in its uppermost branches was much decayed. Pointing at it, he said: "I shall be like that tree; I shall die at the top."' The same presentiment finds expression in his exquisite imitation of Horace (Book ii. Satire 6), made in conjunction with Pope:

I've often wished that I had clear
For life six hundred pounds a year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terrace-walk, and half a rood
Of land, set out to plant a wood.
Well, now I have all this and more,
I ask not to increase my store;
But here a grievance seems to lie,
All this is mine but till I die;
I can't but think 'twould sound more clever,
To me and to my heirs for ever.

If I ne'er got or lost a groat
By any trick or any fault;
And if I pray by reason's rules,
And not like forty other fools,
As thus: 'Vouchsafe, O gracious Maker!
To grant me this and t'other acre;
Or if it be thy will and pleasure,
Direct my plough to find a treasure!'
But only what my station fits,
*And to be kept in my right wits;*
Preserve, Almighty Providence!
Just what you gave me, competence,
And let me in these shades compose
Something in verse as true as prose.

Swift was at first disliked in Ireland, but the *Drapier's Letters* and other works gave him unbounded popularity. His wish to serve Ireland was one of his ruling passions; yet it was something like the instinct of the inferior animals towards their offspring; waywardness, contempt, and abuse were strangely mingled with affectionate attachment and ardent zeal. Kisses and curses were alternately on his lips. Ireland, however, gave Swift her whole heart—he was more than king of the rabble. After various attacks of deafness and giddiness, his temper became ungovernable, and his reason gave way. Truly and beautifully has Scott said, 'the stage darkened ere the curtain fell.'

The sad story of his latter days melts and overawes the imagination. Fits of lunacy were succeeded by the *dementia* of old age. For three years he uttered only a few words and broken interjections. He would often attempt to speak, but could not recollect words to express his meaning, upon which he would sigh heavily. Babylon in ruins (to use a simile of Addison's) was not a more melancholy spectacle than this wreck of a mighty intellect! In speechless silence his spirit passed away, October 19, 1745. He was interred in St Patrick's Cathedral, amidst the tears and prayers of his countrymen. An inscription on his tomb, composed by himself, records his exertions for liberty and his detestation of oppression.* 'The *sæva indignatio* of which he spoke as lacerating his heart,' says Thackeray, 'and which he dares to inscribe on his tombstone, as if the wretch who lay under that stone, waiting God's judgment, had a right to be angry, breaks out from him in a thousand pages of his writing, and tears and rends him.' Swift believed he *had* a right to be angry—angry against oppression, against triumphant wrong, corruption, and hypocrisy. 'Doest thou well to be angry?' was the question asked of the Hebrew prophet of old, and he answered: 'I do well.' So thought Swift, often self-deluded, mistaking hatred for duty, faction for patriotism; misled by passion, by egotism, and caprice.

Swift's fortune, amounting to about £10,000, he left chiefly to found a lunatic asylum in Dublin.

He gave the little wealth he had
To build a house for fools and mad;
To shew, by one satiric touch,
No nation wanted it so much.

*Gulliver's Travels* and the *Tale of a Tub* must ever be the chief corner-stones of Swift's fame.

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* The talents of Vanessa may be seen from her letters to Swift. They are further evinced in the following *Ode to Spring*, in which she alludes to her unhappy attachment;

Hail, blushing goddess, beauteous Spring!
Who in thy jocund train dost bring
Loves and graces—smiling hours—
Balmy breezes—fragrant flowers;
Come, with tints of roseate hue,
Nature's faded charms renew!
Yet why should I thy presence hail?
To me no more the breathing gale
Comes fraught with sweets, no more the rose
With such transcendent beauty blows,
As when Cadenus blest the scene,
And shared with me those joys serene.
When, unperceived, the lambent fire
Of friendship kindled new desire;
Still listening to his tuneful tongue,
The truths which angels might have sung,
Divine imprest their gentle sway,
And sweetly stole my soul away.
My guide, instructor, lover, friend,
Dear names, in one idea blend;
Oh! still conjoined, your incense rise,
And waft sweet odours to the skies!

* Hic depositum est corpus JONATHAN SWIFT, S. T. P. hujus ecclesiæ Cathedralis Decani, ubi sæva indignatio ulterius cor lacerare nequit. Abi viator et imitare, si poteris strenuum pro virili libertatis vindicem, &c.

The purity of his prose style renders it a model of English composition. He could wither with his irony and invective; excite to mirth with his wit and invention; transport as with wonder at his marvellous powers of grotesque and ludicrous combination, his knowledge of human nature—piercing quite through the deeds of men—and his matchless power of feigning reality, and assuming at pleasure different characters and situations in life. He is often disgustingly coarse and gross in his style and subjects; but he is never licentious; his grossness is always repulsive, not seductive.

Swift's poetry is perfect, exactly as the old Dutch artists were perfect painters. He never attempted to rise above this 'visible diurnal sphere.' He is content to lash the frivolities of the age, and to depict its absurdities. In his too faithful representations, there is much to condemn and much to admire. Who has not felt the truth and humour of his *City Shower*, and his description of *Morning?* Or the liveliness of his *Grand Question Debated*, in which the knight, his lady, and the chambermaid, are so admirably drawn? His most ambitious flight is his *Rhapsody on Poetry*, and even this is pitched in a pretty low key. Its best lines are easily remembered:

Not empire to the rising sun,
By valour, conduct, fortune won;
Not highest wisdom in debates
For framing laws to govern states;
Not skill in sciences profound,
So large to grasp the circle round,
Such heavenly influence require,
As how to strike the Muses' lyre.

Not beggar's brat on bulk begot;
Not bastard of a pedler Scot;
Not boy brought up to cleaning shoes,
The spawn of Bridewell or the stews;
Not infants dropt, the spurious pledges
Of gipsies littering under hedges,
Are so disqualified by fate
To rise in church, or law, or state,
As he whom Phœbus in his ire
Hath blasted with poetic fire.

Swift's Verses on his own Death are the finest example of his peculiar poetical vein. He predicts what his friends will say of his illness, his death, and his reputation, varying the style and the topics to suit each of the parties. The versification is easy and flowing, with nothing but the most familiar and common-place expressions. There are some little touches of homely pathos, which are felt like trickling tears, and the effect of the piece altogether is electrical: it carries with it the strongest conviction of its sincerity and truth; and we see and feel—especially as years creep on—how faithful a depicter of human nature, in its frailty and weakness, was the misanthropic Dean of St Patrick's.

### *A Description of the Morning.*

Now hardly here and there a hackney-coach
Appearing shewed the ruddy morn's approach. . . .
The slipshod 'prentice from his master's door
Had pared the dirt, and sprinkled round the floor.
Now Moll had whirled her mop with dexterous airs,
Prepared to scrub the entry and the stairs.
The youth with broomy stumps begun to trace
The kennel's edge, where wheels had worn the place.
The small-coal man was heard with cadence deep,
Till drowned in shriller notes of chimney-sweep:
Duns at his lordship's gate began to meet,
And brick-dust Moll had screamed through half the street.
The turnkey now his flock returning sees,
Duly let out a-nights to steal for fees;
The watchful bailiffs take their silent stands,
And school-boys lag with satchels in their hands.

### *A Description of a City Shower.*

Careful observers may foretell the hour
(By sure prognostics) when to dread a shower.
While rain depends, the pensive cat gives o'er
Her frolics, and pursues her tail no more.
Returning home at night, you'll find the sink
Strike your offended sense with double stink.
If you be wise, then go not far to dine;
You'll spend in coach-hire more than save in wine.
A coming shower your shooting corns presage,
Old aches will throb, your hollow tooth will rage:
Sauntering in coffee-house is Dulman seen;
He damns the climate, and complains of spleen.
Meanwhile the south, rising with dabbled wings,
A sable cloud athwart the welkin flings,
That swilled more liquor than it could contain,
And, like a drunkard, gives it up again.
Brisk Susan whips her linen from the rope,
While the first drizzling shower is borne aslope;
Such is that sprinkling, which some careless quean
Flirts on you from her mop—but not so clean:
You fly, invoke the gods; then turning, stop
To rail; she, singing, still whirls on her mop.
Not yet the dust had shunned the unequal strife,
But aided by the wind, fought still for life,
And wafted with its foe by violent gust,
'Twas doubtful which was rain, and which was dust.
Ah! where must needy poet seek for aid,
When dust and rain at once his coat invade?
Sole coat, where dust cemented by the rain
Erects the nap, and leaves a cloudy stain!
Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,
Threatening with deluge this devoted town.
To shops in crowds the daggled females fly,
Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.
The Templar spruce, while every spout's a-broach,
Stays till 'tis fair, yet seems to call a coach.
The tucked-up sempstress walks with hasty strides,
While streams run down her oiled umbrella's sides.
Here various kinds, by various fortunes led,
Commence acquaintance underneath a shed.
Triumphant Tories and desponding Whigs,
Forget their feuds, and join to save their wigs.
Boxed in a chair the beau impatient sits,
While spouts run clattering o'er the roof by fits;
And ever and anon with frightful din
The leather sounds; he trembles from within.
So when Troy chairmen bore the wooden steed,
Pregnant with Greeks impatient to be freed—
Those bully Greeks, who, as the moderns do,
Instead of paying chairmen, run them through—
Laocoon struck the outside with his spear,
And each imprisoned hero quaked for fear.
Now from all parts the swelling kennels flow,
And bear their trophies with them as they go:
Filths of all hues and odours seem to tell
What street they sailed from by their sight and smell.
They, as each torrent drives, with rapid force,
From Smithfield or St 'Pulchre's shape their course,
And in huge confluence joined at Snowhill ridge,
Fall from the conduit prone to Holborn Bridge.
Sweepings from butchers' stalls, dung, guts, and blood,
Drowned puppies, stinking sprats, all drenched in mud,
Dead cats, and turnip-tops, come tumbling down the flood.

### *Baucis and Philemon.*

**Imitated from the Eighth Book of Ovid.—Written about 1708.**

In ancient times, as story tells,
The saints would often leave their cells,
And stroll about, but hide their quality,
To try good people's hospitality.
It happened on a winter night—
As authors of the legend write—
Two brother-hermits, saints by trade,
Taking their tour in masquerade,
Disguised in tattered habits, went
To a small village down in Kent;
Where, in the strollers' canting strain,
They begged from door to door in vain;
Tried every tone might pity win,
But not a soul would let them in.
Our wandering saints in woful state,
Treated at this ungodly rate,
Having through all the village past,
To a small cottage came at last,
Where dwelt a good old honest yeoman,
Called in the neighbourhood Philemon,
Who kindly did the saints invite
In his poor hut to pass the night.
And then the hospitable sire
Bid Goody Baucis mend the fire,
While he from out the chimney took
A flitch of bacon off the hook,
And freely from the fattest side
Cut out large slices to be fried;
Then stepped aside to fetch them drink,
Filled a large jug up to the brink,
And saw it fairly twice go round;
Yet—what was wonderful—they found
'Twas still replenished to the top,
As if they ne'er had touched a drop.
The good old couple were amazed,
And often on each other gazed:
For both were frightened to the heart,
And just began to cry: 'What art?'
Then softly turned aside to view
Whether the lights were burning blue.
The gentle pilgrims soon aware on 't,
Told them their calling and their errant:
'Good folks, you need not be afraid,
We are but saints,' the hermits said;
'No hurt shall come to you or yours;
But, for that pack of churlish boors,
Not fit to live on Christian ground,
They and their houses shall be drowned:
While you shall see your cottage rise,
And grow a church before your eyes.'
They scarce had spoke, when fair and soft,
The roof began to mount aloft;
Aloft rose every beam and rafter,
The heavy wall climbed slower after.
The chimney widened, and grew higher;
Became a steeple with a spire.
The kettle to the top was hoist,
And there stood fastened to a joist;
But with the up-side down, to shew
Its inclination for below:
In vain; for some superior force,
Applied at bottom, stops its course;
Doomed ever in suspense to dwell,
'Tis now no kettle, but a bell.
A wooden jack, which had almost
Lost by disuse the art to roast,
A sudden alteration feels,
Increased by new intestine wheels;
And, what exalts the wonder more,
The number made the motion slower;
The flier, though it had leaden feet,
Turned round so quick you scarce could see 't;
But, slackened by some secret power,
Now hardly moves an inch an hour.
The jack and chimney, near allied,
Had never left each other's side:
The chimney to a steeple grown,
The jack would not be left alone,
But, up against the steeple reared,
Became a clock, and still adhered:
And still its love to household cares,
By a shrill voice at noon, declares;
Warning the cook-maid not to burn
That roast meat, which it cannot turn.
The groaning chair began to crawl,
Like a huge snail, along the wall;
There stuck aloft in public view,
And with small change a pulpit grew.
The porringers, that in a row
Hung high, and made a glittering show,
To a less noble substance changed,
Were now but leathern buckets ranged.
The ballads pasted on the wall,
Of Joan of France, and English Moll,
Fair Rosamond, and Robin Hood,
The Little Children in the Wood,
Now seemed to look abundance better,
Improved in picture, size, and letter;
And, high in order placed, describe
The heraldry of every tribe.
A bedstead of the antique mode,
Compact of timber many a load;
Such as our ancestors did use,
Was metamorphosed into pews;
Which still their ancient nature keep,
By lodging folks disposed to sleep.
The cottage, by such feats as these,
Grown to a church by just degrees;
The hermits then desire their host
To ask for what he fancied most.
Philemon, having paused a while,
Returned them thanks in homely style;
Then said: 'My house is grown so fine,
Methinks I still would call it mine:
I 'm old, and fain would live at ease:
Make me the parson, if you please.'
He spoke, and presently he feels
His grazier's coat fall down his heels:
He sees, yet hardly can believe,
About each arm a pudding sleeve:
His waistcoat to a cassock grew,
And both assumed a sable hue;
But, being old, continued just
As threadbare and as full of dust.
His talk was now of tithes and dues;
Could smoke his pipe, and read the news:
Knew how to preach old sermons next,
Vamped in the preface and the text:
At christenings well could act his part,
And had the service all by heart:
Wished women might have children fast,
And thought whose sow had farrowed last:
Against Dissenters would repine,
And stood up firm for right divine:
Found his head filled with many a system,
But classic authors—he ne'er missed them.
Thus having furbished up a parson,
Dame Baucis next they played their farce on:
Instead of homespun coifs, were seen
Good pinners, edged with Colberteen:
Her petticoat, transformed apace,
Became black satin flounced with lace.
Plain Goody would no longer down;
'Twas Madam, in her grogram gown.
Philemon was in great surprise,
And hardly could believe his eyes:
Amazed to see her look so prim;
And she admired as much at him.
Thus, happy in their change of life,
Were several years the man and wife:

When on a day, which proved their last,
Discoursing o'er old stories past,
They went by chance, amidst their talk,
To the churchyard to take a walk;
When Baucis hastily cried out:
'My dear, I see your forehead sprout!'
'Sprout,' quoth the man, 'what 's this you tell us?
I hope you don't believe me jealous?
But yet, methinks, I feel it true;
And really yours is budding too——
Nay—now I cannot stir my foot;
It feels as if 'twere taking root.'
Description would but tire my muse;
In short, they both were turned to yews.
Old Goodman Dobson, of the green,
Remembers he the trees has seen;
He 'll talk of them from noon to night,
And goes with folks to shew the sight;
On Sundays, after evening-prayer,
He gathers all the parish there;
Points out the place of either yew,
Here Baucis, there Philemon, grew.
'Till once a parson of our town,
To mend his barn, cut Baucis down;
At which 'tis hard to be believed,
How much the other tree was grieved;
Grew scrubby, died a-top, was stunted;
So the next parson stubbed and burnt it.

### *From 'Verses on the Death of Dr Swift,' Nov.* 1731.[*]

As Rochefoucault his Maxims drew
From nature, I believe them true:
They argue no corrupted mind
In him; the fault is in mankind.
This maxim more than all the rest
Is thought too base for human breast:
'In all distresses of our friends
We first consult our private ends;
While nature kindly bent to ease us,
Points out some circumstance to please us.'
If this perhaps your patience move,
Let reason and experience prove.
We all behold with envious eyes
Our equal raised above our size.
Who would not at a crowded show
Stand high himself, keep others low?
I love my friend as well as you;
But why should he obstruct my view?
Then let me have the higher post;
Suppose it but an inch at most.
If in a battle you should find
One whom you love of all mankind,
Had some heroic action done,
A champion killed, or trophy won;
Rather than thus be overtopt,
Would you not wish his laurels cropt?
Dear honest Ned is in the gout,
Lies racked with pain, and you without:
How patiently you hear him groan!
How glad the case is not your own!
What poet would not grieve to see
His brother write as well as he?
But, rather than they should excel,
Would wish his rivals all in hell?
Her end when emulation misses,
She turns to envy, stings, and hisses:
The strongest friendship yields to pride,
Unless the odds be on our side.
Vain human kind! fantastic race!
Thy various follies who can trace?
Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
Their empire in our hearts divide.
Give others riches, power, and station,
'Tis all on me an usurpation.
I have no title to aspire;
Yet, when you sink, I seem the higher.
In Pope I cannot read a line,
But with a sigh I wish it mine:
When he can in one couplet fix
More sense than I can do in six,
It gives me such a jealous fit,
I cry: 'Pox take him and his wit.'
I grieve to be outdone by Gay
In my own humorous biting way.
Arbuthnot is no more my friend,
Who dares to irony pretend,
Which I was born to introduce,
Refined it first, and shewed its use.
St John,[1] as well as Pulteney,[2] knows
That I had some repute for prose;
And, till they drove me out of date,
Could maul a minister of state.
If they have mortified my pride,
And made me throw my pen aside;
If with such talents heaven hath blest 'em,
Have I not reason to detest 'em?
To all my foes, dear Fortune, send
Thy gifts, but never to my friend;
I tamely can endure the first;
But this with envy makes me burst.
Thus much may serve by way of proem;
Proceed we therefore to our poem.
The time is not remote, when I
Must by the course of nature die;
When, I foresee, my special friends
Will try to find their private ends:
And, though 'tis hardly understood,
Which way my death can do them good,
Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak:
'See, how the dean begins to break!
Poor gentleman! he droops apace!
You plainly find it in his face.
That old vertigo in his head
Will never leave him, till he 's dead.
Besides, his memory decays:
He recollects not what he says;
He cannot call his friends to mind;
Forgets the place where last he dined;
Plies you with stories o'er and o'er;
He told them fifty times before.
How does he fancy we can sit
To hear his out-of-fashion wit?
But he takes up with younger folks,
Who for his wine will bear his jokes.
Faith, he must make his stories shorter,
Or change his comrades once a quarter:
In half the time he talks them round,
There must another set be found.
'For poetry, he 's past his prime;
He takes an hour to find a rhyme:
His fire is out, his wit decayed,
His fancy sunk, his Muse a jade.
I'd have him throw away his pen—
But there's no talking to some men.'
And then their tenderness appears
By adding largely to my years:
'He 's older than he would be reckoned,
And well remembers Charles the Second.
He hardly drinks a pint of wine;
And that, I doubt, is no good sign.
His stomach, too, begins to fail;
Last year we thought him strong and hale;
But now he's quite another thing;
I wish he may hold out till spring.'
They hug themselves and reason thus:
'It is not yet so bad with us.'

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[*] Occasioned by reading the following maxim in Rochefoucault: 'Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis, nous trouvons toujours quelque chose qui ne nous déplait pas.' (In the adversity of our best friends, we always find something that does not displease us.)

[1] Viscount Bolingbroke.

[2] William Pulteney, afterwards created Earl of Bath.

In such a case they talk in tropes,
And by their fears express their hopes.
Some great misfortune to portend
No enemy can match a friend.
With all the kindness they profess,
The merit of a lucky guess—
When daily How-d'ye's come of course,
And servants answer: 'Worse and worse!'—
Would please them better than to tell,
That, 'God be praised! the dean is well.'
Then he who prophesied the best,
Approves his foresight to the rest:
'You know I always feared the worst,
And often told you so at first.'
He'd rather choose that I should die,
Than his prediction prove a lie.
Not one foretells I shall recover,
But all agree to give me over.
Yet should some neighbour feel a pain
Just in the parts where I complain,
How many a message would he send!
What hearty prayers that I should mend!
Inquire what regimen I kept?
What gave me ease, and how I slept?
And more lament when I was dead,
Than all the snivellers round my bed.
My good companions, never fear;
For, though you may mistake a year,
Though your prognostics run too fast,
They must be verified at last.
Behold the fatal day arrive!
How is the dean? 'He's just alive.'
Now the departing prayer is read;
He hardly breathes. The dean is dead.
Before the passing-bell begun,
The news through half the town is run;
'Oh! may we all for death prepare!
What has he left? and who's his heir?'
I know no more than what the news is;
'Tis all bequeathed to public uses.
'To public uses! there's a whim!
What had the public done for him?
Mere envy, avarice, and pride:
He gave it all—but first he died.
And had the dean in all the nation
No worthy friend, no poor relation?
So ready to do strangers good,
Forgetting his own flesh and blood!'. . .
Now Curll[1] his shop from rubbish drains:
Three genuine tomes of Swift's Remains!
And then to make them pass the glibber,
Revised by Tibbalds, Moore, and Cibber.[2]
He 'll treat me as he does my betters,
Publish my will, my life, my letters;[3]
Revive the libels born to die,
Which Pope must bear, as well as I.
Here shift the scene, to represent
How those I love my death lament.
Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay
A week, and Arbuthnot a day.
St John himself will scarce forbear
To bite his pen, and drop a tear.
The rest will give a shrug, and cry:
'I'm sorry—but we all must die!'. . .
One year is past; a different scene!
No further mention of the dean,
Who now, alas! no more is missed,
Than if he never did exist.
Where's now the favourite of Apollo?
Departed: and his works must follow;
Must undergo the common fate;
His kind of wit is out of date.
Some country squire to Lintot goes,[1]
Inquires for Swift in verse and prose.
Says Lintot: 'I have heard the name;
He died a year ago.' 'The same.'
He searches all the shop in vain:
'Sir, you may find them in Duck-lane.[2]
I sent them, with a load of books,
Last Monday to the pastry-cooks.
To fancy they could live a year!
I find you 're but a stranger here.
The dean was famous in his time,
And had a kind of knack at rhyme.
His way of writing now is past;
The town has got a better taste.
I keep no antiquated stuff,
But spick-and-span I have enough.
Pray, do but give me leave to shew 'em:
Here's Colley Cibber's birthday poem;
This ode you never yet have seen
By Stephen Duck upon the queen.[3]
Then here's a letter finely penned
Against the Craftsman and his friend;
It clearly shews that all reflection
On ministers is disaffection.
Next, here's Sir Robert's vindication,
And Mr Henley's[4] last oration.
The hawkers have not got them yet;
Your honour please to buy a set?'
Suppose me dead; and then suppose
A club assembled at the Rose,
Where, from discourse of this and that,
I grow the subject of their chat.
And while they toss my name about,
With favour some, and some without,
One, quite indifferent in the cause,
My character impartial draws:
'The dean, if we believe report,
Was never ill received at court.
Although ironically grave,
He shamed the fool, and lashed the knave.
To steal a hint was never known,
But what he writ was all his own.'
'Sir, I have heard another story;
He was a most confounded Tory,
And grew, or he is much belied,
Extremely dull, before he died.'
'Can we the Drapier then forget?
Is not our nation in his debt?
'Twas he that writ the Drapier's Letters!'
'He should have left them for his betters;
We had a hundred abler men,
Nor need depend upon his pen.
Say what you will about his reading,
You never can defend his breeding;
Who, in his satires running riot,
Could never leave the world in quiet;
Attacking, when he took the whim,
Court, city, camp—all one to him.
But why would he, except he slobbered,
Offend our patriot, great Sir Robert,
Whose counsels aid the sovereign power
To save the nation every hour?
What scenes of evil he unravels,
In satires, libels, lying travels!
Not sparing his own clergy-cloth,
But eats into it, like a moth!'
'Perhaps I may allow, the dean
Had too much satire in his vein,

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[1] An infamous bookseller, who published pieces in the dean's name, which he never wrote.

[2] Louis Theobald, the editor of Shakspeare; James Moore Smythe (a forgotten dramatist satirised in the *Dunciad*); and Colley Cibber the actor, dramatist, and poet-laureate.

[3] For some of these practices he was brought before the House of Lords. Arbuthnot humorously styled Curll one of the new terrors of death.

[1] Bernard Lintot, a bookseller. See Pope's *Dunciad* and Letters.

[2] A place where old books are sold.

[3] Stephen Duck was a humble rhymester—a thrasher, or agricultural labourer—whom Queen Caroline patronised. His works are now utterly forgotten.

[4] Commonly called Orator Henley, a quack preacher in London, of great notoriety in his day.

And seemed determined not to starve it,
Because no age could more deserve it.
Vice, if it e'er can be abashed,
Must be or ridiculed or lashed.
If you resent it, who's to blame?
He neither knew you, nor your name:
Should vice expect to 'scape rebuke,
Because its owner is a duke?
His friendships, still to few confined,
Were always of the middling kind;
No fools of rank or mongrel breed,
Who fain would pass for lords indeed,
Where titles give no right or power,
And peerage is a withered flower.
He would have deemed it a disgrace,
If such a wretch had known his face. . . .
'He never thought an honour done him,
Because a peer was proud to own him;
Would rather slip aside, and choose
To talk with wits in dirty shoes;
And scorn the tools with stars and garters,
So often seen caressing Chartres.[1]
He kept with princes due decorum,
Yet never stood in awe before 'em.
He followed David's lesson just;
In princes never put his trust:
And, would you make him truly sour,
Provoke him with a slave in power.
The Irish Senate if you named,
With what impatience he declaimed!
Fair Liberty was all his cry;
For her he stood prepared to die;
For her he boldly stood alone;
For her he oft exposed his own.
Two kingdoms, just as faction led,
Had set a price upon his head;
But not a traitor could be found
To sell him for six hundred pound.[2] . . .
'Alas, poor dean! his only scope
Was to be held a misanthrope.
This into general odium drew him,
Which, if he liked, much good may 't do him.
His zeal was not to lash our crimes,
But discontent against the times;
For had we made him timely offers
To raise his post, or fill his coffers,
Perhaps he might have truckled down,
Like other brethren of his gown.
For party he would scarce have bled:
I say no more—because he's dead.'
'What writings has he left behind?'
'I hear they're of a different kind:
A few in verse; but most in prose:
Some high-flown pamphlets, I suppose:
All scribbled in the worst of times,
To palliate his friend Oxford's crimes;
To praise Queen Anne, nay, more, defend her,
As never favouring the Pretender:
Or libels yet concealed from sight,
Against the court, to shew his spite:
Perhaps his Travels, part the third;
A lie at every second word——
Offensive to a loyal ear:—
But—not one sermon, you may swear.'
'He knew a hundred pleasant stories,
With all the turns of Whigs and Tories;
Was cheerful to his dying day,
And friends would let him have his way.
As for his works in verse or prose,
I own myself no judge of those.
Nor can I tell what critics thought 'em;
But this I know, all people bought 'em,
As with a moral view designed,
To please, and to reform mankind:
And, if he often missed his aim,
The world must own it to their shame,
The praise is his, and theirs the blame.
He gave the little wealth he had
To build a house for fools and mad;
To shew, by one satiric touch,
No nation wanted it so much.
That kingdom he hath left his debtor;
I wish it soon may have a better:
And since you dread no further lashes,
Methinks you may forgive his ashes.'

### *The Grand Question Debated:*

**Whether Hamilon's Bawn should be turned into a Barrack or a Malt-house. 1729.**[*]

Thus spoke to my lady the knight[1] full of care:
'Let me have your advice in a weighty affair.
This Hamilton's Bawn,[2] whilst it sticks on my hand,
I lose by the house what I get by the land;
But how to dispose of it to the best bidder,
For a *barrack* or *malt-house*, we now must consider.
'First, let me suppose I make it a malt-house,
Here I have computed the profit will fall to us;
There's nine hundred pounds for labour and grain,
I increase it to twelve, so three hundred remain;
A handsome addition for wine and good cheer,
Three dishes a day, and three hogsheads a year:
With a dozen large vessels my vault shall be stored;
No little scrub joint shall come on my board;
And you and the dean no more shall combine
To stint me at night to one bottle of wine;
Nor shall I, for his humour, permit you to purloin
A stone and a quarter of beef from my sirloin.
If I make it a barrack, the Crown is my tenant;
My dear, I have pondered again and again on 't:
In poundage and drawbacks I lose half my rent,
Whatever they give me, I must be content,
Or join with the court in every debate;
And rather than that I would lose my estate.'
Thus ended the knight: thus began his meek wife:
'It *must* and it *shall* be a barrack, my life.
I'm grown a mere mopus; no company comes,
But a rabble of tenants and rusty dull rums.[3]
With parsons what lady can keep herself clean?
I'm all over daubed when I sit by the dean.
But if you will give us a barrack, my dear,
The captain, I'm sure, will always come here;
I then shall not value his deanship a straw,
For the captain, I warrant, will keep him in awe;
Or should he pretend to be brisk and alert,
Will tell him that chaplains should not be so pert;
That men of his coat should be minding their prayers,
And not among ladies to give themselves airs.'
Thus argued my lady, but argued in vain;
The knight his opinion resolved to maintain.
But Hannah,[4] who listened to all that was past,
And could not endure so vulgar a taste,
As soon as her ladyship called to be dressed,
Cried: 'Madam, why, surely my master's possessed.

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[1] Colonel Francis Chartres or Charteris, of infamous character, on whom a severe indignant epitaph was written by Arbuthnot.

[2] In 1713 the Queen was prevailed upon to issue a proclamation offering £300 for the discovery of the author of a pamphlet called *The Public Spirit of the Whigs:* and in Ireland, in the year 1724, Lord Carteret, as Viceroy of Ireland, offered the like reward of £300 to any person who would discover the author of *The Drapier's Fourth Letter.*

[*] Swift spent almost a whole year (1728-9) at Gosford, in the north of Ireland, the seat of Sir Arthur Acheson, assisting Sir Arthur in his agricultural improvements, and lecturing, as usual, the lady of the manor upon the improvement of her health by walking, and her mind by reading. The circumstance of Sir Arthur letting a ruinous building, called Hamilton's Bawn, to the crown for a barrack, gave rise to one of the dean's most lively pieces of fugitive humour.—*Scott's Life of Swift.* A bawn is strictly a place near a house, inclosed with mud or stone walls, to keep the cattle.

[1] Sir Arthur Acheson, an intimate friend of the poet. Sir Arthur was ancestor of the present Earl of Gosford.

[2] A large old house belonging to Sir Arthur, two miles from his residence.

[3] A cant word in Ireland for a poor country clergyman.

[4] My lady's waiting-maid.

Sir Arthur the maltster! how fine it will sound!
I'd rather the bawn were sunk under ground.
But, madam, I guessed there would never come good,
When I saw him so often with Darby and Wood.[1]
And now my dream's out; for I was a-dreamed
That I saw a huge rat; O dear, how I screamed!
And after, methought, I had lost my new shoes;
And Molly she said I should hear some ill news.
Dear madam, had you but the spirit to tease,
You might have a barrack whenever you please:
And, madam, I always believed you so stout,
That for twenty denials you would not give out.
If I had a husband like him, I *purtest*,
'Till he gave me my will, I would give him no rest;
And rather than come in the same pair of sheets
With such a cross man, I would lie in the streets.
But, madam, I beg you contrive and invent,
And worry him out, till he gives his consent.
'Dear madam, whene'er of a barrack I think,
An' I were to be hanged, I can't sleep a wink:
For if a new crotchet comes into my brain,
I can't get it out, though I'd never so fain.
I fancy already a barrack contrived,
At Hamilton's Bawn, and the troop is arrived;
Of this, to be sure, Sir Arthur, has warning,
And waits on the captain betimes the next morning.
'Now see when they meet how their honours behave:
Noble captain, your servant—Sir Arthur, your slave;
You honour me much—The honour is mine—
'Twas a sad rainy night—But the morning is fine.
Pray, how does my lady?—My wife's at your service.
I think I have seen her picture by Jervas.
Good-morrow, good captain—I'll wait on you down—
You shan't stir a foot—You'll think me a clown—
For all the world, captain, not half an inch farther—
You must be obeyed—your servant, Sir Arthur;
My humble respects to my lady unknown—
I hope you will use my house as your own.'
'Go, bring me my smock, and leave off your prate;
Thou hast certainly gotten a cup in thy pate.'
'Pray, madam, be quiet: what was it I said?
You had like to have put it quite out of my head.
'Next day, to be sure, the captain will come
At the head of his troop, with trumpet and drum;
Now, madam, observe how he marches in state;
The man with the kettle-drum enters the gate;
Dub, dub, adub, dub. The trumpeters follow,
Tantara, tantara, while all the boys halloo.
See now comes the captain all daubed with gold-lace;
O la! the sweet gentleman, look in his face;
And see how he rides like a lord of the land,
With the fine flaming sword that he holds in his hand;
And his horse, the dear *creter*, it prances and rears,
With ribbons and knots at its tail and its ears;
At last comes the troop, by the word of command,
Drawn up in our court, when the captain cries "Stand."
Your ladyship lifts up the sash to be seen
(For sure I had dizened you out like a queen);
The captain, to shew he is proud of the favour,
Looks up to your window, and cocks up his beaver.
(His beaver is cocked; pray, madam, mark that,
For a captain of horse never takes off his hat;
Because he has never a hand that is idle,
For the right holds the sword, and the left holds the bridle);
Then flourishes thrice his sword in the air,
As a compliment due to a lady so fair;
(How I tremble to think of the blood it hath spilt!)
Then he lowers down the point and kisses the hilt.
Your ladyship smiles, and thus you begin:
"Pray, captain, be pleased to alight and walk in."
The captain salutes you with congee profound,
And your ladyship curtsies half-way to the ground.
"Kit, run to your master, and bid him come to us;
I'm sure he'll be proud of the honour you do us;
And, captain, you'll do us the favour to stay,
And take a short dinner here with us to-day;
You're heartily welcome; but as for good cheer,
You come in the very worst time of the year.
If I had expected so worthy a guest"——
"Lord, madam! your ladyship sure is in jest;
You banter me, madam, the kingdom must grant"——
"You officers, captain, are so complaisant."'
'Hist, hussy; I think I hear somebody coming;'——
'No, madam; 'tis only Sir Arthur a-humming.
'To shorten my tale (for I hate a long story),
The captain at dinner appears in his glory;
The dean and the doctor[1] have humbled their pride,
For the captain's entreated to sit by your side;
And, because he's their betters, you carve for him first.
The parsons for envy are ready to burst;
The servants amazed are scarce ever able
To keep off their eyes, as they wait at the table;
And Molly and I have thrust in our nose
To peep at the captain in all his fine clothes;
Dear madam, be sure he's a fine-spoken man;
Do but hear on the clergy how glib his tongue ran;
"And, madam," says he, "if such dinners you give,
You'll never want parsons as long as you live;
I ne'er knew a parson without a good nose,
But the devil's as welcome wherever he goes.
G— d—— me, they bid us reform and repent,
But, zounds, by their looks they never keep Lent.
Mister curate, for all your grave looks, I'm afraid
You cast a sheep's eye on her ladyship's maid;
I wish she would lend you her pretty white hand
In mending your cassock, and smoothing your band;
(For the dean was so shabby, and looked like a ninny,
That the captain supposed he was curate to Jenny).
Whenever you see a cassock and gown,
A hundred to one but it covers a clown;
Observe how a parson comes into a room;
G— d—— me, he hobbles as bad as my groom.
A scholard, when just from his college broke loose,
Can hardly tell how to cry *bo* to a goose;
Your *Noveds* and *Bluturks* and *Omurs*[2] and stuff,
By G—, they don't signify this pinch of snuff.
To give a young gentleman right education,
The army's the only good school in the nation;
My schoolmaster called me a dunce and a fool,
But at cuffs I was always the cock of the school;
I never could take to my book for the blood o' me,
And the puppy confessed he expected no good o' me.
He caught me one morning coquetting his wife,
But he mauled me; I ne'er was so mauled in my life;
So I took to the road, and what's very odd,
The first man I robbed was a parson, by G—.
Now, madam, you'll think it a strange thing to say,
But the sight of a book makes me sick to this day."
'Never since I was born did I hear so much wit,
And, madam, I laughed till I thought I should split.
So then you looked scornful, and sniffed at the dean,
As who should say, *Now am I Skinny and Lean?*[3]
But he durst not so much as once open his lips,
And the doctor was plaguily down in the hips.'
Thus merciless Hannah ran on in her talk,
Till she heard the dean call: 'Will your ladyship walk?'
Her ladyship answers: 'I'm just coming down.'
Then turning to Hannah, and forcing a frown,
Although it was plain in her heart she was glad,
Cried: 'Hussy! why sure the wench is gone mad;
How could these chimeras get into your brains?
Come hither, and take this old gown for your pains.
But the dean, if this secret should come to his ears,
Will never have done with his gibes and his jeers.

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[1] Two of Sir Arthur's managers.

[1] Dr Jenny, a clergyman in the neighbourhood.

[2] Ovids, Plutarchs, Homers.

[3] Nicknames for my lady.

For your life, not a word of the matter, I charge ye;
Give me but a barrack, a fig for the clergy.'

### ALEXANDER POPE.

United with Swift in friendship and in fame, but possessing far higher powers as a poet, and more refined taste as a satirist, was ALEXANDER POPE, born in London, May 21, 1688. He claimed to be of 'gentle blood,' and stated that his father was of a gentleman's family in Oxfordshire, the head of which was the Earl of Downe; his mother was the daughter of William Turner, Esq. of York. To this information, a relative of the poet added, that Pope's grandfather was a clergyman in Hampshire, who had two sons, the younger of whom, Alexander, the poet's father, was sent to Lisbon to be placed in a mercantile house, and that there he became a Roman Catholic. Recent researches have been directed to the poet's personal history, and it has been found that at the proper period (from 1631 to 1645), there was a Hampshire clergyman of the name of Alexander Pope, rector of Thruxton, and holding two other livings in the same county; but as there is no memorial of him in the church, and no entry in the register of his having had children, it is still doubtful whether this rector of Thruxton was an ancestor of the poet. The poet's maternal descent has been clearly traced.* His grandfather, Mr William Turner, held property in Yorkshire, including the manor of Towthorpe, which he inherited from his uncle. He was wealthy, but did not take rank amongst the gentry, as there is no mention of the Turner family in the *Herald's Visitations*. Of the reputed alliance with the Earls of Downe there is no proof; if the poet's family was of the same stock, it must have been two centuries before his birth, when the Popes, afterwards ennobled as Earls of Downe, were in the rank of humble yeomen. In 1677 the poet's father is found carrying on business as a linen-merchant in London, and having acquired a respectable competency by trade, and additional property by his marriage with Edith Turnér—who enjoyed £70 per annum, a rent-charge on an estate in Yorkshire—he retired from business about the year 1688, to a small estate which he had purchased at Binfield, near Windsor. The poet was partly educated by the family priest. He was afterwards sent to a Catholic seminary at Twyford, near Winchester, where he lampooned his teacher, was severely whipped, and then removed to a small school in London, where he learned little or nothing. In his twelfth or thirteenth year, he returned home to Binfield, and devoted himself to a course of self-instruction, and to the enthusiastic pursuit of literature. He delighted to remember that he had seen Dryden; and as Dryden died on the 1st of May 1700, his youthful admirer could not have been quite twelve years of age. But Pope was then a poet.

As yet a child, and all unknown to fame,
I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.

At the age of sixteen, he had commenced his *Pastorals*, translated part of Statius, and written imitations of Waller and other English poets. He soon became acquainted with some of the most eminent persons of the age—with Walsh, Wycherley, Congreve, Lansdowne, and Garth; and from this time his life was that of a popular poet enjoying high social distinction. His *Pastorals* were published in Tonson's *Miscellany* in 1709. In 1711 appeared his *Essay on Criticism*, which is said to have been composed two years before publication, when Pope was only twenty-one. The ripeness of judgment which it displays is remarkable. Addison commended the *Essay* warmly in the *Spectator*, and it soon rose into great popularity. The style of Pope was now formed and complete. His versification was that of his master, Dryden, but he gave the heroic couplet a peculiar terseness, correctness, and melody. The *Essay* was shortly afterwards followed by the *Rape of the Lock* (1712). The stealing of a lock of hair from a beauty of the day, Miss Arabella Fermor, by her lover, Lord Petre, was taken seriously, and caused an estrangement between the families, and Pope wrote his poem to make a jest of the affair, 'and laugh them together again.' In this he did not succeed, but he added greatly to his reputation by the effort. The *machinery* of the poem, founded upon the Rosicrucian theory, that the elements are inhabited by spirits, which they called sylphs, gnomes, nymphs, and salamanders, was added in 1713, and published in the spring of 1714. The addition forms the most perfect work of Pope's genius and art. Sylphs had been previously mentioned as invisible attendants on the fair, and the idea is shadowed out in Shakspeare's Ariel, and the amusements of the fairies in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. But Pope has blended the most delicate satire with the most lively fancy, and produced the finest and most brilliant mock-heroic poem in the world. 'It is,' says Johnson, 'the most airy, the most ingenious, and the most delightful of all Pope's compositions.' In 1713 appeared his *Windsor Forest*, evidently founded on Denham's *Cooper's Hill*, which it far excels. Pope was, properly speaking, no mere descriptive poet. He made the picturesque subservient to views of historical events, or to sketches of life and morals. But most of the *Windsor Forest* being composed in his earlier years, amidst the shades of those noble woods which he selected for the theme of his verse, there is in this poem a greater display of sympathy with external nature and rural objects than in any of his other works. The lawns and glades of the forest, the russet plains, and blue hills, and even the 'purple dyes' of the 'wild heath,' had struck his young imagination. His account of the dying pheasant is a finished picture—

See! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
And mounts exulting on triumphant wings:
Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
Ah! what avail his glossy varying dyes,
His purple crest and scarlet-circled eyes;
The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold?

Another fine painting of external nature, as picturesque as any to be found in the purely descriptive poets, is the winter-piece in the *Temple of*

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* *Critical and Historical Tracts*, by Joseph Hunter, No. 5. London. 1857.

*Fame*—a vision after Chaucer, published by Pope in 1715—

> So Zembla's rocks—the beauteous work of frost—
> Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast;
> Pale suns, unfelt, at distance roll away,
> And on the impassive ice the lightnings play;
> External snows the growing mass supply,
> Till the bright mountains prop the incumbent sky:
> As Atlas fixed, each hoary pile appears,
> The gathered winter of a thousand years.

Pope now commenced his translation of the *Iliad*, for which he issued proposals in 1713. It was published at intervals between 1715 and 1720. At first, the gigantic task oppressed him with its difficulty. He was but an indifferent Greek scholar; but gradually he grew more familiar with Homer's images and expressions, and in a short time was able to despatch fifty verses a day. Great part of the manuscript was written upon the backs and covers of letters, evincing that it was not without reason Swift called him *paper-sparing* Pope. The poet obtained a clear sum of £5320, 4*s.* by this translation. His exclamation—

> And thanks to Homer, since I live and thrive,
> Indebted to no prince or peer alive—

was, however, scarcely just, if we consider that this large sum was in part a 'benevolence' from the upper classes of society, designed to reward his literary merit. The fame of Pope was not advanced in an equal degree with his fortune by his labours as a translator. The 'fatal facility' of his rhyme, the additional false ornaments which he imparted to the ancient Greek, and his departure from the nice discrimination of character and speech which prevails in Homer, are faults now universally admitted. Cowper—though he failed himself in Homer—justly remarks, that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* in Pope's hands 'have no more the air of antiquity than if he had himself invented them.' They still, however, maintain their popularity with the great mass of readers, and are unequalled in splendid versification. The *Odyssey* was not published until 1725, and Pope on this occasion called in the assistance of his poetical friends Broome and Fenton. These two coadjutors translated twelve books, and the notes were compiled by Broome, who received from Pope a sum of £500, besides being allowed the subscriptions collected from personal friends, amounting to £70, 4s. Fenton's share was only £200. Deducting the sums paid to his co-translators, Pope realised by the *Odyssey* upwards of £3500; and together the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* had brought to the poet a fortune of from eight to nine thousand pounds—a striking instance of the princely patronage then extended to literature.

While engaged with the *Iliad*, Pope removed from Binfield, his father having sold his estate there, and resided, from April 1716 till the beginning of 1718, at Chiswick. Here he collected and published his poetical works; and in this volume first appeared the most picturesque, melodious, and passionate of all his productions, the *Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady*, and the *Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard*. The delicacy of the poet in veiling over the story of Abelard and Eloisa, and at the same time preserving the ardour of Eloisa's passion; the beauty of his imagery and descriptions; the exquisite melody of his versification, rising and falling like the tones of an Eolian harp, as he successively portrays the tumults of guilty love, the deepest penitence, and the highest devotional rapture, have never been surpassed. If less genial tastes and a love of satire withdrew Pope from those fountain-springs of the muse, it was obviously from no want of power in the poet to display the richest hues of imagination, or the finest impulses of the heart. At Chiswick, Pope's father died (October 23, 1717), and shortly afterwards the poet removed with his aged mother to Twickenham, where he had taken a lease of a house and grounds, and where he continued to reside during the remainder of his life. This classic spot, which Pope delighted to improve, and where he was visited by ministers of state, wits, poets, and beauties, is now greatly defaced—his house pulled down, and his pleasure-grounds broken up and vulgarised.*

Having completed the *Iliad*, the poet's next great undertaking was an edition of Shakspeare, published in 1725, in six quarto volumes. The preface to this work is the best of his prose productions, but Pope failed as an editor. He wanted the requisite knowledge of Elizabethan literature, and the diligence necessary to collate copies and fix and illustrate the text. Fenton gave assistance in this edition of Shakspeare, for which he received £30, 14*s.* Pope's remuneration as editor was £217, 12*s.* In 1727 and 1728, Pope published, in conjunction with his friend Swift, three volumes of *Miscellanies*, which drew down upon the authors a torrent of invective, lampoons, and libels, and led to the *Dunciad*. This elaborate and splendid satire was first printed in an imperfect form in May 1728, then enlarged with notes, the *Prolegomena* of Scriblerus, &c. and published in April 1729. The work displays the fertile invention of the poet, the variety of illustration at his command, and the unrivalled force and facility of his diction; but it is often indelicate, and still oftener unjust towards the miserable poets and critics against whom he waged war. 'I have often wondered,' says Cowper, 'that the same poet who wrote the *Dunciad* should have written these lines:

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* Pope's house was not large, but sufficiently commodious for the wants of an English gentleman whose friends visited himself rather than his dwelling, and who were superior to the necessity of stately ceremonial. On one side it fronted to the road, which it closely adjoined; on the other, to a narrow lawn sloping to the Thames. A piece of pleasure-ground, including a garden, was cut off by the public road; an awkward and unpoetical arrangement, which the proprietor did his best to improve, by constructing his grotto or passage below the highway. After the poet's death, the villa was purchased by Sir William Stanhope, and subsequently occupied by Lord Mendip; but, being in 1807 sold to the Baroness Howe, it was by that lady taken down, that a larger house might be built near its site. The grounds have suffered a complete change since Pope's time, and an obelisk which he erected to the memory of his mother, at their further extremity, has been removed. The only certain remnants of the poet's mansion are the vaults upon which it was built, three in number, the central one being connected with a tunnel, which, passing under the road, gives admission to the grounds; while the side ones are of the character of grottos, paved with square bricks, and stuck over with shells. It is curious to find over the central stone of the entrance into the left of these grottos, a large ammonite; and over the other, the piece of hardened clay in which its cast was left. Pope must have regarded these merely as curiosities, or *lusus naturæ*, little dreaming of the wonderful tale of the early condition of our globe which they assist in telling. A short narrow piazza in front of the grottos is probably 'the evening colonnade' of the lines on the absence of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. The taste with which Pope laid out his grounds at Twickenham (five acres in all), had a marked effect on English landscape-gardening. The Prince of Wales took the design of his garden from the poet's; and Kent, the improver and embellisher of pleasure-grounds, received his best lessons from Pope. He aided materially in banishing the stiff formal Dutch style.

That mercy I to others shew,
That mercy shew to me.

Alas for Pope, if the mercy he shewed to others was the measure of the mercy he received!' Sir Walter Scott has justly remarked, that Pope must have suffered the most from these wretched contentions. His propensity to satire was, however, irresistible; he was eminently sensitive, vain, and irritable, and implacable in his resentment towards all who had questioned or slighted his poetical supremacy. His next works were more worthy of his fame. Between the years 1731 and 1735, he had published his Epistles to Burlington, Bathurst, Cobham, and Arbuthnot, and also his greatest ethical work, his *Essay on Man*, being part of a course of moral philosophy in verse which he projected. The *Essay* is now read, not for its philosophy, but for its poetry. Its metaphysical distinctions are neglected for those splendid passages and striking incidents which irradiate the poem. In lines like the following, he speaks with a mingled sweetness and dignity superior to his great master Dryden:

### *Hope.*

Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never is, but always to be blest.
The soul, uneasy and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

### *The Poor Indian.*

Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul, proud Science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk or milky way;
Yet simple nature to his hope has given
Behind the cloud-topped hill an humbler heaven;
Some safer world in depth of woods embraced,
Some happier island in the watery waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

### *Happiness.*

O Happiness! our being's end and aim,
Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content, whate'er thy name;
That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die;
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlooked, seen double by the fool and wise!
Plant of celestial seed! if dropped below,
Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?
Fair opening to some court's propitious shine,
Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine?
Twined with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
Or reaped in iron harvests of the field?
Where grows!—where grows it not? If vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil:
Fixed to no spot is Happiness sincere;
'Tis nowhere to be found, or everywhere;
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And, fled from monarchs, St John! dwells with thee.
Ask of the learned the way! The learned are blind;
This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind;
Some place the bliss in action, some in ease;
Those call it pleasure, and contentment these;
Some, sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain;
Some, swelled to gods, confess e'en virtue vain;
Or indolent, to each extreme they fall,
To trust in everything, or doubt of all.

The *Essay on Man* is in four Epistles, the first of which was published anonymously in February 1733, and the second about three months afterwards. The third and fourth appeared in the winter of 1733-4. The right to print these Epistles *for one year* was bought by a publisher, Gilliver, for £50 an epistle.

Pope's future labours were chiefly confined to satire. Misfortunes were also now gathering round him. Swift was fast verging on imbecility, and was lost to the world; Atterbury and Gay died in 1732; and next year his venerable mother, whose declining years he had watched with affectionate solicitude, also expired. Between the years 1735 and 1739, Pope published his inimitable *Imitations of Horace*, satirical, moral, and critical, containing the most noble and generous sentiments, mixed up with withering invective and the fiercest denunciations. In 1742, he added a fourth book to the *Dunciad*, displaying the final advent of the goddess to destroy order and science, and to substitute the kingdom of the dull upon earth. The point of his individual satire, and the richness and boldness of his general design, attest the undiminished powers and intense feeling of the poet. Next year, Pope prepared a new edition of the four books of the *Dunciad*, and elevated Colley Cibber to the situation of hero of the poem. This unenviable honour had previously been enjoyed by Theobald, a tasteless critic but successful commentator on Shakspeare; and in thus yielding to his personal dislike of Cibber, Pope injured the force of his satire. The laureate, as Warton justly remarks, 'with a great stock of levity, vanity, and affectation, had sense, and wit, and humour; and the author of the *Careless Husband* was by no means a proper king of the dunces.' Cibber was all vivacity and conceit—the very reverse of personified dulness,

Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound.

Political events came in the rear of this accumulated and vehement satire to agitate the last days of Pope. The anticipated approach of the Pretender led the government to issue a proclamation prohibiting every Roman Catholic from appearing within ten miles of London. The poet complied with the proclamation; and he was soon afterwards too ill to be in town. This 'additional proclamation from the Highest of all Powers,' as he terms his sickness, he submitted to without murmuring. A constant state of excitement, added to a life of ceaseless study and contemplation, operating on a frame naturally delicate and deformed from birth, had completely exhausted the powers of Pope. He complained of his inability to think; yet, a short time before his death, he said: 'I am so certain of the soul's being immortal, that I seem to feel it within me as it were by intuition.' Another of his dying remarks was: 'There is nothing that is meritorious but virtue and friendship; and, indeed, friendship itself is only a part of virtue.' He died at Twickenham on the 30th of May 1744.

The character and genius of Pope have given rise to abundance of comment and speculation. The occasional fierceness and petulance of his satire cannot be justified, and must be ascribed to his extreme sensibility, to over-indulged vanity, and to a hasty and irritable temper. His sickly constitution debarring him from active pursuits, he placed too high a value on mere literary fame, and was deficient in the manly virtues of sincerity and candour. There was no artifice to which he was not willing to stoop to elevate his own reputation or lower that of an opponent. The most elaborate of his stratagems was that by which he published his correspondence, charging the publication upon some unknown literary burglar in alliance with Curll the bookseller. The whole of his literary history is indeed full of small plots and manœuvring, and no reliance can be placed on his statements. He appreciated moral excellence—the feeling and the admiration were there —but the lower part of his nature was constantly dragging him down to little meannesses and duplicity. At the same time he was a public benefactor, by stigmatising the vices of the great, and lashing the absurd pretenders to taste and literature. He was a fond and steady friend; and in all our literary biography, there is nothing finer than his constant undeviating affection and reverence for his venerable parents.

> Me let the tender office long engage,
> To rock the cradle of reposing age;
> With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
> Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death;
> Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
> And keep at least one parent from the sky.
>
> *Prologue to the Satires.*

As a poet, it would be absurd to rank Pope with the greatest masters of the lyre. He was the poet of artificial life and manners rather than the poet of nature. He was a nice observer and an accurate describer of the phenomena of the mind and of the varying shades and gradations of vice and virtue, wisdom and folly. He was too fond of point and antithesis, but the polish of the weapon was equalled by its keenness. 'Let us look,' says Campbell, 'to the spirit that points his antithesis, and to the rapid precision of his thoughts, and we shall forgive him for being too antithetic and sententious.' His wit, fancy, and *good sense* are as remarkable as his satire. His elegance has never been surpassed, or perhaps equalled: it is a combination of intellect, imagination, and taste, under the direction of an independent spirit and refined moral feeling. If he had studied more in the school of nature and of Shakspeare, and less in the school of Horace and Boileau; if he had cherished the frame and spirit in which he composed the *Elegy* and the *Eloisa*, and forgot his too exclusive devotion to that which inspired the *Dunciad*, the world would have hallowed his memory with a still more affectionate and permanent interest than even that which waits on him as one of our most brilliant and accomplished English poets.

Mr Campbell in his *Specimens* has given an eloquent estimate of the general powers of Pope, with reference to his position as a poet: 'That Pope was neither so insensible to the beauties of nature, nor so indistinct in describing them, as to forget the character of a genuine poet, is what I mean to urge, without exaggerating his picturesqueness. But before speaking of that quality in his writings, I would beg leave to observe, in the first place, that the faculty by which a poet luminously describes objects of art, is essentially the same faculty which enables him to be a faithful describer of simple nature; in the second place, that nature and art are to a greater degree relative terms in poetical description than is generally recollected; and, thirdly, that artificial objects and manners are of so much importance in fiction, as to make the exquisite description of them no less characteristic of genius than the description of simple physical appearances. The poet is "creation's heir." He deepens our social interest in existence. It is surely by the liveliness of the interest which he excites in existence, and not by the class of subjects which he chooses, that we most fairly appreciate the genius or the life of life which is in him. It is no irreverence to the external charms of nature to say, that they are not more important to a poet's study than the manners and affections of his species. Nature is the poet's goddess; but by nature, no one rightly understands her mere inanimate face, however charming it may be, or the simple landscape-painting of trees, clouds, precipices, and flowers. Why, then, try Pope, or any other poet, exclusively by his powers of describing inanimate phenomena? Nature, in the wide and proper sense of the word, means life in all its circumstances—nature, moral as well as external. As the subject of inspired fiction, nature includes artificial forms and manners. Richardson is no less a painter of nature than Homer. Homer himself is a minute describer of works of art; and Milton is full of imagery derived from it. Satan's spear is compared to the pine that makes "the mast of some great ammiral;" and his shield is like the moon, but like the moon artificially seen through the glass of the Tuscan artist. The "spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife, the royal banner, and all the quality, pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war," are all artificial images. When Shakspeare groups into one view the most sublime objects of the universe, he fixes on "the cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples." Those who have ever witnessed the spectacle of the launching of a ship-of-the-line, will perhaps forgive me for adding this to the examples of the sublime objects of artificial life. Of that spectacle I can never forget the impression, and of having witnessed it reflected from the faces of ten thousand spectators. They seem yet before me. I sympathise with their deep and silent expectation, and with their final burst of enthusiasm. It was not a vulgar joy, but an affecting national solemnity. When the vast bulwark sprang from her cradle, the calm water on which she swung majestically round, gave the imagination a contrast of the stormy element in which she was soon to ride. All the days of battle and nights of danger which she had to encounter, all the ends of the earth which she had to visit, and all that she had to do and to suffer for her country, rose in awful presentiment before the mind; and when the heart gave her a benediction, it was like one pronounced on a living being.'

Pope has had numerous editors and annotators. Warburton's authorised edition, containing the poet's last corrections, was published in nine volumes, 1751. In 1797, appeared an enlarged edition, with memoir, notes, and illustrations, by Joseph Warton, in nine volumes; in 1806, the Rev. W. Lisle Bowles edited another edition, in ten volumes, which contained some additional letters and notes, and an original memoir of the poet, which led to some controversy; and in 1871, the Rev. Whitwell Elwin commenced an edition, also to extend to ten volumes, and to include several hundred unpublished letters and other new materials, collected in part by the Right Hon. John Wilson Croker. Of the poetical works (apart from the prose treatises and correspondence) editions have been published by the Rev. A. Dyce (1835), the Rev. Dr George Croly (1835), the Rev. H. F. Cary (1853), and Adolphus W. Ward, M.A. (1869). Of these, the last is incomparably the best.

### *The Messiah: A Sacred Eclogue. Composed of Several Passages of Isaiah the Prophet. Written in Imitation of Virgil's Pollio.*[*]

Ye nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and the Aonian maids,
Delight no more—O thou my voice inspire,
Who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire!
Rapt into future times, the bard begun:
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies:
The ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
Ye heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly shower.
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail;
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-robed Innocence from heaven descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn!
Oh, spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
See, nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring!
See lofty Lebanon his head advance!
See nodding forests on the mountains dance!
See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears!
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply;
The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity.
Lo! earth receives him from the bending skies;
Sink down, ye mountains; and ye valleys, rise;
With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay;
Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way!
The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold:
Hear him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eyeball pour the day:
'Tis he the obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm the unfolding ear:
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear;
From every face he wipes off every tear.
In adamantine chains shall Death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air,
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects,
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promised Father of the future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes;
Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more:
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sowed, shall reap the field.
The swain, in barren deserts with surprise
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds, to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
On drifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
Waste sandy valleys, once perplexed with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn:
To leafless shrubs the flowering palm succeed,
And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead:
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleased, the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forky tongue shall innocently play.
Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes!
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn!
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barbarous nations at thy gate attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend!
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
And heaped with products of Sabæan springs;
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn;
But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: the Light himself shall shine
Revealed, and God's eternal day be thine!
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed his word, his saving power remains;
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!

### *The Toilet.—From 'The Rape of the Lock.'*

And now, unveiled, the toilet stands displayed,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid;
First, robed in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncovered, the cosmetic powers.
A heavenly image in the glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her eye she rears;
The inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling begins the sacred rites of pride.
Unnumbered treasures ope at once, and here
The various offerings of the world appear;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transformed to combs, the speckled and the white.

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[*] First published in the *Spectator* for May 14, 1712.

Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, Bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy sylphs surround their darling care,
These set the head, and these divide the hair;
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown,
And Betty's praised for labours not her own.

### *Description of Belinda and the Sylphs.*

From the same.

Not with more glories, in the ethereal plain,
The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than issuing forth, the rival of his beams,
Launched on the bosom of the silver Thames.
Fair nymphs and well-drest youths around her shone,
But every eye was fixed on her alone.
On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfixed as those.
Favours to none, to all she smiles extends;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide;
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.
This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourished two locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conspired to deck,
With shining ringlets, the smooth ivory neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes we the birds betray,
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey;
Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.
The advent'rous baron the bright locks admired;
He saw, he wished, and to the prize aspired.
Resolved to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
For when success a lover's toil attends,
Few ask if fraud or force attained his ends.
For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implored
Propitious heaven, and every power adored;
But chiefly Love—to Love an altar built,
Of twelve vast French romances, neatly gilt.
There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves,
And all the trophies of his former loves;
With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three amorous sighs to raise the fire.
Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize;
The powers gave ear, and granted half his prayer,
The rest the winds dispersed in empty air.
But now secure the painted vessel glides
The sunbeams trembling on the floating tides:
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And softened sounds along the waters die;
Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,
Belinda smiled, and all the world was gay.
All but the Sylph, with careful thoughts oppressed,
The impending woe sat heavy on his breast.
He summons straight his denizens of air;
The lucid squadrons round the sails repair.
Soft o'er the shrouds aërial whispers breathe,
That seemed but zephyrs to the train beneath.
Some to the sun their insect wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold;
Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
Their fluid bodies half dissolved in light,
Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin glittering textures of the filmy dew,
Dipped in the richest tincture of the skies,
Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes;
While every beam new transient colours flings,
Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.
Amid the circle on the gilded mast,
Superior by the head was Ariel placed;
His purple pinions opening to the sun,
He raised his azure wand, and thus begun:
'Ye sylphs and sylphids, to your chief give ear!
Fays, fairies, genii, elves, and dæmons, hear!
Ye know the spheres, and various tasks assigned
By laws eternal to the aërial kind.
Some in the fields of purest ether play
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day;
Some guide the course of wandering orbs on high,
Or roll the planets through the boundless sky;
Some, less refined, beneath the moon's pale light
Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main,
Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain.
Others on earth o'er human race preside,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:
Of these the chief the care of nations own,
And guard with arms divine the British throne.
'Our humbler province is to tend the fair,
Not a less pleasing, though less glorious care;
To save the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let the imprisoned essences exhale;
To draw fresh colours from the vernal flowers;
To steal from rainbows ere they drop in showers
A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;
Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
To change a flounce, or add a furbelow.'

### *From 'Eloisa to Abelard.'*

In these deep solitudes and awful cells,
Where heavenly-pensive Contemplation dwells,
And ever-musing Melancholy reigns,
What means this tumult in a vestal's veins?
Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat?
Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat?
Yet, yet I love!—From Abelard it came,
And Eloisa yet must kiss the name.
Dear, fatal name! rest ever unrevealed,
Nor pass these lips in holy silence sealed:
Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
Where, mixed with God's, his loved idea lies:
O write it not, my hand—the name appears
Already written—wash it out, my tears!
In vain lost Eloisa weeps and prays,
Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys.
Relentless walls! whose darksome round contains
Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains:
Ye rugged rocks, which holy knees have worn;
Ye grots and caverns shagged with horrid thorn!
Shrines, where their vigils pale-eyed virgins keep,
And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep!
Though cold like you, unmoved and silent grown,
I have not yet forgot myself to stone.
All is not heaven's while Abelard has part,
Still rebel nature holds out half my heart;
Nor prayers nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain,
Nor tears for ages taught to flow in vain.
Soon as thy letters trembling I unclose,
That well-known name awakens all my woes.
Oh, name for ever sad, for ever dear!
Still breathed in sighs, still ushered with a tear.
I tremble, too, where'er my own I find,
Some dire misfortune follows close behind.

Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow,
Led through a sad variety of woe:
Now warm in love, now withering in my bloom,
Lost in a convent's solitary gloom!
There stern religion quenched the unwilling flame,
There died the best of passions, love and fame.
Yet write, oh, write me all, that I may join
Grief to thy griefs, and echo sighs to thine!
Nor foes nor fortune take this power away;
And is my Abelard less kind than they?
Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare;
Love but demands what else were shed in prayer:
No happier task these faded eyes pursue;
To read and weep is all they now can do.
Then share thy pain, allow that sad relief;
Ah, more than share it, give me all thy grief.
Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banished lover, or some captive maid;
They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires.
The virgin's wish without her fears impart,
Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart,
Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the pole. . . .
Ah, think at least thy flock deserves thy care,
Plants of thy hand, and children of thy prayer;
From the false world in early youth they fled,
By thee to mountains, wilds, and deserts led,
You raised these hallowed walls; the desert smiled,
And Paradise was opened in the wild.
No weeping orphan saw his father's stores
Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors;
No silver saints, by dying misers given,
Here bribed the rage of ill-requited heaven:
But such plain roofs as piety could raise,
And only vocal with the Maker's praise.
In these lone walls—their day's eternal bound—
These moss-grown domes with spiry turrets crowned,
Where awful arches make a noonday night,
And the dim windows shed a solemn light;
Thy eyes diffused a reconciling ray,
And gleams of glory brightened all the day.
But now no face divine contentment wears,
'Tis all blank sadness or continual tears.
See how the force of others' prayers I try,
O pious fraud of amorous charity!
But why should I on others' prayers depend?
Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend!
Ah, let thy handmaid, sister, daughter, move,
And all those tender names in one, thy love!
The darksome pines that o'er yon rocks reclined,
Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind;
The wand'ring streams that shine between the hills,
The grots that echo to the tinkling rills,
The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze;
No more these scenes my meditation aid,
Or lull to rest the visionary maid.
But o'er the twilight groves and dusty caves,
Long sounding aisles, and intermingled graves,
Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws
A deathlike silence, and a dread repose:
Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
Shades every flower, and darkens every green,
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods. . . .
What scenes appear where'er I turn my view!
The dear ideas, where I fly, pursue,
Rise in the grove, before the altar rise,
Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes.
I waste the matin-lamp in sighs for thee;
Thy image steals between my God and me;
Thy voice I seem in every hymn to hear,
With every bead I drop too soft a tear.
When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll,
And swelling organs lift the rising soul,
One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight;
In seas of flame my plunging soul is drowned,
While altars blaze, and angels tremble round.
While prostrate here in humble grief I lie,
Kind virtuous drops just gathering in my eye;
While praying, trembling in the dust I roll,
And dawning grace is opening on my soul:
Come, if thou dar'st, all charming as thou art!
Oppose thyself to heaven; dispute my heart:
Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes
Blot out each bright idea of the skies;
Take back that grace, those sorrows, and those tears;
Take back my fruitless penitence and prayers;
Snatch me, just mounting, from the blest abode;
Assist the fiends, and tear me from my God!
No, fly me, fly me! far as pole from pole;
Rise Alps between us! and whole oceans roll!
Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee.
Thy oaths I quit, thy memory resign;
Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.
Fair eyes, and tempting looks (which yet I view!)
Long loved, adored ideas, all adieu!
O grace serene! O virtue heavenly fair!
Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care!
Fresh-blooming hope, gay daughter of the sky!
And faith, our early immortality!
Enter, each mild, each amicable guest:
Receive, and wrap me in eternal rest!

### *Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady.*

What beck'ning ghost, along the moonlight shade,
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?
'Tis she!—but why that bleeding bosom gored?
Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?
Oh, ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
Is it, in heaven, a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
To act a lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reversion in the sky,
For those who greatly think, or bravely die?
Why bade ye else, ye powers! her soul aspire
Above the vulgar flight of low desire?
Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes;
The glorious fault of angels and of gods:
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.
Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull sullen prisoners in the body's cage:
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years,
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;
Like Eastern kings,'a lazy state they keep,
And, close confined to their own palace, sleep.
From these perhaps—ere nature bade her die—
Fate snatched her early to the pitying sky.
As into air the purer spirits flow,
And separate from their kindred dregs below;
So flew the soul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.
But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood!
See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
These cheeks now fading at the blast of death;
Cold is that breast which warmed the world before,
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
Thus, if eternal justice rules the ball,
Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall:
On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
And frequent hearses shall besiege your gates:
There passengers shall stand, and, pointing, say—
While the long funerals blacken all the way—
Lo! these were they, whose souls the Furies steeled,
And cursed with hearts unknowing how to yield.
Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!

So perish all, whose breast ne'er learned to glow
For others' good, or melt at others' woe.
What can atone—Oh, ever-injured shade!—
Thy fate unpitied, and thy rites unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear
Pleased thy pale ghost, or graced thy mournful bier:
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned,
By strangers honoured, and by strangers mourned!
What though no friends in sable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances and the public show;
What though no weeping Loves thy ashes grace,
Nor polished marble emulate thy face;
What though no sacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallowed dirge be muttered o'er thy tomb;
Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be dressed,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:
There shall the Morn her earliest tears bestow;
There the first roses of the year shall blow;
While angels with their silver wings o'ershade
The ground, now sacred by thy relics made.
So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
How loved, how honoured once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee;
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!
Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung,
Deaf the praised ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
Even he whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall shortly want the generous tear he pays;
Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart;
Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
The Muse forgot, and thou beloved no more!

### *Happiness depends, not on Riches, but on Virtue.*

From the *Essay on Man*, Epistle IV.

Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and nature meant to mere mankind,
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words—Health, Peace, and Competence.
But Health consists with temperance alone;
And Peace, O virtue! Peace is all thy own.
The good or bad the gifts of fortune gain;
But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.
Say, in pursuit of profit or delight,
Who risk the most, that take wrong means or right?
Of vice or virtue, whether blest or cursed,
Which meets contempt, or which compassion first?
Count all the advantage prosperous vice attains,
'Tis but what virtue flies from and disdains:
And grant the bad what happiness they would,
One they must want, which is, to pass for good.
O blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below,
Who fancy bliss to vice, to virtue woe!
Who sees and follows that great scheme the best,
Best knows the blessing, and will most be blessed.
But fools the good alone unhappy call,
For ills or accidents that chance to all.
See Falkland dies, the virtuous and the just!
See godlike Turenne prostrate on the dust!
See Sidney bleeds amid the martial strife![*]
Was this their virtue, or contempt of life?
Say, was it virtue, more though Heaven ne'er gave,
Lamented Digby![†] sunk thee to the grave?
Tell me, if virtue made the son expire,
Why, full of days and honour, lives the sire?
Why drew Marseilles' good bishop purer breath,
When nature sickened, and each gale was death?[*]
Or why so long—in life if long can be—
Lent Heaven a parent to the poor and me? . . .
Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
Fortune in men has some small difference made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
The cobbler aproned, and the parson gowned,
The friar hooded, and the monarch crowned.
'What differ more,' you cry, 'than crown and cowl!'
I 'll tell you, friend—a wise man and a fool.
You 'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk;
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow:
The rest is all but leather or prunella.[†] . . .
But by your father's worth if yours you rate,
Count me those only who were good and great.
Go! if your ancient but ignoble blood
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood,
Go! and pretend your family is young;
Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.
What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.
Look next on greatness; say where greatness lies:
'Where, but among the heroes and the wise?'
Heroes are much the same, the point 's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;
The whole strange purpose of their lives to find,
Or make, an enemy of all mankind! . . .
If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind:
Or ravished with the whistling of a name,
See Cromwell, damned to everlasting fame!
If all united thy ambition call,
From ancient story learn to scorn them all.
There, in the rich, the honoured, famed, and great,
See the false scale of happiness complete!
In hearts of kings, or arms of queens who lay,
How happy! those to ruin, these betray:
Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,
From dirt and sea-weed as proud Venice rose;
In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,
And all that raised the hero, sunk the man:
Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold,
But stained with blood, or ill exchanged for gold:
Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in ease,
Or infamous for plundered provinces.
O wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame
E'er taught to shine, or sanctified from shame!
What greater bliss attends their close of life?
Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,
The trophied arches, storied halls invade,
And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade.
Alas! not dazzled with their noontide ray,
Compute the morn and evening to the day;
The whole amount of that enormous fame,
A tale, that blends their glory with their shame![‡]
Know then this truth—enough for man to know—
'Virtue alone is happiness below.'
The only point where human bliss stands still,
And tastes the good without the fall to ill;
Where only merit constant pay receives,
Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives;
The joy unequalled, if its end it gain,
And if it lose, attended with no pain:
Without satiety, though e'er so blessed,
And but more relished as the more distressed:

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[*] Lucius Cary, Lord Falkland, fell fighting under the royal standard, in the battle of Newbury, Sept. 20, 1643 (see *ante*, p. 355). Marshal Turenne was killed by a cannon-ball at Salzbach in Baden, July 26, 1675. Sir Philip Sidney was mortally wounded at Zutphen, Sept. 22, 1586 (see *ante*, p. 187).

[†] The Hon. Robert Digby, third son of Lord Digby, who died in 1724.

[*] M. de Belsance was made Bishop of Marseilles in 1709. He died in 1755. During the plague in Marseilles, in the year 1720, he distinguished himself by his activity.

[†] Prunella was a species of woollen stuff, of which clergymen's gowns were often made.

[‡] The allusion in this splendid passage is to the great Duke of Marlborough and his 'imperious' duchess.

The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears:
Good from each object, from each place acquired,
For ever exercised, yet never tired;
Never elated, while one man 's oppressed;
Never dejected, while another 's blessed;
And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
Since but to wish more virtue, is to gain.

### *From 'The Prologue to the Satires,' addressed to Dr Arbuthnot.*

*P.* Shut up the door, good John! fatigued I said,
Tie up the knocker; say I'm sick, I'm dead.
The dog-star rages! nay, 'tis past a doubt,
All Bedlam or Parnassus is let out:
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.
What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide?
They pierce my thickets, through my grot they glide.
By land, by water, they renew the charge;
They stop the chariot, and they board the barge.
No place is sacred, not the church is free,
Even Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me;
Then from the Mint walks forth the man of rhyme,
Happy to catch me just at dinner-time.[*]
Is there a parson, much bemused in beer,
A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,
A clerk, foredoomed his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza when he should engross?
Is there, who, locked from ink and paper, scrawls
With desperate charcoal round his darkened walls?
All fly to Twit'nam, and in humble strain
Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain. . . .
Who shames a scribbler? Break one cobweb through,
He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread anew:
Destroy his fib or sophistry; in vain!
The creature 's at his dirty work again. . . .
One dedicates in high heroic prose,
And ridicules beyond a hundred foes:
One from all Grub Street will my fame defend,
And, more abusive, calls himself my friend.
This prints my letters, that expects a bribe,
And others roar aloud: 'Subscribe, subscribe!'
There are, who to my person pay their court:
I cough like Horace, and though lean, am short.
Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high,
Such Ovid's nose, and, 'Sir! you have an eye!'
Go on, obliging creatures, make me see
All that disgraced my betters, met in me.
Say for my comfort, languishing in bed:
'Just so immortal Maro held his head;'
And when I die, be sure you let me know
Great Homer died three thousand years ago.
Why did I write? what sin to me unknown
Dipped me in ink; my parents', or my own?
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.
I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father disobeyed:
The muse but served to ease some friend, not wife;
To help me through this long disease, my life;
To second, Arbuthnot! thy art and care,
And teach the being you preserved, to bear. . . .
A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find;
But each man's secret standard in his mind,
That casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,
This, who can gratify? for who can guess?
The bard whom pilfered Pastorals renown,
Who turns a Persian tale for half-a-crown,
Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
And strains from hard-bound brains eight lines a year;[†]
He who, still wanting, though he lives on theft,
Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left:
And he, who now to sense, now nonsense leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning;
And he, whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
It is not poetry, but prose run mad:
All these my modest satire bade translate,
And owned that nine such poets made a Tate.
How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe!
And swear, not Addison himself was safe.
Peace to all such! but were there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires;
Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease:
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserved to blame or to commend,
A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend;
Dreading even fools, by flatterers besieged,
And so obliging, that he ne'er obliged;
Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;
While wits and Templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise.
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?[*] . . .
Let Sporus tremble[†]—— *A.* What! that thing of silk,
Sporus, that mere white curd of asses' milk?
Satire or sense, alas! can Sporus feel?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?
*P.* Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings;
Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way;
Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks;
Or at the ear of Eve, familiar toad,
Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,
In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies;
His wit all seesaw, between *that* and *this*,
Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,
And he himself one vile antithesis.
Amphibious thing! that acting either part,
The trifling head, or the corrupted heart,
Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,
Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.
Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have expressed:
A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest,
Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.
Not fortune's worshipper, nor fashion's fool;
Not lucre's madman, nor ambition's tool;
Not proud nor servile: be one poet's praise,
That, if he pleased, he pleased by manly ways;
That flattery even to kings he held a shame,
And thought a lie in verse or prose the same;
That not in fancy's maze he wandered long,
But stooped to truth, and moralised his song;
That not for fame, but virtue's better end,
He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,

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[*] The Mint in Southwark was a sanctuary for insolvent debtors.
[†] Ambrose Philips.

[*] The jealousy betwixt Addison and Pope, originating in literary and political rivalry, has been rendered memorable by the above highly finished and poignant satire. When Atterbury read it, he saw that Pope's strength lay in satirical poetry, and he wrote to him not to suffer that talent to be unemployed.
[†] Lord Hervey.

The damning critic, half-approving wit,
The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit;
Laughed at the loss of friends he never had,
The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;
The distant threats of vengeance on his head;
The blow, unfelt, the tear he never shed;
The tale revived, the lie so oft o'erthrown,
The imputed trash, and dulness not his own;
The morals blackened when the writings 'scape,
The libelled person, and the pictured shape;
Abuse on all he loved, or loved him, spread,
A friend in exile, or a father dead;
The whisper, that to greatness still too near,
Perhaps yet vibrates on his sovereign's ear.
Welcome for thee, fair Virtue, all the past;
For thee, fair Virtue! welcome even the last!

### *The Man of Ross.*[*]—*From 'Moral Essays, Epistle III.'*

But all our praises why should lords engross?
Rise, honest Muse! and sing the Man of Ross:
Pleased Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the skies in useless columns tossed,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost;
But clear and artless, pouring through the plain,
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
Who taught the heaven-directed spire to rise?
'The Man of Ross,' each lisping babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread:
He feeds yon almshouse, neat, but void of state,
Where age and want sit smiling at the gate:
Him portioned maids, apprenticed orphans blessed,
The young who labour, and the old who rest.
Is any sick? the Man of Ross relieves,
Prescribes, attends, and med'cine makes and gives.
Is there a variance? enter but his door,
Balked are the courts, and contest is no more:
Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
And vile attorneys, now an useless race.
*B.* Thrice happy man, enabled to pursue
What all so wish, but want the power to do!
O say, what sums that generous hand supply?
What mines to swell that boundless charity?
*P.* Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
This man possessed—five hundred pounds a year!
Blush, Grandeur, blush! proud courts, withdraw your blaze!
Ye little stars! hide your diminished rays.
*B.* And what! no monument, inscription, stone?
His race, his form, his name almost unknown?
*P.* Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name:
Go, search it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the history;
Enough, that virtue filled the space between;
Proved by the ends of being to have been.

### *Death of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.*

In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung,
The floors of plaster, and the walls of dung,
On once a flock-bed, but repaired with straw,
With tape-tied curtains, never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
Great Villiers lies[*]—alas! how changed from him,
That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim!
Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love;
Or just as gay, at council, in a ring
Of mimic statesmen, and their merry king.
No wit to flatter, left of all his store!
No fool to laugh at, which he valued more.
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends.

### *The Dying Christian to his Soul.*

Vital spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying—
O the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
'Sister spirit, come away!'
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes: it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting? [†]

We may quote, as a specimen of the melodious versification of Pope's Homer, the well-known moonlight scene in the *Iliad* (Book viii.), which has been both extravagantly praised and censured. Wordsworth and Southey unite in considering without a friend. He made no vigorous effort to extricate or maintain himself. Pope continued his allowance; but being provoked by some part of his conduct, he wrote to him, stating that he was 'determined to keep out of his suspicion by not being officious any longer, or obtruding into any of his concerns.' Savage felt the force of this rebuke from the steadiest and most illustrious of his friends. He was soon afterwards taken ill, and his condition not enabling him to procure medical assistance, he was found dead in his bed on the morning of the 1st of August 1743. The keeper of the prison, who had treated him with great kindness, buried the unfortunate poet at his own expense.

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[*] The Man of Ross was Mr John Kyrle, who died in 1724, aged ninety, and was interred in the church of Ross, in Herefordshire. Mr Kyrle was enabled to effect many of his benevolent purposes by the assistance of friends to whom he acted as almoner.

[*] George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham. For Dryden's character of Villiers, see *ante*, p. 300. Pope has over-coloured the picture of the duke's death; he did not die in an inn, but in the house of one of his tenants in Yorkshire, at Kirkby-Moorside. The event took place in 1688, when Villiers was in his sixty-first year. Pope alludes to Cliefden and the Countess of Shrewsbury. Cliefden was a villa on the banks of the Thames, in which the countess and Buckingham resided for some time. 'The Countess of Shrewsbury,' says Pope, 'was a woman abandoned to gallantries. The Earl, her husband, was killed by the Duke of Buckingham in a duel, and it has been said, that during the combat, she held the Duke's horse in the habit of a page.' Burnet says the Duke had great liveliness of wit, with a peculiar faculty of turning all things into ridicule. Of this faculty the farce of the *Rehearsal* (see *ante*, p. 316) is an example. But in the composition of the piece, the Duke was assisted by Butler, Sprat, Clifford, and others. Davenant, under the character of 'Bilboa,' was the original hero of the farce, and after his death, Dryden, as 'Bayes,' was substituted. The extravagances of the rhyming, heroic plays were parodied, and Dryden's dress, manner, and usual expressions copied on the stage. Some of the phrases are still current. Thus the new play-writers were said to be 'fellows that scorn to imitate nature; but are given altogether to elevate and surprise.' When Bayes is reminded that the plot stands still, he breaks out: 'Plot stands still! why what a devil is the plot good for, but to bring in fine things?' Dryden was a great snuffer, and when about to engage in any considerable work, he took medicine and observed a cooling diet. Bayes alludes to this: 'If I am to write familiar things, as sonnets, to Armida, and the like, I make use of stewed prunes only; but when I have a grand design in hand I ever take physic, and let blood; for when you would have pure swiftness of thought and fiery flights of fancy, you must have a care of the pensive part; in fine, you must purge the belly.' Sheridan's *Critic* was evidently suggested by the *Rehearsal*.

[†] Pope was indebted to an obscure rhymester, THOMAS FLATMAN (1632-1672), for some of the ideas in this ode. For example:

When on my sick-bed I languish
Full of sorrow, full of anguish;
Fainting, gasping, trembling, crying,
Panting, groaning, speechless, dying;
Methinks I hear some gentle spirit say,
'Be not fearful, come away!'

Flatman was an artist. He was author of some Pindaric odes and other poems, of which a volume was published in 1674.

Savage was the author of two plays, and a volume of miscellaneous poems. Of the latter, the principal piece is *The Wanderer* (1729), written with greater care than most of his other productions, as it was the offspring of that happy period of his life when he lived with Lord Tyrconnel. Amidst much puerile and tawdry description, *The Wanderer* contains some impressive passages. The versification is easy and correct. *The Bastard* (1728) is also a superior poem, and bears the impress of true and energetic feeling. One couplet is worthy of Pope. Of the bastard, he says:

> He lives to build, not boast, a generous race:
> *No tenth transmitter of a foolish face.*

The concluding passage, in which he mourns over the fatal act by which he deprived a fellow-mortal of life, and over his own distressing condition, possesses genuine and manly pathos:

> Is chance a guilt, that my disastrous heart,
> For mischief never meant, must ever smart?
> Can self-defence be sin? Ah, plead no more!
> What though no purposed malice stained thee o'er,
> Had Heaven befriended thy unhappy side,
> Thou hadst not been provoked—or thou hadst died.
> Far be the guilt of homeshed blood from all
> On whom, unsought, embroiling dangers fall!
> Still the pale dead revives, and lives to me,
> To me! through Pity's eye condemned to see.
> Remembrance veils his rage, but swells his fate;
> Grieved I forgive, and am grown cool too late.
> Young and unthoughtful then; who knows, one day,
> What ripening virtues might have made their way!
> He might have lived till folly died in shame,
> Till kindling wisdom felt a thirst for fame.
> He might perhaps his country's friend have proved;
> Both happy, generous, candid, and beloved;
> He might have saved some worth, now doomed to fall,
> And I, perchance, in him, have murdered all.
> O fate of late repentance! always vain:
> Thy remedies but lull undying pain.
> Where shall my hope find rest? No mother's care
> Shielded my infant innocence with prayer:
> No father's guardian hand my youth maintained,
> Called forth my virtues, or from vice restrained;
> Is it not thine to snatch some powerful arm,
> First to advance, then screen from future harm?
> Am I returned from death to live in pain?
> Or would imperial pity save in vain?
> Distrust it not. What blame can mercy find,
> Which gives at once a life, and rears a mind?
> Mother, miscalled, farewell—of soul severe,
> This sad reflection yet may force one tear:
> All I was wretched by to you I owed;
> Alone from strangers every comfort flowed!
> Lost to the life you gave, your son no more,
> And now adopted, who was doomed before,
> New born, I may a nobler mother claim,
> But dare not whisper her immortal name;
> Supremely lovely, and serenely great,
> Majestic mother of a kneeling state;
> Queen of a people's heart, who ne'er before
> Agreed—yet now with one consent adore!
> One contest yet remains in this desire,
> Who most shall give applause where all admire.

*From the Wanderer.*

> Yon mansion, made by beaming tapers gay,
> Drowns the dim night, and counterfeits the day;
> From 'lumined windows glancing on the eye,
> Around, athwart, the frisking shadows fly.
> There midnight riot spreads illusive joys,
> And fortune, health, and dearer time destroys.
> Soon death's dark agent to luxuriant ease
> Shall wake sharp warnings in some fierce disease.
> O man! thy fabric's like a well-formed state;
> Thy thoughts, first ranked, were sure designed the great;
> Passions plebeians are, which factions raise;
> Wine, like poured oil, excites the raging blaze;
> Then giddy anarchy's rude triumphs rise:
> Then sovereign Reason from her empire flies:
> That ruler once deposed, wisdom and wit,
> To noise and folly, place and power, submit;
> Like a frail bark thy weakened mind is tossed,
> Unsteered, unbalanced, till its wealth is lost.
> The miser-spirit eyes the spendthrift heir,
> And mourns, too late, effects of sordid care.
> His treasures fly to cloy each fawning slave,
> Yet grudge a stone to dignify his grave.
> For this, low-thoughted craft his life employed;
> For this, though wealthy, he no wealth enjoyed;
> For this he griped the poor, and alms denied,
> Unfriended lived, and unlamented died.
> Yet smile, grieved shade! when that unprosperous store
> Fast lessens, when gay hours return no more;
> Smile at thy heir, beholding, in his fall,
> Men once obliged, like him, ungrateful all!
> Then thought-inspiring woe his heart shall mend,
> And prove his only wise, unflattering friend.
> Folly exhibits thus unmanly sport,
> While plotting Mischief keeps reserved her court.
> Lo! from that mount, in blasting sulphur broke,
> Stream flames voluminous, enwrapped with smoke!
> In chariot-shape they whirl up yonder tower,
> Lean on its brow, and like destruction lower!
> From the black depth a fiery legion springs;
> Each bold bad spectre claps her sounding wings:
> And straight beneath a summoned, traitorous band,
> On horror bent, in dark convention stand:
> From each fiend's mouth a ruddy vapour flows,
> Glides through the roof, and o'er the council glows:
> The villains, close beneath the infection pent,
> Feel, all possessed, their rising galls ferment;
> And burn with faction, hate, and vengeful ire,
> For rapine, blood, and devastation dire!
> But Justice marks their ways: she waves in air
> The sword, high-threatening, like a comet's glare.
> While here dark Villainy herself deceives,
> There studious Honesty our view relieves.
> A feeble taper from yon lonesome room,
> Scattering thin rays, just glimmers through the gloom;
> There sits the sapient bard in museful mood,
> And glows impassioned for his country's good!
> All the bright spirits of the just combined,
> Inform, refine, and prompt his towering mind!

A prose pamphlet, *The Author to be Let*, written under the name of Iscariot Hackney, is ascribed by Johnson to Savage; but it was undoubtedly rk of Pope. It is a satire on the petty of that period. It has also been constated, that both the *Volunteer Laureate* *e Bastard* were written by Aaron Hill to cause of his friend or protégé.

## SIR SAMUEL GARTH.

AMUEL GARTH, an eminent physician, tive of Yorkshire, and educated at Peterambridge, of which he was admitted n 1693. Garth published in 1699 his *The Dispensary*, to aid the College of ıs in a war they were then waging with ıecaries. The latter had ventured to as well as *compound* medicines; and icians, to outbid them in popularity, l that they would give advice *gratis* oor, and establish a dispensary of for the sale of cheap medicines. The riumphed; but in 1703 the House of ided that apothecaries were entitled to ıe privilege which Garth and his brother- resisted. Garth was a popular and t man, a firm Whig, yet the early r of Pope; and when Dryden died, he d a Latin oration over the poet's With Addison, he was, politically and , on terms of the closest intimacy. On ion of George I. he was knighted with gh's sword, and received the double nt of Physician in ordinary to the King, cian-general to the Army. He edited *etamorphoses*, 'translated by the most ınds,' in 1717. In that irreligious age, ms to have partaken of the general and voluptuousness. Several anecdotes e related by Pope to Spence, and he is e remarked in his last illness, that he he was dying, for he was weary of shoes pulled off and on! Yet, if the ıed to his birth (1670) be correct, he have been only forty-nine years of age. ınuary 18, 1718–19, and was buried in of the church at Harrow-on-the-Hill. *sary* is a mock-heroic poem in six ne of the leading apothecaries of the ily ridiculed; but the interest of the ıssed away, and it does not contain *life* of poetry to preserve it. A few a specimen of the manner and the f the poem. It opens in the following

### *xtract from the Dispensary.*

ss! since 'tis thou that best canst tell
leagues to modern discord fell;
sicians were so cautious grown
s, and lavish of their own;
rney to the Elysian plain,
ed, and old time returned again.
ı that most celebrated place[1]
ustice shews her awful face;
llains must submit to fate,
s may enjoy the world in state;
dome,[2] majestic to the sight,
s arches bear its oval height;
, placed high with artful skill,
listant sight, a gilded pill;
by the pious patron's aim,
as noble as its frame;
Nor did the learned society decline
The propagation of that great design;
In all her mazes, Nature's face they viewed,
And, as she disappeared, their search pursued.
Wrapt in the shade of night the goddess lies,
Yet to the learned unveils her dark disguise,
But shuns the gross access of vulgar eyes.
Now she unfolds the faint and dawning strife
Of infant atoms kindling into life;
How ductile matter new meanders takes,
And slender trains of twisting fibres makes;
And how the viscous seeks a closer tone,
By just degrees to harden into bone;
While the more loose flow from the vital urn,
And in full tides of purple streams return;
How lambent flames from life's bright lamps arise,
And dart in emanations through the eyes;
How from each sluice a gentle torrent pours,
To slake a feverish heat with ambient showers;
Whence their mechanic powers the spirits claim;
How great their force, how delicate their frame;
How the same nerves are fashioned to sustain
The greatest pleasure and the greatest pain;
Why bilious juice a golden light puts on,
And floods of chyle in silver currents run;
How the dim speck of entity began
To extend its recent form, and stretch to man; . . .
Why Envy oft transforms with wan disguise,
And why gay Mirth sits smiling in the eyes; . . .
Whence Milo's vigour at the Olympic's shewn,
Whence tropes to Finch, or impudence to Sloane;
How matter, by the varied shape of pores
Or idiots frames, or solemn senators.
Hence 'tis we wait the wondrous cause to find,
How body acts upon impassive mind;
How fumes of wine the thinking part can fire,
Past hopes revive, and present joys inspire;
Why our complexions oft our soul declare,
And how the passions in the features are;
How touch and harmony arise between
Corporeal figure and a form unseen;
How quick their faculties the limbs fulfil,
And act at every summons of the will;
With mighty truths, mysterious to descry,
Which in the womb of distant causes lie.
But now no grand inquiries are descried;
Mean faction reigns where knowledge should preside;
Feuds are increased, and learning laid aside;
Thus synods oft concern for faith conceal,
And for important nothings shew a zeal:
The drooping sciences neglected pine,
And Pæan's beams with fading lustre shine.
No readers here with hectic looks are found,
Nor eyes in rheum, through midnight watching
drowned:
The lonely edifice in sweats complains
That nothing there but sullen silence reigns.
This place, so fit for undisturbed repose,
The god of Sloth for his asylum chose;
Upon a couch of down in these abodes,
Supine with folded arms, he thoughtless nods;
Indulging dreams his godhead lull to ease,
With murmurs of soft rills, and whispering trees:
The poppy and each numbing plant dispense
Their drowsy virtue and dull indolence;
No passions interrupt his easy reign,
No problems puzzle his lethargic brain:
But dark oblivion guards his peaceful bed,
And lazy fogs hang lingering o'er his head.

### *On Death.*

'Tis to the vulgar death too harsh appears;
The ill we feel is only in our fears.
To die, is landing on some silent shore,
Where billows never break, nor tempests roar:

[2] The College of Physicians.

Ere well we feel the friendly stroke, 'tis o'er.
The wise through thought the insults of death defy;
The fools through blessed insensibility.
'Tis what the guilty fear, the pious crave;
Sought by the wretch, and vanquished by the brave.
It eases lovers, sets the captive free;
And, though a tyrant, offers liberty.

Garth wrote the epilogue to Addison's tragedy of *Cato*, which ends with the following pleasing lines:

Oh, may once more the happy age appear,
When words were artless, and the thoughts sincere;
When gold and grandeur were unenvied things,
And courts less coveted than groves and springs!
Love then shall only mourn when Truth complains,
And Constancy feel transport in his chains;
Sighs with success their own soft language tell,
And eyes shall utter what the lips conceal:
Virtue again to its bright station climb,
And Beauty fear no enemy but Time;
The fair shall listen to desert alone,
And every Lucia find a Cato's son.

## SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE.

SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE was one of the most fortunate physicians, and most persecuted poets, of the age. He was born of a good family in Wiltshire, and took the degree of M.A. at Oxford in 1676. He was in extensive medical practice, was knighted by King William III. and afterwards made censor of the College of Physicians. In 1695, he published *Prince Arthur*, an epic poem, which he says he wrote amidst the duties of his profession, in coffee-houses, or in passing up and down the streets! Dryden, whom he had attacked for licentiousness, satirised him for writing 'to the rumbling of his chariot-wheels.' Blackmore continued writing, and published a series of epic poems on King Alfred, Queen Elizabeth, the Redeemer, the Creation, &c. All have sunk into oblivion; but Pope has preserved his memory in various satirical allusions. Addison extended his friendship to the Whig poet, whose private character was exemplary and irreproachable. Dr Johnson included Blackmore in his edition of the poets, but restricted his publication of his works to the poem of *Creation*, which, he said, 'wants neither harmony of numbers, accuracy of thought, nor elegance of diction.' Blackmore died in 1729. The design of *Creation* was to demonstrate the existence of a Divine Eternal Mind. He recites the proofs of a Deity from natural and physical phenomena, and afterwards reviews the systems of the Epicureans and the Fatalists, concluding with a hymn to the Creator of the world. The piety of Blackmore is everywhere apparent in his writings; but the genius of poetry too often evaporates amidst his commonplace illustrations and prosing declamation. One passage of *Creation*—addressed to the disciples of Lucretius—will suffice to shew the style of Blackmore, in its more select and improved manner:

### *The Scheme of Creation.*

You ask us why the soil the thistle breeds;
Why its spontaneous birth are thorns and weeds;
Why for the harvest it the harrow needs?
 The Author might a nobler world have made,
In brighter dress the hills and vales arrayed,
And all its face in flowery scenes displayed:
The glebe untilled might plenteous crops have borne,
And brought forth spicy groves instead of thorn:
Rich fruit and flowers, without the gardener's pains,
Might every hill have crowned, have honoured all the plains:
This Nature might have boasted, had the Mind
Who formed the spacious universe designed
That man, from labour free, as well as grief,
Should pass in lazy luxury his life.
But He his creature gave a fertile soil,
Fertile, but not without the owner's toil,
That some reward his industry should crown,
And that his food in part might be his own.
 But while insulting you arraign the land,
Ask why it wants the plough, or labourer's hand;
Kind to the marble rocks, you ne'er complain
That they, without the sculptor's skill and pain,
No perfect statue yield, no basse relieve,
Or finished column for the palace give.
Yet if from the hills unlaboured figures came,
Man might have ease enjoyed, though never fame.
 You may the world of more defect upbraid,
That other works by Nature are unmade:
That she did never, at her own expense,
A palace rear, and in magnificence
Out-rival art, to grace the stately rooms;
That she no castle builds, no lofty domes.
Had Nature's hand these various works prepared,
What thoughtful care, what labour had been spared!
But then no realm would one great master shew,
No Phidias Greece, and Rome no Angelo.
With equal reason, too, you might demand
Why boats and ships require the artist's hand;
Why generous Nature did not these provide,
To pass the standing lake, or flowing tide.
 You say the hills, which high in air arise,
Harbour in clouds, and mingle with the skies,
That earth's dishonour and encumbering load,
Of many spacious regions man defraud;
For beasts and birds of prey a desolate abode.
But can the objector no convenience find
In mountains, hills, and rocks, which gird and bind
The mighty frame, that else would be disjoined?
Do not those heaps the raging tide restrain,
And for the dome afford the marble vein?
Do not the rivers from the mountains flow,
And bring down riches to the vale below?
See how the torrent rolls the golden sand
From the high ridges to the flatter land!
The lofty lines abound with endless store
Of mineral treasure and metallic ore.

## THOMAS PARNELL.

In the brilliant circle of wits and poets, and a popular author of that period, was THOMAS PARNELL (1679-1718). His father possessed considerable estates in Ireland, but was descended of an English family long settled at Congleton, in Cheshire. The poet was born and educated in Dublin, went into sacred orders, and was appointed Archdeacon of Clogher, to which was afterwards added, through the influence of Swift, the vicarage of Finglass, estimated by Goldsmith (extravagantly) at £400 a year. Parnell, like Swift, disliked Ireland, and seems to have considered his situation there a cheerless and irksome banishment. As permanent residence at their livings was not then insisted upon on the part of the clergy, Parnell lived chiefly in London. He married a young lady of beauty and merit, Miss Anne Minchin, who died a few years after their union. His grief for her loss preyed upon his spirits—which had always been unequal—and hurried him into intemperance. He died at

Chester, on his way to Ireland, and was interred there (as the register of Trinity Church states) on the 18th of October 1718. Parnell was an accomplished scholar and a delightful companion. His Life was written by Goldsmith, who was proud of his distinguished countryman, considering him the last of the great school that had modelled itself upon the ancients. Parnell's works are of a miscellaneous nature—translations, songs, hymns, epistles, &c. His most celebrated piece is *The Hermit*, familiar to most readers from their infancy. Pope pronounced it to be 'very good;' and its sweetness of diction and picturesque solemnity of style must always please. His *Night-piece on Death* was indirectly preferred by Goldsmith to Gray's celebrated *Elegy;* but few men of taste or feeling will subscribe to such an opinion. In the *Night-piece*, Parnell meditates among the tombs. Tired with poring over the pages of schoolmen and sages, he sallies out at midnight to the churchyard.

### *A Night-piece—The Churchyard.*

How deep yon azure dyes the sky!
Where orbs of gold unnumbered lie;
While through their ranks, in silver pride,
The nether crescent seems to glide.
The slumbering breeze forgets to breathe,
The lake is smooth and clear beneath,
Where once again the spangled show
Descends to meet our eyes below.
The grounds, which on the right aspire,
In dimness from the view retire:
The left presents a place of graves,
Whose wall the silent water laves.
That steeple guides thy doubtful sight
Among the livid gleams of night.
There pass, with melancholy state,
By all the solemn heaps of fate,
And think, as softly sad you tread
Above the venerable dead,
'Time was, like thee, they life possessed,
And time shall be that thou shalt rest.'
Those with bending osier bound,
That nameless heave the crumbled ground,
Quick to the glancing thought disclose
Where toil and poverty repose.
The flat smooth stones that bear a name,
The chisel's slender help to fame—
Which, ere our set of friends decay,
Their frequent steps may wear away—
A middle race of mortals own,
Men half ambitious, all unknown.
The marble tombs that rise on high,
Whose dead in vaulted arches lie,
Whose pillars swell with sculptured stones,
Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones;
These all the poor remains of state,
Adorn the rich, or praise the great,
Who, while on earth in fame they live,
Are senseless of the fame they give.

### *The Hermit.*

Far in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend Hermit grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well;
Remote from men, with God he passed his days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.
A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seemed heaven itself, till one suggestion rose—
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey;
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway;
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenor of his soul is lost.
So, when a smooth expanse receives impressed
Calm nature's image on its watery breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answering colours glow;
But, if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,
And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.
To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
To find if books, or swains, report it right—
For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew—
He quits his cell; the pilgrim-staff he bore,
And fixed the scallop in his hat before;
Then, with the rising sun, a journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.
The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass;
But, when the southern sun had warmed the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets waved his hair;
Then, near approaching, 'Father, hail!' he cried,
And, 'Hail, my son!' the reverend sire replied.
Words followed words, from question answer flowed,
And talk of various kind deceived the road;
Till each with other pleased, and loath to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart.
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus useful ivy clasps an elm around.
Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober gray;
Nature, in silence, bid the world repose,
When, near the road, a stately palace rose.
There, by the moon, through ranks of trees they pass,
Whose verdure crowned their sloping sides with grass.
It chanced the noble master of the dome
Still made his house the wandering stranger's home;
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Proved the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive; the liveried servants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate;
The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep-sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.
At length 'tis morn, and, at the dawn of day,
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play;
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighbouring wood to banish sleep.
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call,
An early banquet decked the splendid hall;
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet graced,
Which the kind master forced the guests to taste.
Then, pleased and thankful, from the porch they go;
And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe;
His cup was vanished; for in secret guise,
The younger guest purloined the glittering prize.
As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glistening and basking in the summer ray,
Disordered stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear;
So seemed the sire, when, far upon the road,
The shining spoil his wily partner shewed.
He stopped with silence, walked with trembling heart,
And much he wished, but durst not ask to part;
Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard
That generous actions meet a base reward.
While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;
A sound in air presaged approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
Warned by the signs, the wandering pair retreat
To seek for shelter at a neighbouring seat.

'Twas built with turrets, on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimproved around;
Its owner's temper, timorous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caused a desert there.
As near the miser's heavy door they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;
The nimble lightning, mixed with showers, began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunders ran;
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driven by the wind, and battered by the rain.
At length some pity warmed the master's breast—
'Twas then his threshold first received a guest—
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the shivering pair;
One frugal fagot lights the naked walls,
And Nature's fervour through their limbs recalls;
Bread of the coarsest sort, with meagre wine—
Each hardly granted—served them both to dine;
And when the tempest first appeared to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.
With still remark, the pondering hermit viewed,
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude;
And why should such—within himself he cried—
Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?
But what new marks of wonder soon take place
In every settling feature of his face,
When, from his vest, the young companion bore
That cup, the generous landlord owned before,
And paid profusely with the precious bowl,
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul!
But now the clouds in airy tumult fly;
The sun emerging, opes an azure sky;
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And, glittering as they tremble, cheer the day:
The weather courts them from their poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the weary gate.
While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom wrought
With all the travail of uncertain thought:
His partner's acts without their cause appear;
'Twas there a vice, and seemed a madness here:
Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.
Now night's dim shades again involve the sky;
Again the wanderers want a place to lie;
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh.
The soil improved around, the mansion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great;
It seemed to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, and not for praise, but virtue, kind.
Hither the walkers turn their weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet.
Their greeting fair, bestowed with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies:
'Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To Him who gives us all, I yield a part;
From Him you come, for Him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer!'
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
Then talked of virtue till the time of bed;
When the grave household round his hall repair,
Warned by a bell, and close the hour with prayer.
At length the world, renewed by calm repose,
Was strong for toil; the dappled morn arose;
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near a closed cradle where an infant slept,
And writhed his neck: the landlord's little pride,
O strange return! grew black, and gasped, and died!
Horror of horrors! what! his only son!
How looked our hermit when the fact was done!
Not hell, though hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.
Confused, and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies, but trembling, fails to fly with speed;
His steps the youth pursues: the country lay
Perplexed with roads; a servant shewed the way;
A river crossed the path; the passage o'er
Was nice to find; the servant trod before;
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supplied,
And deep the waves beneath them bending glide.
The youth, who seemed to watch a time to sin,
Approached the careless guide, and thrust him in;
Plunging he falls, and rising, lifts his head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.
While sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries:
'Detested wretch!'—but scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seemed no longer man!
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
His robe turned white, and flowed upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
Celestial odours breathe through purpled air;
And wings, whose colours glittered on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.
Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gazed, and wist not what to do;
Surprise, in secret chains, his word suspends,
And in a calm, his settling temper ends;
But silence here the beauteous angel broke—
The voice of music ravished as he spoke:
'Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
In sweet memorial rise before the throne:
These charms success in our bright region find,
And force an angel down, to calm thy mind;
For this, commissioned, I forsook the sky:
Nay, cease to kneel—thy fellow-servant I.
Then know the truth of government divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine.
The Maker justly claims that world He made;
In this the right of Providence is laid;
Its sacred majesty through all depends
On using second means to work his ends:
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The power exerts his attributes on high;
Your action uses, nor controls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.
What strange events can strike with more surprise,
Than those which lately struck thy wondering eyes?
Yet, taught by these, confess the Almighty just,
And, where you can't unriddle, learn to trust.
The great vain man, who fared on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his ivory stands with goblets shine,
And forced his guests to morning draughts of wine,
Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.
The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
Ne'er moved in pity to the wandering poor;
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That Heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And, loose from dross, the silver runs below.
Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half-weaned his heart from God—
Child of his age—for him he lived in pain,
And measured back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had his dotage run!
But God to save the father took the son.
To all but thee, in fits he seemed to go,
And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow.
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.
But how had all his fortunes felt a wrack,
Had that false servant sped in safety back!
This night his treasured heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!
Thus Heaven instructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.'

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The sage stood wondering as the seraph flew;
Thus looked Elisha, when, to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky;
The fiery pomp ascending left the view;
The prophet gazed, and wished to follow too.
The bending Hermit here a prayer begun:
'Lord, as in heaven, on earth thy will be done.'
Then gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And passed a life of piety and peace.

## JOHN GAY.

The Italian opera and English pastorals—both sources of fashionable and poetical affectation—were driven out of the field at this time by the easy, indolent, good-humoured JOHN GAY (1688-1732), who seems to have been the most artless and the best-beloved of all the Pope and Swift circle of wits and poets. Gay was born in Devonshire, the second son of John Gay, Esq. of Frithelstock, near Great Torrington. The family was reduced in circumstances, and both parents dying when the poet was about six years of age, he was, after receiving his education in the town of Barnstaple, put apprentice to a silk-mercer in the Strand, London. He disliked this employment, and at length obtained his discharge from his master. In 1708, he published a poem in blank verse, entitled *Wine;* and in 1713 appeared his *Rural Sports*, a descriptive poem, dedicated to Pope, in which we may trace his joy at being emancipated from the drudgery of a shop:

But I, who ne'er was blessed by Fortune's hand,
Nor brightened ploughshares in paternal land;
Long in the noisy town have been immured,
Respired its smoke, and all its cares endured.
Fatigued at last, a calm retreat I chose,
And soothed my harassed mind with sweet repose,
Where fields, and shades, and the refreshing clime
Inspire the sylvan song, and prompt my rhyme.

The same year, Gay obtained the appointment of domestic secretary to the Duchess of Monmouth. He also brought out a comedy, *The Wife of Bath*, which was not successful. In 1714, he published his *Shepherd's Week, in Six Pastorals*, written to throw ridicule on those of Ambrose Philips; but containing so much genuine comic humour, and entertaining pictures of country-life, that they became popular, not as satires, but on account of their intrinsic merits, as affording 'a prospect of his own country.' In an address to the 'courteous reader,' Gay says: 'Thou wilt not find my shepherdesses idly piping on oaten reeds, but milking the kine, tying up the sheaves; or if the hogs are astray, driving them to their sties. My shepherd gathereth none other nosegays but what are the growth of our fields; he sleepeth not under myrtle shades, but under a hedge; nor doth he vigilantly defend his flock from wolves, because there are none.' This matter-of-fact view of rural life has been admirably followed by Crabbe, with a moral aim and effect to which Gay never aspired. His next attempt was dramatic. In February 1714-15 appeared *What d'ye Call It?* a tragi-comic pastoral farce, which the audience had 'not wit enough to take;' and next year he produced his *Trivia, or the Art of Walking the Streets of London*, and *The Fan*, a poem in three books. The former of these is in the mock-heroic style, in which he was assisted by Swift, and gives a graphic account of the dangers and impediments then encountered in traversing the narrow, crowded, ill-lighted, and vice-infested thoroughfares of the metropolis. His paintings of city-life are in the Dutch style, low and familiar, but correctly and forcibly drawn. The following sketch of the frequenters of book-stalls in the streets may still be verified:

Volumes on sheltered stalls expanded lie,
And various science lures the learned eye;
The bending shelves with ponderous scholiasts groan,
And deep divines, to modern shops unknown;
Here, like the bee, that on industrious wing
Collects the various odours of the spring,
Walkers at leisure learning's flowers may spoil,
Nor watch the wasting of the midnight oil;
May morals snatch from Plutarch's tattered page,
A mildewed Bacon, or Stagyra's sage:
Here sauntering 'prentices o'er Otway weep,
O'er Congreve smile, or over D'Urfey sleep;
Pleased sempstresses the Lock's famed Rape unfold;
And Squirts* read Garth till apozems grow cold.

The poet gives a lively and picturesque account of the great frost in London, in 1716, when a fair was held on the river Thames:

O roving Muse! recall that wondrous year
When winter reigned in black Britannia's air;
When hoary Thames, with frosted osiers crowned,
Was three long moons in icy fetters bound.
The waterman, forlorn, along the shore,
Pensive reclines upon his useless oar:
See harnessed steeds desert the stony town,
And wander roads unstable, not their own;
Wheels o'er the hardened waters smoothly glide,
And raze with whitened tracks the slippery tide;
Here the fat cook piles high the blazing fire,
And scarce the spit can turn the steer entire;
Booths sudden hide the Thames, long streets appear,
And numerous games proclaim the crowded fair.
So, when a general bids the martial train
Spread their encampment o'er the spacious plain,
Thick-rising tents a canvas city build,
And the loud dice resound through all the field.

Gay was always sighing for public employment, for which he was eminently unfit, and in 1714 he had obtained a short glimpse of this fancied happiness. He wrote with joy to Pope: 'Since you went out of the town, my Lord Clarendon was appointed envoy-extraordinary to Hanover, in the room of Lord Paget; and by making use of those friends which I entirely owe to you, he has accepted me for his secretary.' The poet accordingly quitted his situation in the Monmouth family, and accompanied Lord Clarendon on his embassy. He seems, however, to have held it only for about two months; for on the 23d of September of the same year, Pope welcomes him to his native soil, and counsels him, now that the queen was dead, to write something on the king, or prince, or princess. Gay was an anxious expectant of court favour, and he complied with Pope's request. He wrote a poem on the princess, and the royal family went to see his play of *What d'ye Call It?* Gay was stimulated to another dramatic attempt (1717), and produced a piece entitled *Three Hours After Marriage*. Some personal satire and indecent dialogue, together with the improbability of the plot, sealed its fate with the public. It soon fell into disgrace; and its author, being afraid that Pope and Arbuthnot would suffer injury from their supposed connection with it, took 'all the shame on himself.' The trio of wits, however, were attacked in two pamphlets, and Pope's quarrel with Cibber originated in this unfortunate drama. Gay was silent and dejected for some time; but in 1720 he published his poems by subscription, and realised a sum of £1000. He received, also, a present of South Sea stock, and was supposed to be worth £20,000, all of which he lost by the explosion of that famous delusion. This serious calamity, to one fond of finery in dress and of luxurious living, almost overwhelmed him, but his friends were zealous, and he was prompted to further literary exertion. In 1724, Gay brought out another drama, *The Captives*, which was acted with moderate success; and in 1726 he wrote a volume of *Fables*, designed for the special improvement of the Duke of Cumberland, who certainly did not learn mercy or humanity from them. The accession of the prince and princess to the throne seemed to augur well for the fortunes of Gay; but he was only offered the situation of gentleman-usher to one of the young princesses, and considering this an insult, he rejected it. In 1726, Swift came to England, and resided two months with Pope at Twickenham. Among other plans, the Dean of St Patrick suggested to Gay the idea of a Newgate pastoral, in which the characters should be thieves and highwaymen; and the *Beggars' Opera* was the result. When finished, the two friends were doubtful of the success of the piece; but it was received with unbounded applause. The songs and music aided greatly its popularity, and there was also the recommendation of political satire; for the quarrel between Peachum and Lockit was an allusion to a personal collision between Walpole and his colleague, Lord Townshend. The spirit and variety of the piece, in which song and sentiment are so happily intermixed with vice and roguery, still render the *Beggars' Opera* a favourite with the public; but as Gay has succeeded in making highwaymen agreeable, and even attractive, it cannot be commended for its moral tendency. Of this, we suspect, the Epicurean author thought little. The opera had a run of sixty-two nights, and became the rage of town and country. Its success had also the effect of giving rise to the English opera, a species of light comedy enlivened by songs and music, which for a time supplanted the Italian opera, with all its exotic and elaborate graces. By this successful opera, Gay, as appears from the manager's account-book, cleared £693, 13*s.* 6*d.* besides what he derived from its publication. He tried a sequel to the *Beggars' Opera*, under the title of *Polly;* but as it was supposed to contain sarcasms on the court, the lord chamberlain prohibited its representation. The poet had recourse to publication; and such was the zeal of his friends, and the effect of party-spirit, that *Polly* produced a profit of £1100 or £1200. The Duchess of Marlborough gave £100 as her subscription for a copy. Gay had now amassed £3000 by his writings, which he resolved to keep 'entire and sacred.' He was at the same time received into the house of his kind patrons the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, with whom he spent the remainder of his life. His only literary occupation was composing additional fables, and corresponding occasionally with Pope and Swift. A sudden attack of inflammatory fever hurried him out of life in three days. He died on the 4th of December 1732, aged 44. Pope's letter to Swift announcing the event was indorsed: 'On my dear friend Mr Gay's death. Received, December 15th, but not read till the 20th, by an impulse foreboding some misfortune.' The friendship of these eminent men seems to have been sincere and tender; and nothing in the life of Swift is more touching or honourable to his memory than those passages in his letters where the recollection of Gay melted his haughty stoicism, and awakened his deep though unavailing sorrow. Pope was equally grieved by the loss of him whom he has characterised as

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* Squirt is the name of an apothecary's boy in Garth's *Dispensary*.

> Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
> In wit, a man, simplicity, a child.

Gay was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a handsome monument was erected to his memory by the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry. The works of this easy and genial son of the Muses have lost much of their popularity. He has the licentiousness, without the elegance, of Prior. His *Fables* are still, however, the best we possess; and if they have not the nationality or rich humour and archness of La Fontaine's, they are light and pleasing, and the versification always smooth and correct. *The Hare with Many Friends* is doubtless drawn from Gay's own experience. In the *Court of Death*, he aims at a higher order of poetry, and marshals his 'diseases dire' with a strong and gloomy power. His song of *Black-eyed Susan*, and the ballad beginning ''Twas when the seas were roaring,' are full of characteristic tenderness and lyrical melody. The latter is said by Cowper to have been the joint production of Arbuthnot, Swift, and Gay, but the tradition is not supported by evidence.

### *The Country Ballad-singer.—From 'The Shepherd's Week.'*

Sublimer strains, O rustic Muse! prepare;
Forget awhile the barn and dairy's care;
Thy homely voice to loftier numbers raise,
The drunkard's flights require sonorous lays;
With Bowzybeus' songs exalt thy verse,
While rocks and woods the various notes rehearse.
 'Twas in the season when the reapers' toil
Of the ripe harvest 'gan to rid the soil;
Wide through the field was seen a goodly rout,
Clean damsels bound the gathered sheaves about;
The lads with sharpened hook and sweating brow
Cut down the labours of the winter plough. . . .
 When fast asleep they Bowzybeus spied,
His hat and oaken staff lay close beside;
That Bowzybeus who could sweetly sing,
Or with the rosined bow torment the string;
That Bowzybeus who, with fingers' speed,
Could call soft warblings from the breathing reed;
That Bowzybeus who, with jocund tongue,
Ballads, and roundelays, and catches sung:
They loudly laugh to see the damsels' fright,
And in disport surround the drunken wight.
 Ah, Bowzybee, why didst thou stay so long?
The mugs were large, the drink was woodrous strong!
Thou shouldst have left the fair before 'twas night,
But thou sat'st toping till the morning light. . . .
 No sooner 'gan he raise his tuneful song,
But lads and lasses round about him throng.

Not ballad-singer placed above the crowd
Sings with a note so shrilling sweet and loud;
Nor parish-clerk, who calls the psalm so clear,
Like Bowzybeus soothes the attentive ear.
Of Nature's laws his carols first begun—
Why the grave owl can never face the sun.
For owls, as swains observe, detest the light,
And only sing and seek their prey by night.
How turnips hide their swelling heads below,
And how the closing coleworts upwards grow;
How Will-a-wisp misleads night-faring clowns
O'er hills, and sinking bogs, and pathless downs.
Of stars he told that shoot with shining trail,
And of the glowworm's light that gilds his tail.
He sung where woodcocks in the summer feed,
And in what climates they renew their breed—
Some think to northern coasts their flight they tend,
Or to the moon in midnight hours ascend—
Where swallows in the winter's season keep,
And how the drowsy bat and dormouse sleep;
How Nature does the puppy's eyelids close
Till the bright sun has nine times set and rose:
(For huntsmen by their long experience find,
That puppies still nine rolling suns are blind).
Now he goes on, and sings of fairs and shows,
For still new fairs before his eyes arose.
How pedlers' stalls with glittering toys are laid,
The various fairings of the country maid.
Long silken laces hang upon the twine,
And rows of pins and amber bracelets shine;
How the tight lass knives, combs, and scissors spies,
And looks on thimbles with desiring eyes.
Of lotteries next with tuneful note he told,
Where silver spoons are won, and rings of gold.
The lads and lasses trudge the street along,
And all the fair is crowded in his song.
The mountebank now treads the stage, and sells
His pills, his balsams, and his ague-spells;
Now o'er and o'er the nimble tumbler springs,
And on the rope the venturous maiden swings;
Jack Pudding, in his party-coloured jacket,
Tosses the glove, and jokes at every packet.
Of raree-shows he sung, and Punch's feats,
Of pockets picked in crowds, and various cheats.

### *Walking the Streets of London.—From 'Trivia.'*

Through winter streets to steer your course aright,
How to walk clean by day, and safe by night;
How jostling crowds with prudence to decline,
When to assert the wall, and when resign,
I sing; thou, Trivia, goddess, aid my song,
Through spacious streets conduct thy bard along;
By thee transported, I securely stray
Where winding alleys lead the doubtful way;
The silent court and opening square explore,
And long perplexing lanes untrod before.
To pave thy realm, and smooth the broken ways,
Earth from her womb a flinty tribute pays;
For thee the sturdy pavior thumps the ground,
Whilst every stroke his labouring lungs resound;
For thee the scavenger bids kennels glide
Within their bounds, and heaps of dirt subside.
My youthful bosom burns with thirst of fame,
From the great theme to build a glorious name;
To tread in paths to ancient bards unknown,
And bind my temples with a civic crown:
But more my country's love demands my lays;
My country's be the profit, mine the praise!
When the black youth at chosen stands rejoice,
And 'Clean your shoes' resounds from every voice;
When late their miry sides stage-coaches shew,
And their stiff horses through the town move slow;
When all the Mall in leafy ruin lies,
And damsels first renew their oyster-cries;
Then let the prudent walker shoes provide,
Not of the Spanish or Morocco hide;
The wooden heel may raise the dancer's bound,
And with the scalloped top his step be crowned:
Let firm, well-hammered soles protect thy feet
Through freezing snows, and rains, and soaking sleet.
Should the big last extend the shoe too wide,
Each stone will wrench the unwary step aside;
The sudden turn may stretch the swelling vein,
Thy cracking joint unhinge, or ankle sprain;
And when too short the modish shoes are worn,
You 'll judge the seasons by your shooting corn.
Nor should it prove thy less important care
To choose a proper coat for winter's wear.
Now in thy trunk thy D'Oily habit fold,
The silken drugget ill can fence the cold;
The frieze's spongy nap is soaked with rain,
And showers soon drench the camblet's cockled grain;
True Witney[1] broadcloth, with its shag unshorn,
Unpierced is in the lasting tempest worn:
Be this the horseman's fence, for who would wear
Amid the town the spoils of Russia's bear?
Within the roquelaure's clasp thy hands are pent,
Hands, that, stretched forth, invading harms prevent.
Let the looped bavaroy the fop embrace,
Or his deep cloak bespattered o'er with lace.
That garment best the winter's rage defends,
Whose ample form without one plait depends;
By various names in various counties known,
Yet held in all the true surtout alone;
Be thine of kersey firm, though small the cost,
Then brave unwet the rain, unchilled the frost.
If the strong cane support thy walking hand,
Chairmen no longer shall the wall command;
Even sturdy carmen shall thy nod obey,
And rattling coaches stop to make thee way:
This shall direct thy cautious tread aright,
Though not one glaring lamp enliven night.
Let beaux their canes, with amber tipt, produce;
Be theirs for empty show, but thine for use.
In gilded chariots while they loll at ease,
And lazily insure a life's disease;
While softer chairs the tawdry load convey
To court, to White's,[2] assemblies, or the play;
Rosy-complexioned Health thy steps attends,
And exercise thy lasting youth defends.

### *Song.*

Sweet woman is like the fair flower in its lustre,
Which in the garden enamels the ground;
Near it the bees, in play, flutter and cluster,
And gaudy butterflies frolic around.

But when once plucked, 'tis no longer alluring,
To Covent Garden 'tis sent (as yet sweet),
There fades, and shrinks, and grows past all enduring,
Rots, stinks, and dies, and is trod under feet.[3]

### *The Court of Death.*

Death, on a solemn night of state,
In all his pomp of terror sate:
The attendants of his gloomy reign,
Diseases dire, a ghastly train!
Crowd the vast court. With hollow tone,
A voice thus thundered from the throne:
'This night our minister we name;
Let every servant speak his claim;
Merit shall bear this ebon wand.'
All, at the word, stretched forth their hand.

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[1] A town in Oxfordshire.

[2] A chocolate-house in St James's Street.

[3] 'I thought o' the bonny bit thorn that our father rooted out o' the yard last May, when it had a' the flush o' blossoms on it; and then it lay in the court till the beasts had trod them a' to pieces wi' their feet. I little thought when I was wae for the bit silly green bush and its flowers, that I was to gang the same gate mysell.'—*Effie Deans in 'Heart of Mid-Lothian.'*

Fever, with burning heat possessed,
Advanced, and for the wand addressed:
'I to the weekly bills appeal;
Let those express my fervent zeal;
On every slight occasion near,
With violence I persevere.'
Next Gout appears with limping pace,
Pleads how he shifts from place to place;
From head to foot how swift he flies,
And every joint and sinew plies;
Still working when he seems supprest,
A most tenacious stubborn guest.
A haggard spectre from the crew
Crawls forth, and thus asserts his due:
''Tis I who taint the sweetest joy,
And in the shape of love destroy.
My shanks, sunk eyes, and noseless face,
Prove my pretension to the place.'
Stone urged his overgrowing force;
And, next, Consumption's meagre corse,
With feeble voice that scarce was heard,
Broke with short coughs, his suit preferred:
'Let none object my lingering way;
I gain, like Fabius, by delay;
Fatigue and weaken every foe
By long attack, secure, though slow.'
Plague represents his rapid power,
Who thinned a nation in an hour.
All spoke their claim, and hoped the wand.
Now expectation hushed the band,
When thus the monarch from the throne:
'Merit was ever modest known.
What! no physician speak his right?
None here! but fees their toils requite.
Let, then, Intemperance take the wand,
Who fills with gold their zealous hand.
You, Fever, Gout, and all the rest—
Whom wary men as foes detest—
Forego your claim. No more pretend;
Intemperance is esteemed a friend;
He shares their mirth, their social joys,
And as a courted guest destroys.
The charge on him must justly fall,
Who finds employment for you all.'

### *The Hare with Many Friends.*

Friendship, like love, is but a name,
Unless to one you stint the flame.
The child whom many fathers share,
Hath seldom known a father's care.
'Tis thus in friendship; who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.
A Hare, who, in a civil way,
Complied with everything, like GAY,
Was known by all the bestial train
Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain.
Her care was never to offend,
And every creature was her friend.
As forth she went at early dawn,
To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
Behind she hears the hunter's cries,
And from the deep-mouthed thunder flies:
She starts, she stops, she pants for breath;
She hears the near advance of death;
She doubles, to mislead the hound,
And measures back her mazy round;
Till, fainting in the public way,
Half dead with fear she gasping lay;
What transport in her bosom grew,
When first the Horse appeared in view!
'Let me,' says she, 'your back ascend,
And owe my safety to a friend.
You know my feet betray my flight;
To friendship every burden's light.'
The Horse replied: 'Poor honest Puss,
It grieves my heart to see thee thus;
Be comforted; relief is near,
For all your friends are in the rear.'
She next the stately Bull implored,
And thus replied the mighty lord:
'Since every beast alive can tell
That I sincerely wish you well,
I may, without offence, pretend
To take the freedom of a friend.
Love calls me hence; a favourite cow
Expects me near yon barley-mow;
And when a lady's in the case,
You know, all other things give place.
To leave you thus might seem unkind;
But see, the Goat is just behind.'
The Goat remarked her pulse was high,
Her languid head, her heavy eye;
'My back,' says he, 'may do you harm;
The Sheep's at hand, and wool is warm.'
The Sheep was feeble, and complained
His sides a load of wool sustained:
Said he was slow, confessed his fears,
For hounds eat sheep as well as hares.
She now the trotting Calf addressed,
To save from death a friend distressed.
'Shall I,' says he, 'of tender age,
In this important care engage?
Older and abler passed you by;
How strong are those, how weak am I!
Should I presume to bear you hence,
Those friends of mine may take offence.
Excuse me, then. You know my heart;
But dearest friends, alas! must part.
How shall we all lament! Adieu!
For, see, the hounds are just in view!'

### *Song.—Black-eyed Susan.*

All in the Downs the fleet was moored,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When Black-eyed Susan came aboard,
'Oh! where shall I my true love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among the crew?'

William, who high upon the yard
Rocked with the billow to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sighed, and cast his eyes below:
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And, quick as lightning, on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high poised in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast—
If chance his mate's shrill call he hear—
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

'O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear;
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye winds! my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

'Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
In every port a mistress find:
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

'If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white.
Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

'Though battle call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet, safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return.
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.'

The boatswain gave the dreadful word;
The sails their swelling bosom spread;
No longer must she stay aboard;
They kissed—she sighed—he hung his head.
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land,
'Adieu!' she cries, and waved her lily hand.

### *A Ballad.—From 'What d'ye Call It?'*

'Twas when the seas were roaring
With hollow blasts of wind,
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclined.
Wide o'er the foaming billows
She cast a wistful look;
Her head was crowned with willows,
That trembled o'er the brook.

'Twelve months are gone and over,
And nine long tedious days;
Why didst thou, venturous lover,
Why didst thou trust the seas?
Cease, cease, thou cruel ocean,
And let my lover rest:
Ah! what's thy troubled motion
To that within my breast?

'The merchant, robbed of pleasure,
Sees tempests in despair;
But what's the loss of treasure,
To losing of my dear?
Should you some coast be laid on
Where gold and diamonds grow,
You'd find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you so.

'How can they say that nature
Has nothing made in vain;
Why, then, beneath the water,
Should hideous rocks remain?
No eyes the rocks discover
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wandering lover,
And leave the maid to weep.'

All melancholy lying,
Thus wailed she for her dear;
Repaid each blast with sighing,
Each billow with a tear.
When o'er the white wave stooping
His floating corpse she spied,
Then, like a lily drooping,
She bowed her head, and died.

## THOMAS TICKELL.

The friendship of Addison has shed a reflected light on some of his contemporaries, and it elevated them, in their own day, to considerable importance. Amongst these was THOMAS TICKELL (1686–1740), born at Bridekirk, near Carlisle, son of a clergyman, and educated at Queen's College, Oxford. He was a writer in the *Spectator* and *Guardian;* and when Addison went to Ireland as secretary to Lord Sunderland, Tickell accompanied him, and was employed in public business. He published a translation of the first book of the *Iliad* at the same time with Pope. Addison and the Whigs pronounced it to be the best, while the Tories ranged under the banner of Pope. The circumstance led to a breach of the friendship betwixt Addison and Pope, which was never healed. Addison continued his patronage, and when made Secretary of State in 1717, he appointed his friend under-secretary. He also left him the charge of publishing his works, and on his death-bed recommended him to Secretary Craggs. Tickell prefixed to the collected works of Addison an elegy on his deceased friend, which is justly considered one of the most pathetic and sublime poems in the language. In 1722, Tickell published a poem, chiefly allegorical, entitled *Kensington Gardens;* and being in 1724 appointed secretary to the lords-justices of Ireland, he seems to have abandoned the Muses. He died at Bath in 1740, but was buried at Glasneven, near Dublin, where he had long resided. The monumental tablet in Glasneven Church to the memory of Tickell records that 'his highest honour was that of having been the friend of Addison.' His elegy, and his beautiful ballad of *Colin and Lucy*, would have served, however, to perpetuate his name, while even his opponent Pope admitted that he was an 'honest man.'

### *From the Lines 'To the Earl of Warwick, on the Death of Mr Addison.'*

Can I forget the dismal night that gave
My soul's best part for ever to the grave?
How silently did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,
Through breathing statues, then unheeded things,
Through rows of warriors, and through walks of kings!
What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire;
The pealing organ, and the pausing choir;
The duties by the lawn-robed prelate paid:
And the last words, that dust to dust conveyed!
While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend.
Oh, gone for ever! take this long adieu;
And sleep in peace, next thy loved Montague.
To strew fresh laurels, let the task be mine,
A frequent pilgrim at thy sacred shrine;
Mine with true sighs thy absence to bemoan,
And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone.
If e'er from me thy loved memorial part,
May shame afflict this alienated heart;
Of thee forgetful if I form a song,
My lyre be broken, and untuned my tongue,
My grief be doubled from thy image free,
And mirth a torment, unchastised by thee!
Oft let me range the gloomy aisles alone,
Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown,
Along the walls where speaking marbles shew
What worthies form the hallowed mould below;
Proud names, who once the reins of empire held;
In arms who triumphed, or in arts excelled;
Chiefs, graced with scars, and prodigal of blood;
Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood;
Just men, by whom impartial laws were given;
And saints, who taught and led the way to heaven;
Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation came a nobler guest;
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss conveyed
A fairer spirit or more welcome shade.
In what new region, to the just assigned,
What new employments please th' unbodied mind?
A winged virtue, through th' ethereal sky,
From world to world unwearied does he fly?
Or curious trace the long laborious maze
Of heaven's decrees, where wondering angels gaze?

Does he delight to hear bold seraphs tell
How Michael battled, and the dragon fell;
Or, mixed with milder cherubim, to glow
In hymns of love, not ill essayed below?
Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind,
A task well suited to thy gentle mind?
Oh! if sometimes thy spotless form descend,
To me thy aid, thou guardian genius, lend!
When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,
When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,
In silent whisperings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart:
Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,
Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more.
That awful form, which, so the heavens decree,
Must still be loved and still deplored by me,
In nightly visions seldom fails to rise,
Or, roused by fancy, meets my waking eyes.
If business calls, or crowded courts invite,
Th' unblemished statesman seems to strike my sight;
If in the stage I seek to soothe my care,
I meet his soul which breathes in Cato there;
If pensive to the rural shades I rove,
His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove;
'Twas there of just and good he reasoned strong,
Cleared some great truth, or raised some serious song:
There patient shewed us the wise course to steer,
A candid censor, and a friend severe;
There taught us how to live; and—oh! too high
The price for knowledge—taught us how to die.
Thou hill whose brow the antique structures grace,
Reared by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race,
Why, once so loved, whene'er thy bower appears,
O'er my dim eyeballs glance the sudden tears?
How sweet were once thy prospects fresh and fair,
Thy sloping walks, and unpolluted air!
How sweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,
Thy noontide shadow, and thy evening breeze!
His image thy forsaken bowers restore;
Thy walks and airy prospects charm no more;
No more the summer in thy glooms allayed,
Thy evening breezes, and thy noonday shade.

### *Colin and Lucy.—A Ballad.*

Of Leinster, famed for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace,
Nor e'er did Liffey's limpid stream
Reflect so sweet a face;

Till luckless love and pining care
Impaired her rosy hue,
Her coral lips and damask cheeks,
And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh! have you seen a lily pale
When beating rains descend?
So drooped the slow-consuming maid,
Her life now near its end.

By Lucy warned, of flattering swains
Take heed, ye easy fair!
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjured swains! beware.

Three times all in the dead of night
A bell was heard to ring,
And shrieking, at her window thrice
The raven flapped his wing.

Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
The solemn boding sound,
And thus in dying words bespoke
The virgins weeping round:

'I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says I must not stay;
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away.

'By a false heart and broken vows
In early youth I die.
Was I to blame because his bride
Was thrice as rich as I?

'Ah, Colin! give not her thy vows,
Vows due to me alone;
Nor thou, fond maid! receive his kiss,
Nor think him all thy own.

'To-morrow in the church to wed,
Impatient both prepare;
But know, fond maid! and know, false man!
That Lucy will be there.

'Then bear my corpse, my comrades! bear,
This bridegroom blithe to meet;
He in his wedding trim so gay,
I in my winding-sheet.'

She spoke; she died. Her corpse was borne
The bridegroom blithe to meet;
He in his wedding trim so gay,
She in her winding-sheet.

Then what were perjured Colin's thoughts?
How were these nuptials kept?
The bridesmen flocked round Lucy dead,
And all the village wept.

Confusion, shame, remorse, despair,
At once his bosom swell;
The damps of death bedewed his brow;
He shook—he groaned—he fell!

From the vain bride—ah! bride no more!—
The varying crimson fled,
When stretched before her rival's corpse
She saw her husband dead.

Then to his Lucy's new-made grave
Conveyed by trembling swains,
One mould with her, beneath one sod,
For ever he remains.

Oft at this grave the constant hind
And plighted maid are seen;
With garlands gay and true-love knots
They deck the sacred green.

But, swain forsworn! whoe'er thou art,
This hallowed spot forbear;
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.

Tickell occasionally tried satire, and the following piece shews a stronger and bolder hand than the bulk of his verses. It was written to ridicule the Jacobite Earl of Mar and his rash enterprise in 1715-16 in favour of the Chevalier.

### *An Imitation of the Prophecy of Nereus.*

From Horace, Book iii. Ode 25.

As Mar his round one morning took—
Whom some call earl, and some call duke—
And his new brethren of the blade,
Shivering with fear and frost, surveyed,
On Perth's bleak hills he chanced to spy
An aged wizard six foot high,
With bristled hair and visage blighted,
Wall-eyed, bare haunched, and second-sighted.
The grisly sage in thought profound
Beheld the chief with back so round,
Then rolled his eyeballs to and fro
O'er his paternal hills of snow,
And into these tremendous speeches
Brake forth the prophet without breeches:
'Into what ills betrayed by thee
This ancient kingdom do I see!

Her realms unpeopled and forlorn—
Wae's me! that ever thou wert born!
Proud English loons—our clans o'ercome—
On Scottish pads shall amble home;
I see them dressed in bonnet blue—
The spoils of thy rebellious crew—
I see the target cast away,
And checkered plaid become their prey—
The checkered plaid to make a gown
For many a lass in London town.
'In vain the hungry mountaineers
Come forth in all their warlike gears—
The shield, the pistol, dirk, and dagger,
In which they daily wont to swagger,
And oft have sallied out to pillage
The hen-roosts of some peaceful village;
Or, while their neighbours were asleep,
Have carried off a Lowland sheep.
'What boots thy high-born host of beggars,
Macleans, Mackenzies, and Macgregors?
Inflamed with bagpipe and with brandy,
In vain thy lads around thee bandy.
Doth not bold Sutherland the trusty,
With heart so true, and voice so rusty—
A loyal soul!—thy troops affright
While hoarsely he demands the fight?
Dost thou not generous Islay dread,
The bravest hand, the wisest head;
Undaunted dost thou hear th' alarms
Of hoary Athole sheathed in arms?
'Douglas, who draws his lineage down
From thanes and peers of high renown,
Fiery and young, and uncontrolled,
With knights and squires and barons bold—
His noble household band—advances
And on his milk-white courser prances.
Thee Forfar to the combat dares,
Grown swarthy in Iberian wars,
And Monro kindled into rage,
Sourly defies thee to engage;
He 'll rout thy foot, though ne'er so many,
And horse to boot—if thou hadst any!
'But see, Argyle, with watchful eyes,
Lodged in his deep intrenchments lies;
Couched like a lion in thy way,
He waits to spring upon his prey;
While, like a herd of timorous deer,
Thy army shakes and pants with fear,
Led by their doughty general's skill
From frith to frith, and hill to hill.
'Is this thy haughty promise paid
That to the Chevalier was made,
When thou didst oaths and duty barter
For dukedom, generalship, and garter?
Three moons thy Jamie shall command,
With Highland sceptre in his hand,
Too good for his pretended birth—
Then down shall fall the King of Perth!
''Tis so decreed, for George shall reign,
And traitors be forsworn in vain.
Heaven shall for ever on him smile,
And bless him still with an Argyle;
While thou, pursued by vengeful foes,
Condemned to barren rocks and snows,
And hindered passing Inverlochy,
Shall burn thy clan, and curse poor Jocky!'

## AMBROSE PHILIPS.

Among the poets of the day whom Addison's friendship and Pope's enmity raised to temporary importance, was Ambrose Philips (1671–1749). He was a native of Shropshire, and educated at St John's College, Cambridge. He made his appearance as a poet in the same year and in the same volume as Pope—the *Pastorals* of Philips being the first poem, and the *Pastorals* of Pope the last in Tonson's *Miscellany* for 1709. They had been printed the year previous. Tickell injudiciously praised Philips's Pastorals as the finest in the language, and Pope resented this unjust depreciation of his own poetry by an ironical paper in the *Guardian*, calculated to make Philips appear ridiculous. Pretending to criticise the rival *Pastorals*, and compare them, Pope gives the preference to Philips, but quotes all his worst passages as his best, and places by the side of them his own finest lines, which he says want rusticity and deviate into downright poetry. Philips felt the satire keenly, and even vowed to take personal vengeance on his adversary, by whipping him with a rod, which he hung up for the purpose in Button's Coffee-house. Pope—faithful to the maxim that a man never forgives another whom he has injured—continued to pursue Philips with his hatred and satire to the close of his life. The pastoral poet had the good sense not to enter the lists with his formidable assailant, and his character and talents soon procured him public employment. In 1715, he was appointed paymaster of the Lottery; he afterwards was selected by Archbishop Boulter, primate of Ireland, as his secretary, and sat for the county of Armagh in the Irish parliament. In 1734, he was made registrar of the Prerogative Court. From these appointments, Philips was able to purchase an annuity of £400 per annum, with which he hoped, as Johnson says, 'to pass some years of life (in England) in plenty and tranquillity; but his hope deceived him: he was struck with a palsy, and died, June 18, 1749.' The *Pastorals* of Philips are certainly poor productions; but he was an elegant versifier, and Goldsmith has eulogised the opening of his *Epistle to the Earl of Dorset* as 'incomparably fine.' A fragment of Sappho, translated by Philips, is a poetical gem so brilliant, that it is thought Addison must have assisted in its composition:

### *Fragment from Sappho.*

Blessed as the immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while,
Softly speak and sweetly smile.

'Twas this deprived my soul of rest,
And raised such tumults in my breast;
For while I gazed in transport tossed,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost;

My bosom glowed; the subtle flame
Ran quick through all my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung;
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chilled,
My blood with gentle horrors thrilled;
My feeble pulse forgot to play;
I fainted, sunk, and died away.

Philips produced three tragedies, but only one—*The Distressed Mother*, from the *Andromaque* of Racine—was successful; he wrote in the Whig journal the *Freethinker* (1718–19), and he translated some Persian tales. Certain short complimentary pieces, by which Philips paid court, as Johnson says, 'to all ages and characters, from Walpole, the steerer of the realm, to Miss Pulteney in the nursery,' procured him the nickname of

*Namby Pamby;* first given, it is said, by Harry Carey, the dramatist and song-writer, and cordially adopted by Pope as suited to Philips's 'eminence in the infantile style.' The following is a specimen of this style:

### *To Miss Charlotte Pulteney, in her Mother's Arms, May 1, 1724.*

Timely blossom, infant fair,
Fondling of a happy pair,
Every morn, and every night,
Their solicitous delight,
Sleeping, waking, still at ease,
Pleasing, without skill to please;
Little gossip, blithe and hale,
Tattling many a broken tale,
Singing many a tuneless song,
Lavish of a heedless tongue.
Simple maiden, void of art,
Babbling out the very heart,
Yet abandoned to thy will,
Yet imagining no ill,
Yet too innocent to blush,
Like the linnet in the bush,
To the mother linnet's note
Moduling her slender throat,
Chirping forth thy petty joys,
Wanton in the change of toys,
Like the linnet green, in May,
Flitting to each bloomy spray.
Wearied then, and glad of rest,
Like the linnet in the nest.
This thy present happy lot,
This, in time, will be forgot:
Other pleasures, other cares,
Ever busy Time prepares;
And thou shalt in thy daughter see
This picture once resembled thee.

### *Epistle to the Earl of Dorset.*

COPENHAGEN, *March* 9, 1709.

From frozen climes, and endless tracts of snow,
From streams which northern winds forbid to flow,
What present shall the Muse to Dorset bring,
Or how, so near the pole, attempt to sing?
The hoary winter here conceals from sight
All pleasing objects which to verse invite.
The hills and dales, and the delightful woods,
The flowery plains, and silver-streaming floods,
By snow disguised, in bright confusion lie,
And with one dazzling waste fatigue the eye.
No gentle-breathing breeze prepares the spring,
No birds within the desert region sing.
The ships, unmoved, the boisterous winds defy,
While rattling chariots o'er the ocean fly.
The vast leviathan wants room to play,
And spout his waters in the face of day.
The starving wolves along the main sea prowl,
And to the moon in icy valleys howl.
O'er many a shining league the level main
Here spreads itself into a glassy plain:
There solid billows of enormous size,
Alps of green ice, in wild disorder rise.
And yet but lately have I seen, even here,
The winter in a lovely dress appear,
Ere yet the clouds let fall the treasured snow,
Or winds begun through hazy skies to blow:
At evening a keen eastern breeze arose,
And the descending rain unsullied froze.
Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,
The ruddy morn disclosed at once to view
The face of nature in a rich disguise,
And brightened every object to my eyes:
For every shrub, and every blade of grass,
And every pointed thorn, seemed wrought in glass;
In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns shew,
While through the ice the crimson berries glow.
The thick-sprung reeds, which watery marshes yield,
Seemed polished lances in a hostile field.
The stag, in limpid currents, with surprise
Sees crystal branches on his forehead rise:
The spreading oak, the beech, and towering pine
Glazed over, in the freezing ether shine.
The frighted birds the rattling branches shun,
Which wave and glitter in the distant sun.
When, if a sudden gust of wind arise,
The brittle forest into atoms flies;
The crackling wood beneath the tempest bends,
And in a spangled shower the prospect ends:
Or, if a southern gale the region warm,
And by degrees unbind the wintry charm,
The traveller a miry country sees,
And journeys sad beneath the dropping trees:
Like some deluded peasant, Merlin leads
Through fragrant bowers, and through delicious meads;
While here enchanted gardens to him rise,
And airy fabrics there attract his eyes,
His wandering feet the magic paths pursue,
And, while he thinks the fair illusion true,
The trackless scenes disperse in fluid air,
And woods, and wilds, and thorny ways appear:
A tedious road the weary wretch returns,
And, as he goes, the transient vision mourns.

### *From the First Pastoral—Lobbin.*

If we, O Dorset! quit the city throng,
To meditate in shades the rural song,
By your command, be present; and, O bring
The Muse along! The Muse to you shall sing.
Her influence, Buckhurst, let me there obtain,
And I forgive the famed Sicilian swain.
Begin.—In unluxurious times of yore,
When flocks and herds were no inglorious store,
Lobbin, a shepherd boy, one evening fair,
As western winds had cooled the sultry air,
His numbered sheep within the fold now pent,
Thus plained him of his dreary discontent;
Beneath a hoary poplar's whispering boughs,
He, solitary, sat, to breathe his vows.
Venting the tender anguish of his heart,
As passion taught, in accents free of art;
And little did he hope, while, night by night,
His sighs were lavished thus on Lucy bright.
'Ah! well-a-day, how long must I endure
This pining pain? Or who shall speed my cure?
Fond love no cure will have, seek no repose,
Delights in grief, nor any measure knows:
And now the moon begins in clouds to rise;
The brightening stars increase within the skies;
The winds are hushed; the dews distil; and sleep
Hath closed the eyelids of my weary sheep;
I only, with the prowling wolf, constrained
All night to wake: with hunger he is pained,
And I with love. His hunger he may tame;
But who can quench, O cruel love! thy flame?
Whilome did I, all as this poplar fair,
Upraise my heedless head, then void of care,
'Mong rustic routs the chief for wanton game;
Nor could they merry make, till Lobbin came.
Who better seen than I in shepherd's arts,
To please the lads, and win the lasses' hearts?
How deftly, to mine oaten reed so sweet,
Wont they upon the green to shift their feet!
And, wearied in the dance, how would they yearn
Some well-devisèd tale from me to learn!
For many songs and tales of mirth had I,
To chase the loitering sun adown the sky:
But ah! since Lucy coy deep-wrought her spite
Within my heart, unmindful of delight,

The jolly grooms I fly, and, all alone,
To rocks and woods pour forth my fruitless moan.
Oh! quit thy wonted scorn, relentless fair,
Ere, lingering long, I perish through despair.
Had Rosalind been mistress of my mind,
Though not so fair, she would have proved more kind.
O think, unwitting maid, while yet is time,
How flying years impair thy youthful prime!
Thy virgin bloom will not for ever stay,
And flowers, though left ungathered, will decay:
The flowers, anew, returning seasons bring,
But beauty faded has no second spring.
My words are wind! She, deaf to all my cries,
Takes pleasure in the mischief of her eyes.
Like frisking heifer, loose in flowery meads,
She gads where'er her roving fancy leads;
Yet still from me. Ah me! the tiresome chase!
Shy as the fawn, she flies my fond embrace.
She flies, indeed, but ever leaves behind,
Fly where she will, her likeness in my mind.'

### GEORGE GRANVILLE, LORD LANSDOWNE.

Pope has commemorated among his early friends and patrons 'Granville the polite.' He was early distinguished and commended by Waller, of whom he was an imitator. His poems in praise of 'Mira'—the Countess of Newburgh—were popular at the time of their production, and he was the author of several dramatic pieces now forgotten. He stood high in the favour of Queen Anne, was elevated to the peerage in 1711, and was successively comptroller and treasurer of the household. In the reign of George I. he fell into disgrace, and was committed to the Tower, on a charge of disloyalty to the Hanover succession. He was released after a confinement of about a year and a half, and was restored to his seat in parliament. In 1732, he published his works in two volumes. He died January 30, 1734-35, aged about seventy. Though occasionally a pleasing versifier, Granville cannot be considered a poet.

### ANNE, COUNTESS OF WINCHELSEA.

'It is remarkable,' says Wordsworth, 'that excepting the *Nocturnal Reverie*, and a passage or two in the *Windsor Forest* of Pope, the poetry of the period intervening between the publication of *Paradise Lost* and the *Seasons*, does not contain a single new image of external nature.' The *Nocturnal Reverie* was written by ANNE, COUNTESS OF WINCHELSEA, the daughter of Sir William Kingsmill, Southampton, who died in 1720, aged about sixty. Her lines are smoothly versified, and possess a tone of calm and contemplative observation.

#### *A Nocturnal Reverie.*

In such a night, when every louder wind
Is to its distant cavern safe confined,
And only gentle zephyr fans his wings,
And lonely Philomel still waking sings;
Or from some tree, famed for the owl's delight,
She, holloaing clear, directs the wanderer right:
In such a night, when passing clouds give place,
Or thinly veil the heaven's mysterious face;
When in some river overhung with green,
The waving moon and trembling leaves are seen;
When freshened grass now bears itself upright,
And makes cool banks to pleasing rest invite,
Whence springs the woodbine, and the bramble rose,
And where the sleepy cowslip sheltered grows;
Whilst now a paler hue the foxglove takes,
Yet checkers still with red the dusky brakes;
When scattered glowworms, but in twilight fine,
Shew trivial beauties watch their hour to shine;
Whilst Salisbury stands the test of every light,
In perfect charms and perfect virtue bright:
When odours which declined repelling day,
Through temperate air uninterrupted stray;
When darkened groves their softest shadows wear,
And falling waters we distinctly hear;
When through the gloom more venerable shews
Some ancient fabric, awful in repose;
While sunburnt hills their swarthy looks conceal,
And swelling haycocks thicken up the vale:
When the loosed horse now, as his pasture leads,
Comes slowly grazing through the adjoining meads,
Whose stealing pace and lengthened shade we fear,
Till torn-up forage in his teeth we hear;
When nibbling sheep at large pursue their food,
And unmolested kine rechew the cud;
When curlews cry beneath the village walls,
And to her straggling brood the partridge calls;
Their short-lived jubilee the creatures keep,
Which but endures whilst tyrant man does sleep;
When a sedate content the spirit feels,
And no fierce light disturbs, whilst it reveals;
But silent musings urge the mind to seek
Something too high for syllables to speak;
Till the free soul to a composedness charmed,
Finding the elements of rage disarmed,
O'er all below a solemn quiet grown,
Joys in the inferior world, and thinks it like her own:
In such a night let me abroad remain,
Till morning breaks, and all's confused again;
Our cares, our toils, our clamours are renewed,
Or pleasures, seldom reached, again pursued.

The following is another specimen of the correct and smooth versification of the countess, and seems to us superior to the *Nocturnal Reverie:*

#### *Life's Progress.*

How gaily is at first begun
Our life's uncertain race!
Whilst yet that sprightly morning sun,
With which we just set out to run,
Enlightens all the place.

How smiling the world's prospect lies!
How tempting to go through!
Not Canaan to that prophet's eyes,
From Pisgah, with a sweet surprise,
Did more inviting shew.

How soft the first ideas prove
Which wander through our minds!
How full the joys, how free the love,
Which does that early season move,
As flowers the western winds!

Our sighs are then but vernal air,
But April drops our tears,
Which swiftly passing, all grows fair,
Whilst beauty compensates our care,
And youth each vapour clears.

But oh, too soon, alas! we climb,
Scarce feeling we ascend
The gently rising hill of Time,
From whence with grief we see that prime,
And all its sweetness end.

The die now cast, our station known,
Fond expectation past:
The thorns which former days had sown,
To crops of late repentance grown,
Through which we toil at last.

Whilst every care's a driving harm,
  That helps to bear us down;
Which faded smiles no more can charm,
  But every tear's a winter storm,
  And every look's a frown.

## SCOTTISH POETS.

**Francis Sempill** of Beltrees (son of Robert Sempill, see *ante*, p. 312), who died between 1680 and 1685, wrote some excellent rustic songs—*Fy, let us a' to the Bridal*, *She raise and loot me in*, and *Maggie Lauder*.

In the years 1706, 1709, and 1711, was published in Edinburgh, in three parts, *A Choice Collection of Comic and Serious Scots Poems, both Ancient and Modern*, by James Watson. In this collection appeared the oldest known version of *Auld Langsyne*, though probably founded on one of earlier date. The following is the first stanza:

Should old acquaintance be forgot,
  And never thought upon?
The flames of love extinguished,
  And freely past and gone?
Is thy kind heart now grown so cold,
  In that loving breast of thine,
That thou canst never once reflect
  On old longsyne?

Another stanza seems to fix the date of the song to the time of the civil war, about the middle of the 17th century:

If e'er I have a house, my dear,
  That truly is called mine,
And can afford but country cheer,
  Or ought that's good therein;
Though thou wert rebel to the king,
  And beat with wind and rain,
Assure thyself of welcome, love,
  For old longsyne.

This poem or song of 'Old Longsyne' has been ascribed (though only from supposed internal evidence) to Sir Robert Ayton (see *ante*, p. 123) and also to Francis Sempill, but we have no doubt it is of later date. Another version (also ascribed to Francis Sempill) is given in Herd's collection, 1776. It begins:

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
  Though they return with scars?
These are the noble heroes' lot
  Obtained in glorious wars.
Welcome, my Varo, to my breast;
  Thy arms about me twine,
And mak me ance again as blest,
  As I was langsyne.

It is needless to point out how immeasurably superior is Burns's *Auld Langsyne*. James Watson, in 1719, gave to the world a pretended fragment of an old heroic ballad entitled *Hardyknute*. This imitation was greatly admired by Gray and Percy—who believed it to be ancient, though retouched by some modern hand—and by Sir Walter Scott, who said it was the first poem he ever learned, the last he should forget. It is understood to have been written by **Elizabeth**, daughter of **Sir Charles Halket**, Bart. of Pitferran, who was married in 1696 to **Sir Henry Wardlaw**, Bart. of Pitreavie, in Fife. Lady Wardlaw died in 1727, aged fifty. *Hardyknute* is a fine martial and pathetic ballad, though irreconcilable, as Scott acknowledged, with all chronology; 'a chief with a Norwegian name is strangely introduced as the first of the nobles brought to resist a Norse invasion at the battle of Largs.' The ballad extends to forty-two stanzas, and opens thus picturesquely:

Stately stept he east the wa',
  And stately stept he west,
Full seventy years he now had seen,
  With scarce seven years of rest.
He lived when Britons' breach of faith
  Wrought Scotland mickle wae;
And aye his sword tauld to their cost,
  He was their deadly fae.

High on a hill his castle stood,
  With ha's and towers a height,
And goodly chambers fair to see,
  Where he lodged mony a knight.
His dame sae peerless ance and fair,
  For chaste and beauty deemed,
Nae marrow had in all the land,
  Save Eleanor the Queen.

The following also is very spirited:

The king of Norse in summer tide,
  Puffed up with power and might,
Landed in fair Scotland the isle
  With mony a hardy knight.
The tidings to our good Scots king
  Came, as he sat at dine,
With noble chiefs in brave array,
  Drinking the bluid-red wine.

'To horse, to horse, my royal liege,
  Your faes stand on the strand,
Full twenty thousand glittering spears
  The king of Norse commands.'
'Bring me my steed Madge dapple gray,'
  Our good king rose and cried;
'A trustier beast in a' the land,
  A Scots king never tried.

'Go, little page, tell Hardyknute,
  That lives on hill sae hie,
To draw his sword, the dread of faes,
  And haste and follow me.'
The little page flew swift as dart
  Flung by his master's arm:
'Come down, come down, Lord Hardyknute,
  And rid your king frae harm.'

Then red, red grew his dark-brown cheeks,
  Sae did his dark-brown brow;
His looks grew keen, as they were wont
  In dangers great to do;
He's ta'en a horn as green as glass,
  And gi'en five sounds sae shrill,
That trees in greenwood shook thereat,
  Sae loud rang ilka hill.

### ALLAN RAMSAY.

The genius of the country was at length revived in all its force and nationality, its comic dialogue, Doric simplicity, and tenderness, by **Allan Ramsay**, whose very name is now an impersonation of Scottish scenery and character. The religious austerity of the Covenanters still hung over Scotland, and damped the efforts of poets and dramatists; but a freer spirit found its way into the towns, along with the increase of trade and commerce. The higher classes were in the habit of visiting London, though the journey was still performed on horseback; and the writings of Pope and Swift were circulated over the north. Clubs and taverns were rife in Edinburgh, in which the assembled wits loved to indulge in a pleasantry that often degenerated to excess. Talent was readily known and appreciated; and when Ramsay appeared as an author, he found the nation ripe for his native humour, his 'manners-painting strains,' and his lively original sketches of Scottish life. Allan Ramsay was born in 1686, in the village of Leadhills, Lanarkshire, where his father held the situation of manager of Lord Hopetoun's mines. When he became a poet, he boasted that he was of the 'auld descent' of the Dalhousie family, and also collaterally 'sprung from a Douglas loin.' His mother, Alice Bower, was of English parentage, her father having been brought from Derbyshire to instruct the Scottish miners in their art. Those who entertain the theory that men of genius usually partake largely of the qualities and dispositions of their mother, may perhaps recognise some of the Derbyshire blood in Allan Ramsay's frankness and joviality of character. His father died while the poet was in his infancy; but his mother marrying again in the same district, Allan was brought up at Leadhills, and put to the village school, where he acquired learning enough to enable him, as he tells us, to read Horace 'faintly in the original.' His lot might have been a hard one, but it was fortunately spent in the country till he had reached his fifteenth year; and his lively temperament enabled him, with cheerfulness—

To wade through glens wi' chorking[1] feet,
When neither plaid nor kilt could fend the weet;
Yet blithely wad he bang out o'er the brae,
And stend[2] o'er burns as light as ony rae,
Hoping the morn might prove a better day.

At the age of fifteen, Allan was put apprentice to a wig-maker in Edinburgh—a light employment, suited to his slender frame and boyish *smartness*, but not very congenial to his literary taste. His poetical talent, however, was more observant than creative, and he did not commence writing till he was about twenty-six years of age. He then penned an address to the 'Easy Club,' a convivial society of young men, tinctured with Jacobite predilections, which were also imbibed by Ramsay, and which probably formed an additional recommendation to the favour of Pope and Gay, a distinction that he afterwards enjoyed. Allan was admitted a member of this 'blithe society,' and became their poet-laureate. He wrote various light pieces, chiefly of a local and humorous description, which were sold at a penny each, and became exceedingly popular. He also sedulously courted the patronage of the great, subduing his Jacobite feelings, and never selecting a fool for his patron. In this mingled spirit of prudence and poetry, he contrived

To theek the out, and line the inside,
Of mony a douce and witty pash,
And baith ways gathered in the cash.

In the year 1712, he married a writer's daughter, Christian Ross, who was his faithful partner for more than thirty years. He greatly extended his reputation by writing a continuation to King James's *Christ's Kirk on the Green*, executed with genuine humour, fancy, and a perfect mastery of the Scottish language. Nothing so rich had appeared since the strains of Dunbar or Lindsay. What an inimitable sketch of rustic-life, coarse, but as true as any by Teniers, is presented in the first stanzas of the third canto!—

Now frae the east nook of Fife the dawn
Speeled[1] westlins up the lift;
Carls wha heard the cock had craw'n,
Begoud to rax and rift;
And greedy wives, wi' girning thrawn,
Cried lasses up to thrift;
Dogs barkèd, and the lads frae hand
Banged to their breeks like drift
By break of day.

Ramsay now left off wig-making, and set up a bookseller's shop, 'opposite to Niddry's Wynd.' He next appeared as an editor, and published two works, *The Tea-table Miscellany*, being a collection of songs, partly his own; and *The Evergreen*, a collection of Scottish poems written before 1600. He was not well qualified for the task of editing works of this kind, being deficient both in knowledge and taste. In the *Evergreen*, he published, as ancient poems, two pieces of his own, one of which, *The Vision*, exhibits high powers of poetry. The genius of Scotland is drawn with a touch of the old heroic Muse:

'Great daring darted frae his ee,
A braid-sword shogled at his thie,
On his left arm a targe;
A shining spear filled his right hand,
Of stalwart make in bane and brawnd,
Of just proportions large;
A various rainbow-coloured plaid
Owre his left spawl[2] he threw,
Down his braid back, frae his white head,
The silver wimplers[3] grew.
Amazed, I gazed,
To see, led at command,
A stampant and rampant
Fierce lion in his hand.

In 1725, appeared his celebrated pastoral drama, *The Gentle Shepherd*, of which two scenes had previously been published under the titles of *Patie and Roger*, and *Jenny and Meggy*. It was received with universal approbation, and was republished both in London and Dublin. When Gay visited Scotland in company with his patrons, the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, he used to lounge in Allan Ramsay's shop, and obtain from him explanations of some of the Scottish expressions, that he might communicate them to Pope, who was a great admirer of the poem. This was a delicate and marked compliment, which Allan must have felt, though he had previously represented himself as the vicegerent of Apollo, and equal to Homer! He now removed to a better shop, and instead of the Mercury's head which had graced his sign-board, he put up 'the presentment of two brothers' of the Muse, Ben Jonson and Drummond. He next established a circulating library, the first in Scotland. He associated on familiar terms with the leading nobility, lawyers, wits, and literati. His son, afterwards a distinguished artist, he sent to Rome for instruction. But the prosperity of poets seems liable to an uncommon share of crosses. He was led by the promptings of a taste then rare in Scotland to expend his savings in the erection of a theatre, for the performance of the regular drama. He wished to keep his 'troop' together by the 'pith of reason;' but he did not calculate on the pith of an act of parliament in the hands of a hostile magistrate. The statute for licensing theatres prohibited all dramatic exhibitions without special licence and the royal letters-patent; and on the strength of this enactment the magistrates of Edinburgh shut up Allan's theatre, leaving him without redress. To add to his mortification, the envious poetasters and strict religionists of the day attacked him with personal satires and lampoons, under such titles as—*A Looking-glass for Allan Ramsay; The Dying Words of Allan Ramsay*, &c. Allan endeavoured to enlist President Forbes and the judges on his side by a poetical address in which he prays for compensation from the legislature—

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[1] *Chorking* or *chirking*, the noise made by the feet when the shoes are full of water. [2] Spring.

[1] Climbed. [2] Limb. [3] Waving locks of hair.

> Syne, for amends for what I've lost,
> *Edge me into some canny post.*

His circumstances and wishes at this crisis are more particularly explained in a letter to the president, which now lies before us:

'Will you,' he writes, 'give me something to do? Here I pass a sort of half-idle scrimp life, tending a trifling trade, that scarce affords me the needful. Had I not got a parcel of guineas from you, and such as you, who were pleased to patronise my subscriptions, I should not have had a gray groat. I think shame—but why should I, when I open my mind to one of your goodness?—to hint that I want to have some small commission, when it happens to fall in your way to put me into it.'[1]

It does not appear that he either got money or a *post*, but he applied himself attentively to his business, and soon recruited his purse. A citizen-like good sense regulated the life of Ramsay. He gave over poetry 'before,' he prudently says, 'the coolness of fancy that attends advanced years should make me risk the reputation I had acquired.'

> Frae twenty-five to five-and-forty,
> My muse was nowther sweer nor dorty;[2]
> My Pegasus wad break his tether
> E'en at the shagging of a feather,
> And through ideas scour like drift,
> Streaking his wings up to the lift;
> Then, then, my soul was in a lowe,
> That gart my numbers safely row.
> But eild and judgment 'gin to say,
> Let be your sangs, and learn to pray.

About the year 1743, his circumstances were sufficiently flourishing to enable him to build himself a small octagon-shaped house on the north side of the Castle-hill, which he called Ramsay Lodge, but which some of his waggish friends compared to a goose-pie. He told Lord Elibank one day of this ludicrous comparison. 'What!' said the witty peer, 'a goose pie! In good faith, Allan, now that I see you in it, I think the house is not ill named.' He lived in this singular-looking mansion—which has since been much improved—twelve years, and died of a complaint that had long afflicted him, scurvy in the gums, on the 7th of January 1758, at the age of seventy-two. So much of pleasantry, good-humour, and worldly enjoyment is mixed up with the history of Allan Ramsay, that his life is one of the 'green and sunny spots' in literary biography. His genius was well rewarded; and he possessed that turn of mind which David Hume says it is more happy to possess than to be born to an estate of ten thousand a year—a disposition always to see the favourable side of things.

Ramsay's poetical works are sufficiently various; and one of his editors has ambitiously classed them under heads of serious, elegiac, comic, satiric, epigrammatical, pastoral, lyric, epistolary, fables and tales. His tales are quaint and humorous, though, like those of Prior, they are too often indelicate. *The Monk and Miller's Wife*, founded on a humorous old Scottish poem, is as happy an adaptation as any of Pope's or Dryden's from Chaucer. His lyrics want the grace, simplicity, and beauty which Burns breathed into these 'wood-notes wild,' designed alike for cottage and hall; yet some of those in the *Gentle Shepherd* are delicate and tender; and others, such as *The Last Time I came o'er the Moor*, and *The Yellow-haired Laddie*, are still favourites with all lovers of Scottish song. In one of the least happy of the lyrics there occurs this beautiful image:

> How joyfully my spirits rise,
> When dancing she moves finely, O;
> I guess what heaven is by her eyes,
> Which sparkle so divinely, O.

His *Lochaber no More* is a strain of manly feeling and unaffected pathos. The poetical epistles of Ramsay were undoubtedly the prototypes of those by Burns, and many of the stanzas may challenge comparison with them. He makes frequent classical allusions, especially to the works of Horace, with which he seems to have been well acquainted, and whose gay and easy turn of mind harmonised with his own. In an epistle to Mr James Arbuckle, the poet gives a characteristic and minute painting of himself:

> Imprimis, then, for tallness, I
> Am five foot and four inches high;
> A black-a-viced[1] snod dapper fellow,
> Nor lean, nor overlaid wi' tallow;
> With phiz of a morocco cut,
> Resembling a late man of wit,
> Auld gabbet Spec,[2] who was so cunning
> To be a dummie ten years running.
> Then for the fabric of my mind,
> 'Tis mair to mirth than grief inclined:
> I rather choose to laugh at folly,
> Than shew dislike by melancholy;
> Well judging a sour heavy face
> Is not the truest mark of grace.
> I hate a drunkard or a glutton,
> Yet I'm nae fae to wine and mutton:
> Great tables ne'er engaged my wishes,
> When crowded with o'er mony dishes;
> A healthfu' stomach, sharply set,
> Prefers a back-sey[3] piping het.
> I never could imagine 't vicious
> Of a fair fame to be ambitious:
> Proud to be thought a comic poet,
> And let a judge of numbers know it,
> I court occasion thus to shew it.

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[1] From the manuscript collections in Culloden House.

[2] Neither slow nor pettish.

[1] Dark complexioned. From *black* and Fr. *vis*, the visage.

[2] The *Spectator*, No. 1, by Addison.

[3] A sirloin.

Ramsay addressed epistles to Gay and Somerville, and the latter paid him *in kind*, in very flattering verses. In one of Allan's answers is the following picturesque sketch, in illustration of his own contempt for the stated rules of art:

I love the garden wild and wide,
Where oaks have plum-trees by their side;
Where woodbines and the twisting vine
Clip round the pear-tree and the pine;
Where mixed jonquils and gowans grow,
And roses 'midst rank clover blow
Upon a bank of a clear strand,
In wimplings led by nature's hand;
Though docks and brambles here and there
May sometimes cheat the gardener's care,
Yet this to me 's a paradise
Compared with prime cut plots and nice,
Where nature has to art resigned,
Till all looks mean, stiff, and confined.
  Heaven Homer taught; the critic draws
Only from him and such their laws:
The native bards first plunge the deep
Before the artful dare to leap.

The *Gentle Shepherd* is the greatest of Ramsay's works, and perhaps the finest pastoral drama in the world. It possesses that air of primitive simplicity and seclusion which seems indispensable in compositions of this class, at the same time that its landscapes are filled with lifelike beings, who interest us from their character, situation, and circumstances. It has none of that studied pruriency and unnatural artifice which are intruded into the *Faithful Shepherdess* of Fletcher, and is equally free from the tedious allegory and forced conceits of most pastoral poems. It is a genuine picture of Scottish life, but of life passed in simple rural employments, apart from the guilt and fever of large towns, and reflecting only the pure and unsophisticated emotions of our nature. The affected sensibilities and feigned distresses of the *Corydons* and *Delias* find no place in Ramsay's clear and manly page. He drew his shepherds from the life, placed them in scenes which he actually saw, and made them speak the language which he every day heard—the free idiomatic speech of his native vales. His art lay in the beautiful selection of his materials—in the grouping of his well-defined characters—the invention of a plot, romantic, yet natural—the delightful appropriateness of every speech and auxiliary incident—and in the tone of generous sentiment and true feeling which sanctifies this scene of humble virtue and happiness. The love of his 'gentle' rustics is at first artless and confiding, though partly disguised by maiden coyness and arch humour; and it is expressed in language and incidents alternately amusing and impassioned. At length the hero is elevated in station above his mistress, and their affection assumes a deeper character from the threatened dangers of a separation. Mutual distress and tenderness break down reserve. The simple heroine, without forgetting her natural dignity and modesty, lets out her whole soul to her early companion; and when assured of his unalterable attachment, she not only, like Miranda, 'weeps at what she is glad of,' but, with the true pride of a Scottish maiden, she resolves to study 'gentler charms,' and to educate herself to be worthy of her lover. Poetical justice is done to this faithful attachment, by both the characters being found equal in birth and station. The poet's taste and judgment are evinced in the superiority which he gives his hero and heroine, without debasing their associates below their proper level; while a ludicrous contrast to both is supplied by the underplot of Bauldy and his courtships. The elder characters in the piece afford a fine relief to the youthful pairs, besides completing the rustic picture. While one scene discloses the young shepherds by 'craigy bields' and 'crystal springs,' or presents Peggy and Jenny on the bleaching-green—

A trotting burnie wimpling through the ground—

another shews us the snug thatched cottage with its barn and peat-stack, or the interior of the house, with a clear *ingle* glancing on the floor, and its inmates happy with innocent mirth and rustic plenty. The drama altogether makes one proud of peasant-life and the virtues of a Scottish cottage. In imitation of Gay in his *Beggar's Opera*, Ramsay interspersed songs throughout the *Gentle Shepherd*, which tend to interrupt the action of the piece, and too often merely repeat, in a diluted form, the sentiments of the dialogue. These songs in themselves, however, are simple and touching lyrics, and added greatly to the effect of the drama on the stage. In reading it, the songs may be advantageously passed over, leaving undisturbed the most perfect delineation of rural life and manners, without vulgar humility or affectation, that was ever drawn.

### *Ode from Horace.*

Look up to Pentland's towering tap,
  Buried beneath great wreaths of snaw,
O'er ilka cleugh, ilk scaur, and slap,[1]
  As high as ony Roman wa'.

Driving their ba's frae whins or tee,
  There 's no ae gowfer to be seen,
Nor douser fouk wysing ajee
  The biassed bowls on Tamson's green.

Then fling on coals, and ripe the ribs,
  And beek the house baith but and ben;
That mutchkin-stoup it hauds but dribs,
  Then let 's get in the tappit hen.[2]

Good claret best keeps out the cauld,
  And drives away the winter soon;
It makes a man baith gash and bauld,
  And heaves his saul beyond the moon.

Leave to the gods your ilka care,
  If that they think us worth their while;
They can a rowth of blessings spare,
  Which will our fashous fears beguile.

For what they have a mind to do,
  That will they do, should we gang wud;
If they command the storms to blaw,
  Then upo' sight the hailstanes thud.

But soon as e'er they cry, 'Be quiet,'
  The blattering winds dare nae mair move,
But cour into their caves, and wait
  The high command of supreme Jove.

Let neist day come as it thinks fit,
  The present minute 's only ours;
On pleasure let 's employ our wit,
  And laugh at fortune's feckless powers.

[1] *Cleugh*, a hollow between hills; *scaur*, a bare hill-side; *slap*, a narrow pass between two hills.

[2] A large bottle of claret holding three *magnums* or Scots pints.

Be sure ye dinna quat the grip
  Of ilka joy when ye are young,
Before auld age your vitals nip,
  And lay ye twafald o'er a rung.

Sweet youth 's a blithe and heartsome time;
  Then lads and lasses, while it 's May,
Gae pu' the gowan in its prime,
  Before it wither and decay.

Watch the saft minutes of delight,
  When Jenny speaks beneath her breath;
And kisses, laying a' the wyte
  On you, if she kep ony skaith.

'Haith, ye 're ill-bred,' she 'll smiling say;
  'Ye 'll worry me, you greedy rook;'
Syne frae your arms she'll rin away,
  And hide hersell in some dark nook.

Her laugh will lead you to the place,
  Where lies the happiness you want,
And plainly tells you to your face,
  Nineteen naysays are half a grant.

Now to her heaving bosom cling,
  And sweetly toolie for a kiss,
Frae her fair finger whup a ring,
  As token of a future bliss.

These benisons, I 'm very sure,
  Are of the gods' indulgent grant;
Then surly carles, whisht, forbear
  To plague us with your whining cant.

In this instance, the felicitous manner in which Ramsay has preserved the Horatian ease and spirit, and at the same time clothed the whole in a true Scottish garb, renders his version superior even to Dryden's English one. For comparison two stanzas of the latter are subjoined:

Secure those golden early joys,
  That youth unsoured with sorrow bears,
Ere withering time the taste destroys
  With sickness and unwieldy years.
For active sports, for pleasing rest,
This is the time to be possest;
The best is but in season best.

The appointed hour of promised bliss,
  The pleasing whisper in the dark,
The half-unwilling willing kiss,
  The laugh that guides thee to the mark,
When the kind nymph would coyness feign,
And hides but to be found again;
These, these are joys the gods for youth ordain.

### *Song.*

TUNE—*Bush Aboon Traquair.*

At setting day and rising morn,
  With soul that still shall love thee,
I 'll ask of Heaven thy safe return,
  With all that can improve thee.
I 'll visit aft the birken bush,
  Where first thou kindly told me
Sweet tales of love, and hid thy blush,
  Whilst round thou didst enfold me.
To all our haunts I will repair,
  By greenwood shaw or fountain;
Or where the summer day I 'd share
  With thee upon yon mountain:
There will I tell the trees and flowers,
  From thoughts unfeigned and tender;
By vows you 're mine, by love is yours
  A heart that cannot wander.

### *Lochaber no More.*

Farewell to Lochaber, and farewell my Jean,
Where heartsome with thee I 've mony day been;
For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
We 'll maybe return to Lochaber no more.
These tears that I shed, they are a' for my dear,
And no for the dangers attending on weir;
Though borne on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
Maybe to return to Lochaber no more.

Though hurricanes rise, and rise every wind,
They 'll ne'er mak a tempest like that in my mind;
Though loudest o' thunder on louder waves roar,
That 's naething like leaving my love on the shore.
To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pained;
By ease that 's inglorious no fame can be gained;
And beauty and love 's the reward of the brave,
And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeanie, maun plead my excuse;
Since honour commands me, how can I refuse?
Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
And without thy favour I 'd better not be.
I gae then, my lass, to win honour and fame,
And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,
I 'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
And then I 'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

### *Rustic Courtship.*

From the *Gentle Shepherd.*—Act I.

Hear how I served my lass I lo'e as weel
As ye do Jenny, and wi' heart as leal.
Last morning I was gye and early out,
Upon a dike I leaned, glow'ring about;
I saw my Meg come linkin' o'er the lea;
I saw my Meg, but Meggy saw na me;
For yet the sun was wading through the mist,
And she was close upon me ere she wist;
Her coats were kiltit, and did sweetly shaw
Her straight bare legs, that whiter were than snaw.
Her cockernony snooded up fu' sleek,
Her haffet locks hang waving on her cheek;
Her cheeks sae ruddy, and her een sae clear;
And oh! her mouth 's like ony hinny pear.
Neat, neat she was, in bustine waistcoat clean,
As she came skiffing o'er the dewy green.
Blithsome, I cried: 'My bonny Meg, come here,
I ferly wherefore ye 're so soon asteer;
But I can guess; ye 're gaun to gather dew.'
She scoured away, and said: 'What 's that to you?'
'Then, fare-ye-well, Meg Dorts, and e'en 's ye like,'
I careless cried, and lap in o'er the dike.
I trow, when that she saw, within a crack,
She came with a right thieveless errand back.
Misca'd me first; then bade me hound my dog,
To wear up three waff ewes strayed on the bog.
I leugh; and sae did she; then wi' great haste
I clasped my arms about her neck and waist;
About her yielding waist, and took a fouth
O' sweetest kisses frae her glowing mouth.
While hard and fast I held her in my grips,
My very saul came louping to my lips.
Sair, sair she flet wi' me 'tween ilka smack,
But weel I kend she meant nae as she spak.
Dear Roger, when your jo puts on her gloom,
Do ye sae too, and never fash your thumb.
Seem to forsake her, soon she 'll change her mood;
Gae woo anither, and she 'll gang clean wud.

### *Dialogue on Marriage.*

PEGGY and JENNY.

*Jenny.* Come, Meg, let's fa' to wark upon this green;
This shining day will bleach our linen clean;
The water clear, the lift unclouded blue,
Will mak them like a lily wet wi' dew.

*Peggy.* Gae far'er up the burn to Habbie's How,
There a' the sweets o' spring and summer grow:
There 'tween twa birks, out ower a little linn,
The water fa's and maks a singin' din;
A pool breast-deep, beneath as clear as glass,
Kisses wi' easy whirls the bordering grass. . . .
We 're far frae ony road, and out o' sight;
The lads they 're feeding far beyont the height.
But tell me, now, dear Jenny, we 're our lane,
What gars ye plague your wooer wi' disdain?
The neebours a' tent this as weel as I,
That Roger lo'es ye, yet ye carena by.
What ails ye at him? Troth, between us twa,
He 's worthy you the best day e'er ye saw.
*Jenny.* I dinna like him, Peggy, there 's an end;
A herd mair sheepish yet I never kend.
He kames his hair, indeed, and gaes right snug,
Wi' ribbon knots at his blue bannet lug,
Whilk pensily he wears a thought a-jee,
And spreads his gartens diced beneath his knee;
He falds his o'erlay down his breast wi' care,
And few gang trigger to the kirk or fair:
For a' that, he can neither sing nor say,
Except, 'How d' ye?'—or, 'There 's a bonny day.'
*Peggy.* Ye dash the lad wi' constant slighting pride,
Hatred for love is unco sair to bide:
But ye 'll repent ye, if his love grow cauld—
What like 's a dorty maiden when she 's auld? . . .
*Jenny.* I never thought a single life a crime.
*Peggy.* Nor I: but love in whispers lets us ken,
That men were made for us, and we for men. . . .
Yes, it 's a heartsome thing to be a wife,
When round the ingle-edge young sprouts are rife.
Gif I 'm sae happy, I shall hae delight
To hear their little plaints, and keep them right.
Wow! Jenny, can there greater pleasure be,
Than see sic wee tots toolying at your knee;
When a' they ettle at—their greatest wish,
Is to be made o', and obtain a kiss?
Can there be toil in tending day and night
The like o' them, when love maks care delight?
*Jenny.* But poortith, Peggy, is the warst o' a';
Gif o'er your heads ill-chance should begg'ry draw,
But little love or canty cheer can come
Frae duddy doublets, and a pantry toom.
Your nowt may die—the spate may bear away
Frae aff the holms your dainty rucks o' hay.
The thick-blawn wreaths o' snaw, or blashy thows,
May smoor your wethers, and may rot your ewes.
A dyvour buys your butter, woo, and cheese,
But, or the day o' payment, breaks, and flees.
Wi' gloomin' brow, the laird seeks in his rent;
It 's no to gie; your merchant 's to the bent.
His honour maunna want—he poinds your gear;
Syne, driven frae house and hald, where will ye steer?
Dear Meg, be wise, and live a single life;
Troth, it 's nae mows to be a married wife.
*Peggy.* May sic ill-luck befa' that silly she
Wha has sic fears, for that was never me.
Let fouk bode weel, and strive to do their best;
Nae mair 's required; let Heaven mak out the rest.
I 've heard my honest uncle aften say,
That lads should a' for wives that 's virtuous pray;
For the maist thrifty man could never get
A weel-stored room, unless his wife wad let:
Wherefore nocht shall be wanting on my part,
To gather wealth to raise my shepherd's heart:
Whate'er he wins, I 'll guide wi' canny care,
And win the vogue at market, tron, or fair,
For halesome, clean, cheap, and sufficient ware.
A flock o' lambs, cheese, butter, and some woo,
Shall first be sald to pay the laird his due;
Syne a' behind 's our ain. Thus without fear,
Wi' love and rowth, we through the warld will steer;
And when my Pate in bairns and gear grows rife,
He 'll bless the day he gat me for his wife.
*Jenny.* But what if some young giglet on the green,
Wi' dimpled cheeks and twa bewitching een,
Should gar your Patie think his half-worn Meg,
And her kenned kisses, hardly worth a feg?
*Peggy.* Nae mair o' that—Dear Jenny, to be free,
There 's some men constanter in love than we:
Nor is the ferly great, when nature kind
Has blest them wi' solidity o' mind.
They 'll reason calmly, and wi' kindness smile,
When our short passions wad our peace beguile:
Sae, whensoe'er they slight their maiks at hame,
It 's ten to ane the wives are maist to blame.
Then I 'll employ wi' pleasure a' my art
To keep him cheerfu', and secure his heart.
At e'en, when he comes weary frae the hill,
I 'll ha'e a' things made ready to his will;
In winter, when he toils through wind and rain,
A bleezing ingle, and a clean hearthstane;
And soon as he flings by his plaid and staff,
The seething pat 's be ready to tak aff;
Clean hag-a-bag I 'll spread upon his board,
And serve him wi' the best we can afford;
Good-humour and white bigonets shall be
Guards to my face, to keep his love for me.
*Jenny.* A dish o' married love right soon grows cauld,
And dosens down to nane, as fouk grow auld.
*Peggy.* But we 'll grow auld thegither, and ne'er find
The loss o' youth, when love grows on the mind.
Bairns and their bairns mak sure a firmer tie,
Than aught in love the like of us can spy.
See yon twa elms that grow up side by side,
Suppose them some years syne bridegroom and bride;
Nearer and nearer ilka year they 've prest,
Till wide their spreading branches are increast,
And in their mixture now are fully blest:
This shields the ither frae the eastlin blast,
That, in return, defends it frae the wast.
Sic as stand single—a state sae liked by you!—
Beneath ilk storm, frae every airt, maun bow.
*Jenny.* I 've done—I yield, dear lassie; I maun yield;
Your better sense has fairly won the field.

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## DRAMATISTS.

The dramatic literature of this period was, like its general poetry, polished and artificial. In tragedy, the highest name is that of Southerne, who may claim, with Otway, the power of touching the passions, yet his language is feeble compared with that of the great dramatists, and his general style low and unimpressive. Addison's *Cato* is more properly a classical poem than a drama—as cold and less vigorous than the tragedies of Jonson. In comedy, the national taste is apparent in its faithful and witty delineations of polished life, of which Wycherley and Congreve had set the example, and which was well continued by Farquhar and Vanbrugh. Beaumont and Fletcher first introduced what may be called comedies of intrigue, borrowed from the Spanish drama; and the innovation appears to have been congenial to the English taste, for it still pervades our comic literature. The vigorous exposure of the immorality of the stage by Jeremy Collier, and the essays of Steele and Addison, improving the taste and moral feeling of the public, a partial reformation took place of those nuisances of the drama which the Restoration had introduced. The Master of the Revels, by whom all plays had to be licensed, also aided in this work of retrenchment; but a glance at even those *improved* plays of the reign of William III. and his successors, will shew that ladies frequenting the theatres had still occasion to wear masks, which Colley Cibber says they usually did on the production of a new play.

### THOMAS SOUTHERNE.

Thomas Southerne (1659–1746) may be classed either with the last or the present period. His life was long, extended, and prosperous. He was a native of Dublin, but came to England, and enrolled himself in the Middle Temple as a student of law. He afterwards entered the army, and held the rank of captain under the Duke of York, at the time of Monmouth's insurrection. His latter days were spent in retirement, and in the possession of a considerable fortune.

Southerne wrote ten plays, but only two exhibit his characteristic powers, namely *Isabella, or the Fatal Marriage*, and *Oroonoko*. The latter is founded on an actual occurrence; Oroonoko, an African prince, having been stolen from his native kingdom of Angola, and carried to one of the West India islands. The impassioned grandeur of Oroonoko's sufferings, his burst of horror and indignation at the slave-trade, and his unhappy passion for Imoinda, are powerful and pathetic. In the following scene, the hero and heroine unexpectedly meet after a long absence :

*Oroonoko.* My soul steals from my body through my eyes ;
All that is left of life I 'll gaze away,
And die upon the pleasure.
*Lieut.* This is strange !
*Oroo.* If you but mock me with her image here :
If she be not Imoinda—
[*She looks upon him and falls into a swoon ; he runs to her.*
Ha ! she faints !
Nay, then, it must be she—it is Imoinda !
My heart confesses her, and leaps for joy,
To welcome her to her own empire here. [*Kisses her.*
Imoinda ! oh, thy Oroonoko calls.
*Imoinda* (*recovering*). My Oroonoko ! Oh ! I can't believe
What any man can say. But if I am
To be deceived, there 's something in that name,
That voice, that face— [*Stares at him.*
Oh ! if I know myself, I cannot be mistaken.
[*Embraces him.*
*Oroo.* Never here :
You cannot be mistaken : I am yours,
Your Oroonoko, all that you would have ;
Your tender, loving husband.
*Imo.* All, indeed,
That I would have : my husband ! then I am
Alive, and waking to the joys I feel :
They were so great, I could not think 'em true ;
But I believe all that you say to me :
For truth itself, and everlasting love,
Grows in this breast, and pleasure in these arms.
*Oroo.* Take, take me all ; inquire into my heart—
You know the way to every secret there—
My heart, the sacred treasury of love :
And if, in absence, I have disemployed
A mite from the rich store ; if I have spent
A wish, a sigh, but what I sent to you,
May I be cursed to wish and sigh in vain,
And you not pity me.
*Imo.* Oh ! I believe,
And know you by myself. If these sad eyes,
Since last we parted, have beheld the face
Of any comfort, or once wished to see
The light of any other heaven but you,
May I be struck this moment blind, and lose
Your blessed sight, never to find you more.
*Oroo.* Imoinda ! Oh ! this separation
Has made you dearer, if it can be so,
Than you were ever to me. You appear
Like a kind star to my benighted steps,
To guide me on my way to happiness :
I cannot miss it now. Governor, friend,
You think me mad ; but let me bless you all,
Who anyways have been the instruments
Of finding her again. Imoinda 's found !
And everything that I would have in her.
[*Embraces her.*
*Bland.* Sir, we congratulate your happiness ; I do most heartily.
*Lieut.* And all of us : but how it comes to pass——
*Oroo.* That would require
More precious time than I can spare you now.
I have a thousand things to ask of her,
And she as many more to know of me.
But you have made me happier, I confess,
Acknowledge it, much happier than I
Have words or power to tell you. Captain, you,
Even you, who most have wronged me, I forgive.
I will not say you have betrayed me now :
I'll think you but the minister of fate,
To bring me to my loved Imoinda here.
*Imo.* How, how shall I receive you? how be worthy
Of such endearments, all this tenderness?
These are the transports of prosperity,
When fortune smiles upon us.
*Oroo.* Let the fools
Who follow fortune live upon her smiles ;
All our prosperity is placed in love ;
We have enough of that to make us happy.
This little spot of earth you stand upon
Is more to me than the extended plains
Of my great father's kingdom. Here I reign
In full delights, in joys to power unknown ;
Your love my empire, and your heart my throne.
[*Exeunt.*

Mr Hallam says that Southerne was the first English writer who denounced (in this play) the traffic in slaves and the cruelties of their West Indian bondage. This is an honour which should never be omitted in any mention of the dramatist. *Isabella* is more correct and regular than *Oroonoko*, and the part of the heroine affords scope for a tragic actress, scarcely inferior in pathos to Belvidera. Otway, however, has more depth of passion, and more vigorous delineation of character. The plot of *Isabella* is simple. In abject distress, and believing her husband, Biron, to be dead, Isabella is hurried into a second marriage. Biron returns, and the distress of the heroine terminates in madness and death. Comic scenes are interspersed throughout Southerne's tragedies, which, though they relieve the sombre colouring of the main action and interest of the piece, are sometimes misplaced and unpleasant.

#### *Return of Biron.*

A Chamber—Enter Isabella.

*Isabella.* I've heard of witches, magic spells, and charms,
That have made nature start from her old course ;
The sun has been eclipsed, the moon drawn down
From her career, still paler, and subdued
To the abuses of this under world.
Now I believe all possible. This ring,
This little ring, with necromantic force,

Has raised the ghost of pleasure to my fears;
Conjured the sense of honour and of love
Into such shapes, they fright me from myself!
I dare not think of them.

Enter NURSE.

*Nurse.* Madam, the gentleman's below.
*Isa.* I had forgot; pray, let me speak with him.
[*Exit Nurse.*
This ring was the first present of my love
To Biron, my first husband; I must blush
To think I have a second. Biron died
(Still to my loss) at Candy; there's my hope.
Oh, do I live to hope that he died there?
It must be so; he's dead, and this ring left,
By his last breath, to some known faithful friend,
To bring me back again;
That's all I have to trust to.

Enter BIRON. (Isabella looking at him.)

My fears were woman's—I have viewed him all;
And let me, let me say it to myself,
I live again, and rise but from his tomb.
*Biron.* Have you forgot me quite?
*Isa.* Forgot you!
*Bir.* Then farewell my disguise, and my misfortunes!
My Isabella!
[*He goes to her; she shrinks, and faints.*
*Isa.* Ha!
*Bir.* Oh! come again;
Thy Biron summons thee to life and love;
Thy once-loved, ever-loving husband calls—
Thy Biron speaks to thee.
Excess of love and joy, for my return,
Has overpowered her. I was to blame
To take thy sex's softness unprepared;
But sinking thus, thus dying in my arms,
This ecstasy has made my welcome more
Than words could say. Words may be counterfeit,
False coined, and current only from the tongue,
Without the mind; but passion's in the soul,
And always speaks the heart.
*Isa.* Where have I been? Why do you keep him from me?
I know his voice; my life, upon the wing,
Hears the soft lure that brings me back again;
'Tis he himself, my Biron.
Do I hold you fast,
Never to part again?
If I must fall, death's welcome in these arms.
*Bir.* Live ever in these arms.
*Isa.* But pardon me;
Excuse the wild disorder of my soul;
The joy, the strange surprising joy of seeing you,
Of seeing you again, distracted me.
*Bir.* Thou everlasting goodness!
*Isa.* Answer me:
What hand of Providence has brought you back
To your own home again?
Oh, tell me all,
For every thought confounds me.
*Bir.* My best life! at leisure all.
*Isa.* We thought you dead; killed at the siege of Candy.
*Bir.* There I fell among the dead;
But hopes of life reviving from my wounds,
I was preserved but to be made a slave.
I often writ to my hard father, but never had
An answer; I writ to thee too.
*Isa.* What a world of woe
Had been prevented but in hearing from you!
*Bir.* Alas! thou couldst not help me.
*Isa.* You do not know how much I could have done;
At least, I'm sure I could have suffered all;
I would have sold myself to slavery,
Without redemption; given up my child,
The dearest part of me, to basest wants.
*Bir.* My little boy!
*Isa.* My life, but to have heard
You were alive.
*Bir.* No more, my love; complaining of the past,
We lose the present joy. 'Tis over price
Of all my pains, that thus we meet again!
I have a thousand things to say to thee.
*Isa.* Would I were past the hearing. [*Aside.*
*Bir.* How does my child, my boy, my father too?
I hear he's living still.
*Isa.* Well, both; both well;
And may he prove a father to your hopes,
Though we have found him none.
*Bir.* Come, no more tears.
*Isa.* Seven long years of sorrow for your loss
Have mourned with me.
*Bir.* And all my days to come
Shall be employed in a kind recompense
For thy afflictions. Can't I see my boy?
*Isa.* He's gone to bed; I'll have him brought to you.
*Bir.* To-morrow I shall see him; I want rest
Myself, after this weary pilgrimage.
*Isa.* Alas! what shall I get for you?
*Bir.* Nothing but rest, my love. To-night I would not
Be known, if possible, to your family:
I see my nurse is with you; her welcome
Would be tedious at this time;
To-morrow will do better.
*Isa.* I'll dispose of her, and order everything
As you would have it. [*Exit.*
*Bir.* Grant me but life, good Heaven, and give the means
To make this wondrous goodness some amends;
And let me then forget her, if I can.
Oh! she deserves of me much more than I
Can lose for her, though I again could venture
A father and his fortune for her love!
You wretched fathers, blind as fortune all!
Not to perceive that such a woman's worth
Weighs down the portions you provide your sons.
What is your trash, what all your heaps of gold,
Compared to this, my heartfelt happiness?
What has she, in my absence, undergone?
I must not think of that; it drives me back
Upon myself, the fatal cause of all.

Enter ISABELLA.

*Isa.* I have obeyed your pleasure;
Everything is ready for you.
*Bir.* I can want nothing here; possessing thee,
All my desires are carried to their aim
Of happiness; there's no room for a wish,
But to continue still this blessing to me;
I know the way, my love. I shall sleep sound.
*Isa.* Shall I attend you?
*Bir.* By no means;
I've been so long a slave to others' pride,
To learn, at least, to wait upon myself;
You'll make haste after?
*Isa.* I'll but say my prayers, and follow you.
[*Exit Biron.*
My prayers! no, I must never pray again.
Prayers have their blessings, to reward our hopes,
But I have nothing left to hope for more.
What Heaven could give I have enjoyed; but now
The baneful planet rises on my fate,
And what's to come is a long life of woe;
Yet I may shorten it.
I promised him to follow—him!
Is he without a name? Biron, my husband—
My husband! Ha! What, then, is Villeroy?

Oh, Biron, hadst thou come but one day sooner!
[*Weeping.*
What 's to be done? for something must be done.
Two husbands! married to both,
And yet a wife to neither. Hold, my brain—
Ha! a lucky thought
Works the right way to rid me of them all;
All the reproaches, infamies, and scorns,
That every tongue and finger will find for me.
Let the just horror of my apprehensions
But keep me warm; no matter what can come.
'Tis but a blow; yet I will see him first,
Have a last look, to heighten my despair,
And then to rest for ever.

## NICHOLAS ROWE.

NICHOLAS ROWE was also bred to the law, and forsook it for the tragic drama. He was born in 1673 or 1674 of a good family at Little Barford, in Bedfordshire. His father had an estate at Lamerton, in Devonshire, and was a serjeant-at-law in the Temple. Nicholas, during the earlier years of manhood, lived on a patrimony of £300 a year in chambers in the Temple. His first tragedy, *The Ambitious Stepmother*, acted in 1700, was performed with great success; and it was followed by *Tamerlane*, *The Fair Penitent*, *Ulysses*, *The Royal Convert*, *Jane Shore*, and *Lady Jane Grey*. Rowe, on rising into fame as an author, was munificently patronised. The Duke of Queensberry made him his secretary for public affairs. On the accession of George I. he was made poet-laureate and a surveyor of customs; the Prince of Wales appointed him clerk of his council; and the Lord Chancellor gave him the office of clerk of the presentations. Rowe was a favourite in society. It is stated that his voice was uncommonly sweet, his observations lively, and his manners so engaging, that his friends, amongst whom were Pope, Swift, and Addison, delighted in his conversation. Yet it is also reported by Spence, that there was a certain levity and carelessness about him, which made Pope, on one occasion, declare him to have no heart. Rowe was the first editor of Shakspeare entitled to the name, and the first to attempt the collection of a few biographical particulars of the immortal dramatist. He was twice married, and died in 1718. His widow—who afterwards married a Colonel Dean—received a pension from the crown, 'in consideration,' not of his dramatic genius, but 'of the translation of Lucan's *Pharsalia* made by her late husband!' The widow erected a handsome monument over her husband's grave in Westminster Abbey.

In addition to the dramatic works we have enumerated, Rowe was the author of two volumes of miscellaneous poetry, which scarcely ever rises above dull and respectable mediocrity. His tragedies are passionate and tender, with an equable and smooth style of versification, not unlike that of Ford. His *Jane Shore* is still occasionally performed, and is effective in the pathetic scenes descriptive of the sufferings of the heroine. *The Fair Penitent* was long a popular play, and the 'gallant gay Lothario' was the prototype of many stage seducers and romance heroes. Richardson elevated the character in his Lovelace, giving at the same time a purity and sanctity to the sorrows of his Clarissa, which leave Rowe's Calista immeasurably behind. The incidents of Rowe's dramas are well arranged for stage effect; they are studied and prepared in the manner of the French school, and were adapted to the taste of the age. As the study of Shakspeare and the romantic drama has advanced in this country, Rowe has proportionally declined, and is now but seldom read or acted. His popularity in his own day is best seen in the epitaph by Pope—a beautiful and tender effusion of friendship, which, however, is perhaps not irreconcilable with the anecdote preserved by Spence:

Thy relics, Rowe, to this sad shrine we trust,
And near thy Shakspeare place thy honoured bust;
Oh! next him, skilled to draw the tender tear,
For never heart felt passion more sincere;
To nobler sentiment to fire the brave,
For never Briton more disdained a slave.
Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest!
Blest in thy genius, in thy love, too, blest!
And blest, that timely from our scene removed,
Thy soul enjoys the liberty it loved.

### *Penitence and Death of Jane Shore.*

JANE SHORE, her HUSBAND, and BELMOUR.

*Belmour.* How fare you, lady?
*Jane Shore.* My heart is thrilled with horror.
*Bel.* Be of courage;
Your husband lives! 'tis he, my worthiest friend.
*Jane S.* Still art thou there? still dost thou hover round me?
Oh, save me, Belmour, from his angry shade!
*Bel.* 'Tis he himself! he lives! look up.
*Jane S.* I dare not.
Oh, that my eyes could shut him out for ever!
*Shore.* Am I so hateful, then, so deadly to thee,
To blast thy eyes with horror? Since I 'm grown
A burden to the world, myself, and thee,
Would I had ne'er survived to see thee more.
*Jane S.* Oh! thou most injured—dost thou live, indeed?
Fall then, ye mountains, on my guilty head!
Hide me, ye rocks, within your secret caverns;
Cast thy black veil upon my shame, O night!
And shield me with thy sable wing for ever.
*Shore.* Why dost thou turn away? Why tremble thus?
Why thus indulge thy fears, and in despair
Abandon thy distracted soul to horror?
Cast every black and guilty thought behind thee,
And let 'em never vex thy quiet more.
My arms, my heart, are open to receive thee,
To bring thee back to thy forsaken home,
With tender joy, with fond forgiving love.
Let us haste.
Now, while occasion seems to smile upon us,
Forsake this place of shame, and find a shelter.
*Jane S.* What shall I say to you? But I obey.
*Shore.* Lean on my arm.
*Jane S.* Alas! I am wondrous faint:
But that 's not strange, I have not ate these three days.
*Shore.* Oh, merciless! . . . .
*Jane S.* Oh! I 'm sick at heart!
*Shore.* Thou murderous sorrow!
Would thou still drink her blood, pursue her still?
Must she then die? Oh, my poor penitent!
Speak peace to thy sad heart: she hears me not:
Grief masters every sense—help me to hold her.

Enter CATESBY with a Guard.

*Catesby.* Seize on 'em both, as traitors to the state!
*Bel.* What means this violence?
[*Guards lay hold on Shore and Belmour.*
*Cates.* Have we not found you,
In scorn of the Protector's strict command

Assisting this base woman, and abetting
Her infamy?
*Shore.* Infamy on thy head!
Thou tool of power, thou pander to authority!
I tell thee, knave, thou know'st of none so virtuous,
And she that bore thee was an Ethiop to her.
*Cates.* You 'll answer this at full: away with 'em.
*Shore.* Is charity grown treason to your court?
What honest man would live beneath such rulers?
I am content that we should die together.
*Cates.* Convey the man to prison; but for her—
Leave her to hunt her fortune as she may.
*Jane S.* I will not part with him: for me!—for me!
Oh! must he die for me?
[*Following him as he is carried off—she falls.*
*Shore.* Inhuman villains!
[*Breaks from the Guards.*
Stand off! the agonies of death are on her!
She pulls, she gripes me hard with her cold hand.
*Jane S.* Was this blow wanting to complete my ruin?
Oh! let me go, ye ministers of terror.
He shall offend no more, for I will die,
And yield obedience to your cruel master.
Tarry a little, but a little longer,
And take my last breath with you.
*Shore.* Oh, my love!
Why have I lived to see this bitter moment—
This grief by far surpassing all my former?
Why dost thou fix thy dying eyes upon me
With such an earnest, such a piteous look,
As if thy heart were full of some sad meaning
Thou couldst not speak?
*Jane S.* Forgive me! but forgive me!
*Shore.* Be witness for me, ye celestial host,
Such mercy and such pardon as my soul
Accords to thee, and begs of Heaven to shew thee,
May such befall me at my latest hour,
And make my portion blest or curst for ever!
*Jane S.* Then all is well, and I shall sleep in peace.
'Tis very dark, and I have lost you now:
Was there not something I would have bequeathed
you?
But I have nothing left me to bestow,
Nothing but one sad sigh. Oh! mercy, Heaven!
[*Dies.*

### *Calista's Passion for Lothario.*

A Hall—Calista and Lucilla.

*Calista.* Be dumb for ever, silent as the grave,
Nor let thy fond, officious love disturb
My solemn sadness with the sound of joy.
If thou wilt soothe me, tell some dismal tale
Of pining discontent and black despair;
For, oh! I 've gone around through all my thoughts,
But all are indignation, love, or shame,
And my dear peace of mind is lost for ever.
*Lucilla.* Why do you follow still that wandering fire,
That has misled your weary steps, and leaves you
Benighted in a wilderness of woe,
That false Lothario? Turn from the deceiver;
Turn, and behold where gentle Altamont
Sighs at your feet, and woos you to be happy.
*Cal.* Away! I think not of him. My sad soul
Has formed a dismal, melancholy scene,
Such a retreat as I would wish to find;
An unfrequented vale, o'ergrown with trees
Mossy and old, within whose lonesome shade
Ravens and birds ill-omened only dwell:
No sound to break the silence, but a brook
That bubbling winds among the weeds: no mark
Of any human shape that had been there,
Unless a skeleton of some poor wretch
Who had long since, like me, by love undone,
Sought that sad place out to despair and die in.
*Luc.* Alas! for pity.
*Cal.* There I fain would hide me
From the base world, from malice, and from shame;
For 'tis the solemn counsel of my soul
Never to live with public loss of honour:
'Tis fixed to die, rather than bear the insolence
Of each affected she that tells my story,
And blesses her good stars that she is virtuous.
To be a tale for fools! Scorned by the women,
And pitied by the men. Oh! insupportable!
*Luc.* Oh! hear me, hear your ever-faithful creature;
By all the good I wish you, by all the ill
My trembling heart forebodes, let me entreat you
Never to see this faithless man again—
Let me forbid his coming.
*Cal.* On thy life,
I charge thee, no; my genius drives me on;
I must, I will behold him once again;
Perhaps it is the crisis of my fate,
And this one interview shall end my cares.
My labouring heart, that swells with indignation,
Heaves to discharge the burden; that once done,
The busy thing shall rest within its cell,
And never beat again.
*Luc.* Trust not to that:
Rage is the shortest passion of our souls;
Like narrow brooks that rise with sudden showers,
It swells in haste, and falls again as soon;
Still as it ebbs the softer thoughts flow in,
And the deceiver, Love, supplies its place.
*Cal.* I have been wronged enough to arm my temper
Against the smooth delusion; but, alas!—
Chide not my weakness, gentle maid, but pity me—
A woman's softness hangs about me still;
Then let me blush, and tell thee all my folly.
I swear I could not see the dear betrayer
Kneel at my feet, and sigh to be forgiven,
But my relenting heart would pardon all,
And quite forget 'twas he that had undone me.
[*Exit Lucilla.*
Ha! Altamont! Calista, now be wary,
And guard thy soul's excesses with dissembling:
Nor let this hostile husband's eyes explore
The warring passions and tumultuous thoughts
That rage within thee, and deform thy reason.

## WILLIAM LILLO.

The experiment of domestic tragedy, founded on sorrows incident to real life in the lower and middling ranks, was tried with considerable success by **William Lillo** (1693-1739), a jeweller in London. Lillo carried on business successfully for several years, dying with property to a considerable amount, and an estate worth £60 per annum. Possessing a literary taste, this industrious citizen devoted his leisure hours to the composition of three dramas, *George Barnwell*, *Fatal Curiosity*, and *Arden of Feversham*. A tragedy on the latter subject had, it will be recollected, appeared about the time of Shakspeare. At this early period of the drama, the style of Lillo may be said to have been also shadowed forth in the *Yorkshire Tragedy*, and one or two other plays founded on domestic occurrences. These, however, were rude and irregular, and were driven off the stage by the romantic drama of Shakspeare and his successors. Lillo had a competent knowledge of dramatic art, and his style was generally smooth and easy. To the masters of the drama he stands in a position similar to that of Defoe, compared with Cervantes or Sir Walter Scott. His *George Barnwell* describes the career of a London apprentice hurried on to ruin and murder by an infamous woman, who at last delivers him up to justice and to an ignominious death. The characters are naturally delineated; and we have no doubt it was correctly said that *George Barnwell* drew more tears than the rants of *Alexander the Great*. His *Fatal Curiosity* is a far higher work. Driven by destitution, an old man and his wife murder a rich stranger who takes shelter in their house, and they discover, but too late, that they have murdered their son, returned after a long absence. The harrowing details of this tragedy are powerfully depicted; and the agonies of old Wilmot, the father, constitute one of the most appalling and affecting incidents in the drama. The execution of Lillo's plays is unequal, and some of his characters are dull and commonplace; but he was a forcible painter of the dark shades of humble life. His plays have not kept possession of the stage. The taste for murders and public executions has declined; and Lillo was deficient in poetical and romantic feeling. The question, whether the familiar cast of his subjects was fitted to constitute a more genuine or only a subordinate walk in tragedy, is discussed by Campbell in the following eloquent paragraph:

'Undoubtedly the genuine delineation of the human heart will please us, from whatever station or circumstances of life it is derived. In the simple pathos of tragedy, probably very little difference will be felt from the choice of characters being pitched above or below the line of mediocrity in station. But something more than pathos is required in tragedy; and the very pain that attends our sympathy requires agreeable and romantic associations of the fancy to be blended with its poignancy. Whatever attaches ideas of importance, publicity, and elevation to the object of pity, forms a brightening and alluring medium to the imagination. Athens herself, with all her simplicity and democracy, delighted on the stage to

Let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by.

Even situations far depressed beneath the familiar mediocrity of life, are more picturesque and poetical than its ordinary level. It is certainly on the virtues of the middling rank of life that the strength and comforts of society chiefly depend, in the same manner as we look for the harvest, not on cliffs and precipices, but on the easy slope and the uniform plain. But the painter does not, in general, fix on level countries for the subjects of his noblest landscapes. There is an analogy, I conceive, to this in the moral painting of tragedy. Disparities of station give it boldness of outline. The commanding situations of life are its mountain scenery—the region where its storm and sunshine may be portrayed in their strongest contrast and colouring.'

### *Fatal Curiosity.*

Young Wilmot, unknown, enters the house of his parents and delivers them a casket, requesting to retire an hour for rest.

Agnes, the mother, alone, with the casket in her hand.

*Agnes.* Who should this stranger be? And then this casket—
He says it is of value, and yet trusts it,
As if a trifle, to a stranger's hand.
His confidence amazes me. Perhaps
It is not what he says. I'm strongly tempted
To open it and see. No; let it rest.
Why should my curiosity excite me
To search and pry into the affairs of others,
Who have to employ my thoughts so many cares
And sorrows of my own? With how much ease
The spring gives way! Surprising! most prodigious!
My eyes are dazzled, and my ravished heart
Leaps at the glorious sight. How bright's the lustre,
How immense the worth of those fair jewels!
Ay, such a treasure would expel for ever
Base poverty and all its abject train;
The mean devices we're reduced to use
To keep out famine, and preserve our lives
From day to day; the cold neglect of friends;
The galling scorn, or more provoking pity
Of an insulting world. Possessed of these,
Plenty, content, and power, might take their turn,
And lofty pride bare its aspiring head
At our approach, and once more bend before us.
A pleasing dream! 'Tis past; and now I wake
More wretched by the happiness I've lost;
For sure it was a happiness to think,
Though but a moment, such a treasure mine.
Nay, it was more than thought. I saw and touched
The bright temptation, and I see it yet.
'Tis here—'tis mine—I have it in possession.
Must I resign it? Must I give it back?
Am I in love with misery and want,
To rob myself, and court so vast a loss?
Retain it then. But how? There is a way.
Why sinks my heart? Why does my blood run cold?
Why am I thrilled with horror? 'Tis not choice,
But dire necessity, suggests the thought.

Enter Old Wilmot.

*Old Wilmot.* The mind contented, with how little pains
The wandering senses yield to soft repose,
And die to gain new life! He's fallen asleep
Already—happy man! What dost thou think,
My Agnes, of our unexpected guest?
He seems to me a youth of great humanity:
Just ere he closed his eyes, that swam in tears,
He wrung my hand, and pressed it to his lips;
And with a look that pierced me to the soul,
Begged me to comfort thee, and—— Dost thou hear me?
What art thou gazing on? Fie, 'tis not well.
This casket was delivered to you closed:
Why have you opened it? Should this be known,
How mean must we appear!
*Agnes.* And who shall know it?
*O. Wil.* There is a kind of pride, a decent dignity
Due to ourselves, which, spite of our misfortunes,
May be maintained and cherished to the last.
To live without reproach, and without leave
To quit the world, shews sovereign contempt
And noble scorn of its relentless malice.
*Agnes.* Shews sovereign madness, and a scorn of sense!
Pursue no further this detested theme:
I will not die. I will not leave the world
For all that you can urge, until compelled.
*O. Wil.* To chase a shadow, when the setting sun
Is darting his last rays, were just as wise
As your anxiety for fleeting life,
Now the last means for its support are failing:
Were famine not as mortal as the sword,
This warmth might be excused. But take thy choice:
Die how you will, you shall not die alone.
*Agnes.* Nor live, I hope.
*O. Wil.* There is no fear of that.
*Agnes.* Then we'll live both.
*O. Wil.* Strange folly! Where's the means?
*Agnes.* The means are there; those jewels.
*O. Wil.* Ha! take heed:
Perhaps thou dost but try me; yet take heed
There's nought so monstrous but the mind of man

In some conditions may be brought to approve;
Theft, sacrilege, treason, and parricide,
When flattering opportunity enticed,
And desperation drove, have been committed
By those who once would start to hear them named.
*Agnes.* And add to these detested suicide,
Which, by a crime much less, we may avoid.
*O. Wil.* The inhospitable murder of our guest?
How couldst thou form a thought so very tempting,
So advantageous, so secure, and easy;
And yet so cruel, and so full of horror?
*Agnes.* 'Tis less impiety, less against nature,
To take another's life than end our own.
*O. Wil.* It is no matter, whether this or that
Be, in itself, the less or greater crime:
Howe'er we may deceive ourselves or others,
We act from inclination, not by rule,
Or none could act amiss. And that all err,
None but the conscious hypocrite denies.
Oh, what is man, his excellence and strength,
When in an hour of trial and desertion,
Reason, his noblest power, may be suborned
To plead the cause of vile assassination!
*Agnes.* You're too severe: reason may justly plead
For her own preservation.
*O. Wil.* Rest contented:
Whate'er resistance I may seem to make,
I am betrayed within: my will's seduced,
And my whole soul infected. The desire
Of life returns, and brings with it a train
Of appetites, that rage to be supplied.
Whoever stands to parley with temptation
Does it to be o'ercome.
*Agnes.* Then nought remains
But the swift execution of a deed
That is not to be thought on or delayed.
We must despatch him sleeping: should he wake,
'Twere madness to attempt it.
*O. Wil.* True, his strength,
Single, is more, much more than ours united;
So may his life, perhaps, as far exceed
Ours in duration, should he 'scape this snare.
Generous, unhappy man! Oh, what could move the
To put thy life and fortune in the hands
Of wretches mad with anguish!
*Agnes.* By what means?
By stabbing, suffocation, or by strangling,
Shall we effect his death?
*O. Wil.* Why, what a fiend!
How cruel, how remorseless, how impatient,
Have pride and poverty made thee!
*Agnes.* Barbarous man!
Whose wasteful riots ruined our estate,
And drove our son, ere the first down had spread
His rosy cheeks, spite of my sad presages,
Earnest entreaties, agonies, and tears,
To seek his bread 'mongst strangers, and to perish
In some remote inhospitable land.
The loveliest youth in person and in mind
That ever crowned a groaning mother's pains!
Where was thy pity, where thy patience then?
Thou cruel husband! thou unnatural father!
Thou most remorseless, most ungrateful man!
To waste my fortune, rob me of my son;
To drive me to despair, and then reproach me.
*O. Wil.* Dry thy tears:
I ought not to reproach thee. I confess
That thou hast suffered much: so have we both.
But chide no more: I'm wrought up to thy purpose.
The poor ill-fated unsuspecting victim,
Ere he reclined him on the fatal couch,
From which he's ne'er to rise, took off the sash
And costly dagger that thou saw'st him wear;
And thus, unthinking, furnished us with arms
Against himself. What shall I use?
*Agnes.* The sash.
If you make use of that, I can assist.
*O. Wil.* No.
'Tis a dreadful office, and I'll spare
Thy trembling hands the guilt. Steal to the door,
And bring me word if he be still asleep. [*Exit Agnes.*
Or I'm deceived, or he pronounced himself
The happiest of mankind. Deluded wretch!
Thy thoughts are perishing; thy youthful joys,
Touched by the icy hand of grisly death,
Are withering in their bloom. But though extinguished,
He'll never know the loss, nor feel the bitter
Pangs of disappointment. Then I was wrong
In counting him a wretch: to die well pleased
Is all the happiest of mankind can hope for.
To be a wretch is to survive the loss
Of every joy, and even hope itself,
As I have done. Why do I mourn him then?
For, by the anguish of my tortured soul,
He's to be envied, if compared with me.

## WILLIAM CONGREVE.

The comedies of CONGREVE abound more than any others, perhaps, in the English language, in witty dialogue and lively incident, but their licentiousness has banished them from the stage. The life of this eminent dramatic writer was a happy and prosperous one. He was born at Bardsey, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and baptised February 10, 1669-70. He was of a good family, and his father held a military employment in Ireland, where the poet was educated—first at Kilkenny School, and then at Trinity College, Dublin. He studied law in the Middle Temple, but began early to write for the stage. His *Old Bachelor* was produced in January 1692-3, and acted with great applause. Lord Halifax conferred appointments on him in the customs and other departments of public service, worth £600 per annum. Other plays soon appeared: the *Double Dealer* in 1694; *Love for Love* in 1695; the *Mourning Bride*, a tragedy, in 1697; and the *Way of the World* in 1700. In 1710 he published a collection of miscellaneous poems, of which one little piece, *Doris*, is worthy of his fame; and his good-fortune still following him, he obtained, on the accession of George I. the office of secretary for the island of Jamaica, which raised his emoluments to about £1200 per annum. Basking in the sunshine of opulence and courtly society, Congreve wished to forget that he was an author; and when Voltaire waited upon him, he said he would rather be considered a gentleman than a poet. 'If you had been merely a gentleman,' said the witty Frenchman, 'I should not have come to visit you.' A complaint in the eyes, which terminated in total blindness, afflicted Congreve in his latter days: he died at his house in London on the 19th of January 1729-30. Dryden complimented Congreve as one whom every muse and grace adorned; and Pope dedicated to him his translation of the *Iliad.* What higher literary honours could have been paid a poet whose laurels were all gained, or at least planted, by the age of thirty? One incident in the history of Congreve is too remarkable to be omitted. He contracted a close intimacy with the Duchess of Marlborough (daughter of the great duke), sat at her table daily, and assisted in her household management. On his death, he left the bulk of his fortune, amounting to about £10,000, to this eccentric lady. The duchess spent seven of the ten thousand pounds in the purchase of a diamond necklace. 'How much better would it have been to have given it to Mrs Bracegirdle,' said Young the poet and clergyman. Mrs Bracegirdle was an actress with whom Congreve had been very intimate for many years. The duchess honoured the poet's remains with a splendid funeral. The corpse lay in state under the ancient roof of the Jerusalem chamber, and was interred in Westminster Abbey. The pall was borne by the Duke of Bridgewater, Lord Cobham, the Earl of Wilmington, who had been Speaker, and was afterwards first Lord of the Treasury, and other men of high consideration. The Duchess of Marlborough, if report is to be believed, further manifested her regard for the deceased poet in a manner that spoke more for her devotedness than her taste. It is said that she had a statue of him in ivory, which moved by clock-work, and was placed daily at her table; that she had a wax-doll made in imitation of him, and that the feet of this doll were regularly blistered and anointed by the doctors, as poor Congreve's feet had been when he suffered from the gout. This idol of fashion and literature has been removed by the just award of posterity from the high place he once occupied. His plays are generally without poetry or imagination, and his comic genius is inextricably associated with sensuality and profaneness. We admire his brilliant dialogue and repartee, and his exuberance of dramatic incident and character; but the total absence of the higher virtues which ennoble life—the beauty and gracefulness of female virtue, the feelings of generosity, truth, honour, affection, modesty, and tenderness—leaves his pages barren and unproductive of any permanent interest or popularity. His glittering artificial life possesses but few charms to the lovers of nature or of poetry, and is not recommended by any moral purpose or sentiment. The *Mourning Bride*, Congreve's only tragedy, possesses higher merit than most of the serious plays of that day. It has the stiffness of the French school, with no small affectation of fine writing, without passion, yet it possesses poetical scenes and language. The opening lines have often been quoted:

Music has charms to soothe a savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.
I 've read that things inanimate have moved,
And, as with living souls, have been informed
By magic numbers and persuasive sound.

Dr Johnson considered the following extract as forming the most poetical paragraph in the whole range of the drama—finer than any one in Shakspeare!

### *Description of a Cathedral.*

Almeria—Leonora.

*Almeria.* It was a fancied noise, for all is hushed.
*Leonora.* It bore the accent of a human voice.
*Alm.* It was thy fear, or else some transient wind
Whistling through hollows of this vaulted aisle.
We 'll listen.
*Leon.* Hark!
*Alm.* No; all is hushed and still as death. 'Tis dreadful!
How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads
To bear aloft its arched and ponderous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immovable,
Looking tranquillity. It strikes an awe
And terror on my aching sight; the tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart.
Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice;
Nay, quickly speak to me, and let me hear
Thy voice—my own affrights me with its echoes.
*Leon.* Let us return; the horror of this place
And silence will increase your melancholy.
*Alm.* It may my fears, but cannot add to that.
No, I will on; shew me Anselmo's tomb,
Lead me o'er bones and skulls and mouldering earth
Of human bodies; for I 'll mix with them;
Or wind me in the shroud of some pale corpse
Yet green in earth, rather than be the bride
Of Garcia's more detested bed: that thought
Exerts my spirits, and my present fears
Are lost in dread of greater ill.

In Congreve's comedies there is a constant stream of wit and liveliness, and quick interchange of dialogue and incident. He was a master of dramatic rules and art. Nothing shews more forcibly the taste or inclination of the present day for the poetry of nature and passion, instead of the conventional world of our ancestors in the drama, than the neglect into which the works of Congreve have fallen, even as literary productions.

### *Gay Young Men upon Town.—From the 'Old Bachelor.'*

Belmour—Vainlove.

*Belmour.* Vainlove, and abroad so early! Good-morrow. I thought a contemplative lover could no more have parted with his bed in a morning, than he could have slept in it.

*Vainlove.* Belmour, good-morrow. Why, truth on 't is, these early sallies are not usual to me; but business, as you see, sir—[*Shewing letters*]—and business must be followed, or be lost.

*Bel.* Business! And so must time, my friend, be close pursued or lost. Business is the rub of life, perverts our aim, casts off the bias, and leaves us wide and short of the intended mark.

*Vain.* Pleasure, I guess you mean.

*Bel.* Ay, what else has meaning?

*Vain.* Oh, the wise will tell you——

*Bel.* More than they believe or understand.

*Vain.* How; how, Ned? a wise man says more than he understands?

*Bel.* Ay, ay, wisdom is nothing but a pretending to know and believe more than we really do. You read of but one wise man, and all that he knew was—that he knew nothing. Come, come, leave business to idlers, and wisdom to fools; they have need of them. Wit be my faculty, and pleasure my occupation; and let father Time shake his glass. Let low and earthly souls grovel till they have worked themselves six foot deep into a grave. Business is not my element; I roll in a higher orb, and dwell——

*Vain.* In castles i' th' air of thy own building—that 's thy element, Ned.

### *A Swaggering Bully and Boaster.—From the same.*

Sir Joseph Wittol—Sharper—Captain Bluff.

*Sir Joseph.* Oh, here he comes. Ay, my Hector of Troy; welcome, my bully, my back; egad, my heart has gone pit-a-pat for thee.

*Bluff.* How now, my young knight? Not for fear, I hope? He that knows me must be a stranger to fear.

*Sir Jos.* Nay, egad, I hate fear ever since I had like to have died of fright. But——

*Bluff.* But! Look you here, boy; here 's your antidote; here 's your Jesuit's Powder for a shaking fit. But who hast thou got with ye; is he of mettle?

[*Laying his hand on his sword.*

*Sir Jos.* Ay, bully, a smart fellow; and will fight like a cock.

*Bluff.* Say you so? Then I 'll honour him. But has he been abroad? for every cock will fight upon his own dunghill.

*Sir Jos.* I don't know; but I 'll present you.

*Bluff.* I 'll recommend myself. Sir, I honour you; I understand you love fighting. I reverence a man that loves fighting. Sir, I kiss your hilts.

*Sharper.* Sir, your servant, but you are misinformed; for unless it be to serve my particular friend, as Sir Joseph here, my country, or my religion, or in some very justifiable cause, I am not for it.

*Bluff.* Oh, I beg your pardon, sir; I find you are not of my palate; you can't relish a dish of fighting without some sauce. Now, I think fighting for fighting's sake is sufficient cause. Fighting to me is religion and the laws!

*Sir Jos.* Ah, well said, my hero! Was not that great, sir? By the Lord Harry, he says true; fighting is meat, drink, and clothes to him. But, Back, this gentleman is one of the best friends I have in the world, and saved my life last night. You know I told you.

*Bluff.* Ay, then I honour him again. Sir, may I crave your name?

*Sharper.* Ay, sir, my name 's Sharper.

*Sir Jos.* Pray, Mr Sharper, embrace my Back; very well. By the Lord Harry, Mr Sharper, he is as brave a fellow as Cannibal; are you not, Bully-Back?

*Sharper.* Hannibal, I believe you mean, Sir Joseph?

*Bluff.* Undoubtedly he did, sir. Faith, Hannibal was a very pretty fellow; but, Sir Joseph, comparisons are odious. Hannibal was a very pretty fellow in those days, it must be granted. But alas, sir, were he alive now, he would be nothing, nothing in the earth.

*Sharper.* How, sir? I make a doubt if there be at this day a greater general breathing.

*Bluff.* Oh, excuse me, sir; have you served abroad, sir?

*Sharper.* Not I, really, sir.

*Bluff.* Oh, I thought so. Why, then, you can know nothing, sir. I am afraid you scarce know the history of the late war in Flanders with all its particulars.

*Sharper.* Not I, sir; no more than public papers or Gazettes tell us.

*Bluff.* Gazette! Why, there again now. Why, sir, there are not three words of truth, the year round, put into the Gazette. I 'll tell you a strange thing now as to that. You must know, sir, I was resident in Flanders the last campaign, had a small post there; but no matter for that. Perhaps, sir, there was scarce anything of moment done but a humble servant of yours that shall be nameless was an eye-witness of. I won't say had the greatest share in 't—though I might say that too, since I name nobody, you know. Well, Mr Sharper, would you think it? In all this time, as I hope for a truncheon, that rascally Gazette-writer never so much as once mentioned me. Not once, by the wars! Took no more notice than as if Noll Bluff had not been in the land of the living.

*Sharper.* Strange!

*Sir Jos.* Yet, by the Lord Harry, 'tis true, Mr Sharper; for I went every day to coffee-houses to read the Gazette myself.

*Bluff.* Ay, ay; no matter. You see, Mr Sharper, after all, I am content to retire—live a private person. Scipio and others have done so.

*Sharper.* Impudent rogue. [*Aside.*

*Sir Jos.* Ay, this modesty of yours. Egad, if he would put in for 't, he might be made general himself yet.

*Bluff.* Oh, fie no, Sir Joseph; you know I hate this.

*Sir Jos.* Let me but tell Mr Sharper a little, how you ate fire once out of the mouth of a cannon; egad, he did; those impenetrable whiskers of his have confronted flames.

*Bluff.* Death! What do you mean, Sir Joseph?

*Sir Jos.* Look you now, I tell you he is so modest, he 'll own nothing.

*Bluff.* Pish; you have put me out; I have forgot what I was about. Pray, hold your tongue, and give me leave—— [*Angrily.*

*Sir Jos.* I am dumb.

*Bluff.* This sword I think I was telling you of, Mr Sharper. This sword I 'll maintain to be the best divine, anatomist, lawyer, or casuist in Europe; it shall decide a controversy, or split a cause.

*Sir Jos.* Nay, now, I must speak; it will split a hair; by the Lord Harry, I have seen it!

*Bluff.* Zounds! sir, it is a lie; you have not seen it, nor sha'nt see it: sir, I say you can't see. What d' ye say to that, now?

*Sir Jos.* I am blind.

*Bluff.* Death! had any other man interrupted me.

*Sir Jos.* Good Mr Sharper, speak to him; I dare not look that way.

*Sharper.* Captain, Sir Joseph 's penitent.

*Bluff.* Oh, I am calm, sir; calm as a discharged culverin. But 'twas indiscreet, when you know what will provoke me. Nay, come, Sir Joseph; you know my heat's soon over.

*Sir Jos.* Well, I am a fool sometimes, but I'm sorry.

*Bluff.* Enough.

*Sir Jos.* Come, we'll go take a glass to drown animosities.

### *Scandal and Literature in High Life.—From 'The Double Dealer.'*

CYNTHIA—LORD and LADY FROTH—BRISK.

*Lady Froth.* Then you think that episode between Susan the dairy-maid and our coachman is not amiss. You know, I may suppose the dairy in town, as well as in the country.

*Brisk.* Incomparable, let me perish! But, then, being an heroic poem, had not you better call him a charioteer? Charioteer sounds great. Besides, your ladyship's coachman having a red face, and you comparing him to the sun—and you know the sun is called 'heaven's charioteer.'

*Lady F.* Oh! infinitely better; I am extremely beholden to you for the hint. Stay; we'll read over those half-a-score lines again. [*Pulls out a paper.*] Let me see here; you know what goes before—the comparison you know. [*Reads*]

> For as the sun shines every day,
> So of our coachman I may say.

*Brisk.* I am afraid that simile won't do in wet weather, because you say the sun shines *every* day.

*Lady F.* No; for the sun it won't, but it will do for the coachman; for you know there's most occasion for a coach in wet weather.

*Brisk.* Right, right; that saves all.

*Lady F.* Then I don't say the sun shines all the day, but that he peeps now and then; yet he does shine all the day, too, you know, though we don't see him.

*Brisk.* Right; but the vulgar will never comprehend that.

*Lady F.* Well, you shall hear. Let me see—

> For as the sun shines every day,
> So of our coachman I may say,
> He shews his drunken fiery face
> Just as the sun does, more or less.

*Brisk.* That's right; all's well, all's well. *More or less.*

*Lady F.* [*Reads*]

> And when at night his labour's done,
> Then, too, like heaven's charioteer, the sun—

Ay, charioteer does better—

> Into the dairy he descends,
> And there his whipping and his driving ends;

There he's secure from danger of a bilk;
His fare is paid him, and he sets in milk.

For Susan, you know, is Thetis, and so——

*Brisk.* Incomparable well and proper, egad! But I have one exception to make: don't you think *bilk*—I know it's a good rhyme—but don't you think *bilk* and *fare* too like a hackney coachman?

*Lady F.* I swear and vow I'm afraid so. And yet our Jehu was a hackney coachman when my lord took him.

*Brisk.* Was he? I'm answered, if Jehu was a hackney coachman. You may put that in the marginal notes though, to prevent criticism; only mark it with a small asterisk, and say, 'Jehu was formerly a hackney coachman.'

*Lady F.* I will; you'd oblige me extremely to write notes to the whole poem.

*Brisk.* With all my heart and soul, and proud of the vast honour, let me perish!

*Lord Froth.* Hee, hee, hee! my dear, have you done? Won't you join with us? We were laughing at my Lady Whister and Mr Sneer.

*Lady F.* Ay, my dear, were you? Oh! filthy Mr Sneer; he's a nauseous figure, a most fulsamic fop. Foh! He spent two days together in going about Covent Garden to suit the lining of his coach with his complexion.

*Lord F.* O silly! Yet his aunt is as fond of him as if she had brought the ape into the world herself.

*Brisk.* Who? my Lady Toothless? Oh, she's a mortifying spectacle; she's always chewing the cud like an old ewe.

*Lord F.* Foh!

*Lady F.* Then she's always ready to laugh when Sneer offers to speak; and sits in expectation of his no-jest, with her gums bare, and her mouth open.

*Brisk.* Like an oyster at low ebb, egad! Ha, ha, ha!

*Cynthia.* [*Aside.*] Well, I find there are no fools so inconsiderable in themselves, but they can render other people contemptible by exposing their infirmities.

*Lady F.* Then that t'other great strapping lady; I can't hit of her name; the old fat fool that paints so exorbitantly.

*Brisk.* I know whom you mean. But, deuce take me, I can't hit of her name either. Paints, d'ye say? Why, she lays it on with a trowel. Then she has a great beard that bristles through it, and makes her look as if she were plastered with lime and hair, let me perish!

*Lady F.* Oh! you made a song upon her, Mr Brisk.

*Brisk.* Heh? egad, so I did. My lord can sing it.

*Cynthia.* O good, my lord; let us hear it.

*Brisk.* 'Tis not a song neither. It's a sort of epigram, or rather an epigrammatic sonnet. I don't know what to call it, but it's satire. Sing it, my lord.

*Lord F.* [*Sings.*]

Ancient Phyllis has young graces;
'Tis a strange thing, but a true one;
Shall I tell you how?
She herself makes her own faces,
And each morning wears a new one;
Where's the wonder now?

*Brisk.* Short, but there's salt in't. My way of writing, egad!

### *From Love for Love.*

ANGELICA—SIR SAMPSON LEGEND—TATTLE—MRS FRAIL—MISS PRUE—BEN LEGEND and SERVANT.*

*Ben.* Where's father?

*Servant.* There, sir; his back's towards you.

*Sir Sampson.* My son, Ben! Bless thee, my dear boy; body o' me, thou art heartily welcome.

*Ben.* Thank you, father; and I'm glad to see you.

*Sir S.* Odsbud, and I'm glad to see thee. Kiss me, boy; kiss me again and again, dear Ben. [*Kisses him.*

*Ben.* So, so; enough, father. Mess, I'd rather kiss these gentlewomen.

*Sir S.* And so thou shalt. Mrs Angelica, my son Ben.

*Ben.* Forsooth, if you please. [*Salutes her.*] Nay, Mistress, I'm not for dropping anchor here; about ship i' faith. [*Kisses Frail.*] Nay, and you too, my little cock-boat—so. [*Kisses Miss.*]

*Tattle.* Sir, you are welcome ashore.

*Ben.* Thank you, thank you, friend.

*Sir S.* Thou hast been many a weary league, Ben, since I saw thee.

*Ben.* Ay, ay, been! been far enough, an that be all. Well, father, and how do you all at home? How does brother Dick and brother Val?

*Sir S.* Dick! body o' me, Dick has been dead these two years; I writ you word when you were at Leghorn.

*Ben.* Mess, that's true: marry, I had forgot. Dick's dead, as you say. Well, and how? I have a many questions to ask you. Well, you be not married again, father, be you?

*Sir S.* No, I intend you shall marry, Ben; I would not marry for thy sake.

*Ben.* Nay, what does that signify?—an you marry again, why, then, I'll go to sea again; so there's one for t'other, an that be all. Pray, don't let me be your hinderance; e'en marry a God's name, an the wind sit that way. As for my part, mayhap I have no mind to marry.

*Mrs Frail.* That would be a pity; such a handsome young gentleman.

*Ben.* Handsome! hee, hee, hee; nay, forsooth, an you be for joking, I'll joke with you, for I love my jest, an the ship were sinking, as we say at sea. But I'll tell you why I don't much stand towards matrimony. I love to roam about from port to port, and from land to land: I could never abide to be port-bound, as we call it. Now, a man that is married has, as it were, d'ye see, his feet in the bilboes, and mayhap mayn't get them out again when he would.

*Sir S.* Ben's a wag.

*Ben.* A man that is married, d'ye see, is no more like another man than a galley-slave is like one of us free sailors. He is chained to an oar all his life; and mayhap forced to tug a leaky vessel into the bargain.

*Sir S.* A very wag! Ben's a very wag! only a little rough; he wants a little polishing.

*Mrs F.* Not at all; I like his humour mightily; it's plain and honest; I should like such a humour in a husband extremely.

*Ben.* Say'n you so, forsooth? Marry, and I should like such a handsome gentlewoman hugely. How say you, mistress! would you like going to sea? Mess, you're a tight vessel, and well rigged. But I'll tell you one thing, an you come to sea in a high wind, lady, you mayn't carry so much sail o' your head. Top and topgallant, by the mess.

*Mrs F.* No? why so?

*Ben.* Why, an you do, you may run the risk to be overset, and then you'll carry your keels above water; hee, hee, hee.

*Angelica.* I swear Mr Benjamin is the veriest wag in nature—an absolute sea-wit.

*Sir S.* Nay, Ben has parts; but, as I told you before, they want a little polishing. You must not take anything ill, madam.

*Ben.* No; I hope the gentlewoman is not angry; I mean all in good part; for if I give a jest, I take a jest; and so, forsooth, you may be as free with me.

*Ang.* I thank you, sir; I am not at all offended. But methinks, Sir Sampson, you should leave him alone with his mistress. Mr Tattle, we must not hinder lovers.

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* In the character of *Ben*, Congreve gave the first humorous and natural representation of the English sailor, afterwards so fertile and amusing a subject of delineation with Smollett and other novelists and dramatists.

*Tattle.* Well, Miss, I have your promise. [*Aside to Miss.*

*Sir S.* Body o' me, madam, you say true. Look you, Ben, this is your mistress. Come, Miss, you must not be shame-faced; we'll leave you together.

*Miss Prue.* I can't abide to be left alone; may not my cousin stay with me?

*Sir S.* No, no; come, let us away.

*Ben.* Look you, father; mayhap the young woman mayn't take a liking to me.

*Sir S.* I warrant thee, boy; come, come, we'll be gone; I'll venture that.

### Ben and Miss Prue.

*Ben.* Come, mistress, will you please to sit down? for an you stand astern a that'n, we shall never grapple together. Come, I'll haul a chair; there, an you please to sit, I'll sit beside you.

*Miss Prue.* You need not sit so near one; if you have anything to say, I can hear you farther off; I an't deaf.

*Ben.* Why, that's true as you say, nor I an't dumb; I can be heard as far as another. I'll heave off to please you. [*Sits further off.*] An we were a league asunder, I'd undertake to hold discourse with you, an 'twere not a main high wind indeed, and full in my teeth. Look you, forsooth, I am as it were bound for the land of matrimony; 'tis a voyage, d' ye see, that was none of my seeking; I was commanded by father; and if you like of it, mayhap I may steer into your harbour. How say you, mistress? The short of the thing is, that if you like me, and I like you, we may chance to swing in a hammock together.

*Miss P.* I don't know what to say to you, nor I don't care to speak with you at all.

*Ben.* No? I'm sorry for that. But pray, why are you so scornful?

*Miss P.* As long as one must not speak one's mind, one had better not speak at all, I think; and truly I won't tell a lie for the matter.

*Ben.* Nay, you say true in that; it's but a folly to lie; for to speak one thing, and to think just the contrary way, is, as it were, to look one way and to row another. Now, for my part, d'ye see, I'm for carrying things above-board; I'm not for keeping anything under hatches; so that if you ben't as willing as I, say so a God's name; there's no harm done. Mayhap you may be shame-faced; some maidens, thof they love a man well enough, yet they don't care to tell'n so to's face. If that's the case, why, silence gives consent.

*Miss P.* But I'm sure it is not so, for I'll speak sooner than you should believe that; and I'll speak truth, though one should always tell a lie to a man; and I don't care, let my father do what he will. I'm too big to be whipt; so I'll tell you plainly, I don't like you, nor love you at all, nor never will, that's more. So there's your answer for you, and don't trouble me no more, you ugly thing.

*Ben.* Look you, young woman, you may learn to give good words, however. I spoke you fair, d' ye see, and civil. As for your love or your liking, I don't value it of a rope's end; and mayhap I like you as little as you do me. What I said was in obedience to father: I fear a whipping no more than you do. But I tell you one thing, if you should give such language at sea, you'd have a cat-o'-nine-tails laid across your shoulders. Flesh! who are you? You heard t'other handsome young woman speak civilly to me of her own accord. Whatever you think of yourself, I don't think you are any more to compare to her than a can of small-beer to a bowl of punch.

*Miss P.* Well, and there's a handsome gentleman, and a fine gentleman, and a sweet gentleman, that was here, that loves me, and I love him; and if he sees you speak to me any more, he'll thrash your jacket for you, he will; you great sea-calf.

*Ben.* What! do you mean that fair-weather spark that was here just now? Will he thrash my jacket? Let'n, let'n, let'n—but an he comes near me, mayhap I may give him a salt-eel for's supper, for all that. What does father mean, to leave me alone, as soon as I come home, with such a dirty dowdy? Sea-calf! I an't calf enough to lick your chalked face, you cheese-curd you. Marry thee! oons, I'll marry a Lapland witch as soon, and live upon selling contrary winds and wrecked vessels.

From the sparkling, highly wrought love-scenes of Congreve it would be perilous to quote. 'I have read two or three of Congreve's plays over before speaking of him,' said Mr Thackeray, in one of his admirable lectures; 'and my feelings were rather like those which I daresay most of us here have had at Pompeii, looking at Sallust's house and the relics of an orgy—a dried wine-jar or two, a charred supper-table, the breast of a dancing-girl pressed against the ashes, the laughing skull of a jester, a perfect stillness round about, as the cicerone twangs his moral, and the blue sky shines calmly over the ruin. The Congreve muse is dead, and her song choked in Time's ashes. We gaze at the skeleton, and wonder at the life which once revelled in its mad veins. We take the skull up, and muse over the frolic and daring, the wit, scorn, passion, hope, desire, with which that empty bowl once fermented. We think of the glances that allured, the tears that melted; of the bright eyes that shone in those vacant sockets, and of lips whispering love and cheeks dimpling with smiles that once covered yon ghastly framework. They used to call those teeth pearls once. See! there's the cup she drank from, the gold chain she wore on her neck, the vase which held the rouge for her cheeks, her looking-glass, and the harp she used to dance to. Instead of a feast we find a grave-stone, and in place of a mistress a few bones!'*

## SIR JOHN VANBRUGH.

Sir John Vanbrugh united what Leigh Hunt calls the 'apparently incompatible geniuses' of comic writer and architect. His Blenheim and Castle Howard have outlived the *Provoked Wife* or the *Relapse;* yet the latter were highly popular once; and even Pope, though he admits his want of *grace*, says that he never wanted *wit.* Vanbrugh was the son of a successful sugar-baker, who rose to be an esquire, and comptroller of the Treasury Chamber, besides marrying the daughter of Sir Dudley Carlton. It is doubtful whether the dramatist was born in the French Bastile, or the parish of St Stephen's, Walbrook. The time of his birth was about the year 1666, when Louis XIV. declared war against England. It is certain he was in France at the age of nineteen, and remained there some years. In 1695, he was appointed secretary to the commission for endowing Greenwich Hospital; and two years afterwards appeared his play of the *Relapse* and the *Provoked Wife; Æsop*, the *False Friend*, the *Confederacy*, and other dramatic pieces followed. Vanbrugh was now highly popular. He made his design of Castle Howard in 1702, and Lord Carlisle appointed him Clarencieux king-at-arms, a heraldic office which gratified Vanbrugh's vanity. In 1706, he was commissioned by Queen Anne to carry the habit and ensigns of the Order of the Garter to the Elector of Hanover; and in the same year he commenced his design for the great national structure at Blenheim. He built various other mansions, was knighted by George I. and appointed comptroller of the royal works. He died, aged sixty, in 1726. At the time of his death, Vanbrugh was engaged on a comedy, the *Provoked Husband*, which Colley Cibber finished with equal talent. The architectural designs of Vanbrugh have been praised by Sir Joshua Reynolds for their display of imagination, and their originality of invention. Though ridiculed by Swift and other wits of the day for heaviness and incongruity of design, Castle Howard and Blenheim are noble structures, and do honour to the boldness of conception and picturesque taste of Vanbrugh.

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* *English Humorists.*

As a dramatist, the first thing in his plays which strikes the reader is the lively ease of his dialogue. Congreve had more wit, but less nature, and less genuine unaffected humour and gaiety. Vanbrugh drew more from living originals, and depicted the manners of his times—the coarse debauchery of the country knight, the gallantry of town-wits and fortune-hunters, and the love of French intrigue and French manners in his female characters. Lord Foppington, in the *Relapse*, is the original of most of those empty coxcombs who abound in modern comedy, intent only on dress and fashion. When he loses his mistress, he consoles himself with this reflection: 'Now, for my part, I think the wisest thing a man can do with an aching heart is to put on a serene countenance; for a philosophical air is the most becoming thing in the world to the face of a person of quality. I will therefore bear my disgrace like a great man, and let the people see I am above an affront. [*Aloud.*] Dear Tom, since things are thus fallen out, prithee give me leave to wish thee joy. I do it *de bon cœur*—strike me dumb! You have married a woman beautiful in her person, charming in her airs, prudent in her conduct, constant in her inclinations, and of a nice morality—split my windpipe!'

The young lady thus eulogised, Miss Hoyden, is the lively, ignorant, romping country-girl to be met with in most of the comedies of this period. In the *Provoked Wife*, the coarse pot-house valour and absurdity of Sir John Brute (Garrick's famous part) is well contrasted with the fine-lady airs and affectation of his wife, transported from the country to the hot-bed delicacies of London fashion and extravagance. Such were the scenes that delighted our playgoing ancestors, and which may still please us, like old stiff family portraits in their grotesque habiliments, as pictures of a departed generation.

These portraits of Vanbrugh's were exaggerated and heightened for dramatic effect; yet, on the whole, they are characteristic likenesses. The picture is not altogether a pleasing one, for it is dashed with the most unblushing licentiousness. A tone of healthful vivacity, and the absence of all hypocrisy, form its most genial features. 'The licence of the times,' as Mr Leigh Hunt remarks, 'allowed Vanbrugh to be plain spoken to an extent which was perilous to his animal spirits;' but, like Dryden, he repented of these indiscretions; and if he had lived, would have united his easy wit and nature to scenes inculcating sentiments of honour and virtue.

### *Picture of the Life of a Woman of Fashion.*

SIR JOHN BRUTE, in the *Provoked Wife*, disguised in his lady's dress, joins in a drunken midnight frolic, and is taken by the Constable and Watchmen before a Justice of the Peace.

*Justice.* Pray, madam, what may be your ladyship's common method of life? if I may presume so far.

*Sir John.* Why, sir, that of a woman of quality.

*Justice.* Pray, how may you generally pass your time, madam? Your morning, for example?

*Sir John.* Sir, like a woman of quality. I wake about two o'clock in the afternoon—I stretch, and make a sign for my chocolate. When I have drunk three cups, I slide down again upon my back, with my arms over my head, while my two maids put on my stockings. Then, hanging upon their shoulders, I'm trailed to my great chair, where I sit and yawn for my breakfast. If it don't come presently, I lie down upon my couch, to say my prayers, while my maid reads me the playbills.

*Justice.* Very well, madam.

*Sir John.* When the tea is brought in, I drink twelve regular dishes, with eight slices of bread and butter; and half an hour after, I send to the cook to know if the dinner is almost ready.

*Justice.* So, madam.

*Sir John.* By that time my head is half dressed, I hear my husband swearing himself into a state of perdition that the meat's all cold upon the table; to amend which I come down in an hour more, and have it sent back to the kitchen, to be all dressed over again.

*Justice.* Poor man!

*Sir John.* When I have dined, and my idle servants are presumptuously set down at their ease to do so too, I call for my coach, to go to visit fifty dear friends, of whom I hope I never shall find one at home while I live.

*Justice.* So! there's the morning and afternoon pretty well disposed of. Pray, how, madam, do you pass your evenings?

*Sir John.* Like a woman of spirit, sir; a great spirit. Give me a box and dice. Seven's the main! Oons, sir, I set you a hundred pound! Why, do you think women are married now-a-days to sit at home and mend napkins? Oh, the Lord help your head!

*Justice.* Mercy on us, Mr Constable! What will this age come to?

*Constable.* What will it come to indeed, if such women as these are not set in the stocks!

### *Fable.*

A Band, a Bob-wig, and a Feather,
Attacked a lady's heart together.
The Band in a most learned plea,
Made up of deep philosophy,
Told her if she would please to wed
A reverend beard, and take, instead
Of vigorous youth,
Old solemn truth,
With books and morals, into bed,
How happy she would be!

The Bob he talked of management,
What wondrous blessings Heaven sent
On care, and pains, and industry:
And truly he must be so free
To own he thought your airy beaux,
With powdered wig and dancing shoes,
Were good for nothing—mend his soul!
But prate, and talk, and play the fool.
He said 'twas wealth gave joy and mirth,
And that to be the dearest wife
Of one who laboured all his life
To make a mine of gold his own,
And not spend sixpence when he'd done,
Was heaven upon earth.

When these two blades had done, d' ye see,
The Feather—as it might be me—
Steps, sir, from behind the screen,
With such an air and such a mien—
Like you, old gentleman—in short,
He quickly spoiled the statesman's sport.
It proved such sunshine weather,
That you must know, at the first beck
The lady leaped about his neck,
And off they went together!

### GEORGE FARQUHAR.

GEORGE FARQUHAR (1678–1707) was a better artist, in stage effect and happy combinations of incident and adventure, than most of this race of comic writers. He had an uncontrollable vivacity and love of sport, which still render his comedies attractive both on the stage and in the closet. Farquhar was an Irishman, born in Londonderry, and, after some college irregularity, he took to the stage. Happening accidentally to wound a brother-actor in a fencing-scene, he left the boards at the age of eighteen, and procured a commission in the army from the Earl of Orrery. His first play, *Love and a Bottle*, came out at Drury Lane in 1698; the *Constant Couple* in 1700; the *Inconstant* in 1703; the *Stage-coach* in 1704; the *Twin Rivals* in 1705; the *Recruiting Officer* in 1706; and the *Beaux' Stratagem* in 1707. Farquhar was early married to a lady who had deceived him by pretending to be possessed of a fortune, and he sunk a victim to ill health and over-exertion in his thirtieth year. A letter written shortly before his death to Wilks the actor, possesses a touching brevity of expression: 'Dear Bob, I have not anything to leave to thee to perpetuate my memory but two helpless girls. Look upon them sometimes, and think of him that was to the last moment of his life thine—GEORGE FARQUHAR.' One of these daughters, it appears, married a 'low tradesman,' and the other became a servant, while their mother died in circumstances of the utmost indigence.

The *Beaux' Stratagem* is Farquhar's best comedy. The plot is admirably managed, and the disguises of Archer and Aimwell form a ludicrous, yet natural series of incidents. Boniface, the landlord, is still a favourite on the stage. Scrub, the servant, is equally true and amusing; and the female characters, though as free-spoken, if not as frail as the fine-bred ladies of Congreve and Vanbrugh, are sufficiently discriminated. Sergeant Kite, in the *Recruiting Officer*, is an original picture of low life and humour rarely surpassed. Farquhar has not the ripe wit of Congreve, or of our best comic writers. He was the Smollett, not the Fielding, of the stage.

'Farquhar,' says Leigh Hunt, 'was a good-natured, sensitive, reflecting man, of so high an order of what may be called the *town* class of genius, as to sympathise with mankind at large upon the strength of what he saw of them in little, and to extract from a quintessence of good sense an inspiration just short of the romantic and imaginative; that is to say, he could turn what he had experienced in common life to the best account, but required in all cases the support of its ordinary associations, and could not project his spirit beyond them. He felt the little world too much, and the universal too little. He saw into all false pretensions, but not into all true ones; and if he had had a larger sphere of nature to fall back upon in his adversity, would probably not have died of it. The wings of his fancy were too common, and grown in too artificial an air, to support him in the sudden gulfs and aching voids of that new region, and enable him to beat his way to their green islands. His genius was so entirely social, that notwithstanding what appeared to the contrary in his personal manners, and what he took for his own superiority to it, compelled him to assume in his writings all the airs of the most received town ascendency; and when it had once warmed itself in this way, it would seem that it had attained the healthiness natural to its best condition, and could have gone on for ever, increasing both in enjoyment and in power, had external circumstances been favourable. He was becoming gayer and gayer, when death, in the shape of a sore anxiety, called him away as if from a pleasant party, and left the house ringing with his jest.'

### *Humorous Scene at an Inn.*

BONIFACE—AIMWELL.

*Boniface.* This way, this way, sir.

*Aimwell.* You 're my landlord, I suppose?

*Bon.* Yes, sir, I 'm old Will Boniface; pretty well known upon this road, as the saying is.

*Aim.* Oh, Mr Boniface, your servant.

*Bon.* Oh, sir, what will your servant please to drink, as the saying is?

*Aim.* I have heard your town of Lichfield much famed for ale; I think I 'll taste that.

*Bon.* Sir, I have now in my cellar ten tun of the best ale in Staffordshire: 'tis smooth as oil, sweet as milk, clear as amber, and strong as brandy, and will be just fourteen years old the fifth day of next March, old style.

*Aim.* You 're very exact, I find, in the age of your ale.

*Bon.* As punctual, sir, as I am in the age of my children: I 'll shew you such ale. Here, tapster, broach number 1706, as the saying is. Sir, you shall taste my anno domini. I have lived in Lichfield, man and boy, above eight-and-fifty years, and I believe have not consumed eight-and-fifty ounces of meat.

*Aim.* At a meal, you mean, if one may guess by your bulk?

*Bon.* Not in my life, sir; I have fed purely upon ale: I have ate my ale, drank my ale, and I always sleep upon my ale.

Enter Tapster with a Tankard.

Now, sir, you shall see—— Your worship's health. [*Drinks.*]—Ha! delicious, delicious: fancy it Burgundy; only fancy it—and 'tis worth ten shillings a quart.

*Aim.* [*Drinks.*] 'Tis confounded strong.

*Bon.* Strong! it must be so, or how would we be strong that drink it?

*Aim.* And have you lived so long upon this ale, landlord?

*Bon.* Eight-and-fifty years, upon my credit, sir; but it killed my wife, poor woman, as the saying is.

*Aim.* How came that to pass?

*Bon.* I don't know how, sir; she would not let the ale take its natural course, sir; she was for qualifying it every now and then with a dram, as the saying is; and an honest gentleman, that came this way from Ireland, made her a present of a dozen bottles of usquebaugh—but the poor woman was never well after; but, however, I was obliged to the gentleman, you know.

*Aim.* Why, was it the usquebaugh that killed her?

*Bon.* My Lady Bountiful said so. She, good lady, did what could be done: she cured her of three tympanies: but the fourth carried her off: but she's happy, and I'm contented, as the saying is.

*Aim.* Who's that Lady Bountiful you mentioned?

*Bon.* Odds my life, sir, we'll drink her health. [*Drinks.*]—My Lady Bountiful is one of the best of women. Her last husband, Sir Charles Bountiful, left her worth a thousand pounds a year; and I believe she lays out one-half on't in charitable uses for the good of her neighbours.

*Aim.* Has the lady any children?

*Bon.* Yes, sir, she has a daughter by Sir Charles; the finest woman in all our county, and the greatest fortune. She has a son, too, by her first husband, 'Squire Sullen, who married a fine lady from London t' other day; if you please, sir, we'll drink his health. [*Drinks.*]

*Aim.* What sort of a man is he?

*Bon.* Why, sir, the man's well enough: says little, thinks less, and does nothing at all, faith; but he's a man of great estate, and values nobody.

*Aim.* A sportsman, I suppose?

*Bon.* Yes, he's a man of pleasure; he plays at whist, and smokes his pipe eight-and-forty hours together sometimes.

*Aim.* A fine sportsman, truly!—and married, you say?

*Bon.* Ay; and to a curious woman, sir. But he's my landlord, and so a man you know, would not—— Sir, my humble service. [*Drinks.*] Though I value not a farthing what he can do to me; I pay him his rent at quarter-day; I have a good running trade; I have but one daughter, and I can give her—— But no matter for that.

*Aim.* You're very happy, Mr Boniface. Pray, what other company have you in town?

*Bon.* A power of fine ladies; and then we have the French officers.

*Aim.* Oh, that's right; you have a good many of those gentlemen. Pray, how do you like their company?

*Bon.* So well, as the saying is, that I could wish we had as many more of 'em. They're full of money, and pay double for everything they have. They know, sir, that we paid good round taxes for the making of 'em; and so they are willing to reimburse us a little; one of 'em lodges in my house. [*Bell rings.*] I beg your worship's pardon; I'll wait on you in half a minute.

### *From the 'Recruiting Officer.'*

SCENE—The Market-place.

Drum beats the Grenadiers' March. Enter SERGEANT KITE, followed by THOMAS APPLETREE, COSTAR PEARMAIN, and the MOB.

*Kite.* [*Making a speech.*] If any gentlemen, soldiers, or others, have a mind to serve his majesty, and pull down the French king; if any 'prentices have severe masters, any children have undutiful parents; if any servants have too little wages, or any husband a bad wife, let them repair to the noble Sergeant Kite, at the sign of the Raven, in this good town of Shrewsbury, and they shall receive present relief and entertainment. [*Drum.*] Gentlemen, I don't beat my drums here to ensnare or inveigle any man; for you must know, gentlemen, that I am a man of honour: besides I don't beat up for common soldiers; no, I list only grenadiers—grenadiers, gentlemen. Pray, gentlemen, observe this cap—this is the cap of honour—it dubs a man a gentleman in the drawing of a trigger; and he that has the good-fortune to be born six foot high, was born to be a great man. Sir, will you give me leave to try this cap upon your head?

*Costar.* Is there no harm in't? Won't the cap list me?

*Kite.* No, no; no more than I can. Come, let me see how it becomes you.

*Cost.* Are you sure there is no conjuration in it?—no gunpowder-plot upon me?

*Kite.* No, no, friend; don't fear, man.

*Cost.* My mind misgives me plaguily. Let me see it. [*Going to put it on.*] It smells woundily of sweat and brimstone. Smell, Tummas.

*Thomas.* Ay, wauns does it.

*Cost.* Pray, sergeant, what writing is this upon the face of it?

*Kite.* The crown, or the bed of honour.

*Cost.* Pray, now, what may be that same bed of honour?

*Kite.* Oh, a mighty large bed!—bigger by half than the great bed at Ware—ten thousand people may lie in it together, and never feel one another.

*Cost.* But do folk sleep sound in this same bed of honour?

*Kite.* Sound!—ay, so sound that they never wake.

*Cost.* Wauns! I wish that my wife lay there.

*Kite.* Say you so? then I find, brother——

*Cost.* Brother! hold there, friend; I am no kindred to you that I know of yet. Look ye, sergeant, no coaxing, no wheedling, d'ye see. If I have a mind to list, why, so; if not, why 'tis not so; therefore take your cap and your brothership back again, for I am not disposed at this present writing. No coaxing, no brothering me, faith.

*Kite.* I coax! I wheedle! I'm above it, sir; I have served twenty campaigns; but, sir, you talk well, and I must own you are a man every inch of you; a pretty, young sprightly fellow! I love a fellow with a spirit; but I scorn to coax: 'tis base; though, I must say, that never in my life have I seen a man better built. How firm and strong he treads!—he steps like a castle!—but I scorn to wheedle any man! Come, honest lad! will you take share of a pot?

*Cost.* Nay, for that matter, I'll spend my penny with the best he that wears a head; that is, begging your pardon, sir, and in a fair way.

*Kite.* Give me your hand then; and now, gentlemen, I have no more to say but this—here's a purse of gold, and there is a tub of humming ale at my quarters; 'tis the king's money and the king's drink; he's a generous king, and loves his subjects. I hope, gentlemen, you won't refuse the king's health?

*All Mob.* No, no, no.

*Kite.* Huzza, then!—huzza for the king and the honour of Shropshire.

*All Mob.* Huzza!

*Kite.* Beat drum. [*Exeunt shouting. Drum beating the Grenadier's March.*

SCENE—The Street.

Enter KITE, with COSTAR PEARMAIN in one hand, and THOMAS APPLETREE in the other, drunk.

KITE sings.

Our 'prentice Tom may now refuse
To wipe his scoundrel master's shoes,
For now he's free to sing and play
Over the hills and far away.
Over, &c. [*The Mob sing the chorus.*

We shall lead more happy lives
By getting rid of brats and wives,
That scold and brawl both night and day—
Over the hills and far away.
Over, &c.

*Kite.* Hey, boys! thus we soldiers live! drink, sing, dance, play; we live, as one should say—we live—'tis impossible to tell how we live—we are all princes; why, why you are a king, you are an emperor, and I'm a prince; now an't we?

*Tho.* No, sergeant; I'll be no emperor.

*Kite.* No!

*Tho.* I'll be a justice-of-peace.

*Kite.* A justice-of peace, man!

*Tho.* Ay, waans will I; for since this pressing act, they are greater than any emperor under the sun.

*Kite.* Done; you are a justice-of-peace, and you are a king, and I'm a duke, and a rum duke, an't I?

*Cost.* I'll be a queen.

*Kite.* A queen!

*Cost.* Ay, of England; that's greater than any king of them all.

*Kite.* Bravely said, faith! Huzza for the queen [*Huzza.*] But harkye, you, Mr Justice, and you, Mr Queen, did you ever see the king's picture?

*Both.* No, no, no.

*Kite.* I wonder at that; I have two of them set in gold, and as like his majesty; God bless the mark!—see here, they are set in gold.

[*Taking two broad pieces out of his pocket; presents one to each.*

*Tho.* The wonderful works of nature! [*Looking at it.*] What's this written about? here's a posy, I believe. Ca-ro-lus! what's that, sergeant?

*Kite.* Oh, Carolus! why, Carolus is Latin for King George; that's all.

*Cost.* 'Tis a fine thing to be a scollard. Sergeant, will you part with this? I'll buy it on you, if it come within the compass of a crown.

*Kite.* A crown! never talk of buying; 'tis the same thing among friends, you know. I'll present them to ye both: you shall give me as good a thing. Put them up, and remember your old friend when I am over the hills and far away. [*They sing, and put up the money.*

Enter PLUME, the Recruiting Officer, singing.

Over the hills and over the main,
To Flanders, Portugal, or Spain;
The king commands, and we 'll obey,
Over the hills and far away.

Come on, my men of mirth, away with it; I 'll make one among you. Who are these hearty lads?

*Kite.* Off with your hats; 'ounds! off with your hats; this is the captain; the captain.

*Tho.* We have seen captains afore now, mun.

*Cost.* Ay, and lieutenant-captains too. 'Sflesh! I 'll keep on my nab.

*Tho.* And I 'se scarcely doff mine for any captain in England. My vether 's a freeholder.

*Plume.* Who are those jolly lads, sergeant?

*Kite.* A couple of honest brave fellows, that are willing to serve their king; I have entertained them just now as volunteers, under your honour's command.

*Plume.* And good entertainment they shall have: volunteers are the men I want; those are the men fit to make soldiers, captains, generals.

*Cost.* Wounds, Tummas, what 's this! are you listed?

*Tho.* Flesh! not I: are you, Costar?

*Cost.* Wounds! not I.

*Kite.* What! not listed? ha, ha, ha! a very good jest, i' faith.

*Cost.* Come, Tummas, we 'll go home.

*Tho.* Ay, ay, come.

*Kite.* Home! for shame, gentlemen; behave yourselves better before your captain. Dear Thomas! honest Costar!

*Tho.* No, no; we 'll be gone.

*Kite.* Nay, then, I command you to stay: I place you both sentinels in this place for two hours, to watch the motion of St Mary's clock you, and you the motion of St Chad's; and he that dares stir from his post till he be relieved, shall have my sword in his belly the next minute.

*Plume.* What 's the matter, sergeant? I'm afraid you are too rough with these gentlemen.

*Kite.* I 'm too mild, sir; they disobey command, sir; and one of them should be shot for an example to the other. They deny their being listed.

*Tha.* Nay, sergeant, we don't downright deny it neither; that we dare not do, for fear of being shot; but we humbly conceive, in a civil way, and begging your worship's pardon, that we may go home.

*Plume.* That 's easily known. Have either of you received any of the king's money?

*Cost.* Not a brass farthing, sir.

*Kite.* They have each of them received one-and-twenty shillings, and 'tis now in their pockets.

*Cost.* Wounds! if I have a penny in my pocket but a bent sixpence, I 'll be content to be listed and shot into the bargain.

*Tho.* And I: look ye here, sir.

*Cost.* Nothing but the king's picture, that the sergeant gave me just now.

*Kite.* See there, a guinea; one-and-twenty shillings; t' other has the fellow on 't.

*Plume.* The case is plain, gentlemen: the goods are found upon you. Those pieces of gold are worth one-and-twenty shillings each.

*Cost.* So, it seems that Carolus is one-and-twenty shillings in Latin?

*Tho.* 'Tis the same thing in Greek, for we are listed.

*Cost.* Flesh; but we an't, Tummas: I desire to be carried before the mayor, captain.

[*Captain and Sergeant whisper the while.*

*Plume.* 'Twill never do, Kite; your tricks will ruin me at last. I won't lose the fellows though, if I can help it.—Well, gentlemen, there must be some trick in this; my sergeant offers to take his oath that you are fairly listed.

*Tho.* Why, captain, we know that you soldiers have more liberty of conscience than other folks; but for me or neighbour Costar here to take such an oath, 'twould be downright perjuration.

*Plume.* Look ye, rascal, you villain! if I find that you have imposed upon these two honest fellows, I 'll trample you to death, you dog! Come, how was it?

*Tho.* Nay, then, we 'll speak. Your sergeant, as you say, is a rogue; an't like your worship, begging your worship's pardon; and——

*Cost.* Nay, Tummas, let me speak; you know I can read. And so, sir, he gave us those two pieces of money for pictures of the king, by way of a present.

*Plume.* How? by way of a present? the rascal! I 'll teach him to abuse honest fellows like you. Scoundrel, rogue, villain! [*Beats off the Sergeant, and follows.*

*Both.* O brave noble captain! huzza! A brave captain, faith!

*Cost.* Now, Tummas, Carolus is Latin for a beating. This is the bravest captain I ever saw. Wounds! I 've a month's mind to go with him.

Enter KITE.

*Kite.* An't you a couple of pretty fellows, now? Here you have complained to the captain; I am to be turned out, and one of you will be sergeant. Which of you is to have my halberd?

*Both.* I.

*Kite.* March, you scoundrels! [*Beats them off.*

## COLLEY CIBBER—STEELE—PHILIPS—AARON HILL—MRS CENTLIVRE.

Among the other successful writers for the stage may be instanced COLLEY CIBBER (1671-1757), an actor and manager, whose comedy, the *Careless Husband*, is still deservedly a favourite. Cibber was a lively amusing writer, and his *Apology for his Life* is one of the most entertaining autobiographies in the language.—SIR RICHARD STEELE was also a dramatist, and obtained from George I. a patent, appointing him manager and governor of the royal company of comedians.—The *Distrest Mother*, translated from Racine, was brought out by **Ambrose Philips**, the friend of Addison, and was highly successful.—**Aaron Hill** adapted the *Zara* of Voltaire to the English theatre, and wrote some original dramas, which entitled him, no less than his poems, to the niche he has obtained in the *Dunciad*.—A more legitimate comic writer appeared in **Mrs Susanna Centlivre** (1667–1723), whose life and writings were immoral, but who possessed considerable dramatic skill and talent. Her comedies, the *Busy Body*, *The Wonder—A Woman keeps a Secret*, and *A Bold Stroke for a Wife*, are still favourite acting plays. Her plots and incidents are admirably arranged for stage effect, and her characters well discriminated. Mrs Centlivre had been some time an actress, and her experience had been of service to her in writing for the stage. Her plays have recently (1873) been collected and published in four volumes.

## PROSE LITERATURE.

### ESSAYISTS.

The literature of France had the delightful essays of Montaigne, and, a century later, the *Characters* of La Bruyère, in which the artificial life of the court of Louis XIV. was portrayed with fidelity and satirical effect; but it was not until the reign of Queen Anne that any English writer ventured to undertake a periodical work in which he should meet the public with a paper on some topic of the day, exposing fashionable folly, or insinuating instruction in the form of tale, allegory, or anecdote. The honour of originating this branch of literature is due to Daniel Defoe, who on 19th February 1704 commenced a literary and political journal, entitled *The Review*, which he continued for about nine years, publishing for the first year twice a week, and afterwards thrice—on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday—the days in which the post left London for the country. Defoe aimed at being a censor of manners; he lashed the vices of the age, wrote also light and pleasant papers, and descanted on subjects of trade and commerce. His *Review* was highly popular. But it was not till Steele and Addison took the field that the essay assumed universal interest and importance, and exercised a great and beneficial influence on the morality, the piety, social manners, and intelligence of the British public.

### SIR RICHARD STEELE—JOSEPH ADDISON.

The life of Addison we have already sketched. Steele was of English parentage, but born in Dublin, March 12, 1671–2. His father held the office of Secretary to the Lord-lieutenant of Ireland, the Duke of Ormond; and through Ormond's influence, Richard Steele was placed in the Charterhouse, London. There he met Addison, just the same age as himself, and a close intimacy was formed between them, one of the most memorable in literature. Steele always regarded Addison with respect approaching to veneration. 'Through the school and through the world,' as Mr Thackeray has said, 'whithersoever his strange fortune led this erring, wayward, affectionate creature, Joseph Addison was always his head-boy.' They were together at Oxford, Steele having been entered of Merton College in 1692. He remained there three years, but left without taking a degree; and becoming enamoured of the military profession, but unable to obtain a commission, he entered as a private in the Horse Guards. A rich relation in Ireland threatened to disinherit him if he took this step, but Steele, 'preferring the state of his mind to that of his fortune,' enlisted, and *was* disinherited. In the army, he was soon a favourite; he obtained a cornetcy, became secretary to his colonel, Lord Cutts, and afterwards was promoted to the rank of captain. He then plunged into the fashionable vices and follies of the age, at the same time acquiring that knowledge of life and character which proved so serviceable to him when he exchanged the sword for the pen. As a check on his irregularities—a self-monitor—Steele wrote a treatise, called the *Christian Hero*, which he published in 1701. His gay associates did not relish this semi-religious work (which abounds in fine characteristic passages), and not being himself very deeply impressed by his own reasoning and pious examples, he set about writing a comedy, *The Funeral, or Grief à la Mode*, which was performed at Drury Lane in 1702 with great success. Next year he produced another play, the *Tender Husband*, and in 1704 the *Lying Lover*, which proved to be too grave a comedy for the public taste. The ill success of this piece deterred him from attempting the stage again until 1722, when he achieved his great dramatic triumph by the production of the *Conscious Lovers*.

Steele was now a popular and fashionable man upon town. The Whig minister, Harley, conferred upon him the office of Gazetteer and Gentleman-Usher to Prince George; he had married a wife who died soon afterwards, leaving him an estate in Barbadoes, and his second marriage with 'Molly Scurlock' added to his fortune. But Steele lived expensively, and was never free from pecuniary difficulties. His letters to his wife—of which about 400 have been preserved, forming the most singular correspondence ever published—shew that he was familiar with duns and bailiffs, with misery, folly, and repentance. Addison upon one occasion lent him £1000, which was repaid within a twelvemonth; but another loan from the same friend is said to have been reclaimed by an execution, and Addison has been condemned for harshness. To his friend, Benjamin Victor, Steele related the case. His bond on some expensive furniture was put in force, but from the letter he received with the surplus arising from the sale, he knew that Addison only intended a friendly warning against a manner of living altogether too costly, and, taking it as he believed it to be meant, he met him afterwards with the same gaiety of temper he had always shewn.* The warning was little heeded—Steele had a long succession of troubles and embarrassments, but nothing could depress the elastic gaiety of his spirits. In 1709, a happy project suggested itself. His office of Gazetteer gave him a command of early foreign intelligence, and following up Defoe's scheme of a thrice-a-week journal on the post-days, combining news and literature, he organised the *Tatler*, the first number of which appeared on the 12th of April 1709. Swift had, by his ridicule of Partridge the almanac-maker, made the name of Isaac Bickerstaff familiar; Steele adopted it for his new work, and thus, as he said, 'gained an audience of all who had any taste of wit, while the addition of the ordinary occurrences of common journals of news brought in a multitude of readers.' Addison also came to his aid. He sent him hints from Ireland, and after the 80th number, became a regular contributor. 'I fared,' says Steele, 'like a distressed prince who calls in a powerful neighbour to his aid: I was undone by my auxiliary; when I had once called him in, I could not subsist without dependence on him.' Some of the most charming of Addison's essays appear in the *Tatler*, but Steele stamped its character on the work as a gentle censor of manners and morals, a corrector of the public taste, and a delightful exponent of English society and English feeling. He aimed at high objects—'to expose the false arts of life, to pull off the disguises of cunning, vanity, and affectation, and to recommend a general simplicity in our dress, our discourse, and our behaviour.' That the careless and jovial 'Dick Steele' should set about such a task is only another illustration of the contradictions and incongruities in his character. His happy genius, however, carried him over all difficulties. The *Tatler* was continued regularly thrice a week, price one penny each number, until the 2d of January 1710–11. By this time the Tories were triumphant; Steele lost his appointment of Gazetteer; but his success as an essayist inspired him with ambition, and on the 1st of March 1710–11, appeared the first number of the *Spectator*, which was to be published daily. The design was carried out, with unexampled success through 555 numbers, terminating on the 6th of December 1712. In 1714, the *Spectator* was resumed, and eighty numbers—forming an eighth volume—added. In its most prosperous period, when Bolingbroke thought to curb the press by imposing a stamp on each sheet, the *Spectator* doubled its price, yet maintained its popularity, and paid government on account of the half-penny stamp a sum of £29 each week. It had also a circulation of about 10,000 in volumes. Of the excellent effects produced by the essays of Steele and Addison, we possess the evidence not only of the improved state of society and literature which afterwards prevailed, but likewise the testimony of writers contemporary with the authors themselves. All speak of a decided and marked improvement. The *Spectator* ceased in December 1712, and in the March following appeared the *Guardian*, which was also issued daily. It extended to 175 numbers, or two volumes. Pope, Berkeley, Budgell, and other friends, aided Steele in this new work, but Addison was again his principal assistant. Of the 271 papers in the *Tatler*, Steele wrote 188, Addison, 42, and both conjoined, 36. Of 635 *Spectators*, Addison wrote 274, Steele, 240; and of 175 *Guardians*, Steele wrote 82, and Addison, 53. At various intervals during his busy life, Steele attempted other periodicals on the same plan—as the *Englishman* (which was chiefly political, and extended to 57 numbers), the *Lover*, the *Reader*, the *Plebeian*, the *Theatre*, &c.—but these were short-lived productions, and had little influence either on his fame or fortune.

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* See Forster's *Essays*—Sir Richard Steele.

Political controversy now raged. Swift assailed Steele with witty malice and virulence, and the patriotism of Steele prevailed over his interest, for he resigned an appointment he had received as commissioner of stamps, and threw himself into political warfare with disinterested but headlong zeal. He obtained a seat in parliament as member for Stockbridge, spoke warmly in support of the Protestant succession, which he conceived to be in danger, and published a pamphlet, entitled the *Crisis*, which contained 'some seasonable remarks on the danger of a popish successor.' For these insinuations against the Protestantism of the government, Steele was expelled the House of Commons by a majority of 245 against 152 votes. The death of Queen Anne, however, humbled his opponents; and in the new reign, Steele received a place in the household—Surveyor of the Royal Stables, Governor of the Royal Company of Comedians—was placed in the commission of the peace for Middlesex, and knighted by King George I. Through the influence of the Duke of Newcastle, he entered parliament as member for Boroughbridge, and was an active politician and debater. In 1717, he visited Edinburgh, as one of the commissioners of forfeited estates, and whilst there, he is said on one occasion to have given a splendid entertainment to a multitude of decayed tradesmen and beggars collected from the streets! In 1718, he published an account of a patent scheme he had devised, called *The Fish-pool*, for conveying salmon and other fish alive from Ireland to the London market. In 1719, he opposed the Peerage Bill, by which it was sought to fix permanently the number of peers, and prohibit the crown from making any new creations except to replace extinct families. On this question he was opposed by Addison, but Steele had the advantage in point of argument, and the bill was thrown out. In this controversy, Addison is said to have sneered at his friend under the name of 'Little Dicky.' The allusion, however, has been misunderstood, as Lord Macaulay maintains; the matter is doubtful; but the friends had parted never to meet again: Addison sunk into his premature grave before any reconciliation took place. Next year, Steele honourably distinguished himself against the South-sea Scheme; he again took an active part in theatrical affairs, and wrote his comedy of the *Conscious Lovers* (1722); but his pecuniary difficulties increased, and he retired to a seat in Wales, left him by his second wife, where he died on the 1st of September 1729. He was almost forgotten by his contemporaries; but posterity has done justice to his talents and virtues—to his overflowing kindness of heart, and the spontaneous graces and charm of his writings.

As an essayist, Steele is remarkable for the vivacity and ease of his composition. He tried all subjects; was a humorist, a satirist, a critic, and story-teller. His Inkle and Yarico, and other tales in the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, are exquisite for their simple pathos. His pictures of life and society have the stamp of reality. They are often imperfectly finished, and present trivial and incongruous details, but they abound in inimitable touches. His elevated conception of the female character has justly been remarked as distinguishing him from most writers of his age. His gallantry to women was a pure and chivalrous devotion. Of one lady he said that 'to love her was a liberal education'—one of the most felicitous compliments ever paid. Steele had also great fertility of invention, both as respects incident and character. His personages are drawn with dramatic spirit, and with a liveliness and airy facility that blind the reader to his defects of style. The Spectator Club, with its fine portraits of Sir Roger de Coverley, Sir Andrew Freeport, Will Honeycomb, &c. will ever remain a monument of the felicity of his fancy, and his power of seizing upon the shades and peculiarities of character. If Addison heightened the humour and interest of the different scenes, to Steele belongs the merit of the original design, and the first conception of the actors.

The following extracts will shew something of Steele's manner, though not his versatility:

### *Love, Grief, and Death.*

The first sense of sorrow I ever knew was upon the death of my father, at which time I was not quite five years of age; but was rather amazed at what all the house meant, than possessed with a real understanding why nobody was willing to play with me. I remember I went into the room where his body lay, and my mother sat weeping alone by it. I had my battledoor in my hand, and fell a-beating the coffin, and calling 'Papa,' for I know not how I had some slight idea that he was locked up there. My mother catched me in her arms, and transported beyond all patience of the silent grief she was before in, she almost smothered me in her embrace, and told me, in a flood of tears, papa could not hear me, and would play with me no more, for they were going to put him under ground, whence he would never come to us again. She was a very beautiful woman, of a noble spirit, and there was a dignity in her grief amidst all the wildness of her transport, which methought struck me with an instinct of sorrow, which, before I was sensible what it was to grieve, seized my very soul, and has made pity the weakness of my heart ever since. The mind in infancy is, methinks, like the body in embryo, and receives impressions so forcible that they are as hard to be removed by reason as any mark with which a child is born is to be taken away by any future application.

### *Agreeable Companions and Flatterers.*

An old acquaintance who met me this morning seemed overjoyed to see me, and told me I looked as well as he had known me do these forty years; but, continued he, not quite the man you were when we visited together at Lady Brightly's. Oh! Isaac, those days are over. Do you think there are any such fine creatures now living as we then conversed with? He went on with a thousand incoherent circumstances, which, in his imagination, must needs please me; but they had the quite contrary effect. The flattery with which he began, in telling me how well I wore, was not disagreeable; but his indiscreet mention of a set of acquaintance we had outlived, recalled ten thousand things to my memory, which made me reflect upon my present condition with regret. Had he indeed been so kind as, after a long absence, to felicitate me upon an indolent and easy old age, and mentioned how much he and I had to thank for, who at our time of day could walk firmly, eat heartily, and converse cheerfully, he had kept up my pleasure in myself. But of all mankind, there are none so shocking as these injudicious civil people. They ordinarily begin upon something that they know must be a satisfaction; but then, for fear of the imputation of flattery, they follow it with the last thing in the world of which you would be reminded. It is this that perplexes civil persons. The reason that there is such a general outcry among us against flatterers, is, that there are so very few good ones. It is the nicest art in this life, and is a part of eloquence which does not want the preparation that is necessary to all other parts of it, that your audience should be your well-wishers; for praise from an enemy is the most pleasing of all commendations.

It is generally to be observed, that the person most agreeable to a man for a constancy, is he that has no shining qualities, but is a certain degree above great imperfections, whom he can live with as his inferior, and who will either overlook or not observe his little defects. Such an easy companion as this, either now and then throws out a little flattery, or lets a man silently flatter himself in his superiority to him. If you take notice, there is hardly a rich man in the world who has not such a led friend of small consideration, who is a darling for his insignificancy. It is a great ease to have one in our own shape a species below us, and who, without being listed in our service, is by nature of our retinue. These dependents are of excellent use on a rainy day, or when a man has not a mind to dress; or to exclude solitude, when one has neither a mind to that nor to company. There are of this good-natured order who are so kind to divide themselves, and do these good offices to many. Five or six of them visit a whole quarter of the town, and exclude the spleen, without fees, from the families they frequent. If they do not prescribe physic, they can be company when you take it. Very great benefactors to the rich, or those whom they call people at their ease, are your persons of no consequence. I have known some of them, by the help of a little cunning, make delicious flatterers. They know the course of the town, and the general characters of persons; by this means they will sometimes tell the most agreeable falsehoods imaginable. They will acquaint you that such one of a quite contrary party said, that though you were engaged in different interests, yet he had the greatest respect for your good sense and address. When one of these has a little cunning, he passes his time in the utmost satisfaction to himself and his friends; for his position is never to report or speak a displeasing thing to his friend. As for letting him go on in an error, he knows advice against them is the office of persons of greater talents and less discretion.

The Latin word for a flatterer (*assentator*) implies no more than a person that barely consents; and indeed such a one, if a man were able to purchase or maintain him, cannot be bought too dear. Such a one never contradicts you, but gains upon you, not by a fulsome way of commending you in broad terms, but liking whatever you propose or utter; at the same time is ready to beg your pardon, and gainsay you if you chance to speak ill of yourself. An old lady is very seldom without such a companion as this, who can recite the names of all her lovers, and the matches refused by her in the days when she minded such vanities—as she is pleased to call them, though she so much approves the mention of them. It is to be noted, that a woman's flatterer is generally elder than herself, her years serving to recommend her patroness's age, and to add weight to her complaisance in all other particulars.

We gentlemen of small fortunes are extremely necessitous in this particular. I have indeed one who smokes with me often; but his parts are so low, that all the incense he does me is to fill his pipe with me, and to be out at just as many whiffs as I take. This is all the praise or assent that he is capable of, yet there are more hours when I would rather be in his company than that of the brightest man I know. It would be a hard matter to give an account of this inclination to be flattered; but if we go to the bottom of it, we shall find that the pleasure in it is something like that of receiving money which lay out. Every man thinks he has an estate of reputation, and is glad to see one that will bring any of it home to him; it is no matter how dirty a bag it is conveyed to him in, or by how clownish a messenger, so the money is good. All that we want to be pleased with flattery, is to believe that the man is sincere who gives it us. It is by this one accident that absurd creatures often outrun the most skilful in this art. Their want of ability is here an advantage, and their bluntness, as it is the seeming effect of sincerity, is the best cover to artifice.

It is, indeed, the greatest of injuries to flatter any but the unhappy, or such as are displeased with themselves for some infirmity. In this latter case we have a member of our club, that, when Sir Jeffrey falls asleep, wakens him with snoring. This makes Sir Jeffrey hold up for some moments the longer, to see there are men younger than himself among us, who are more lethargic than he is.

When flattery is practised upon any other consideration, it is the most abject thing in nature; nay, I cannot think of any character below the flatterer, except he that envies him. You meet with fellows prepared to be as mean as possible in their condescensions and expressions; but they want persons and talents to rise up to such a baseness. As a coxcomb is a fool of parts, so a flatterer is a knave of parts.

The best of this order that I know is one who disguises it under a spirit of contradiction or reproof. He told an arrant driveller the other day, that he did not care for being in company with him, because he heard he turned his absent friends into ridicule. And upon Lady Autumn's disputing with him about something that happened at the Revolution, he replied with a very angry tone: 'Pray, madam, give me leave to know more of a thing in which I was actually concerned, than you who were then in your nurse's arms.'

### *Quack Advertisements.*

It gives me much despair in the design of reforming the world by my speculations, when I find there always arise, from one generation to another, successive cheats and bubbles, as naturally as beasts of prey and those which are to be their food. There is hardly a man in the world, one would think, so ignorant as not to know that the ordinary quack-doctors, who publish their abilities in little brown billets, distributed to all who pass by, are to a man impostors and murderers; yet such is the credulity of the vulgar, and the impudence of these professors, that the affair still goes on, and new promises of what was never done before are made every day. What aggravates the jest is, that even this promise has been made as long as the memory of man can trace it, and yet nothing performed, and yet still prevails.

There is something unaccountably taking among the vulgar in those who come from a great way off. Ignorant people of quality, as many there are of such, dote excessively this way; many instances of which every man will suggest to himself, without my enumeration of them. The ignorants of lower order, who cannot, like the upper ones, be profuse of their money to those recommended by coming from a distance, are no less complaisant than the others; for they venture their lives for the same admiration.

'The doctor is lately come from his travels, and has practised both by sea and land, and therefore cures the green-sickness, long sea-voyages, and campaigns.' Both by sea and land! I will not answer for the distempers called 'sea-voyages, and campaigns,' but I daresay that of green-sickness might be as well taken care of if the doctor stayed ashore. But the art of managing mankind is only to make them stare a little to keep up their astonishment; to let nothing be familiar to them, but ever to have something in their sleeve, in which they must think you are deeper than they are. There is an ingenious fellow, a barber, of my acquaintance, who, besides his broken fiddle and a dried sea-monster, has a twine-cord, strained with two nails at each end, over his window, and the words 'rainy, dry, wet,' and so forth, written to denote the weather, according to the rising or falling of the cord. We very great scholars are not apt to wonder at this; but I observed a very honest fellow, a chance customer, who sat in the chair before me to be shaved, fix his eye upon this miraculous performance during the operation upon his chin and face. When those and his head also were cleared of all incumbrances and excrescences, he looked at the fish, then at the fiddle, still grubbing in his pockets, and casting his eye again at the twine, and the words writ on each side; then altered his mind as to farthings, and gave my friend a silver sixpence. The business, as I said, is to keep up the amazement; and if my friend had only the skeleton and kit, he must have been contented with a less payment. There is a doctor in Mouse Alley, near Wapping, who sets up for curing cataracts upon the credit of having, as his bill sets forth, lost an eye in the emperor's service. His patients come in upon this, and he shews his muster-roll, which confirms that he was in his imperial majesty's troops; and he puts out their eyes with great success. Who would believe that a man should be a doctor for the cure of bursten children, by declaring that his father and grandfather were born bursten? But Charles Ingoltson, next door to the Harp in Barbican, has made a pretty penny by that asseveration. The generality go upon their first conception, and think no farther; all the rest is granted. They take it that there is something uncommon in you, and give you credit for the rest. You may be sure it is upon that I go, when, sometimes, let it be to the purpose or not, I keep a Latin sentence in my front; and I was not a little pleased when I observed one of my readers say, casting his eye on my twentieth paper, 'More Latin still? What a prodigious scholar is this man!' But as I have here taken much liberty with this learned doctor, I must make up all I have said by repeating what he seems to be in earnest in, and honestly promise to those who will not receive him as a great man, to wit, 'That from eight to twelve, and from two till six, he attends for the good of the public to bleed for threepence.'

### *Story-telling.*

I have often thought that a story-teller is born, as well as a poet. It is, I think, certain that some men have such a peculiar cast of mind, that they see things in another light than men of grave dispositions. Men of a lively imagination and a mirthful temper will represent things to their hearers in the same manner as they themselves were affected with them; and whereas serious spirits might perhaps have been disgusted at the sight of some odd occurrences in life, yet the very same occurrences shall please them in a well-told story, where the disagreeable parts of the images are concealed, and those only which are pleasing exhibited to the fancy. Story-telling is therefore not an art, but what we call a 'knack;' it doth not so much subsist upon wit as upon humour; and I will add, that it is not perfect without proper gesticulations of the body, which naturally attend such merry emotions of the mind. I know very well that a certain gravity of countenance sets some stories off to advantage, where the hearer is to be surprised in the end. But this is by no means a general rule; for it is frequently convenient to aid and assist by cheerful looks and whimsical agitations. I will go yet further, and affirm that the success of a story very often depends upon the make of the body, and the formation of the features, of him who relates it. I have been of this opinion ever since I criticised upon the chin of Dick Dewlap. I very often had the weakness to repine at the prosperity of his conceits, which made him pass for a wit with the widow at the coffee-house, and the ordinary mechanics that frequent it; nor could I myself forbear laughing at them most heartily, though upon examination I thought most of them very flat and insipid. I found, after some time, that the merit of his wit was founded upon the shaking a fat paunch, and the tossing up of a pair of rosy jowls. Poor Dick had a fit of sickness, which robbed him of his fat and his fame at once; and it was full three months before he regained his reputation, which rose in proportion to his floridity. He is now very jolly and ingenious, and hath a good constitution for wit.

Those who are thus adorned with the gifts of nature, are apt to shew their parts with too much ostentation. I would therefore advise all the professors of this art never to tell stories but as they seem to grow out of the subject-matter of the conversation, or as they serve to illustrate or enliven it. Stories that are very common are generally irksome; but may be aptly introduced, provided they be only hinted at, and mentioned by way of allusion. Those that are altogether new, should never be ushered in without a short and pertinent character of the chief persons concerned, because, by that means, you may make the company acquainted with them; and it is a certain rule, that slight and trivial accounts of those who are familiar to us, administer more mirth than the brightest points of wit in unknown characters. A little circumstance in the complexion of dress of the man you are talking of, sets his image before the hearer, if it be chosen aptly for the story. Thus, I remember Tom Lizard, after having made his sisters merry with an account of a formal old man's way of complimenting, owned very frankly that his story would not have been worth one farthing, if he had made the hat of him whom he represented one inch narrower. Besides the marking distinct characters, and selecting pertinent circumstances, it is likewise necessary to leave off in time, and end smartly; so that there is a kind of drama in the forming of a story; and the manner of conducting and pointing it is the same as in an epigram. It is a miserable thing, after one hath raised the expectation of the company by humorous characters and a pretty conceit, to pursue the matter too far. There is no retreating; and how poor is it for a story-teller to end his relation by saying, 'That's all!'

### *Story of Unnion and Valentine.*

At the siege of Namur by the Allies, there were in the ranks of the company commanded by Captain Pincent, in Colonel Frederick Hamilton's regiment, one Unnion, a corporal, and one Valentine, a private sentinel; there happened between these two men a dispute about a matter of love, which, upon some aggravations, grew to an irreconcilable hatred. Unnion being the officer of Valentine, took all opportunities even to strike his rival, and profess the spite and revenge which moved him to it. The sentinel bore it without resistance, but frequently said he would die to be revenged of that tyrant. They had spent whole months thus, one injuring, the other complaining; when in the midst of this rage towards each other, they were commanded upon the attack of the castle, where the corporal received a shot in the thigh, and fell; the French pressing on, and he, expecting to be trampled to death, called out to his enemy: 'Ah, Valentine, can you leave me here?' Valentine immediately ran back, and in the midst of a thick fire of the French, took the corporal upon his back, and brought him through all that danger, as far as the abbey of Salsine, where a cannon-ball took off his head: his body fell under his enemy whom he was carrying off. Unnion immediately forgot his wound, rose up, tearing his hair, and then threw himself upon the bleeding carcase, crying: 'Ah, Valentine, was it for me, who have so barbarously used thee, that thou hast died? I will not live after thee!' He was not by any means to be forced from the body, but was removed with it bleeding in his arms, and attended with tears by all their comrades who knew their enmity. When he was brought to a tent his wounds were dressed by force; but the next day, still calling upon Valentine, and lamenting his cruelties to him, he died in the pangs of remorse and despair.

From the essays of Addison we subjoin some extracts. We have already spoken of the prose style of Addison, and Dr Johnson's eulogium on it has almost passed into a proverb in the history of our literature. 'Whoever wishes,' says the critic and moralist, 'to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison.' There he will find a rich but chaste vein of humour and satire—lessons of morality and religion divested of all austerity and gloom—criticism at once pleasing and ingenious—and pictures of national character and manners that must ever charm from their vivacity and truth. The mind of Addison was so happily constituted, that all its faculties appear to have been in healthy vigour and due proportion, and to have been under the control of correct taste and principles. Greater energy of character, or a more determined hatred of vice and tyranny, would have curtailed his usefulness as a public censor. He led the nation gently and insensibly to a love of virtue and constitutional freedom, to a purer taste in morals and literature, and to the importance of those everlasting truths which so warmly engaged his heart and imagination. The national taste and circumstances have so much changed during the last century and a half, that these essays, inimitable as they are, have become antiquated, and are little read. Among the other prose works of the essayist are ***Remarks on Several Parts of Italy in the years*** 1701, 1702, 1703, in which he has considered the passages of the ancient poets that have any relation to the places and curiosities he saw. The style of this early work is remarkable for its order and simplicity, but seldom rises into eloquence. He wrote also ***Dialogues on the Usefulness of Ancient Medals, especially in Relation to the Latin and Greek Poets***, a treatise uniting patient research and originality o thought and conception. The learning of Addison is otherwise displayed in his unfinished treatise on the ***Evidences of the Christian Religion***, in which he reviews the heathen philosophers and historians who advert to the spread of Christianity, and also touches on a part of the subject now more fully illustrated—the fulfilment of the Scripture prophecies. The ***Whig Examiners*** of Addison (five in number) are clever, witty, party productions. He ridicules his opponents without bitterness or malice, yet with a success that far outstripped competition. When we consider that this great ornament of our literature died at the age of forty-seven, and that the greater part of his manhood was spent in the discharge of important official duties, we are equally surprised at the extent of his information and the variety and richness of his genius.

### *The Political Upholsterer.*

There lived some years since, within my neighbourhood, a very grave person, an upholsterer, who seemed a man of more than ordinary application to business. He was a very early riser, and was often abroad two or three hours before any of his neighbours. He had a particular carefulness in the knitting of his brows, and a kind of impatience in all his motions, that plainly discovered he was always intent on matters of importance. Upon my inquiry into his life and conversation, I found him to be the greatest newsmonger in our quarter; that he rose before day to read the *Postman;* and that he would take two or three turns to the other end of the town before his neighbours were up, to see if there were any Dutch mails come in. He had a wife and several children; but was much more inquisitive to know what passed in Poland than in his own family, and was in greater pain and anxiety of mind for King Augustus's welfare than that of his nearest relations. He looked extremely thin in a dearth of news, and never enjoyed himself in a westerly wind. This indefatigable kind of life was the ruin of his shop; for about the time that his favourite prince left the crown of Poland, he broke and disappeared.

This man and his affairs had been long out of my mind, till about three days ago, as I was walking in St James's Park, I heard somebody at a distance hemming after me; and who should it be but my old neighbour the upholsterer! I saw he was reduced to extreme poverty, by certain shabby superfluities in his dress; for notwithstanding that it was a very sultry day for the time of the year, he wore a loose greatcoat and a muff, with a long campaign wig out of curl; to which he had added the ornament of a pair of black garters buckled under the knee. Upon his coming up to me, I was going to inquire into his present circumstances, but was prevented by his asking me, with a whisper, whether the last letters brought any accounts that one might rely upon from Bender. I told him, none that I heard of; and asked him whether he had yet married his eldest daughter. He told me no: 'But pray,' says he, 'tell me sincerely, what are your thoughts of the king of Sweden?' for though his wife and children were starving, I found his chief concern at present was for this great monarch. I told him, that I looked upon him as one of the first heroes of the age. 'But pray,' says he, 'do you think there is anything in the story of his wound?' And finding me surprised at the question, 'Nay,' says he, 'I only propose it to you.' I answered, that I thought there was no reason to doubt of it. 'But why in the heel,' says he, 'more than in any other part of the body?' 'Because,' said I, 'the bullet chanced to light there.'

This extraordinary dialogue was no sooner ended, but he began to launch out into a long dissertation upon the affairs of the north; and after having spent some time on them, he told me he was in a great perplexity how to reconcile the *Supplement* with the *English Post*, and had been just now examining what the other papers say upon the same subject. 'The *Daily Courant*,' says he, 'has these words: We have advices from very good hands, that a certain prince has some matters of great importance under consideration. This is very mysterious; but the *Postboy* leaves us more in the dark, for he tells us that there are private intimations of measures taken by a certain prince, which time will bring to light. Now the *Postman*,' says he, 'who used to be very clear, refers to the same news in these words: the late conduct of a certain prince affords great matter of speculation. This certain prince,' says the upholsterer, 'whom they are all so cautious of naming, I take to be'—— Upon which, though there was nobody near us, he whispered something in my ear, which I did not hear, or think worthy my while to make him repeat.*

We were now got to the upper end of the Mall, where were three or four very odd fellows sitting together upon the bench. These I found were all of them politicians, who used to sun themselves in that place every day about dinner-time. Observing them to be curiosities in their kind, and my friend's acquaintance, I sat down among them.

The chief politician of the bench was a great asserter of paradoxes. He told us, with a seeming concern, that by some news he had lately read from Muscovy, it appeared to him that there was a storm gathering in the Black Sea, which might in time do hurt to the naval forces of this nation. To this he added, that for his part he could not wish to see the Turk driven out of Europe, which he believed could not but be prejudicial to our woollen manufacture. He then told us, that he looked upon the extraordinary revolutions which had lately happened in those parts of the world, to have risen chiefly from two persons who were not much talked of; and those, says he, are Prince Menzikoff and the Duchess of Mirandola. He backed his assertions with so many broken hints, and such a show of depth and wisdom, that we gave ourselves up to his opinions.

The discourse at length fell upon a point which seldom escapes a knot of true-born Englishmen: Whether, in case of a religious war, the Protestants would not be too strong for the Papists? This we unanimously determined on the Protestant side. One who sat on my right hand, and, as I found, by his discourse, had been in the West Indies, assured us, that it would be a very easy matter for the Protestants to beat the pope at sea; and added, that whenever such a war does break out, it must turn to the good of the Leeward Islands. Upon this, one who sat at the end of the bench, and, as I afterwards found, was the geographer of the company, said, that in case the Papists should drive the Protestants from these parts of Europe, when the worst came to the worst, it would be impossible to beat them out of Norway and Greenland, provided the northern crowns hold together, and the Czar of Muscovy stand neuter.

He further told us for our comfort, that there were vast tracts of lands about the pole, inhabited neither by Protestants nor Papists, and of greater extent than all the Roman Catholic dominions in Europe.

When we had fully discussed this point, my friend the upholsterer began to exert himself upon the present negotiations of peace, in which he deposed princes, settled the bounds of kingdoms, and balanced the power of Europe, with great justice and impartiality.

I at length took my leave of the company, and was going away; but had not gone thirty yards, before the upholsterer hemmed again after me. Upon his advancing towards me with a whisper, I expected to hear some secret piece of news, which he had not thought fit to communicate to the bench; but instead of that, he desired me in my ear to lend him a half-crown. In compassion to so needy a statesman, and to dissipate the confusion I found he was in, I told him, if he pleased, I would give him five shillings, to receive five pounds of him when the great Turk was driven out of Constantinople; which he very readily accepted, but not before he had laid down to me the impossibility of such an event, as the affairs of Europe now stand.

### *The Vision of Mirza.*

When I was at Grand Cairo, I picked up several Oriental manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others, I met with one entitled *The Visions of Mirza*, which I have read over with great pleasure. I intend to give it to the public when I have no other entertainment for them, and shall begin with the first vision, which I have translated word for word as follows:

On the 5th day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, 'Surely,' said I, 'man is but a shadow, and life a dream.' Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him, he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceedingly sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from anything I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in paradise, to wear out the impressions of the last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

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* The prince here alluded to so mysteriously was the son of James II.

I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius, and that several had been entertained with music who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand, directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarised him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, 'Mirza,' said he, 'I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me.'

He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, 'Cast thine eyes eastward,' said he, 'and tell me what thou seest.' 'I see,' said I, 'a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it.' 'The valley that thou seest,' said he, 'is the vale of misery, and the tide of water that thou seest, is part of the great tide of eternity.' 'What is the reason,' said I, 'that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?' 'What thou seest,' said he, 'is that portion of eternity which is called Time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now,' said he, 'this sea that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it.' 'I see a bridge,' said I, 'standing in the midst of the tide.' 'The bridge thou seest,' said he, 'is Human Life; consider it attentively.' Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number to about a hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches, but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. 'But tell me further,' said he, 'what thou discoverest on it.' 'I see multitudes of people passing over it,' said I, 'and a black cloud hanging on each end of it.' As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed beneath it; and upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pitfalls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at everything that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and, in the midst of a speculation, stumbled, and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them; but often when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sank. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimitars in their hands, and others who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

The genius seeing me indulge myself on this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it. 'Take thine eyes off the bridge,' said he, 'and tell me if thou yet seest anything thou dost not comprehend.' Upon looking up, 'What mean,' said I, 'those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and, among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches.' 'These,' said the genius, 'are Envy, Avarice, Superstition, Despair, Love, with the like cares and passions that infest Human Life.'

I here fetched a deep sigh. 'Alas,' said I, 'man was made in vain!—how is he given away to misery and mortality!—tortured in life, and swallowed up in death!' The genius being moved with compassion towards me, bade me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. 'Look no more,' said he, 'on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity, but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it.' I directed my sight as I was ordered, and—whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate—I saw the valley opening at the further end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it; but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers, and could hear a confused harmony of singing-birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle that I might fly away to those happy seats, but the genius told me there was no passage to them except through the Gates of Death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. 'The islands,' said he, 'that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea-shore; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching further than thine eye, or even thine imagination, can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them. Every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza! habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him.' I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I: 'Shew me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant.' The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me. I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating, but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it.

### *Sir Roger de Coverley's Visit to Westminster Abbey.*

My friend Sir Roger de Coverley told me the other night that he had been reading my paper upon Westminster Abbey, 'in which,' says he, 'there are a great many ingenious fancies.' He told me, at the same time, that he observed I had promised another paper upon the tombs, and that he should be glad to go and see them with me, not having visited them since he had read history. I could not at first imagine how this came into the knight's head, till I recollected that he had been very busy all last summer upon Baker's *Chronicle*, which he has quoted several times in his disputes with Sir Andrew Freeport since his last coming to town. Accordingly, I promised to call upon him the next morning, that we might go together to the abbey.

I found the knight under the butler's hands, who always shaves him. He was no sooner dressed, than he called for a glass of the Widow Trueby's water, which he told me he always drank before he went abroad. He recommended to me a dram of it at the same time, with so much heartiness, that I could not forbear drinking it. As soon as I had got it down, I found it very unpalatable; upon which the knight, observing that I had made several wry faces, told me that he knew I should not like it at first, but that it was the best thing in the world against the stone or gravel.

I could have wished, indeed, that he had acquainted me with the virtues of it sooner; but it was too late to complain, and I knew what he had done was out of good-will. Sir Roger told me further, that he looked upon it to be very good for a man whilst he stayed in town, to keep off infection, and that he got together a quantity of it upon the first news of the sickness being at Dantzic: when of a sudden, turning short to one of his servants, who stood behind him, he bade him call a hackney-coach, and take care that it was an elderly man that drove it.

He then resumed his discourse upon Mrs Trueby's water, telling me that the Widow Trueby was one who did more good than all the doctors and apothecaries in the country; that she distilled every poppy that grew within five miles of her; that she distributed her medicine *gratis* among all sorts of people; to which the knight added, that she had a very great jointure, and that the whole country would fain have it a match between him and her; 'and truly,' says Sir Roger, 'if I had not been engaged, perhaps I could not have done better.'

His discourse was broken off by his man's telling him he had called a coach. Upon our going to it, after having cast his eye upon the wheels, he asked the coachman if his axle-tree was good. Upon the fellow's telling him he would warrant it, the knight turned to me, told me he looked like an honest man, and went in without further ceremony.

We had not gone far, when Sir Roger, popping out his head, called the coachman down from his box, and upon presenting himself at the window, asked him if he smoked. As I was considering what this would end in, he bid him stop by the way at any good tobacconist's, and take in a roll of their best Virginia. Nothing material happened in the remaining part of our journey, till we were set down at the west end of the abbey.

As we went up the body of the church, the knight pointed at the trophies upon one of the new monuments, and cried out: 'A brave man, I warrant him!' Passing afterwards by Sir Cloudesley Shovel, he flung his head that way, and cried: 'Sir Cloudesley Shovel! a very gallant man!' As we stood before Busby's tomb, the knight uttered himself again after the same manner: 'Dr Busby! a great man! he whipped my grandfather; a very great man! I should have gone to him myself, if I had not been a blockhead; a very great man!'

We were immediately conducted into the little chapel on the right hand. Sir Roger, planting himself at our historian's elbow, was very attentive to everything he said, particularly to the account he gave us of the lord who had cut off the king of Morocco's head. Among several other figures, he was very well pleased to see the statesman Cecil upon his knees; and concluding them all to be great men, was conducted to the figure which represents that martyr to good housewifery who died by the prick of a needle. Upon our interpreter's telling us that she was a maid of honour to Queen Elizabeth, the knight was very inquisitive into her name and family; and after having regarded her finger for some time, 'I wonder,' says he, 'that Sir Richard Baker has said nothing of her in his *Chronicle*.'

We were then conveyed to the two coronation chairs, where my old friend, after having heard that the stone underneath the most ancient of them, which was brought from Scotland, was called Jacob's pillar, sat himself down in the chair; and looking like the figure of an old Gothic king, asked our interpreter, 'what authority they had to say that Jacob had ever been in Scotland?' The fellow, instead of returning him an answer, told him 'that he hoped his honour would pay his forfeit.' I could observe Sir Roger a little ruffled upon being thus trepanned; but our guide not insisting upon his demand, the knight soon recovered his good-humour, and whispered in my ear, that if Will Wimble were with us, and saw those two chairs, it would go hard but he would get a tobacco-stopper out of one or t' other of them.

Sir Roger, in the next place, laid his hand upon Edward III.'s sword, and leaning upon the pummel of it, gave us the whole history of the Black Prince; concluding, that in Sir Richard Baker's opinion, Edward III. was one of the greatest princes that ever sat upon the English throne.

We were then shewn Edward the Confessor's tomb; upon which Sir Roger acquainted us, that he was the first who touched for the evil: and afterwards Henry IV.'s; upon which he shook his head, and told us there was fine reading in the casualties of that reign.

Our conductor then pointed to that monument where there is a figure of one of our English kings without an head; and upon giving us to know that the head, which was of beaten silver, had been stole away several years since; 'Some Whig, I 'll warrant you,' says Sir Roger: 'you ought to lock up your kings better; they will carry off the body too, if you do not take care.'

The glorious names of Henry V. and Queen Elizabeth gave the knight great opportunities of shining, and of doing justice to Sir Richard Baker, 'who,' as our knight observed with some surprise, 'had a great many kings in him, whose monuments he had not seen in the abbey.'

For my own part, I could not but be pleased to see the knight shew such an honest passion for the glory of his country, and such a respectful gratitude to the memory of its princes.

I must not omit, that the benevolence of my good old friend, which flows out towards every one he converses with, made him very kind to our interpreter, whom he looked upon as an extraordinary man; for which reason he shook him by the hand at parting, telling him that he should be very glad to see him at his lodgings in Norfolk Buildings, and talk over these matters with him more at leisure.

### *Genealogy of Humour.*

It is indeed much easier to describe what is not humour, than what is; and very difficult to define it otherwise than as Cowley has done wit, by negatives. Were I to give my own notions of it, I would deliver them after Plato's manner, in a kind of allegory, and by supposing Humour to be a person, deduce to him all his qualifications, according to the following genealogy: Truth was the founder of the family, and the father of Good Sense. Good Sense was the father of Wit, who married a lady of collateral line called Mirth, by whom he has issue Humour. Humour therefore, being the youngest of the illustrious family, and descended from parents of such different dispositions, is very various and unequal in his temper; sometimes you see him putting on grave looks and a solemn habit, sometimes airy in his behaviour and fantastic in his dress; insomuch that at different times he appears as serious as a judge and as jocular as a Merry Andrew. But as he has a great deal of the mother in his constitution, whatever mood he is in, he never fails to make his company laugh.

### *Ned Softly.*

Ned Softly is a very pretty poet, and a great admirer of easy lines. Waller is his favourite: and as that admirable writer has the best and worst verses of any among our great English poets, Ned Softly has got all the bad ones without book, which he repeats upon occasion, to shew his reading, and garnish his conversation. Ned is indeed a true English reader, incapable of relishing the great and masterly strokes of this art; but wonderfully pleased with the little Gothic ornaments of epigrammatical conceits, turns, points, and quibbles, which are so frequent in the most admired of our English poets, and practised by those who want genius and strength to represent, after the manner of the ancients, simplicity in its natural beauty and perfection.

Finding myself unavoidably engaged in such a conversation, I was resolved to turn my pain into a pleasure, and to divert myself as well as I could with so very odd a fellow. 'You must understand,' says Ned, 'that the sonnet I am going to read to you was written upon a lady, who shewed me some verses of her own making, and is perhaps the best poet of our age. But you shall hear it.' Upon which he began to read as follows:

' *To Mira, on her incomparable poems.*

When dressed in laurel wreaths you shine,
  And tune your soft melodious notes,
You seem a sister of the Nine,
  Or Phœbus' self in petticoats.

I fancy, when your song you sing
  (Your song you sing with so much art),
Your pen was plucked from Cupid's wing;
  For ah! it wounds me like his dart.'

'Why,' says I, 'this is a little nosegay of conceits, a very lump of salt; every verse hath something in it that piques; and then the dart in the last line is certainly as pretty a sting in the tail of an epigram (for so I think you critics call it), as ever entered into the thought of a poet.'

'Dear Mr Bickerstaff,' says he, shaking me by the hand, 'everybody knows you to be a judge of these things; and to tell you truly, I read over Roscommon's translation of Horace's *Art of Poetry* three several times, before I sat down to write the sonnet which I have shewn you. But you shall hear it again, and pray observe every line of it, for not one of them shall pass without your approbation.

When dressed in laurel wreaths you shine.

'That is,' says he, 'when you have your garland on; when you are writing verses.'

To which I replied: 'I know your meaning; a metaphor!'

'The same,' said he, and went on:

'And tune your soft melodious notes.

'Pray, observe the gliding of that verse; there is scarce a consonant in it: I took care to make it run upon liquids. Give me your opinion of it.'

'Truly,' said I, 'I think it is as good as the former.'

'I am very glad to hear you say so,' says he; 'but mind the next.'

You seem a sister of the Nine.

'That is,' says he, 'you seem a sister of the Muses; for if you look into ancient authors, you will find it was their opinion that there were nine of them.'

'I remember it very well,' said I; 'but pray proceed.'

'Or Phœbus' self in petticoats.

'Phœbus,' says he, 'was the god of poetry. These little instances, Mr Bickerstaff, shew a gentleman's reading. Then to take off from the air of learning which Phœbus and the Muses have given to this first stanza, you may observe how it falls all of a sudden into the familiar in petticoats?

Or Phœbus' self in petticoats.'

'Let us now,' says I, 'enter upon the second stanza. I find the first line is still a continuation of the metaphor.'

'I fancy, when your song you sing.

'It is very right,' says he; 'but pray observe the turn of words in those two lines. I was a whole hour in adjusting of them, and have still a doubt upon me, whether in the second line it should be, "Your song you sing;" or, "You sing your song." You shall hear them both:

I fancy, when your song you sing
(Your song you sing with so much art);

or

I fancy, when your song you sing,
You sing your song with so much art.'

'Truly,' said I, 'the turn is so natural either way that you have made me almost giddy with it.'

'Dear sir,' said he, grasping me by the hand, 'you have a great deal of patience; but pray what do you think of the next verse?

Your pen was plucked from Cupid's wing.'

'Think!' says I, 'I think you have made Cupid look like a little goose.'

'That was my meaning,' says he: 'I think the ridicule is well enough hit off. But we now come to the last, which sums up the whole matter:

For ah! it wounds me like his dart.

'Pray how do you like that "Ah!" Doth it not make a pretty figure in that place? "Ah!" It looks as if I felt the dart, and cried out at being pricked with it.

For ah! it wounds me like his dart.

'My friend Dick Easy,' continued he, 'assured me he would rather have written that "Ah!" than to have been the author of the *Æneid*. He indeed objected, that I made Mira's pen like a quill in one of the lines, and like a dart in the other. But as to that'——

'Oh! as to that,' says I, 'it is but supposing Cupid to be like a porcupine, and his quills and darts will be the same thing.' He was going to embrace me for the hint; but half a dozen critics coming into the room, whose faces he did not like, he conveyed the sonnet into his pocket, and whispered me in the ear, he would shew it me again as soon as his man had written it over fair.

### *The Works of Creation.*

I was yesterday about sunset walking in the open fields, until the night insensibly fell upon me. I at first amused myself with all the richness and variety of colours which appeared in the western parts of heaven. In proportion as they faded away and went out, several stars and planets appeared one after another, until the whole firmament was in a glow. The blueness of the ether was exceedingly heightened and enlivened by the season of the year, and by the rays of all those luminaries that passed through it. The galaxy appeared in its most beautiful white. To complete the scene, the full moon rose at length in that clouded majesty which Milton takes notice of, and opened to the eye a new picture of nature, which was more finely shaded, and disposed among softer lights, than that which the sun had before discovered to us.

As I was surveying the moon walking in her brightness, and taking her progress among the constellations, a thought rose in me which I believe very often perplexes and disturbs men of serious and contemplative natures. David himself fell into it in that reflection: 'When I consider the heavens the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained, what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou regardest him?' In the same manner, when I considered that infinite host of stars, or, to speak more philosophically, of suns, which were then shining upon me, with those innumerable sets of planets or worlds which were moving round their respective suns—when I still enlarged the idea, and supposed another heaven of suns and worlds rising still above this which we discovered, and these still enlightened by a superior firmament of luminaries, which are planted at so great a distance, that they may appear to the inhabitants of the former as the stars do to us—in short, while I pursued this thought, I could not but reflect on that little insignificant figure which I myself bore amidst the immensity of God's works.

Were the sun which enlightens this part of the creation, with all the host of planetary worlds that move about him, utterly extinguished and annihilated, they would not be missed more than a grain of sand upon the sea-shore. The space they possess is so exceedingly little in comparison of the whole, that it would scarce make a blank in the creation. The chasm would be imperceptible to an eye that could take in the whole compass of nature, and pass from one end of the creation to the other; as it is possible there may be such a sense in ourselves hereafter, or in creatures which are at present more exalted than ourselves. We see many stars by the help of glasses which we do not discover with our naked eyes; and the finer our telescopes are, the more still are our discoveries. Huygenius carries this thought so far, that he does not think it impossible there may be stars whose light has not yet travelled down to us since their first creation. There is no question but the universe has certain bounds set to it; but when we consider that it is the work of infinite power prompted by infinite goodness, with an infinite space to exert itself in, how can our imagination set any bounds to it?

To return, therefore, to my first thought; I could not but look upon myself with secret horror as a being that was not worth the smallest regard of one who had so great a work under his care and superintendency. I was afraid of being overlooked amidst the immensity of nature, and lost among that infinite variety of creatures which in all probability swarm through all these immeasurable regions of matter.

In order to recover myself from this mortifying thought, I considered that it took its rise from those narrow conceptions which we are apt to entertain of the divine nature. We ourselves cannot attend to many different objects at the same time. If we are careful to inspect some things, we must of course neglect others. This imperfection which we observe in ourselves is an imperfection that cleaves in some degree to creatures of the highest capacities, as they are creatures; that is, beings of finite and limited natures. The presence of every created being is confined to a certain measure of space, and consequently his observation is stinted to a certain number of objects. The sphere in which we move, and act, and understand, is of a wider circumference to one creature than another, according as we rise one above another in the scale of existence. But the widest of these our spheres has its circumference. When, therefore, we reflect on the divine nature, we are so used and accustomed to this imperfection in ourselves, that we cannot forbear in some measure ascribing it to Him in whom there is no shadow of imperfection. Our reason indeed assures us that his attributes are infinite; but the poorness of our conceptions is such, that it cannot forbear setting bounds to everything it contemplates, until our reason comes again to our succour, and throws down all those little prejudices which rise in us unawares, and are natural to the mind of man.

We shall, therefore, utterly extinguish this melancholy thought of our being overlooked by our Maker, in the multiplicity of his works and the infinity of those objects among which he seems to be incessantly employed, if we consider, in the first place, that he is omnipresent; and, in the second, that he is omniscient.

If we consider him in his omnipresence, his being passes through, actuates, and supports the whole frame of nature. His creation, and every part of it, is full of him. There is nothing he has made that is either so distant, so little, or so inconsiderable, which he does not essentially inhabit. His substance is within the substance of every being, whether material or immaterial, and as intimately present to it as that being is to itself. It would be an imperfection in him were he able to remove out of one place into another, or to withdraw himself from anything he has created, or from any part of that space which is diffused and spread abroad to infinity. In short, to speak of him in the language of the old philosopher, he is a being whose centre is everywhere, and his circumference nowhere.

In the second place, he is omniscient as well as omnipresent. His omniscience, indeed, necessarily and naturally flows from his omnipresence: he cannot but be conscious of every motion that arises in the whole material world, which he thus essentially pervades; and of every thought that is stirring in the intellectual world, to every part of which he is thus intimately united. Several moralists have considered the creation as the temple of God, which he has built with his own hands, and which is filled with his presence. Others have considered infinite space as the receptacle, or rather the habitation, of the Almighty. But the noblest and most exalted way of considering this infinite space is that of Sir Isaac Newton, who calls it the *sensorium* of the Godhead. Brutes and men have their *sensoriola*, or little sensoriums, by which they apprehend the presence and perceive the actions of a few objects that lie contiguous to them. Their knowledge and observation turn within a very narrow circle. But as God Almighty cannot but perceive and know everything in which he resides, infinite space gives room to infinite knowledge, and is, as it were, an organ to omniscience.

Were the soul separate from the body, and with one glance of thought should start beyond the bounds of the creation—should it for millions of years continue its progress through infinite space with the same activity—it would still find itself within the embrace of its Creator, and encompassed round with the immensity of the Godhead. While we are in body, he is not less present with us because he is concealed from us. 'Oh that I knew where I might find him!' says Job. 'Behold I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him: on the left hand where he does work, but I cannot behold him: he hideth himself on the right hand that I cannot see him.' In short, reason as well as revelation assures us that he cannot be absent from us, notwithstanding he is undiscovered by us.

In this consideration of God Almighty's omnipresence and omniscience, every uncomfortable thought vanishes. He cannot but regard everything that has being, especially such of his creatures who fear they are not regarded by him. He is privy to all their thoughts, and to that anxiety of heart in particular which is apt to trouble them on this occasion: for as it is impossible he should overlook any of his creatures, so we may be confident that he regards with an eye of mercy those who endeavour to recommend themselves to his notice, and in an unfeigned humility of heart think themselves unworthy that he should be mindful of them.

## EUSTACE BUDGELL.

EUSTACE BUDGELL (1685-1737) was a relation of Addison—his mother being Addison's cousin-german. He was educated at Christ Church, Oxford. He accompanied Addison to Ireland as clerk, and afterwards rose to be Under-Secretary of State, and a distinguished member of the Irish Parliament. Thirty-seven numbers of the *Spectator* are ascribed to Budgell; and though Dr Johnson says that these were either written by Addison, or so much improved by him that they were made in a manner his own, there seems to be no sufficient authority for the assertion. It is true that the style and humour resemble those of Addison; but as the two writers were much together, a successful attempt on Budgell's part to imitate the productions of his friend, was probable enough. In 1717, Budgell, who was a man of extreme vanity and vindictive feeling, had the imprudence to lampoon the Irish viceroy, by whom he had been deeply offended; the result of which was his dismissal from office, and return to England. During the prevalence of the South-sea Scheme, he lost a fortune by speculation, and in attempts to gain a seat in the House of Commons, and subsequently figured principally as a virulent party writer and an advocate of infidelity. At length his declining reputation suffered a mortal blow by a charge of having forged a testament in his own favour. By the will of Dr Matthew Tindal, it appeared that a legacy of £2000 had been left to Budgell. The will was set aside and the unhappy author disgraced. It is to this circumstance that Pope alludes in the couplet:

Let Budgell charge low Grub Street on my quill,
And write whate'er he please—except my will.

Some years afterwards, this wretched man, involved in debts and difficulties, and dreading an execution in his house, deliberately committed sucide, by leaping from a boat while shooting London Bridge. This took place in 1737. There was found in his bureau a slip of paper, on which he had written:

What Cato did, and Addison approved,
Cannot be wrong.

But in this he of course misrepresented Addison, who has put the following words into the mouth of the dying Cato:

Yet methinks a beam of light breaks in
On my departing soul. Alas! I fear
I've been too hasty. O ye powers that search
The heart of man, and weigh his inmost thoughts,
If I have done amiss, impute it not.
The best may err, but you are good.

The contributions of Budgell to the *Spectator* are distinguished by the letter X.

### *The Art of Growing Rich.*

The subject of my present paper I intend as an essay on 'The ways to raise a man's fortune, or the art of growing rich.'

The first and most infallible method towards the attaining of this end is thrift; all men are not equally qualified for getting money, but it is in the power of every one alike to practise this virtue; and I believe there are few persons who, if they please to reflect on their past lives, will not find, that had they saved all those little sums which they have spent unnecessarily, they might at present have been masters of a competent fortune. Diligence justly claims the next place to thrift; I find both these excellently well recommended to common use in the three following Italian proverbs:

Never do that by proxy which you can do yourself.
Never defer that until to-morrow which you can do to-day.
Never neglect small matters and expenses.

A third instrument in growing rich is method in business, which, as well as the two former, is also attainable by persons of the meanest capacities.

The famous De Witt, one of the greatest statesmen of the age in which he lived, being asked by a friend how he was able to despatch that multitude of affairs in which he was engaged, replied: 'That his whole art consisted in doing one thing at once. If,' says he, 'I have any necessary despatches to make, I think of nothing else until those are finished; if any domestic affairs require my attention, I give myself up wholly to them until they are set in order.'

In short, we often see men of dull and phlegmatic tempers arriving to great estates, by making a regular and orderly disposition of their business; and that, without it, the greatest parts and most lively imaginations rather puzzle their affairs, than bring them to a happy issue.

From what has been said, I think I may lay it down as a maxim, that every man of good common sense may, if he pleases, in his particular station of life, most certainly be rich. The reason why we sometimes see that men of the greatest capacities are not so, is either because they despise wealth in comparison of something else, or, at least, are not content to be getting an estate unless they may do it their own way, and at the same time enjoy all the pleasures and gratifications of life.

But besides these ordinary forms of growing rich, it must be allowed that there is room for genius as well in this as in all other circumstances of life.

Though the ways of getting money were long since very numerous, and though so many new ones have been found out of late years, there is certainly still remaining so large a field for invention, that a man of an indifferent head might easily sit down and draw up such a plan for the conduct and support of his life, as was never yet once thought of.

We daily see methods put in practice by hungry and ingenious men, which demonstrate the power of invention in this particular.

It is reported of Scaramouche, the first famous Italian comedian, that being in Paris, and in great want, he bethought himself of constantly plying near the door of a noted perfumer in that city, and when any one came out who had been buying snuff, never failed to desire a taste of them: when he had by this means got together a quantity made up of several different sorts, he sold it again at a lower rate to the same perfumer, who, finding out the trick, called it *Tabac de mille fleurs*, or, 'Snuff of a thousand flowers.' The story further tells us, that by this means he got a very comfortable subsistence, until, making too much haste to grow rich, he one day took such an unreasonable pinch out of the box of a Swiss officer, as engaged him in a quarrel, and obliged him to quit this ingenious way of life.

Nor can I in this place omit doing justice to a youth of my own country, who, though he is scarce yet twelve years old, has, with great industry and application, attained to the art of beating the Grenadiers' March on his chin. I am credibly informed, that by this means he does not only maintain himself and his mother, but that he is laying up money every day, with a design, if the war continues, to purchase a drum at least, if not a pair of colours.

I shall conclude these instances with the device of the famous Rabelais, when he was at a great distance from Paris, and without money to bear his expenses thither. This ingenious author being thus sharp set, got together a convenient quantity of brick-dust, and having disposed of it into several papers, writ upon one, 'Poison for Monsieur;' upon a second, 'Poison for the Dauphin;' and on a third, 'Poison for the King.' Having made this provision for the royal family of France, he laid his papers so that his landlord, who was an inquisitive man, and a good subject, might get a sight of them.

The plot succeeded as he desired; the host gave immediate intelligence to the secretary of state. The secretary presently sent down a special messenger, who brought up the traitor to court, and provided him at the king's expense with proper accommodations on the road. As soon as he appeared, he was known to be the celebrated Rabelais; and his powder upon examination being found very innocent, the jest was only laughed at; for which a less eminent droll would have been sent to the galleys.

Trade and commerce might doubtless be still varied a thousand ways, out of which would arise such branches as have not yet been touched. The famous Doily is still fresh in every one's memory, who raised a fortune by finding out materials for such stuffs as might at once be cheap and genteel. I have heard it affirmed, that, had not he discovered this frugal method of gratifying our pride, we should hardly have been so well able to carry on the last war.

I regard trade not only as highly advantageous to the commonwealth in general, but as the most natural and likely method of making a man's fortune, having observed, since my being a Spectator in the world, greater estates got about 'Change than at Whitehall or St James's. I believe I may also add, that the first acquisitions are generally attended with more satisfaction, and as good a conscience.

I must not, however, close this essay without observing, that what has been said is only intended for persons in the common ways of thriving, and is not designed for those men who, from low beginnings, push themselves up to the top of states and the most considerable figures in life. My maxim of saving is not designed for such as these, since nothing is more usual than for thrift to disappoint the ends of ambition; it being almost impossible that the mind should be intent upon trifles, while it is, at the same time, forming some great design.

### JOHN HUGHES.

John Hughes (1677-1720) was another frequent contributor to the *Spectator*. He wrote two papers and several letters in the *Tatler*, eleven papers and thirteen letters in the *Spectator*, and two papers in the *Guardian*. The high reputation which he at one time enjoyed as a writer of verse, has now justly declined. In translation, however, both in poetry and prose, he made some successful efforts. Of several dramatic pieces which he produced, *The Siege of Damascus* is the best. Addison had a high opinion of the dramatic talent of Hughes, and even requested him to write a conclusion to his tragedy of *Cato*, which had lain long past him in an incomplete state. But shortly afterwards Addison 'took fire himself, and went through with the fifth act.' The reputation of Hughes was well sustained by the manner in which he edited the works of Spenser. The virtues of this estimable person—who died at the age of forty-three—were affectionately commemorated by Sir Richard Steele in a publication called *The Theatre*.

## THEOLOGIANS AND METAPHYSICIANS.

### RICHARD BENTLEY.

Dr Richard Bentley (1662-1742) was perhaps the greatest classical scholar that England has produced. He was the son of a small farmer near Wakefield, in Yorkshire, educated at Cambridge, and became chaplain to Stillingfleet, bishop of Worcester. He was afterwards appointed preacher of the lecture instituted by Boyle for the defence of Christianity, and delivered a series of discourses against atheism. In these Bentley introduced the discoveries of Newton as illustrations of his argument, and the lectures were highly popular. His next public appearance was in the famous controversy with the Honourable Charles Boyle, Earl of Orrery, relative to the genuineness of the Greek epistles of Phalaris. This controversy we have spoken of in the notice of Sir William Temple (*ante*, p. 458). Most of the wits and scholars of that period joined with Boyle against Bentley; but he triumphantly established his position that the epistles are spurious, while the poignancy of his wit and sarcasm, and the sagacity evinced in his conjectural emendations, were unequalled among his Oxford opponents. Bentley was afterwards made Master of Trinity College, Cambridge; and in 1716 he was also appointed regius professor of divinity. He published editions of Horace, Terence, and Phædrus. The talent he had displayed in making emendations on the classics tempted him, in an 'evil hour,' to edit Milton's *Paradise Lost* in the same spirit. He assumed, without the slightest authority, that Milton's text had been tampered with, owing to his blindness. The critic was then advanced in years, and had lost some portion of his critical sagacity and discernment, while it is doubtful if he could ever have entered into the loftier conceptions and sublime flights of the English poet. His edition was a decided failure. Some of his *emendations* destroy the happiest and choicest expressions of the poet. The sublime line,

No light, but rather darkness visible,

Bentley renders :

> No light, but rather a transpicuous gloom.

Another fine Miltonic passage :

> Our torments also may in length of time
> Become our elements,

is reduced into prose as follows:

> Then, as 'twas well observed, our torments may
> Become our elements.

Such a critic could never have possessed poetical sensibility, however extensive and minute might be his verbal knowledge of the classics. Bentley died at Cambridge in 1742. He seems to have been the impersonation of a combative spirit. His college-life was spent in continual war with all who were officially connected with him. He is said one day, on finding his son reading a novel, to have remarked : 'Why read a book that you cannot quote?'—a saying which affords an amusing illustration of the nature and object of his literary studies.

### *Authority of Reason in Religious Matters.*

We confess ourselves as much concerned, and as truly as [the deists] themselves are, for the use and authority of reason in controversies of faith. We look upon right reason as the native lamp of the soul, placed and kindled there by our Creator, to conduct us in the whole course of our judgments and actions. True reason, like its divine Author, never is itself deceived, nor ever deceives any man. Even revelation itself is not shy nor unwilling to ascribe its own first credit and fundamental authority to the test and testimony of reason. Sound reason is the touchstone to distinguish that pure and genuine gold from baser metals ; revelation truly divine, from imposture and enthusiasm: so that the Christian religion is so far from declining or fearing the strictest trials of reason, that it everywhere appeals to it; is defended and supported by it ; and indeed cannot continue, in the apostle's description (James, i. 27), 'pure and undefiled' without it. It is the benefit of reason alone, under the Providence and Spirit of God, that we ourselves are at this day a reformed orthodox church : that we departed from the errors of popery, and that we knew, too, where to stop ; neither running into the extravagances of fanaticism, nor sliding into the indifferency of libertinism. Whatsoever, therefore, is inconsistent with natural reason, can never be justly imposed as an article of faith. That the same body is in many places at once, that plain bread is not bread ; such things, though they be said with never so much pomp and claim to infallibility, we have still greater authority to reject them, as being contrary to common sense and our natural faculties ; as subverting the foundations of all faith, even the grounds of their own credit, and all the principles of civil life.

So far are we from contending with our adversaries about the dignity and authority of reason ; but then we differ with them about the exercise of it, and the extent of its province. For the deists there stop, and set bounds to their faith, where reason, their only guide, does not lead the way further, and walk along before them. We, on the contrary, as (Deut. xxxiv.) Moses was shewn by divine power a true sight of the promised land, though himself could not pass over to it, so we think reason may receive from revelation some further discoveries and new prospects of things, and be fully convinced of the reality of them ; though itself cannot pass on, nor travel those regions ; cannot penetrate the fund of those truths, nor advance to the utmost bounds of them. For there is certainly a wide difference between what is contrary to reason, and what is superior to it, and out of its reach.

## DR FRANCIS ATTERBURY.

DR FRANCIS ATTERBURY (1662-1732), an Oxford divine and zealous high-churchman, was one of the combatants in the critical warfare with Bentley about the epistles of Phalaris. Originally tutor to Lord Orrery, he was, in 1713, rewarded for his Tory zeal by being named Bishop of Rochester. Under the new dynasty and Whig government, his zeal carried him into treasonable practices, and in 1722 he was apprehended on suspicion of being concerned in a plot to restore the Pretender, and was committed to the Tower. A bill of pains and penalties was preferred against him ; he made an eloquent defence, but was deposed and outlawed. Atterbury now went into exile, and resided first at Brussels, and afterwards at Paris, continuing to correspond with Pope, Bolingbroke, and his other Jacobite friends, till his death. The works of this accomplished, but restless and aspiring prelate, consisted of four volumes of sermons, some visitation charges, and his epistolary correspondence, which was extensive. His style is easy and elegant, and he was a very impressive preacher. The good taste of Atterbury is seen in his admiration of Milton, before fashion had sanctioned the applause of the great poet. His letters to Pope breathe the utmost affection and tenderness. The following farewell letter to the poet was sent from the Tower, April 10, 1723 :

DEAR SIR—I thank you for all the instances of your friendship, both before and since my misfortunes. A little time will complete them, and separate you and me for ever. But in what part of the world soever I am, I will live mindful of your sincere kindness to me ; and will please myself with the thought that I still live in your esteem and affection as much as ever I did ; and that no accident of life, no distance of time or place, will alter you in that respect. It never can me, who have loved and valued you ever since I knew you, and shall not fail to do it when I am not allowed to tell you so, as the case will soon be. Give my faithful services to Dr Arbuthnot, and thanks for what he sent me, which was much to the purpose, if anything can be said to be to the purpose in a case that is already determined. Let him know my defence will be such, that neither my friends need blush for me, nor will my enemies have great occasion to triumph, though sure of the victory. I shall want his advice before I go abroad in many things. But I question whether I shall be permitted to see him or anybody, but such as are absolutely necessary towards the dispatch of my private affairs. If so, God bless you both ! and may no part of the ill-fortune that attends me ever pursue either of you. I know not but I may call upon you at my hearing, to say somewhat about my way of spending my time at the deanery, which did not seem calculated towards managing plots and conspiracies. But of that I shall consider. You and I have spent many hours together upon much pleasanter subjects ; and, that I may preserve the old custom, I shall not part with you now till I have closed this letter with three lines of Milton, which you will, I know, readily, and not without some degree of concern, apply to your ever-affectionate, &c.

> 'Some natural tears he dropped, but wiped them soon ;
> The world was all before him where to choose
> His place of rest, and Providence his guide.'

Atterbury, however, was clearly guilty. He afterwards became, like Bolingbroke, the chief counsellor and director of the exiled court, and strove in vain to infuse some of his own turbulent energy into the feeble mind of the Chevalier. He organised a plan for raising the Highland clans, and a special envoy was despatched from Rome, but the scheme miscarried. Though ready to plunge his country into civil war, Atterbury regarded it with tenderness:

Thus on the banks of Seine,
Far from my native home, I pass my hours,
Broken with years and pain; yet my firm heart
Regards my friends and country e'en in death.

### *Usefulness of Church-Music.*

The use of vocal and instrumental harmony in divine worship I shall recommend and justify from this consideration; that they do, when wisely employed and managed, contribute extremely to awaken the attention and enliven the devotion of all serious and sincere Christians; and their usefulness to this end will appear on a double account, as they remove the ordinary hinderances of devotion, and as they supply us further with special helps and advantages towards quickening and improving it.

By the melodious harmony of the church, the ordinary hinderances of devotion are removed, particularly these three; that engagement of thought which we often bring with us into the church from what we last converse with; those accidental distractions that may happen to us during the course of divine service; and that weariness and flatness of mind which some weak tempers may labour under, by reason even of the length of it.

When we come into the sanctuary immediately from any worldly affair, as our very condition of life does, alas! force many of us to do, we come usually with divided and alienated minds. The business, the pleasure, or the amusement we left, sticks fast to us, and perhaps engrosses that heart for a time, which should then be taken up altogether in spiritual addresses. But as soon as the sound of the sacred hymns strikes us, all that busy swarm of thoughts presently disperses: by a grateful violence we are forced into the duty that is going forward, and, as indevout and backward as we were before, find ourselves on the sudden seized with a sacred warmth, ready to cry out, with holy David: 'My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed; I will sing and give praise.' Our misapplication of mind at such times is often so great, and we so deeply immersed in it, that there needs some very strong and powerful charm to rouse us from it; and perhaps nothing is of greater force to this purpose than the solemn and awakening airs of church-music.

For the same reason, those accidental distractions that may happen to us are also best cured by it. The strongest minds, and best practised in holy duties, may sometimes be surprised into a forgetfulness of what they are about by some violent outward impressions; and every slight occasion will serve to call off the thoughts of no less willing though much weaker worshippers. Those that come to see and to be seen here, will often gain their point; will draw and detain for a while the eyes of the curious and unwary. A passage in the sacred story read, an expression used in the common forms of devotion, shall raise a foreign reflection, perhaps, in musing and speculative minds, and lead them on from thought to thought, and point to point, till they are bewildered in their own imaginations. These, and a hundred other avocations, will arise and prevail; but when the instruments of praise begin to sound, our scattered thoughts presently take the alarm, return to their post and to their duty, preparing and arming themselves against their spiritual assailants.

Lastly, even the length of the service itself becomes a hinderance sometimes to the devotion which it was meant to feed and raise; for, alas! we quickly tire in the performance of holy duties; and as eager and unwearied as we are in attending upon secular business and trifling concerns, yet in divine offices, I fear, the expostulation of our Saviour is applicable to most of us: 'What! can ye not watch with me one hour?' This infirmity is relieved, this hinderance prevented or removed, by the sweet harmony that accompanies several parts of the service, and returning upon us at fit intervals, keeps our attention up to the duties when we begin to flag, and makes us insensible of the length of it. Happily, therefore, and wisely is it so ordered, that the morning devotions of the church, which are much the longest, should share also a greater proportion of the harmony which is useful to enliven them.

But its use stops not here, at a bare removal of the ordinary impediments to devotion; it supplies us also with special helps and advantages towards furthering and improving it. For it adds dignity and solemnity to public worship; it sweetly influences and raises our passions whilst we assist at it, and makes us do our duty with the greatest pleasure and cheerfulness; all which are very proper and powerful means towards creating in us that holy attention and erection of mind, the most reasonable part of this our reasonable service.

Such is our nature, that even the best things, and most worthy of our esteem, do not always employ and detain our thoughts in proportion to their real value, unless they be set off and greatened by some outward circumstances, which are fitted to raise admiration and surprise in the breasts of those who hear or behold them. And this good effect is wrought in us by the power of sacred music. To it we, in good measure, owe the dignity and solemnity of our public worship.

Further, the availableness of harmony to promote a pious disposition of mind will appear from the great influence it naturally has on the passions, which, when well directed, are the wings and sails of the mind, that speed its passage to perfection, and are of particular and remarkable use in the offices of devotion; for devotion consists in an ascent of the mind towards God, attended with holy breathings of soul, and a divine exercise of all the passions and powers of the mind. These passions the melody of sounds serves only to guide and elevate towards their proper object; these it first calls forth and encourages, and then gradually raises and inflames. This it does to all of them, as the matter of the hymns sung gives an occasion for the employment of them; but the power of it is chiefly seen in advancing that most heavenly passion of love, which reigns always in pious breasts, and is the surest and most inseparable mark of true devotion; which recommends what we do in virtue of it to God, and makes it relishing to ourselves; and without which all our spiritual offerings, our prayers, and our praises, are both insipid and unacceptable. At this our religion begins, and at this it ends; it is the sweetest companion and improvement of it here upon earth, and the very earnest and foretaste of heaven; of the pleasures of which nothing further is revealed to us, than that they consist in the practice of holy music and holy love, the joint enjoyment of which, we are told, is to be the happy lot of all pious souls to endless ages.

Now, it naturally follows from hence, which was the last advantage from whence I proposed to recommend church-music, that it makes our duty a pleasure, and enables us, by that means, to perform it with the utmost vigour and cheerfulness. It is certain, that the more pleasing an action is to us, the more keenly and eagerly are we used to employ ourselves in it; the less liable are we, while it is going forward, to tire, and droop, and be dispirited. So that whatever contributes to make our devotion taking, within such a degree as not at the same time to dissipate and distract it, does, for that very reason, contribute to our attention and holy warmth of mind in performing it. What we take delight in, we no longer look upon as a task, but return to always with desire, dwell upon with satisfaction, and quit with uneasiness. And this it was which made holy David express himself in so pathetical a manner concerning the service of the sanctuary: 'As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God. When, oh when, shall I come to appear before the presence of God?' The ancients do sometimes use the metaphor of an army when they are speaking of the joint devotions put up to God in the assembly of his saints. They say we there meet together in troops to do violence to heaven; we encompass, we besiege the throne of God, and bring such a united force as is not to be withstood. And I suppose we may as innocently carry on the metaphor as they have begun it, and say, that church-music, when decently ordered, may have as great uses in this army of supplicants, as the sound of the trumpet has among the host of the mighty men. It equally rouses the courage, equally gives life, and vigour, and resolution, and unanimity to these holy assailants.

### DR SAMUEL CLARKE.

DR SAMUEL CLARKE, a distinguished divine, scholar, and metaphysician, was born at Norwich —which his father represented in parliament—on the 11th of October 1675. His powers of reflection and abstraction are said to have been developed when a mere boy. His biographer, Whiston, relates that 'one of his parents asked him, when very young, whether God could do everything. He answered, Yes. He was asked again, whether God could tell a lie. He answered, No. And he understood the question to suppose that this was the only thing that God could not do; nor durst he say, so young was he then, that he thought there was anything else which God could not do— while yet he well remembered that he had even then a clear conviction in his own mind that there was one thing which God could not do— that he could not annihilate that space which was in the room where they were.' This opinion concerning the necessary existence of space became a leading feature in the mind of the future philosopher. At Caius' College, Cambridge, Clarke cultivated natural philosophy with such success, that in his twenty-second year he published an excellent translation of Rohault's *Physics*, with notes, in which he advocated the Newtonian system, although that of Descartes was taught by Rohault, whose work was at that time the textbook in the university. Four editions of Clarke's translation were required before it ceased to be used in the university; but at length it was superseded by treatises in which the Newtonian philosophy was avowedly adopted. Having entered the church, Clarke found a patron and friend in Dr Moore, bishop of Norwich, and was appointed his chaplain. Between the years 1699 and 1702, he published several theological essays on baptism, repentance, &c. and executed paraphrases of the four evangelists, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. These tracts were afterwards published in two volumes. The bishop next gave him a living at Norwich; and his reputation stood so high, that in 1704 he was appointed to preach the Boyle lecture. His boyish musings on eternity and space were now revived. He selected as the subject of his first course of lectures, the *Being and Attributes of God;* and the second year he chose the *Evidences of Natural and Revealed Religion.* The lectures were published in two volumes, and attracted notice and controversy from their containing Clarke's celebrated argument *a priori* for the existence of God, the germ of which is comprised in a *Scholium* annexed to Newton's *Principia.* According to Sir Isaac and his scholar, as immensity and eternity are not *substances*, but *attributes*, the immense and eternal Being, whose attributes they are, must exist of necessity also. The existence of God, therefore, is a truth that follows with demonstrative evidence from those conceptions of space and time which are inseparable from the human mind. Professor Dugald Stewart, though considering that Clarke, in pursuing this lofty argument, soared into regions where he was lost in the clouds, admits the grandness of the conception, and its connection with the principles of natural religion. 'For when once we have established, from the evidences of design everywhere manifested around us, the existence of an intelligent and powerful *cause*, we are unavoidably led to apply to this cause our conceptions of *immensity* and *eternity*, and to conceive *Him* as filling the infinite extent of both with his presence and with his power. Hence we associate with the idea of God those awful impressions which are naturally produced by the idea of infinite space, and perhaps still more by the idea of endless duration. Nor is this all. It is from the immensity of space that the notion of infinity is originally derived; and it is hence that we transfer the expression, by a sort of metaphor, to other subjects. When we speak, therefore, of *infinite* power, wisdom, and goodness, our notions, if not wholly borrowed from space, are at least greatly aided by this analogy; so that the conceptions of immensity and eternity, if they do not of themselves *demonstrate* the existence of God, yet necessarily enter into the ideas we form of his nature and attributes.'* How beautifully has Pope clothed this magnificent conception in verse!—

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, *and God the soul;*
That, changed through all, and yet in all the same;
Great in the earth as in the ethereal frame;
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent.

The followers of Spinoza built their pernicious theory upon the same argument of endless space; but Pope has spiritualised the idea by placing God as the soul of all, and Clarke's express object was to shew that the subtleties they had advanced *against* religion, might be better employed in its favour. Yet Whiston only repeated a simple and obvious truth when he told Clarke that in the commonest weed in his garden were contained better arguments for the being and attributes of the Deity than in all his metaphysics.

The next subject that engaged the studies of Clarke was a *Defence of the Immateriality and Immortality of the Soul*, in reply to Mr Henry Dodwell and Collins. He also translated Newton's *Optics* into Latin, and was rewarded by his guide, philosopher, and friend with a present of £500. In 1709, he obtained the rectory of St James's, Westminster, took his degree of D.D. and was made chaplain in ordinary to the queen. In 1712, he edited a splendid edition of Cæsar's *Commentaries*, with corrections and emendations, and also gave to the world an elaborate treatise on the *Scripture Doctrine of the Trinity*. The latter involved him in considerable trouble with the church authorities; for Clarke espoused the Arian doctrine, which he also advocated in a series of sermons. He next appeared as a controversialist with Leibnitz, the German philosopher, who had represented to the Princess of Wales, afterwards the queen-consort of George II. that the Newtonian philosophy was not only physically false, but injurious to religion. Sir Isaac Newton, at the request of the princess, entered the list on the mathematical part of the controversy, and left the philosophical part of it to Dr Clarke. The result was triumphant for the English system; and Clarke, in 1717, collected and published the papers which had passed between him and Leibnitz. In 1724, he put to press a series of sermons, seventeen in number. Many of them are excellent, but others are tinctured with his metaphysical predilections. He aimed at rendering scriptural principle a precept conformable to what he calls eternal reason and the fitness of things, and hence his sermons have failed in becoming popular or useful. 'He who aspires,' says Robert Hall, 'to a reputation that shall survive the vicissitudes of opinion and of time, must aim at some other character than that of a metaphysician.' In his practical sermons, however, there is much sound and admirable precept. In 1727, Dr Clarke was offered, but declined, the appointment of Master of the Mint, vacant by the death of his illustrious friend, Newton. The situation was worth £1500 a year, and the disinterestedness and integrity of Clarke were strikingly evinced by his declining to accept an office of such honour and emoluments, because he could not reconcile himself to a secular employment. His conduct and character must have excited the admiration of the queen, for we learn from a satirical allusion in Pope's *Moral Epistle on the Use of Riches*—first published in 1731—that her majesty had placed a bust of Dr Clarke in her hermitage in the royal grounds. 'The doctor duly frequented the court,' says Pope in a note; 'but he should have added,' rejoins Warburton, 'with the innocence and disinterestedness of a hermit.' In 1729, Clarke published the first twelve books of the *Iliad*, with a Latin version and copious annotations; and Homer has never had a more judicious or acute commentator. The last literary efforts of this indefatigable scholar were devoted to drawing up an ***Exposition of the Church Catechism***, and preparing several volumes of sermons for the press. These were not published till after his death, which took place on the 17th of May 1729. The various talents and learning of Dr Clarke, and his easy cheerful disposition, earned for him the highest admiration and esteem of his contemporaries. As a metaphysician, he was inferior to Locke in comprehensiveness and originality, but possessed more skill and logical foresight, the natural result of his habits of mathematical study; and he has been justly celebrated for the boldness and ability with which he placed himself in the breach against the Necessitarians and Fatalists of his times. His moral doctrine—which supposes virtue to consist in the regulation of our conduct according to certain fitnesses which we perceive in things, or a peculiar congruity of certain relations to each other—being inconsequential unless we have previously distinguished the ends which are morally good from those that are evil, and limited the conformity to one of those classes, has been condemned by Dr Thomas Brown and Sir James Mackintosh.* His speculations were over-refined, and seem to have been coloured by his fondness for mathematical studies.

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* Stewart's Dissertation, *Encyclopædia Britannica.*

### *Natural and Essential Difference between Right and Wrong.*

The principal thing that can, with any colour of reason, seem to countenance the opinion of those who deny the natural and eternal difference of good and evil, is the difficulty there may sometimes be to define exactly the bounds of right and wrong; the variety of opinions that have obtained even among understanding and learned men, concerning certain questions of just and unjust, especially in political matters; and the many contrary laws that have been made in divers ages and in different countries concerning these matters. But as, in painting, two very different colours, by diluting each other very slowly and gradually, may, from the highest intenseness in either extreme, terminate in the midst insensibly, and so run one into the other, that it shall not be possible even for a skilful eye to determine exactly where the one ends and the other begins; and yet the colours may really differ as much as can be, not in degree only, but entirely in kind, as red and blue, or white and black: so, though it may perhaps be very difficult in some nice and perplexed cases—which yet are very far from occurring frequently—to define exactly the bounds of right and wrong, just and unjust—and there may be some latitude in the judgment of different men, and the laws of divers nations—yet right and wrong are nevertheless in themselves totally and essentially different; even altogether as much as white and black, light and darkness. The Spartan law, perhaps, which permitted their youth to steal, may, as absurd as it was, bear much dispute whether it was absolutely unjust or no; because every man, having an absolute right in his own goods, it may seem that the members of any society may agree to transfer or alter their own properties upon what conditions they shall think fit. But if it could be supposed that a law had been made at Sparta, or at Rome, or in India, or in any other part of the world, whereby it had been commanded or allowed that every man might rob by violence, and murder whomsoever he met with, or that no faith should be kept with any man, nor any equitable compacts performed, no man, with any tolerable use of his reason, whatever diversity of judgment might be among them in other matters, would have thought that such a law could have authorised or excused, much less have justified such actions, and have made them become good: because 'tis plainly not in men's power to make falsehood be truth, though they may alter the property of their goods as they please. Now if, in flagrant cases, the natural and essential difference between good and evil, right and wrong, cannot but be confessed to be plainly and undeniably evident, the difference between them must be also essential and unalterable in all, even the smallest, and nicest and most intricate cases, though it be not so easy to be discerned and accurately distinguished. For if, from the difficulty of determining exactly the bounds of right and wrong in many perplexed cases, it could truly be concluded that just and unjust were not essentially different by nature, but only by positive constitution and custom, it would follow equally, that they were not really, essentially, and unalterably different, even in the most flagrant cases that can be supposed; which is an assertion so very absurd, that Mr Hobbes himself could hardly vent it without blushing, and discovering plainly, by his shifting expressions, his secret self-condemnation. There are therefore certain necessary and eternal differences of things, and certain fitnesses or unfitnesses of the application of different things, or different relations one to another, or depending on any positive constitutions, but founded unchangeably in the nature and reason of things, and unavoidably arising from the difference of the things themselves.

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* See Brown's *Philosophy* and the *Dissertations* of Stewart and Mackintosh. Warburton, in his notes on Pope, thus sums up the moral doctrine: 'Dr Clarke and Wollaston considered moral obligation as arising from the essential differences and relations of things; Shaftesbury and Hutcheson, as arising from the moral sense; and the generality of divines, as arising solely from the will of God. On these three principles, practical morality has been built by these different writers.' 'Thus has God been pleased,' adds Warburton, 'to give three different excitements to the practice of virtue; that men of all ranks, constitutions, and educations, might find their account in one or other of them; something that would hit their palate, satisfy their reason, or subdue their will. But this admirable provision for the support of virtue hath been in some measure defeated by its pretended advocates, who have sacrilegiously untwisted this threefold cord, and each running away with the part he esteemed the strongest, hath affixed that to the throne of God, as the golden chain that is to unite and draw all to it.'—*Divine Legation*, Book i.

### DR WILLIAM LOWTH.

Dr William Lowth (1661–1732) was distinguished for his classical and theological attainments, and the liberality with which he communicated his stores to others. He published a *Vindication of the Divine Authority and Inspiration of the Old and New Testaments* (1692), *Directions for the Profitable Reading of the Holy Scriptures*, *Commentaries on the Prophets*, &c. He furnished notes on Clemens Alexandrinus for Potter's edition of that ancient author, remarks on Josephus for Hudson's edition, and annotations on the ecclesiastical historians for Reading's Cambridge edition of those authors. He also assisted Dr Chandler in his *Defence of Christianity from the Prophecies*. His learning is said to have been equally extensive and profound, and he accompanied all his reading with critical and philological remarks. Born in London, Dr Lowth took his degrees at Oxford, and experiencing the countenance and support of the bishop of Winchester, became the chaplain of that prelate, a prebend of the cathedral of Winchester, and rector of Buriton.

### DR BENJAMIN HOADLY.

Dr Benjamin Hoadly, successively bishop of Bangor, Hereford, Salisbury, and Winchester, was a prelate of great controversial ability, who threw the weight of his talents and learning into the scale of Whig politics, at that time fiercely attacked by the Tory and Jacobite parties. Hoadly was born at Westerham, in Kent, in 1676. In 1706, while rector of St Peter's-le-Poor, London, he attacked a sermon by Atterbury, and thus incurred the enmity and ridicule of Swift and Pope. He defended the revolution of 1688, and attacked the doctrines of divine right and passive obedience with such vigour and perseverance, that, in 1709, the House of Commons recommended him to the favour of the queen. Her majesty does not appear to have complied with this request; but her successor, George I. elevated him to the see of Bangor. Shortly after his elevation to the bench, Hoadly published a work against the nonjurors, and a sermon preached before the king at St James's, on the *Nature of the Kingdom or Church of Christ*. The latter excited a long and vehement dispute, known by the name of the Bangorian Controversy, in which forty or fifty tracts were published. The Lower House of Convocation took up Hoadly's works with warmth, and passed a censure upon them, as calculated to subvert the government and discipline of the church, and to impugn and impeach the regal supremacy in matters ecclesiastical. The controversy was conducted with unbecoming violence, and several bishops and other grave divines—the excellent Sherlock among the number—forgot the dignity of their station and the spirit of Christian charity in the heat of party warfare. Pope alludes sarcastically to Hoadly's sermon in the *Dunciad:*

> Toland and Tindal, prompt at priests to jeer,
> Yet silent bowed to *Christ's no kingdom here.*

The truth, however, is, that there was 'nothing whatever in Hoadly's sermon injurious to the established endowments and privileges, nor to the discipline and government of the English Church, even in theory. If this had been the case, he might have been reproached with some inconsistency in becoming so large a partaker of her honours and emoluments. He even admitted the usefulness of censures for open immoralities, though denying all church authority to oblige any one to external communion, or to pass any sentence which should determine the condition of men with respect to the favour or displeasure of God. Another great question in this controversy was that of religious liberty as a civil right, which the convocation explicitly denied. And another related to the much-debated exercise of private judgment in religion, which, as one party meant virtually to take away, so the other perhaps unreasonably exaggerated.'* The style of Hoadly's controversial treatises is strong and logical, but without any of the graces of composition, and hence they have fallen into oblivion. He was author of several other works, as *Terms of Acceptance*, *Reasonableness of Conformity*, *Treatise on the Sacrament*, &c. A complete edition of his works was published by his son in three folio volumes (1773). There can be no doubt that the independent and liberal mind of Hoadly, aided by his station in the church, tended materially to stem the torrent of slavish submission which then prevailed in the church of England. He died in 1761.

#### *The Kingdom of Christ not of this World.*

If, therefore, the church of Christ be the kingdom of Christ, it is essential to it that Christ himself be the sole lawgiver and sole judge of his subjects, in all points relating to the favour or displeasure of Almighty God; and that all his subjects, in what station soever they may be, are equally subjects to him; and that no one of them, any more than another, hath authority either to make new laws for Christ's subjects, or to impose a sense upon the old ones, which is the same thing; or to judge, censure, or punish the servants of another master, in matters relating purely to conscience or salvation. If any person hath any other notion, either through a long use of words with inconsistent meanings, or through a negligence of thought, let him but ask himself whether the church of Christ be the kingdom of Christ or not; and if it be, whether this notion

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* Hallam's *Constitutional History of England.*

of it doth not absolutely exclude all other legislators and judges in matters relating to conscience or the favour of God, or whether it can be his kingdom if any mortal men have such a power of legislation and judgment in it. This inquiry will bring us back to the first, which is the only true account of the church of Christ, or the kingdom of Christ, in the mouth of a Christian; that it is the number of men, whether small or great, whether dispersed or united, who truly and sincerely are subjects to Jesus Christ alone as their lawgiver and judge in matters relating to the favour of God and their eternal salvation.

The next principal point is, that, if the church be the kingdom of Christ, and this 'kingdom be not of this world,' this must appear from the nature and end of the laws of Christ, and of those rewards and punishments which are the sanctions of his laws. Now, his laws are declarations relating to the favour of God in another state after this. They are declarations of those conditions to be performed in this world on our part, without which God will not make us happy in that to come. And they are almost all general appeals to the will of that God; to his nature, known by the common reason of mankind, and to the imitation of that nature, which must be our perfection. The keeping his commandments is declared the way to life, and the doing his will the entrance into the kingdom of heaven. The being subjects to Christ, is to this very end, that we may the better and more effectually perform the will of God. The laws of this kingdom, therefore, as Christ left them, have nothing of this world in their view; no tendency either to the exaltation of some in worldly pomp and dignity, or to their absolute dominion over the faith and religious conduct of others of his subjects, or to the erecting of any sort of temporal kingdom under the covert and name of a spiritual one.

The sanctions of Christ's law are rewards and punishments. But of what sort? Not the rewards of this world; not the offices or glories of this state; not the pains of prisons, banishments, fines, or any lesser and more moderate penalties; nay, not the much lesser and negative discouragements that belong to human society. He was far from thinking that these could be the instruments of such a persuasion as he thought acceptable to God. But as the great end of his kingdom was to guide men to happiness after the short images of it were over here below, so he took his motives from that place where his kingdom first began, and where it was at last to end; from those rewards and punishments in a future state, which had no relation to this world; and to shew that his 'kingdom was not of this world,' all the sanctions which he thought fit to give to his laws were not of this world at all.

St Paul understood this so well, that he gives an account of his own conduct, and that of others in the same station, in these words: 'Knowing the terrors of the Lord, we persuade men:' whereas, in too many Christian countries since his days, if some who profess to succeed him were to give an account of their own conduct, it must be in a quite contrary strain: 'Knowing the terrors of this world, and having them in our power, we do not persuade men, but force their outward profession against their inward persuasion.'

Now, wherever this is practised, whether in a great degree or a small, in that place there is so far a change from a kingdom which is not of this world, to a kingdom which is of this world. As soon as ever you hear of any of the engines of this world, whether of the greater or the lesser sort, you must immediately think that then, and so far, the kingdom of this world takes place. For, if the very essence of God's worship be spirit and truth, if religion be virtue and charity, under the belief of a Supreme Governor and Judge, if true real faith cannot be the effect of force, and if there can be no reward where there is no willing choice—then, in all or any of these cases, to apply force or flattery, worldly pleasure or pain, is to act contrary to the interests of true religion, as it is plainly opposite to the maxims upon which Christ founded his kingdom; who chose the motives which are not of this world, to support a kingdom which is not of this world. And indeed it is too visible to be hid, that wherever the rewards and punishments are changed from future to present, from the world to come to the world now in possession, there the kingdom founded by our Saviour is, in the nature of it, so far changed, that it is become, in such a degree, what he professed his kingdom was not—that is, of this world; of the same sort with other common earthly kingdoms, in which the rewards are worldly honours, posts, offices, pomp, attendance, dominion; and the punishments are prisons, fines, banishments, galleys and racks, or something less of the same sort.

### CHARLES LESLIE.

CHARLES LESLIE (1650–1722), author of a work still popular, *A Short and Easy Method with the Deists*, was a son of a bishop of Clogher, who is said to have been of a Scottish family. Educated at Trinity College, Dublin, Charles Leslie studied the law in London, but afterwards turned his attention to divinity, and in 1680 took orders. As chancellor of the cathedral of Connor, he distinguished himself by several disputations with Catholic divines, and by the boldness with which he opposed the pro-popish designs of King James. Nevertheless, at the Revolution, he adopted a decisive tone of Jacobitism, from which he never swerved through life. Removing to London, he was chiefly engaged for several years in writing controversial works against Quakers, Socinians, and Deists, of which, however, none are now remembered besides the little treatise of which the title has been given, and which appeared in 1699. He also wrote many occasional and periodical tracts in behalf of the House of Stuart, to whose cause his talents and celebrity certainly lend no small lustre. Being for one of these publications obliged to leave the country, he repaired, in 1713, to the court of the Chevalier at Bar-le-Duc, and was well received. James allowed him to have a chapel fitted up for the English service, and was even expected to lend a favourable ear to his arguments against popery; but this expectation proved vain. It was not possible for an earnest and bitter controversialist like Leslie to remain long at rest in such a situation, and we are not therefore surprised to find him return in disgust to England in 1721. He soon after died at his house of Glaslough, in the county of Monaghan. The works of this remarkable man have been collected in seven volumes (Oxford, 1832), and it must be allowed that they place their author very high in the list of controversial writers, the ingenuity of the arguments being only equalled by the keenness and pertinacity with which they are pursued.

### BISHOP PATRICK—DR WATERLAND.

SYMON PATRICK (1626–1707), successively bishop of Chichester and Ely, was author of a series of Paraphrases and Commentaries on the historical and poetical portions of Scripture, from Genesis to the Song of Solomon, which extended to ten volumes, and were published between 1697 and 1710.

DANIEL WATERLAND (1683–1740) was elected a fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge, in

1699. He was a controversial theologian of great ability and acuteness, and successfully vindicated the doctrines of the Church of England from Arian and Deistic assailants. His several publications on the Trinity constitute a valuable series of treatises. He published also two volumes of *Sermons.* Waterland died archdeacon of Middlesex. A complete edition of his works, with a life of the author by Bishop Van Mildert, was published at Oxford, in eleven volumes, in 1823.

### WILLIAM WHISTON.

WILLIAM WHISTON (1667-1752) was an able but eccentric scholar, and so distinguished as a mathematician, that he was made deputy-professor of mathematics in the university of Cambridge, and afterwards successor to Sir Isaac Newton, of whose principles he was one of the most successful expounders. Entering into holy orders, he became chaplain to the bishop of Norwich, rector of Lowestoft, &c. He was also appointed Boyle lecturer in the university, but was at length expelled for promulgating Arian opinions. He then went to London, where a subscription was made for him, and he delivered a series of lectures on astronomy. Towards the close of his life, Whiston became a Baptist, and believed that the millennium was approaching, when the Jews would all be restored. Had he confined himself to mathematical studies, he would have earned a high name in science; but his time and attention were dissipated by his theological pursuits, in which he evinced more zeal than judgment. His works are numerous. Besides a *Theory of the Earth*, in defence of the Mosaic account of the creation, published in 1696, and some tracts on the Newtonian system, he wrote an *Essay on the Revelation of St John* (1706), *Sermons on the Scripture Prophecies* (1708), *Primitive Christianity Revived*, five volumes (1712), *Memoirs of his Own Life* (1749-50), &c. An extract from the last-mentioned work is subjoined:

#### *Whistonian Controversy.—Anecdote of the Discovery of the Newtonian Philosophy.*

After I had taken holy orders, I returned to the college, and went on with my own studies there, particularly the mathematics and the Cartesian philosophy, which was alone in vogue with us at that time. But it was not long before I, with immense pains, but no assistance, set myself with the utmost zeal to the study of Sir Isaac Newton's wonderful discoveries in his *Philosophiæ Naturalis Principia Mathematica*, one or two of which lectures I had heard him read in the public schools, though I understood them not at all at that time—being indeed greatly excited thereto by a paper of Dr Gregory's when he was professor in Scotland, wherein he had given the most prodigious commendations to that work, as not only right in all things, but in a manner the effect of a plainly divine genius, and had already caused several of his scholars to keep acts, as we call them, upon several branches of the Newtonian philosophy; while we at Cambridge, poor wretches, were ignominiously studying the fictitious hypotheses of the Cartesian, which Sir Isaac Newton had also himself done formerly, as I have heard him say. What the occasion of Sir Isaac Newton's leaving the Cartesian philosophy, and of discovering his amazing theory of gravity was, I have heard him long ago, soon after my first acquaintance with him, which was 1694, thus relate, and of which Dr Pemberton gives the like account, and somewhat more fully, in the preface to his explication of his philosophy. It was this: an inclination came into Sir Isaac's mind to try whether the same power did not keep the moon in her orbit, notwithstanding her projectile velocity, which he knew always tended to go along a straight line the tangent of that orbit, which makes stones and all heavy bodies with us fall downward, and which we call gravity; taking this postulatum, which had been thought of before, that such power might decrease in a duplicate proportion of the distances from the earth's centre. Upon Sir Isaac's first trial, when he took a degree of a great circle on the earth's surface, whence a degree at the distance of the moon was to be determined also, to be sixty measured miles only, according to the gross measures then in use, he was in some degree disappointed; and the power that restrained the moon in her orbit, measured by the versed sines of that orbit, appeared not to be quite the same that was to be expected had it been the power of gravity alone by which the moon was there influenced. Upon this disappointment, which made Sir Isaac suspect that this power was partly that of gravity and partly that of Cartesius's vortices, he threw aside the paper of his calculation, and went to other studies. However, some time afterward, when Monsieur Picart had much more exactly measured the earth, and found that a degree of a great circle was sixty-nine and a half such miles, Sir Isaac, in turning over some of his former papers, lighted upon this old imperfect calculation, and, correcting his former error, discovered that this power, at the true correct distance of the moon from the earth, not only tended to the earth's centre, as did the common power of gravity with us, but was exactly of the right quantity; and that if a stone was carried up to the moon, or to sixty semidiameters of the earth, and let fall downward by its gravity, and the moon's own menstrual motion was stopped, and she was let fall by that power which before retained her in her orbit, they would exactly fall towards the same point, and with the same velocity; which was therefore no other power than that of gravity. And since that power appeared to extend as far as the moon, at the distance of 240,000 miles, it was but natural or rather necessary, to suppose it might reach twice, thrice, four times, &c. the same distance, with the same diminution, according to the squares of such distances perpetually: which noble discovery proved the happy occasion of the invention of the wonderful Newtonian philosophy.

### DR WILLIAM NICOLSON—DR MATTHEW TINDAL—NICHOLAS TINDAL—DR HUMPHREY PRIDEAUX.

DR WILLIAM NICOLSON (1655-1727), successively bishop of Carlisle and Londonderry, and, lastly, archbishop of Cashel, was a learned antiquary and investigator of our early records. He published *Historical Libraries of England, Scotland, and Ireland*—collected into one volume, in 1776—being a detailed catalogue or list of books and manuscripts referring to the history of each nation. He also wrote *An Essay on the Border Laws*, *A Treatise on the Laws of the Anglo-Saxons*, and *A Description of Poland and Denmark.* The only professional works of Dr Nicolson are a preface to Chamberlayne's Polyglott of the Lord's Prayer, and some able pamphlets on the Bangorian Controversy.

DR MATTHEW TINDAL (1657-1733) was a zealous controversialist, in times when controversy was pursued with much keenness by men fitted for higher duties. His first attacks were directed against priestly power, but he ended in opposing Christianity itself; and Paine and other later writers against revelation have drawn some of their weapons from the armoury of Tindal. Like Dryden and many others, Tindal embraced the Roman Catholic religion when it became fashionable in the court of James II.; but he abjured it in 1687, and afterwards became an advocate under William III. from whom he received a pension of £200 per annum. He wrote several political and theological tracts, but the work by which he is chiefly known is entitled *Christianity as Old as the Creation, or the Gospel a Republication of the Religion of Nature* (1730). The tendency of this treatise is to discredit revealed religion: it was answered by Dr Waterland; and Tindal replied by reiterating his former statements and arguments. He wrote a second volume to this work shortly before his death, but Dr Gibson, the bishop of London, interfered, and prevented its publication. After the death of Tindal, it appeared from his will that he had left a sum of £2000 to Budgell—already noticed as one of the writers of the *Spectator*—but this sum was so disproportioned to the testator's means, that Budgell was accused of forging the will, and Tindal's nephew got it set aside. The disgrace consequent on this transaction is supposed to have been the primary cause of Budgell's committing suicide. The nephew, **Nicholas Tindal** (1687-1774), was a Fellow of Trinity College, and chaplain of Greenwich Hospital. He translated some works and was author of a continuation of Rapin's *History of England.*

Another of the sceptical writers of this period was **John Toland** (1669-1722), author of *Christianity not Mysterious* (1696), a work which occasioned much controversy. He wrote various treatises on theological and historical subjects, and was a learned but pedantic student, always in trouble and difficulties. His works were never collected, and are now forgotten.

**Dr Humphrey Prideaux** (1648-1724) was author of a still popular and valuable work, the *Connection of the History of the Old and New Testament*, the first part of which was published in 1715, and the second in 1717. He wrote also a *Life of Mahomet* (1697), *Directions to Churchwardens* (1707), and *A Treatise on Tithes* (1710). Prideaux's *Connection* is a work of great research, connecting the Old with the New Testament by a luminous historical summary. Few books have had a greater circulation, and it is invaluable to all students of divinity. Its author was highly respected for his learning and piety. He was archdeacon of Suffolk, and at one time Hebrew lecturer at Christ Church, Oxford. His extensive library of oriental books has been preserved in Clare Hall, Cambridge, to which college it was presented by himself.

### EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

Two distinguished philosophical writers adorn this period, Shaftesbury and Berkeley. Both were accomplished and elegant authors, and both, in their opinions, influenced other minds. The *moral sense* of the former was adopted by Hutcheson, and the *idealism* of Berkeley was reproduced by Hume.

**Anthony Ashley Cooper**, the third Earl of Shaftesbury, was born in London in 1671. After a careful private education, he travelled for some time, and in 1693 entered the House of Commons. Five years afterwards, he repaired to Holland, and cultivated the society of Bayle and Le Clerc. On his return, he succeeded to the earldom, and spoke frequently in the House of Lords. All his parliamentary appearances were creditable to his talents, and honourable to his taste and feelings. His first publication was in 1708, *A Letter on Enthusiasm*, prompted by the extravagance of the French prophets, whose zeal had degenerated into intolerance. In 1709, appeared his *Moralists, a Philosophical Rhapsody*, and *Sensus Communis*, an essay upon the freedom of wit and humour. In this latter production he vindicates the use of ridicule as a test of truth. In 1710, he published another slight work, a *Soliloquy, or Advice to an Author.* Soon afterwards, ill health compelled Lord Shaftesbury to seek a warmer climate. He fixed on Naples, where he died in February 1713, at the early age of forty-two. A complete collection of his works was published in 1716, in three volumes, under the general title of *Characteristics of Men, Manners, Opinions, and Times.*

The style of Shaftesbury is lofty and musical. He bestowed great pains on the construction of his sentences, and the labour is too apparent. Desirous also of blending the nobleman and man of the world with the author, a tone of assumption and familiarity deforms some of his arguments and illustrations. He was an ardent admirer of the ancients, and, in his dialogue entitled *The Moralists*, has adopted in a great measure the elevated style of his favourite Plato. With those who hold in like estimation the works of that 'divine philosopher,' and who are willing to exchange continuity, precision, and simplicity, for melody and stateliness of diction, *The Moralists* cannot fail to be regarded, as it was by Leibnitz and Monboddo, with enthusiastic admiration.

The religious tendency of Shaftesbury's writings has been extensively discussed. That he is a powerful and decided champion against the atheists is universally admitted; but with respect to his opinion of Christianity, different views have been entertained. A perusal of the *Characteristics* will make it evident that much of the controversy which the work has occasioned has arisen from the inconsistent opinions expressed in its different parts. Pope informed Warburton, that to his knowledge the *Characteristics* had done much harm to revealed religion. The poet himself was a diligent reader of the work, as appears from his *Essay on Man.*

As a moralist, Lord Shaftesbury holds the conspicuous place of founder of that school of philosophers by whom virtue and vice are regarded as naturally and fundamentally distinct, and who consider man to be endowed with a 'moral sense' by which these are discriminated, and at once approved of or condemned, without reference to the self-interest of him who judges. In opposition to Hobbes, he maintains that the nature of man is such as to lead to the exercise of benevolent and disinterested affections in the social state; and he earnestly inculcates the doctrine, that virtue is more conducive than vice to the temporal happiness of those who practise it. He speaks of 'conscience, or a natural sense of the odiousness of crime and injustice;' and remarks, that as, in the case of objects of the external senses, 'the shapes, motions, colours, and proportions of these latter being presented to our eye, there necessarily results a beauty or deformity, according to the different measure, arrangement, and disposition of their several parts; so, in behaviour and actions, when presented to our understanding, there must be found, of necessity, an apparent difference, according to the regularity and irregularity of the subjects.' 'The mind,' says he, 'feels the soft and harsh, the agreeable and disagreeable, in the affections; and finds a foul and fair, a harmonious and a dissonant, as really and truly here as in any musical numbers, or in the outward forms or representations of sensible things. Nor can it withhold its admiration and ecstasy, its aversion and scorn, any more in what relates to one than to the other of these subjects.' 'However false or corrupt it be within itself, it finds the difference, as to beauty and comeliness, between one heart and another; and accordingly, in all disinterested cases, must approve in some measure of what is natural and honest, and disapprove what is dishonest and corrupt.' This doctrine, which in the pages of Shaftesbury is left in a very imperfect state, has been successively followed out by Dr Hutcheson of Glasgow, and subsequently adopted and illustrated by Reid, Stewart, and Brown.

### *Platonic Representation of the Scale of Beauty and Love.*

From *The Moralists.*

I have now a better idea of that melancholy you discovered; and notwithstanding the humorous turn you were pleased to give, I am persuaded it has a different foundation from any of those fantastical causes I then assigned to it. Love, doubtless, is at the bottom, but a nobler love than such as common beauties inspire.

Here, in my turn, I began to raise my voice, and imitate the solemn way you had been teaching me. Knowing as you are (continued I), well knowing and experienced in all the degrees and orders of beauty, in all the mysterious charms of the particular forms, you rise to what is more general; and with a larger heart, and mind more comprehensive, you generously seek that which is highest in the kind. Not captivated by the lineaments of a fair face, or the well-drawn proportions of a human body, you view the life itself, and embrace rather the mind which adds the lustre, and renders chiefly amiable.

Nor is the enjoyment of such a single beauty sufficient to satisfy such an aspiring soul. It seeks how to combine more beauties, and by what coalition of these to form a beautiful society. It views communities, friendships, relations, duties; and considers by what harmony of particular minds the general harmony is composed, and commonweal established. Nor satisfied even with public good in one community of men, it frames itself a nobler object, and with enlarged affection seeks the good of mankind. It dwells with pleasure amidst that reason and those orders on which this fair correspondence and goodly interest is established. Laws, constitutions, civil and religious rites; whatever civilises or polishes rude mankind; the sciences and arts, philosophy, morals, virtue; the flourishing state of human affairs, and the perfection of human nature; these are its delightful prospects, and this the charm of beauty which attracts it.

Still ardent in this pursuit—such is its love of order and perfection—it rests not here, nor satisfies itself with the beauty of a part, but extending further its communicative bounty, seeks the good of all, and affects the interest and prosperity of the whole. True to its native world and higher country, 'tis here it seeks order and perfection, wishing the best, and hoping still to find a just and wise administration. And since all hope of this were vain and idle, if no Universal Mind presided; since, without such a supreme intelligence and providential care, the distracted universe must be condemned to suffer infinite calamities, 'tis here the generous mind labours to discover that healing cause by which the interest of the whole is securely established, the beauty of things, and the universal order happily sustained.

This, Palemon, is the labour of your soul; and this its melancholy: when unsuccessfully pursuing the supreme beauty, it meets with darkening clouds which intercept its sight. Monsters arise, not those from Libyan deserts, but from the heart of man more fertile, and with their horrid aspect cast an unseemly reflection upon nature. She, helpless as she is thought, and working thus absurdly, is contemned, the government of the world arraigned, and Deity made void. Much is alleged in answer, to shew why nature errs; and when she seems most ignorant or perverse in her productions, I assert her even then as wise and provident as in her goodliest works. For 'tis not then that men complain of the world's order, or abhor the face of things, when they see various interests mixed and interfering; natures subordinate, of different kinds, opposed one to another, and in their different operations submitted, the higher to the lower. 'Tis, on the contrary, from this order of inferior and superior things that we admire the world's beauty, founded thus on contrarieties; whilst from such various and disagreeing principles a universal concord is established.

Thus in the several orders of terrestrial forms, a resignation is required—a sacrifice and mutual yielding of natures one to another. The vegetables by their death sustain the animals, and animal bodies dissolved enrich the earth, and raise again the vegetable world. The numerous insects are reduced by the superior kinds of birds and beasts; and these again are checked by man, who in his turn submits to other natures, and resigns his form, a sacrifice in common to the rest of things. And if in natures so little exalted or pre-eminent above each other, the sacrifice of interests can appear so just, how much more reasonably may all inferior natures be subjected to the superior nature of the world!—that world, Palemon, which even now transported you, when the sun's fainting light gave way to these bright constellations, and left you this wide system to contemplate.

Here are those laws which ought not, nor can submit to anything below. The central powers which hold the lasting orbs in their just poise and movement, must not be controlled to save a fleeting form, and rescue from the precipice a puny animal, whose brittle frame, however protected, must of itself so soon dissolve. The ambient air, the inward vapours, the impending meteors, or whatever else nutrimental or preservative of this earth, must operate in a natural course; and other good constitutions must submit to the good habit and constitutions of the all-sustaining globe. Let us not wonder, therefore, if by earthquakes, storms, pestilential blasts, nether or upper fires or floods, the animal kinds are oft afflicted, and whole species perhaps involved at once in common ruin. Nor need we wonder if the interior form, the soul and temper, partakes of this occasional deformity, and sympathises often with its close partner. Who is there that can wonder either at the sicknesses of sense or the depravity of minds enclosed in such frail bodies, and dependent on such pervertible organs?

Here, then, is that solution you require, and hence those seeming blemishes cast upon nature. Nor is there ought in this beside what is natural and good. 'Tis *good* which is predominant; and every corruptible and mortal nature, by its mortality and corruption, yields only to some better, and all in common to that best and highest nature which is incorruptible and immortal.*

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* This passage receives from Sir James Mackintosh the high praise, 'that there is scarcely any composition in our language more lofty in its moral and religious sentiments, or more exquisitely elegant and musical in its diction.'

### *God in the Universe.*

It is in vain for us to search the bulky mass of matter; seeking to know its nature; how great the whole itself, or even how small its parts. If, knowing only some of the rules of motion, we seek to trace it further, it is in vain we follow it into the bodies it has reached. Our tardy apprehensions fail us, and can reach nothing beyond the body ;itself, through which it is diffused. Wonderful being (if we may call it so) which bodies never receive, except from others which lose it; nor ever lose, unless by imparting it to others. Even without change of place it has its force: and bodies big with motion labour to move, yet stir not; whilst they express an energy beyond our comprehension.

In vain too we pursue that phantom Time, too small, and yet too mighty for our grasp; when shrinking to a narrow point, it escapes our hold, or mocks our scanty thought by swelling to eternity an object unproportioned to our capacity, as is thy being, O thou ancient Cause! older than Time, yet young with fresh Eternity.

In vain we try to fathom the abyss of space, the seat of thy extensive being; of which no place is empty, no void which is not full.

In vain we labour to understand that principle of sense and thought, which seeming in us to depend so much on motion, yet differs so much from it, and from matter itself, as not to suffer us to conceive how thought can more result from this, than this arise from thought. But thought we own pre-eminent, and confess the reallest of beings; the only existence of which we are made sure of, by being conscious. All else may be only dream and shadow. All which even sense suggests may be deceitful. The sense itself remains still; reason subsists; and thought maintains its eldership of being. Thus are we in a manner conscious of that original and externally existent thought, whence we derive our own. And thus the assurance we have of the existence of beings above our sense, and of Thee (the great exemplar of thy works) comes from Thee, the all-true and perfect, who hast thus communicated thyself more immediately to us, so as in some manner to inhabit within our souls; Thou who art original soul, diffusive, vital in all, inspiriting the whole!

## BISHOP BERKELEY.

DR GEORGE BERKELEY, to whom Pope assigned 'every virtue under heaven,' was born at Dysert Castle or Tower, on the banks of the Nore, near Thomastown, county of Kilkenny, March 12, 1684-5. He received, like Swift, his early education at Kilkenny School, and afterwards was entered of Trinity College, Dublin, where he was distinguished for proficiency in mathematical knowledge. He was admitted a fellow in 1707. Two years afterwards, Berkeley published his *Essay towards a new Theory of Vision*. 'The question of the Essay,' says Berkeley's latest biographer, 'comes to this—What is really meant by our *seeing* things in ambient space? Berkeley's answer when developed may be put thus—What, before we reflected, we had supposed to be a seeing of real things, is not seeing really extended things at all, but only seeing something that is constantly connected with their extension; what is vulgarly called seeing them is, in fact, reading about them: when we are every day using our eyes we are virtually interpreting a book: when by sight we are determining for ourselves the actual distances, sizes, shapes, and situations of things, we are simply translating the words of the universal and divine language of the senses.'[*] This Essay was followed, in 1710, by a *Treatise concerning the Principles of Human Knowledge*, which is 'a systematic assault upon scholastic abstractions, especially upon abstract or unperceived matter, space, and time. It assumes that these are the main cause of confusion and difficulty in the sciences, and of materialistic atheism.' Berkeley's theory of physical causation anticipates Hume while it consummates Bacon, and opens the way to the true conception of physical induction. In 1711, Berkeley, having in 1709 entered into holy orders, published a *Discourse of Passive Obedience*, a defence of the Christian duty of not resisting the supreme civil power. This discourse gave rise to the opinion that Berkeley was a Jacobite, but he was in reality no party politician. In 1713, the retired philosopher visited London and wrote some papers for Steele's *Guardian*. The same year he published his *Three Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous*, the design of which, he said, was plainly to demonstrate the reality and perfection of human knowledge, the incorporeal nature of the soul, and the immediate providence of a Deity, in opposition to sceptics and deists. In this work his ideal system was developed in language singularly animated and imaginative. He now became acquainted with Swift, Pope, Steele, and the other members of that brilliant circle, by whom he seems to have been sincerely beloved. He accompanied the Earl of Peterborough, as chaplain and secretary, in his embassy to Sicily, and afterwards travelled on the continent as tutor to Mr Ashe, son of the Bishop of Clogher. This second excursion engaged him upwards of four years. While abroad, we find him writing thus justly and finely to Pope: 'As merchants, antiquaries, men of pleasure, &c. have all different views in travelling, I know not whether it might not be worth a poet's while to travel, in order to store his mind with strong images of nature. Green fields and groves, flowery meadows, and purling streams, are nowhere in such perfection as in England; but if you would know lightsome days, warm suns, and blue skies, you must come to Italy; and to enable a man to describe rocks and precipices, it is absolutely necessary that he pass the Alps.' While at Paris, Berkeley visited the French philosopher Malebranche, then in ill health, from a disease of the lungs. A dispute ensued as to the ideal system, and Malebranche was so impetuous in argument, that he brought on a violent increase of his disorder, which carried him off in a few days. This must have been a more than ideal disputation to the amiable Berkeley, who could not but be deeply afflicted by such a tragic result. On his return he published a Latin tract, *De Motu*, and an essay on the fatal South-sea Scheme, in 1720. Pope introduced him to the Earl of Burlington, and by that nobleman he was recommended to the Duke of Grafton, lord-lieutenant of Ireland. His grace made Berkeley his chaplain, and afterwards appointed him to the deanery of Derry. It was soon evident, however, that personal aggrandisement was never an object of interest with this benevolent philosopher. He had long been cherishing a project, which he announced as 'a scheme for converting the savage Americans to Christianity, by a college to be erected in the Summer Islands, otherwise called the Isles of Bermuda.' In this college he most 'exorbitantly proposed,' as Swift humorously remarked, 'a whole hundred pounds a year for himself, forty pounds for a fellow and ten for a student.' No anticipated difficulties could daunt him, and he communicated his enthusiasm to others. Coadjutors were obtained, a royal charter was granted, and Sir Robert Walpole promised a sum of £20,000 from the government to promote the undertaking. In January 1729, Berkeley and his friends sailed for Rhode Island, where he had some idea of purchasing land, as an investment for Bermuda, and perhaps also of establishing a friendly correspondence with influential New Englanders. Newport was then a flourishing town, and Berkeley resided there till July or August, when he removed to the valley in the interior of the island, where he had bought a farm (ninety-six acres) and built a house. He lived the life of a recluse in Rhode Island, but applied himself to his literary and philosophical studies. The estate at Bermuda had been purchased and the public money was due, but Walpole declined to advance the sum promised, and the project was at an end. Berkeley returned to Europe, and was in London in February 1732. Next month appeared the largest of his works, *Alciphron, or the Minute Philosopher*, a series of moral and philosophical dialogues. Fortune again smiled on Berkeley: he became a favourite with Queen Caroline, and, in 1734, was appointed to the bishopric of Cloyne. Lord Chesterfield afterwards offered him the see of Clogher, which was double the value of that of Cloyne; but he declined the preferment. Some useful tracts were afterwards published by the bishop, including one on tar-water, which he considered to possess high medicinal virtues. Another of his works is entitled *The Querist; containing several Queries proposed to the Consideration of the Public*. In 1752, he removed with his family to Oxford, to superintend the education of one of his sons; and, conscious of the impropriety of residing apart from his diocese, he endeavoured to exchange his bishopric for some canonry or college at Oxford. Failing of success, he wrote to resign his bishopric, worth £1400 per annum; but the king declared that he should die a bishop, though he gave him liberty to reside where he pleased. This incident is honourable to both parties. In 1753 the good prelate died suddenly at his residence at Oxford, while sitting on a couch in the midst of his family. His remains were interred in Christ Church, where a monument was erected to his memory. The life of Berkeley presents a striking picture of patient labour and romantic enthusiasm, of learning and genius, benevolence and worth. His dislike to the pursuits and troubles of ambition are thus expressed by him to a friend in 1747: 'In a letter from England, which I told you came a week ago, it was said that several of our Irish bishops were earnestly contending for the primacy. Pray, who are they? I thought Bishop Stone was only talked of at present. I ask this question merely out of curiosity, and not from any interest, I assure you. I am no man's rival or competitor in this matter. I am not in love with feasts, and crowds, and visits, and late hours, and strange faces, and a hurry of affairs often insignificant. For my own private satisfaction, I had rather be master of my time than wear a diadem. I repeat these things to you, that I may not seem to have declined all steps to the primacy out of singularity, of pride, or stupidity, but from solid motives. As for the argument from the opportunity of doing good, I observe that duty obliges men in high station not to decline occasions of doing good; but duty doth not oblige men to solicit such high stations.' He was a poet as well as a mathematician and philosopher, and had he cultivated the lighter walks of literature as diligently as he did his metaphysical and abstract speculations, he might have shone with lustre in a field on which he but rarely entered. When inspired with his transatlantic mission, he penned the following fine moral verses, that seem to shadow forth the fast accomplishing greatness of the New World:

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[*] *Life and Letters of Berkeley*, by Professor A. C. Fraser, Edinburgh, who edited also a complete and excellent edition of Berkeley's Works, 4 vols. Oxford, 1871.

### *Verses on the Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America.*

The Muse, disgusted at an age and clime
  Barren of every glorious theme,
In distant lands now waits a better time,
  Producing subjects worthy fame.

In happy climes, where from the genial sun
  And virgin earth, such scenes ensue,
The force of art by nature seems outdone,
  And fancied beauties by the true:

In happy climes, the seat of innocence,
  Where nature guides and virtue rules,
Where men shall not impose for truth and sense
  The pedantry of courts and schools:

There shall be sung another golden age,
  The rise of empire and of arts,
The good and great inspiring epic rage,
  The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay;
  Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
  By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire takes its way;
  The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
  Time's noblest offspring is the last.

The works of Berkeley form an important landmark in metaphysical science. At first, his valuable and original *Theory of Vision* was considered a philosophical romance, yet his doctrines are now incorporated with every system of optics. The chief aim of Berkeley was 'to distinguish the immediate and natural objects of sight from the *seemingly instantaneous* conclusions which experience and habit teach us to draw from them in our earliest infancy; or, in the more concise metaphysical language of a later period, to draw the line between the *original* and the *acquired perceptions* of the eye.'* The ideal system of Berkeley was written to expose the sophistry of materialism, but it is defective and erroneous. He attempts to prove that extension and figure, hardness and softness, and all other sensible qualities, are mere *ideas* of the mind, which cannot possibly exist in an insentient substance—a theory which, it has been justly remarked, tends to unhinge the whole frame of the human understanding, by shaking our confidence in those principles of belief which form an essential part of its constitution. Our ideas he 'evidently considered not as states of the individual mind, but as separate things existing in it, and capable of existing in other minds, but in them alone; and it is in consequence of these assumptions that his system, if it were to be considered as a system of scepticism, is chiefly defective. But having, as he supposed, these ideas, and conceiving that they did not perish when they ceased to exist in his mind, since the same ideas recurred at intervals, he deduced, from the necessity which there seemed for some omnipresent mind, in which they might exist during the intervals of recurrence, the necessary existence of the Deity; and if, indeed, as he supposed, ideas be something different from the mind itself, recurring only at intervals to created minds, and incapable of existing but in mind, the demonstration of some infinite omnipresent mind, in which they exist during these intervals of recurrence to finite minds, must be allowed to be perfect. The whole force of the pious demonstration, therefore, which Berkeley flattered himself with having urged irresistibly, is completely obviated by the simple denial, that ideas are anything more than the mind itself affected in a certain manner; since, in this case, our ideas exist no longer than our mind is affected in that particular manner which constitutes each particular idea; and to say that our ideas exist in the divine mind, would thus be to say, only, that our mind itself exists in the divine mind. There is not the sensation of colour in addition to the mind, nor the sensation of fragrance in addition to the mind; but the sensation of colour is the mind existing in a certain state, and the sensation of fragrance is the mind existing in a different state.'* The style of Berkeley has been generally admired: it is clear and unaffected, with the easy grace of the polished philosopher. A love of description and of external nature is evinced at times, and possesses something of the freshness of Izaak Walton.

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* Dugald Stewart.

### *Industry.*

From *An Essay towards preventing the Ruin of Great Britain*, written soon after the affair of the South-sea Scheme.

Industry is the natural sure way to wealth; this is so true, that it is impossible an industrious free people should want the necessaries and comforts of life, or an idle enjoy them under any form of government. Money is so far useful to the public, as it promoteth industry, and credit having the same effect, is of the same value with money; but money or credit circulating through a nation from hand to hand, without producing labour and industry in the inhabitants, is direct gaming.

It is not impossible for cunning men to make such plausible schemes, as may draw those who are less skilful into their own and the public ruin. But surely there is no man of sense and honesty but must see and own, whether he understands the game or not, that it is an evident folly for any people, instead of prosecuting the old honest methods of industry and frugality, to sit down to a public gaming-table and play off their money one to another.

The more methods there are in a state for acquiring riches without industry or merit, the less there will be of either in that state: this is as evident as the ruin that attends it. Besides, when money is shifted from hand to hand in such a blind fortuitous manner, that some men shall from nothing acquire in an instant vast estates, without the least desert; while others are as suddenly stripped of plentiful fortunes, and left on the parish by their own avarice and credulity, what can be hoped for on the one hand but abandoned luxury and wantonness, or on the other but extreme madness and despair?

In short, all projects for growing rich by sudden and extraordinary methods, as they operate violently on the passions of men, and encourage them to despise the slow moderate gains that are to be made by an honest industry, must be ruinous to the public, and even the winners themselves will at length be involved in the public ruin. . . .

God grant the time be not near when men shall say: 'This island was once inhabited by a religious, brave, sincere people, of plain uncorrupt manners, respecting inbred worth rather than titles and appearances, assertors of liberty, lovers of their country, jealous of their own rights, and unwilling to infringe the rights of others; improvers of learning and useful arts, enemies to luxury, tender of other men's lives, and prodigal of their own; inferior in nothing to the old Greeks or Romans, and superior to each of those people in the perfections of the other. Such were our ancestors during their rise and greatness; but they degenerated, grew servile flatterers of men in power, adopted Epicurean notions, became venal, corrupt, injurious, which drew upon them the hatred of God and man, and occasioned their final ruin.'

### *Prejudices and Opinions.*

Prejudices are notions or opinions which the mind entertains without knowing the grounds and reasons of them, and which are assented to without examination. The first notions which take possession of the minds of men, with regard to duties social, moral, and civil, may therefore be justly styled prejudices. The mind of a young creature cannot remain empty; if you do not put into it that which is good, it will be sure to receive that which is bad.

Do what you can, there will still be a bias from education; and if so, is it not better this bias should lie towards things laudable and useful to society? This bias still operates, although it may not always prevail. The notions first instilled have the earliest influence, take the deepest root, and generally are found to give a colour and complexion to the subsequent lives of men, inasmuch as they are in truth the great source of human actions. It is not gold, or honour, or power, that moves men to act, but the opinions they entertain of those things. Hence it follows, that if a magistrate should say: 'No matter what notions men embrace, I will take heed to their actions,' therein he shews his weakness; for, such as are men's notions, such will be their deeds.

For a man to do as he would be done by, to love his neighbour as himself, to honour his superiors, to believe that God scans all his actions, and will reward or punish them, and to think that he who is guilty of falsehood or injustice hurts himself more than any one else; are not these such notions and principles as every wise governor or legislator would covet above all things to have firmly rooted in the mind of every individual under his care? This is allowed even by the enemies of religion, who would fain have it thought the offspring of state policy, honouring its usefulness at the same time that they disparage its truth. What, therefore, cannot be acquired by every man's reasoning, must be introduced by precept, and riveted by custom; that is to say, the bulk of mankind must, in all civilised societies, have their minds, by timely instruction, well-seasoned and furnished with proper notions, which, although the grounds or proofs thereof be unknown to them, will nevertheless influence their conduct, and so far render them useful members of the state. But if you strip men of these their notions, or, if you will, prejudices, with regard to modesty, decency, justice, charity, and the like, you will soon find them so many monsters utterly unfit for human society.

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* Dr Thomas Brown.

I desire it may be considered that most men want leisure, opportunity, or faculties, to derive conclusions from their principles, and establish morality on a foundation of human science. True it is—as St Paul observes—that the 'invisible things of God, from the creation of the world, are clearly seen;' and from thence the duties of natural religion may be discovered. But these things are seen and discovered by those alone who open their eyes and look narrowly for them. Now, if you look throughout the world, you shall find but few of these narrow inspectors and inquirers, very few who make it their business to analyse opinions, and pursue them to their rational source, to examine whence truths spring, and how they are inferred. In short, you shall find all men full of opinions, but knowledge only in a few.

It is impossible, from the nature and circumstances of humankind, that the multitude should be philosophers, or that they should know things in their causes. We see every day that the rules, or conclusions alone, are sufficient for the shopkeeper to state his account, the sailor to navigate his ship, or the carpenter to measure his timber; none of which understand the theory, that is to say, the grounds and reasons either of arithmetic or geometry. Even so in moral, political, and religious matters, it is manifest that the rules and opinions early imbibed at the first dawn of understanding, and without the least glimpse of science, may yet produce excellent effects, and be very useful to the world; and that, in fact, they are so, will be very visible to every one who shall observe what passeth round about him.

It may not be amiss to inculcate, that the difference between prejudices and other opinions doth not consist in this, that the former are false, and the latter true; but in this, that the former are taken upon trust, and the latter acquired by reasoning. He who hath been taught to believe the immortality of the soul, may be as right in his notion, as he who hath reasoned himself into that opinion. It will then by no means follow, that because this or that notion is a prejudice, it must be therefore false. The not distinguishing between prejudices and errors is a prevailing oversight among our modern freethinkers.

There may be, indeed, certain mere prejudices or opinions which, having no reasons either assigned or assignable to support them, are nevertheless entertained by the mind, because they are intruded betimes into it. Such may be supposed false, not because they were early learned, or learned without their reasons, but because there are in truth no reasons to be given for them.

Certainly if a notion may be concluded false because it was early imbibed, or because it is with most men an object of belief rather than of knowledge, one may by the same reasoning conclude several propositions of Euclid to be false. A simple apprehension of conclusions, as taken in themselves, without the deductions of science, is what falls to the share of mankind in general. Religious awe, the precepts of parents and masters, the wisdom of legislatures, and the accumulated experience of ages, supply the place of proofs and reasonings with the vulgar of all ranks; I would say that discipline, national constitution, and laws human or Divine, are so many plain landmarks which guide them into the paths wherein it is presumed they ought to tread.

### *From 'Maxims concerning Patriotism.'*

A man who hath no sense of God or conscience, would you make such a one guardian to your child? If not, why guardian to the state?

A fop or man of pleasure makes but a scurvy patriot.

He who says there is no such thing as an honest man, you may be sure is himself a knave.

The patriot aims at his private good in the public. The knave makes the public subservient to his private interest. The former considers himself as part of a whole, the latter considers himself as the whole.

Moral evil is never to be committed; physical evil may be incurred either to avoid a greater evil, or to procure a good.

When the heart is right, there is true patriotism.

The fawning courtier and the surly squire often mean the same thing—each his own interest.

Ferments of the worst kind succeed to perfect inaction.

## THE REV. JOHN NORRIS.

The REV. JOHN NORRIS (1657-1711), an English Platonist and 'mystic divine,' was one of the earliest opponents of the philosophy of Locke. Hallam characterises him as 'more thoroughly Platonic than Malebranche, to whom, however, he pays great deference, and adopts his fundamental hypothesis of seeing all things in God.' His first work, *A Collection of Miscellanies*, 1678, was popular and went through several editions. It consists of poems, essays, discourses, and letters. In the preface to this work, Norris says: 'It may appear strange, that in such a refining age as this, wherein all things seem ready to receive their last turn and finishing stroke, poetry should be the only thing that remains unimproved.' Yet Milton had only been dead four years, and Butler and Dryden were alive! Norris's own poetry is quaint and full of conceits, but he has one simile which was copied (or stolen) by two poets—Blair, author of *The Grave*, and Thomas Campbell (*Pleasures of Hope*).

How fading are the joys we dote upon!
Like apparitions seen and gone:
But those which soonest take their flight,
Are the most exquisite and strong:
Like angel visits short and bright;
Mortality's too weak to bear them long.
*The Parting.*

In another piece Norris repeats the image:

Angels, as 'tis but seldom they appear,
So neither do they make long stay;
They do but visit and away.

We may quote a few more lines containing poetic fancy and expression:

Distance presents the objects fair,
With charming features and a graceful air,
But when we come to seize th' inviting prey,
Like a shy ghost, it vanishes away.

So to th' unthinking boy the distant sky,
Seems on some mountain's surface to rely:
He with ambitious haste climbs th' ascent,
Curious to touch the firmament;
But when with an unwearied pace,
Arrived he is at the long wished-for place,
With sighs, the sad event he does deplore—
His Heaven is still as distant as before.

The works of Norris are numerous: *The Picture of Love Unveiled*, 1682; *An Idea of Happiness*, 1683; *Practical Discourses*, 4 vols. 1687; *Discourses upon the Beatitudes*, 1691; *A Philosophical Discourse concerning the Immortality of the Soul*, 1708.

### *On Perfect Happiness.*

Nothing does more constantly, more inseparably, cleave to our minds, than this desire of perfect and consummated happiness. This is the most excellent end of all our endeavours, the great prize, the great hope. This is the mark every man shoots at; and though we miss our aim never so often, yet we will not, cannot give over, but like passionate lovers, take resolution from a repulse. The rest of our passions are much at our own disposal; yield either to reason or time; we either argue ourselves out of them, or at least outlive them. We are not always in love with pomp and grandeur, nor always dazzled with the glittering of riches; and there is a season when pleasure itself—that is, sensible pleasure—shall court in vain. But the desire of perfect happiness has no intervals, no vicissitudes. It outlasts the motion of the pulse, and survives the ruins of the grave. 'Many waters cannot quench it, neither can the floods drown it.' And now certainly God would never have planted such an ardent, such an importunate appetite in our souls; and, as it were, interwoven it with our very natures, had he not been able to satisfy it.

I come now to shew wherein this perfect happiness does consist; concerning which, I affirm in the first place, that it is not to be found in anything we can enjoy in this life. The greatest fruition we have of God here is imperfect, and consequently unsatisfactory. And as for all other objects they are finite, and consequently, though never so fully enjoyed, cannot afford us perfect satisfaction. No, 'man knoweth not the price thereof; neither is it found in the land of the living. The depth saith, It is not in me: and the sea saith, It is not with me' (Job xxviii. 13, 14). The vanity of the creature has been so copiously discoursed upon, both by philosophers and divines, and withal is so obvious to every thinking man's experience, that I need not here take an inventory of the creation, nor turn Ecclesiastes after Solomon. I shall only add one or two remarks concerning the objects of secular happiness. The first is this, that the objects wherein men generally seek for happiness here, are not only finite in their nature, but also few in number. Indeed, could a man's life be so contrived, that he should have a new pleasure still ready at hand as soon as he was grown weary of the old, and every day enjoy a virgin delight, he might then, perhaps, like Mr Hobbes's motion, and for a while think himself happy in this continued succession of new acquisitions. But, alas! nature does not treat us with this variety; the compass of our enjoyments is much shorter than that of our lives, and there is a periodical circulation of our pleasures, as well as of our lives. The enjoyments of our lives run in a perpetual round, like the months in the calendar, but with a quicker revolution; we dance like fairies in a circle, and our whole life is but a nauseous tautology. We rise like the sun, and run the same course we did the day before; and tomorrow is but the same over again. . . . But there is another grievance which contributes to defeat our endeavours after perfect happiness in the enjoyment of this life; which is, that the objects wherein we seek it are not only finite and few, but that they commonly prove occasions of greater sorrow to us, than ever they afforded us content. This may be made out several ways, as from the labour of getting, the care of keeping, the fear of losing, and the like topics commonly insisted upon by others. But I waive these and fix upon another account less blown upon, and I think more material than any of the rest. It is this: that although the object loses that great appearance in the fruition which it had in the expectation, yet, after it is gone, it resumes it again. Now we, when we lament the loss, do not take our measures from that appearance which the object had in the enjoyment (as we should do to make our sorrow not exceed our happiness), but from that which it has in the reflection; and consequently we must needs be more miserable in the loss than we were happy in the enjoyment.

From these and the like considerations, I think it will evidently appear, that this perfect happiness is not to be found in anything we can enjoy in this life. Wherein then does it consist? I answer positively in the full and entire fruition of God. He, as Plato speaks, is the proper and principal end of man, the centre of our tendency, the ark of our rest. He is the object which alone can satisfy the appetite of the most capacious soul, and stand the test of fruition to eternity, and to enjoy him fully is perfect felicity.

## MISCELLANEOUS WRITERS.

### DANIEL DEFOE.

The political contests of this period engaged a host of miscellaneous writers. The most powerful and effective belonged to the Tory or Jacobite party; but the Whigs possessed one unflinching and prolific champion—**Daniel Foe**, or **De Foe**, as he chose afterwards to write his name—the father or founder of the English novel and author, it is said, of 254 separate publications! This excellent writer was a native of London, the son of a St Giles butcher, and dissenter. Daniel was born in 1661, and was intended to be a Presbyterian minister, having with this view studied five years at a dissenters' academy at Newington. He acquired a competent knowledge of the Latin and Greek classics, and afterwards added to these an acquaintance with the Spanish, Italian, and French languages. When the Monmouth insurrection broke out, Defoe followed the Duke's standard. On the failure of the enterprise, he escaped punishment, and entered on business as a wholesale trader in hosiery in Freeman's Court, Cornhill. He next became a merchant-adventurer, and visited Spain and Portugal. He failed in business, and compounded with his creditors, who accepted a composition on his single bond. 'He forced his way,' he says, 'through a sea of misfortunes, and reduced his debts, exclusive of composition, from £17,000 to less than £5000.' He then became secretary to, and ultimately owner of works at Tilbury for the manufacture of bricks and pantiles. This also was an unsuccessful undertaking, and Defoe lost by its failure a sum of £3000. Before this he had become known to the government of William III. as an able writer, and was appointed accountant to the Commissioners of the Glass Duty, which office he held from 1695 till the duty was suppressed in 1699. As an author, the first undoubted work by Defoe, though published anonymously, was a *Letter on His Majesty's Declaration for Liberty of Conscience* (1687). Defoe justly considered that the dictation of James II. suspending laws without the consent of parliament, was a subversion of the whole government or constitution of the country. The Revolution coming soon after, Defoe was one of the steadiest supporters of its principles. In March 1698, he published a remarkable volume, *An Essay upon Projects*, in which various schemes and improvements are recommended, the work evincing great sagacity, knowledge, and ingenuity. One of his projects was a savings-bank for the poor. In 1701 he made a great success. His *True-born Englishman*, a poetical satire on the foreigners, and a defence of King William and the Dutch, had an almost unexampled sale. Eighty thousand pirated copies of the poems were sold on the streets. Defoe was in reality no poet, but he could reason in verse, and had an unlimited command of homely and forcible language. The opening lines of this satire have often been quoted:

> Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
> The devil always builds a chapel there;
> And 'twill be found upon examination,
> The latter has the largest congregation.

Various political tracts followed from the active pen of our author. In 1702, he wrote an ironical treatise against the High-Church party, entitled *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters*, which was voted a libel by the House of Commons; and the author being apprehended, was fined, pilloried, and imprisoned. He wrote a hymn to the pillory (1704), which he wittily styled

> A hieroglyphic state-machine,
> Condemned to punish fancy in;

and Pope alluded to the circumstance, exaggerating the punishment, with the spirit of a political partisan, not that of a friend to literature or liberty, in his *Dunciad*—

> Earless on high stood unabashed Defoe.

The political victim lay nearly two years in Newgate, during which he carried on his periodical work, *The Review*, published thrice a week. The character of Defoe, notwithstanding his political persecution, must have stood high; for he was employed in 1706 by the cabinet of Queen Anne on a mission to Scotland to advance the great measure of the Union, of which he afterwards wrote a history. He again tried his hand at political irony, and issued three significant pamphlets—*Reasons against the Succession of the House of Hanover;* and *What if the Pretender should Come?* and *An Answer to a Question that Nobody thinks of*—viz. *But what if the Queen should Die?* These were all published in 1713, and ran through several editions. But neither Whig nor Tory could understand Defoe's ironical writings. He was taken into custody, and had to find bail, himself in £800, and two friends in £400 each, to answer for the alleged libels. Through the influence of Harley, Lord Oxford, however, Defoe obtained a pardon under the Great Seal, confuting the charges brought against him, and exempting him from any consequences thereafter on account of those publications. These disasters were supposed to have made Defoe withdraw altogether from politics; but in 1864 certain letters were discovered in the State Paper Office in Defoe's handwriting, shewing that he was engaged on several political journals in 1718. 'In considering,' he says, 'which way I might be rendered most useful to the government, it was proposed by my Lord Townshend (Secretary of State) that I should still appear as if I were as before, under the displeasure of the government, and separated from the Whigs, and that I might be now serviceable in a kind of disguise, than if I appeared openly.' In this way he undertook to take the sting out of three or four opposition papers, which by his management would be so disabled and enervated as to do no mischief, or give any offence to the government.' For this degrading secret service, Defoe was no doubt well rewarded, but there is reason to believe that it proved unfortunate in the end. His greatest literary triumph was yet to come. In 1719, appeared his *Robinson Crusoe*. The extraordinary success of this work prompted him to write a variety of other fictitious narratives and miscellaneous works—as *Captain Singleton*, 1720; *Duncan Campbell*, 1720; *Moll Flanders*, 1721; *Colonel Jack*, 1722; *Religious Courtship*, 1722; *Journal of the Plague Year*, 1722; *Memoirs of a Cavalier*, 1724; *Tour through Great Britain*, 1724–27, *Roxana*, 1724; *Political History of the Devil*, 1726; *System of Magic*, 1727; *History of Apparitions*, 1727; *The Complete English Tradesman*, 1727; *Memoirs of Captain Carleton*, 1728; &c. The life of this active and voluminous writer was closed in April 1731. It seems to have been one of continued struggle with want, dulness, persecution, misfortune, and disease. But, he adds in his last letter, 'Be it that the passage is rough and the day stormy, by what way soever He please to bring me to the end of it, I desire to finish life with this temper of soul in all cases: *Te Deum Laudamus*.' Posterity has separated the wheat from the chaff of Defoe's writings: his political tracts have sunk into oblivion; but his works of fiction still charm by their air of truth, and the simple natural beauty of their style. As a novelist, he was the father of Richardson, and partly of Fielding; as an essayist, he suggested the *Tatler* and *Spectator;* and in grave irony he may have given to Swift his first lessons. The intensity of feeling characteristic of the dean—his merciless scorn and invective, and fierce misanthropy—were unknown to Defoe, who must have been of a cheerful and sanguine temperament; but in identifying himself with his personages, whether on sea or land, and depicting their adventures, he was not inferior to Swift. His imagination had no visions of surpassing loveliness, nor any rich combinations of humour and eccentricity; yet he is equally at home in the plain scenes of English life, in the wars of the cavaliers, in the haunts of dissipation and infamy, in the roving adventures of the bucaneers, and in the appalling visitations of the Great Plague. The account of the plague has often been taken for a genuine and authentic history, and even Lord Chatham believed the *Memoirs of a Cavalier* to be a true narrative. In scenes of diablerie and witchcraft, he preserves the same unmoved and truth-like demeanour. The apparition of Mrs Veal at Canterbury, 'the eighth of September 1705,' seems as true and indubitable a fact as any that ever passed before our eyes. Unfortunately, the taste or circumstances of Defoe led him mostly into low life, and his characters are generally such as we cannot sympathise with. The whole arcana of roguery and villainy seem to have been open to him. His experiences of Newgate were not without their use to the novelist. It might be thought that the good taste which led Defoe to write in a style of such pure and unpretending English, instead of the inflated manner of vulgar writers, would have dictated a more careful selection of his subjects, and kept him from wandering so frequently into the low and disgusting purlieus of vice. But this moral and tasteful discrimination seems to have been wholly wanting. He was too good and religious a man to break down the distinctions between virtue and crime. He selected the adventures of pirates, pickpockets, and other characters of the same worthless stamp, because they were likely to sell best, and made the most attractive narrative; but he nowhere holds them up for imitation. He evidently felt most at home where he had to descend, not to rise, to his subject. The circumstances of Robinson Crusoe, his shipwreck and residence in the solitary island, invest that incomparable tale with more romance than any of his other works. 'Pathos,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'is not Defoe's general characteristic; he had too little delicacy of mind. When it comes, it comes uncalled, and is created by the circumstances, not sought for by the author. The excess, for instance, of the natural longing for human society which Crusoe manifests while on board of the stranded Spanish vessel, by falling into a sort of agony, as he repeated the words: "Oh, that but one man had been saved!—oh, that there had been but one!" is in the highest degree pathetic. The agonising reflections of the solitary, when he is in danger of being driven to sea, in his rash attempt to circumnavigate his island, are also affecting.' To these striking passages may be added the description of Crusoe's sensations on finding the footprint on the sand—an incident conceived in the spirit of poetry. The character of Friday, though his appearance on the scene breaks the solitary seal of the romance, is a highly interesting and pleasing delineation, that gives a charm to savage life. The great success of this novel induced the author to write a continuation to it, in which Crusoe is again brought among the busy haunts of men; the attempt was hazardous, and it proved a failure. The once solitary island, peopled by mariners and traders, is disenchanted, and becomes tame, vulgar, and commonplace. The relation of adventures, not the delineation of character and passion, was the forte of Defoe. His invention of common incidents and situations seems to have been unbounded; and those minute references and descriptions 'immediately lead us,' as has been remarked by Dunlop in his *History of Fiction*, 'to give credit to the whole narrative, since we think they would hardly have been mentioned unless they had been true. The same circumstantial detail of facts is remarkable in *Gulliver's Travels*, and we are led on by them to a partial belief in the most improbable narrations.' The power of Defoe in feigning reality, or *forging the handwriting of nature*, as it has been forcibly termed, may be seen in the narrative of Mrs Veal's apparition. It was prefixed to a religious book, *Drelincourt on Death*, and had the effect of drawing attention to an otherwise unsaleable and neglected work. The imposition was a bold one—perhaps the least defensible of all his inventions. Defoe is more natural even than Swift; and his style, though inferior in directness and energy, is more copious. He was strictly an original writer, with strong clear conceptions ever rising up in his mind, which he was able to embody in language equally perspicuous and forcible. He had both read and seen much, and treasured up an amount of knowledge and observation certainly not equalled by the store of any writer of that day. When we consider the misfortunes and sufferings of Defoe; that his spirit had been broken, and his means wasted, by persecution; that his health was struck down by apoplexy, and upwards of fifty-seven years had passed over him—his composition of *Robinson Crusoe*, and the long train of fictions which succeeded it, must appear a remarkable instance of native genius, self-reliance, and energy of character.

We subjoin a short specimen of Defoe's irony. It was often too subtle and obscure for popular apprehension, but the following is at once obvious and ingenious.

### *What if the Pretender should Come?*

Give us leave, O people of Great Britain, to lay before you a little sketch of your future felicity, under the auspicious reign of such a glorious prince as we all hope and believe the Pretender to be. First, you are to allow, that by such a just and righteous shutting up of the Exchequer in about seven years' time, he may be supposed to have received about forty millions sterling from his people, which not being to be found in specie in the kingdom, will, for the benefit of circulation, enable him to treasure up infinite funds of wealth in foreign banks, a prodigious mass of foreign bullion, gold, jewels, and plate, to be ready in the Tower or elsewhere, to be issued upon future emergency, as occasion may allow. This prodigious wealth will necessarily have these happy events, to the infinite satisfaction and advantage of the whole nation, and the benefit of which I hope none will be so unjust or ungrateful to deny. 1. It will for ever after deliver this nation from the burden, the expense, the formality, and the tyranny of parliaments. No one can perhaps at the first view be rightly sensible of the many advantages of this article, and from how many mischiefs it will deliver this nation. How the country gentlemen will be no longer harassed to come, at the command of every court occasion, and upon every summons by the prince's proclamation, from their families and other occasions, whether they can be spared from their wives, &c. or no, or whether they can trust their wives behind them or no; nay, whether they can spare money or no for the journey, or whether they must come carriage paid or no; then they will no more be unnecessarily exposed to long and hazardous journeys in the depth of winter, from the remotest corners of the island, to come to London, just to give away the country's money and go home again; all this will be dispensed with by the kind and gracious management of the Pretender, when he, God bless us! shall be our most gracious sovereign. 2. In the happy consequence of the demise of parliaments, the country will be eased of that intolerable burden of travelling to elections, sometimes in the middle of their harvest, whenever the writs of elections arbitrarily summon them. 3. And with them the poor gentlemen will be eased of that abominable grievance of the nation, viz. the expense of elections, by which so many gentlemen of estates have been ruined, so many innocent people, of honest principles before, have been debauched and made mercenary, partial, perjured, and been blinded with bribes to sell their country and liberties to who bids most. It is well known how often, and yet how in vain, this distemper has been the constant concern of parliament for many ages to cure and to provide sufficient remedies for. Now, if ever, the effectual remedy for this is found out, to the inexpressible advantage of the whole nation; and this, perhaps, is the only cure for it that the nature of the disease will admit of; what terrible havoc has this kind of trade made among the estates of the gentry and the morals of the common people! How has it kept alive the factions and divisions of the country people, keeping them in a constant agitation, and in triennial commotions? so that, what with forming new interests and cultivating old, the heats and animosities never cease among the people. But once set the Pretender upon the throne, and let the funds be but happily stopped, and paid into his hands, that he may be in no more need of a parliament, and all these distempers will be cured as effectually as a fever is cured by cutting off the head, or a halter cures the bleeding at the nose.

### *The Great Plague in London.*

Much about the same time I walked out into the fields towards Bow, for I had a great mind to see how things were managed in the river and among the ships; and as I had some concern in shipping, I had a notion that it had been one of the best ways of securing one's self from the infection to have retired into a ship; and musing how to satisfy my curiosity in that point, I turned away over the fields, from Bow to Bromley, and down to Blackwall, to the stairs that are there for landing or taking water.

Here I saw a poor man walking on the bank or sea-wall, as they call it, by himself. I walked a while also about, seeing the houses all shut up; at last I fell into some talk at a distance, with this poor man. First I asked him how people did thereabouts. 'Alas! sir,' says he, 'almost desolate; all dead or sick. Here are very few families in this part, or in that village'—pointing at Poplar—'where half of them are dead already, and the rest sick.' Then he, pointing to one house: 'There they are all dead,' said he, 'and the house stands open; nobody dares go into it. A poor thief,' says he, 'ventured in to steal something, but he paid dear for his theft, for he was carried to the churchyard too, last night.' Then he pointed to several other houses. 'There,' says he, 'they are all dead—the man and his wife and five children. There,' says he, 'they are shut up; you see a watchman at the door; and so of other houses.' 'Why,' says I, 'what do you here all alone?' 'Why,' says he, 'I am a poor desolate man: it hath pleased God I am not yet visited, though my family is, and one of my children dead.' 'How do you mean then,' said I, 'that you are not visited?' 'Why,' says he, 'that is my house'—pointing to a very little low-boarded house—'and there my poor wife and two children live,' said he, 'if they may be said to live; for my wife and one of the children are visited, but I do not come at them.' And with that word I saw the tears run very plentifully down his face; and so they did down mine too, I assure you.

'But,' said I, 'why do you not come at them? How can you abandon your own flesh and blood?' 'O, sir,' says he, 'the Lord forbid. I do not abandon them; I work for them as much as I am able; and blessed be the Lord, I keep them from want.' And with that I observed he lifted up his eyes to heaven with a countenance that presently told me I had happened on a man that was no hypocrite, but a serious, religious, good man; and his ejaculation was an expression of thankfulness, that, in such a condition as he was in, he should be able to say his family did not want. 'Well,' says I, 'honest man, that is a great mercy, as things go now with the poor, But how do you live then, and how are you kept from the dreadful calamity that is now upon us all?' 'Why, sir,' says he, 'I am a waterman, and there is my boat,' says he; 'and the boat serves me for a house: I work in it in the day, and I sleep in it in the night; and what I get I lay it down upon that stone,' says he, shewing me a broad stone on the other side of the street, a good way from his house; 'and then,' says he, 'I halloo and call to them till I make them hear, and they come and fetch it.'

'Well, friend,' says I, 'but how can you get money as a waterman? Does anybody go by water these times?'

'Yes, sir,' says he, 'in the way I am employed, there does. Do you see there,' says he, 'five ships lie at anchor?'—pointing down the river a good way below the town—'and do you see,' says he, 'eight or ten ships lie at the chain there, and at anchor yonder?'—pointing above the town. 'All those ships have families on board, of their merchants and owners, and such like, who have locked themselves up, and live on board, close shut in, for fear of the infection; and I tend on them to fetch things for them, carry letters, and do what is absolutely necessary, that they may not be obliged to come on shore; and every night I fasten my boat on board one of the ship's boats, and there I sleep by myself; and blessed be God, I am preserved hitherto.'

'Well,' said I, 'friend, but will they let you come on board after you have been on shore here, when this has been such a terrible place, and so infected as it is?'

'Why, as to that,' said he, 'I very seldom go up the ship-side, but deliver what I bring to their boat, or lie by the side, and they hoist it on board. If I did, I think they are in no danger from me, for I never go into any house on shore, or touch anybody, no, not of my own family; but I fetch provisions for them.'

'Nay,' says I, 'but that may be worse, for you must have those provisions of somebody or other; and since all this part of the town is so infected, it is dangerous so much as to speak with anybody; for the village,' said I, 'is, as it were, the beginning of London, though it be at some distance from it.'

'That is true,' added he, 'but you do not understand me right. I do not buy provisions for them here; I row up to Greenwich, and buy fresh meat there, and sometimes I row down the river to Woolwich, and buy there; then I go to single farmhouses on the Kentish side, where I am known, and buy fowls, and eggs, and butter, and bring to the ships, as they direct me, sometimes one, sometimes the other. I seldom come on shore here; and I came only now to call my wife, and hear how my little family do, and give them a little money which I received last night.'

'Poor man!' said I, 'and how much hast thou gotten for them?'

'I have gotten four shillings,' said he, 'which is a great sum, as things go now with poor men; but they have given me a bag of bread too, and a salt fish, and some flesh; so all helps out.'

'Well,' said I, 'and have you given it them yet?'

'No,' said he, 'but I have called, and my wife has answered that she cannot come out yet; but in half an hour she hopes to come, and I am waiting for her. Poor woman!' says he, 'she is brought sadly down; she has had a swelling, and it is broke, and I hope she will recover, but I fear the child will die; but it is the Lord!' Here he stopped, and wept very much.

'Well, honest friend,' said I, 'thou hast a sure comforter, if thou hast brought thyself to be resigned to the will of God; He is dealing with us all in judgment.'

'O sir,' says he, 'it is infinite mercy if any of us are spared; and who am I to repine!'

'Say'st thou so,' said I; 'and how much less is my faith than thine!' And here my heart smote me, suggesting how much better this poor man's foundation was, on which he staid in the danger, than mine; that he had nowhere to fly; that he had a family to bind him to attendance, which I had not; and mine was mere presumption, his a true dependence and a courage resting on God; and yet, that he used all possible caution for his safety.

I turned a little way from the man while these thoughts engaged me; for indeed I could no more refrain from tears than he.

At length, after some further talk, the poor woman opened the door, and called 'Robert, Robert;' he answered, and bid her stay a few moments and he would come; so he ran down the common stairs to his boat, and fetched up a sack in which was the provisions he had brought from the ships; and when he returned, he hallooed again; then he went to the great stone which he shewed me, and emptied the sack, and laid all out, everything by themselves, and then retired; and his wife came with a little boy to fetch them away; and he called, and said, such a captain had sent such a thing, and such a captain such a thing; and at the end adds: 'God has sent it all; give thanks to Him.' When the poor woman had taken up all, she was so weak, she could not carry it at once in, though the weight was not much neither; so she left the biscuit, which was in a little bag, and left a little boy to watch it till she came again.

'Well, but,' says I to him, 'did you leave her the four shillings too, which you said was your week's pay?'

'Yes, yes,' says he; 'you shall hear her own it.' So he calls again: 'Rachel, Rachel'—which it seems was her name—'did you take up the money?' 'Yes,' said she. 'How much was it?' said he. 'Four shillings and a groat,' said she. 'Well, well,' says he, 'the Lord keep you all;' and so he turned to go away.

As I could not refrain contributing tears to this man's story, so neither could I refrain my charity for his assistance; so I called him. 'Hark thee, friend,' said I, 'come hither, for I believe thou art in health, that I may venture thee;' so I pulled out my hand, which was in my pocket before. 'Here,' says I, 'go and call thy Rachel once more, and give her a little more comfort from me; God will never forsake a family that trust in him as thou dost:' so I gave him four other shillings, and bid him go lay them on the stone, and call his wife.

I have not words to express the poor man's thankfulness, neither could he express it himself, but by tears running down his face. He called his wife, and told her God had moved the heart of a stranger, upon hearing their condition, to give them all that money; and a great deal more such as that he said to her. The woman, too, made signs of the like thankfulness, as well to Heaven as to me, and joyfully picked it up; and I parted with no money all that year that I thought better bestowed.

### *The Troubles of a Young Thief.*

From the *Life of Colonel Jack.*

I have often thought since that, and with some mirth too, how I had really more wealth than I knew what to do with [five pounds, his share of the plunder]; for lodging I had none, nor any box or drawer to hide my money in, nor had I any pocket, but such as I say was full of holes; I knew nobody in the world that I could go and desire them to lay it up for me; for being a poor, naked, ragged boy, they would presently say I had robbed somebody, and perhaps lay hold of me, and my money would be my crime, as they say it often is in foreign countries; and now, as I was full of wealth, behold I was full of care, for what to do to secure my money I could not tell; and this held me so long, and was so vexatious to me the next day, that I truly sat down and cried.

Nothing could be more perplexing than this money was to me all that night. I carried it in my hand a good while, for it was in gold all but 14*s.*; and that is to say, it was four guineas, and that 14*s.* was more difficult to carry than the four guineas. At last I sat down and pulled off one of my shoes, and put the four guineas into that; but after I had gone awhile, my shoe hurt me so I could not go, so I was fain to sit down again, and take it out of my shoe, and carry it in my hand; then I found a dirty linen rag in the street, and I took that up, and wrapped it all together, and carried it in that a good way. I have often since heard people say, when they have been talking of money that they could not get in, 'I wish I had it in a foul clout:' in truth, I had mine in a foul clout; for it was foul, according to the letter of that saying, but it served me till I came to a convenient place, and then I sat down and washed the cloth in the kennel, and so then put my money in again.

Well, I carried it home with me to my lodging in the glass-house, and when I went to go to sleep, I knew not what to do with it; if I had let any of the black crew I was with know of it, I should have been smothered in the ashes for it; so I knew not what to do, but lay with it in my hand, and my hand in my bosom; but then sleep went from my eyes. Oh, the weight of human care! I, a poor beggar-boy, could not sleep, so soon as I had but a little money to keep, who, before that, could have slept upon a heap of brickbats, stones, or cinders, or anywhere, as sound as a rich man does on his down bed, and sounder too.

Every now and then dropping asleep, I should dream that my money was lost, and start like one frightened; then, finding it fast in my hand, try to go to sleep again, but could not for a long while; then drop and start again. At last a fancy came into my head, that if I fell asleep, I should dream of the money, and talk of it in my sleep, and tell that I had money; which, if I should do, and one of the rogues should hear me, they would pick it out of my bosom, and of my hand too, without waking me; and after that thought I could not sleep a wink more; so I passed that night over in care and anxiety enough, and this, I may safely say, was the first night's rest that I lost by the cares of this life and the deceitfulness of riches.

As soon as it was day, I got out of the hole we lay in, and rambled abroad in the fields towards Stepney, and there I mused and considered what I should do with this money, and many a time I wished that I had not had it; for after all my ruminating upon it, and what course I should take with it, or where I should put it, I could not hit upon any one thing, or any possible method to secure it; and it perplexed me so, that at last, as I said just now, I sat down and cried heartily.

When my crying was over, the case was the same; I had the money still, and what to do with it I could not tell: at last it came into my head that I should look out for some hole in a tree, and see to hide it there, till I should have occasion for it. Big with this discovery, as I then thought it, I began to look about me for a tree; but there were no trees in the fields about Stepney or Mile-end that looked fit for my purpose; and if there were any that I began to look narrowly at, the fields were so full of people that they would see if I went to hide anything there, and I thought the people eyed me, as it were, and that two men in particular followed me to see what I intended to do.

This drove me further off, and I crossed the road at Mile-end, and in the middle of the town went down a lane that goes away to the Blind Beggar's at Bethnal Green. When I got a little way in the lane, I found a footpath over the fields, and in those fields several trees for my turn, as I thought; at last, one tree had a little hole in it, pretty high out of my reach, and I climbed up the tree to get it, and when I came there, I put my hand in, and found, as I thought, a place very fit; so I placed my treasure there, and was mighty well satisfied with it; but, behold, putting my hand in again, to lay it more commodiously, as I thought, of a sudden it slipped away from me; and I found the tree was hollow, and my little parcel was fallen in out of my reach, and how far it might go in I knew not; so that, in a word, my money was quite gone, irrecoverably lost; there could be no room so much as to hope ever to see it again, for it was a vast great tree.

As young as I was, I was now sensible what a fool I was before, that I could not think of ways to keep my money, but I must come thus far to throw it into a hole where I could not reach it: well, I thrust my hand quite up to my elbow; but no bottom was to be found, nor any end of the hole or cavity; I got a stick of the tree, and thrust it in a great way, but all was one; then I cried, nay, roared out, I was in such a passion; then I got down the tree again, then up again, and thrust in my hand again till I scratched my arm and made it bleed, and cried all the while most violently; then I began to think I had not so much as a half-penny of it left for a half-penny roll, and I was hungry, and then I cried again: then I came away in despair, crying and roaring like a little boy that had been whipped; then I went back again to the tree, and up the tree again, and thus I did several times.

The last time I had gotten up the tree, I happened to come down not on the same side that I went up and came down before, but on the other side of the tree, and on the other side of the bank also; and, behold, the tree had a great open place in the side of it close to the ground, as old hollow trees often have; and looking in the open place, to my inexpressible joy there lay my money and my linen rag, all wrapped up just as I had put it into the hole: for the tree being hollow all the way up, there had been some moss or light stuff, which I had not judgment enough to know was not firm, that had given way when it came to drop out of my hand, and so it had slipped quite down at once.

I was but a child, and I rejoiced like a child, for I holloaed quite out aloud when I saw it; then I ran to it and snatched it up, hugged and kissed the dirty rag a hundred times; then danced and jumped about, ran from one end of the field to the other, and, in short, I knew not what, much less do I know now what I did, though I shall never forget the thing; either what a sinking grief it was to my heart when I thought I had lost it, or what a flood of joy overwhelmed me when I had got it again.

While I was in the first transport of my joy, as I have said, I ran about and knew not what I did; but when that was over, I sat down, opened the foul clout the money was in, looked at it, told it, found it was all there, and then I fell a-crying as violently as I did before, when I thought I had lost it.

### *Advice to a Youth of Rambling Disposition.*

From *Robinson Crusoe.*

Being the third son of the family, and not bred to any trade, my head began to be filled very early with rambling thoughts. My father, who was very ancient, had given me a competent share of learning, as far as house education and a country free school generally go, and designed me for the law: but I would be satisfied with nothing but going to sea; and my inclination to this led me so strongly against the will—nay, the commands—of my father, and against all the entreaties and persuasions of my mother and other friends, that there seemed to be something fatal in that propension of nature, tending directly to the life of misery which was to befall me.

My father, a wise and grave man, gave me serious and excellent counsel against what he foresaw was my design. He called me one morning into his chamber, where he was confined by the gout, and expostulated very warmly with me upon this subject. He asked me what reasons, more than a mere wandering inclination, I had for leaving my father's house and my native country, where I might be well introduced, and had a prospect of raising my fortunes by application and industry, with a life of ease and pleasure. He told me it was only men of desperate fortunes on one hand, or of aspiring superior fortunes on the other, who went abroad upon adventures, to rise by enterprise, and make themselves famous in undertakings of a nature out of the common road; that these things were all either too far above me, or too far below me; that mine was the middle state, or what might be called the upper station of low life, which he had found, by long experience, was the best state in the world—the most suited to human happiness; not exposed to the miseries and hardships, the labour and sufferings, of the mechanic part of mankind, and not embarrassed with the pride, luxury, ambition, and envy, of the upper part of mankind. He told me I might judge of the happiness of this state by this one thing, namely, that this was the state of life which all other people envied; that kings have frequently lamented the miserable consequence of being born to great things, and wished they had been placed in the middle of the two extremes, between the mean and the great; that the Wise Man gave his testimony to this, as the just standard of true felicity, when he prayed to have neither poverty nor riches.

He bade me observe it, and I should always find that the calamities of life were shared among the upper and lower part of mankind; but that the middle station had the fewest disasters, and was not exposed to so many vicissitudes as the higher or lower part of mankind; nay, they were not subjected to so many distempers and uneasinesses, either of body or mind, as those were who, by vicious living, luxury, and extravagances on one hand, or by hard labour, want of necessaries, and mean or insufficient diet on the other hand, bring distempers upon themselves by the natural consequences of their way of living; that the middle station of life was calculated for all kind of virtues and all kind of enjoyments; that peace and plenty were the handmaids of a middle fortune; that temperance, moderation, quietness, health, society, all agreeable diversions, and all desirable pleasures, were the blessings attending the middle station of life; that this way men went silently and smoothly through the world, and comfortably out of it; not embarrassed with the labours of the hands or of the head; not sold to a life of slavery for daily bread, or harassed with perplexed circumstances, which rob the soul of peace and the body of rest; not enraged with the passion of envy, or the secret burning lust of ambition for great things—but in easy circumstances, sliding gently through the world, and sensibly tasting the sweet of living without the bitter; feeling that they are happy, and learning, by every day's experience, to know it more sensibly.

After this he pressed me earnestly, and in the most affectionate manner, not to play the young man, or to precipitate myself into miseries, which nature, and the station of life I was born in, seem to have provided against; that I was under no necessity of seeking my bread; that he would do well for me, and endeavour to enter me fairly into the station of life which he had been just recommending to me; and that, if I was not very easy and happy in the world, it must be my mere fate, or fault, that must hinder it; and that he should have nothing to answer for, having thus discharged his duty, in warning me against measures which he knew would be to my hurt. In a word, that as he would do very kind things for me, if I would stay and settle at home as he directed, so he would not have so much hand in my misfortunes as to give me any encouragement to go away; and, to close all, he told me I had my elder brother for my example, to whom he had used the same earnest persuasions to keep him from going into the Low Country wars, but could not prevail, his young desires prompting him to run into the army, where he was killed; and though he said he would not cease to pray for me, yet he would venture to say to me, that if I did take this foolish step, God would not bless me—and I would have leisure hereafter to reflect upon having neglected his counsel, when there might be none to assist in my recovery.

## BERNARD DE MANDEVILLE.

Bernard de Mandeville (1670–1733), a vigorous and graphic writer, who squandered upon useless and lax speculations powers that would have fitted him admirably as a novelist or moralist, was a native of Dort, in Holland. He studied medicine, and came over to England to practise his profession. His first publications were in rhyme, but he had nothing of the poet's 'vision and faculty divine.' Early in life (about 1699) he published a string of sarcastic verses entitled the *Grumbling Hive, or Knaves Turned Honest*, which he reprinted in 1714 with the addition of long explanatory notes, and an *Inquiry into the Origin of Moral Virtue*, giving to the whole the title afterwards so well known, the *Fable of the Bees, or Private Vices Public Benefits*. Previous to the latter work he had published *Esop Dressed, Typhon in Verse*, and the *Planter's Charity*, all in 1704. He enlarged his principal work, the *Fable of the Bees;* and in 1729 it was rendered more conspicuous by being presented to the grand jury of Middlesex on account of its immoral and pernicious tendency. Bishop Berkeley answered the arguments of the *Fable*, and Mandeville replied in *Letters to Dion*. He also published *Free Thoughts on Religion*, and *An Inquiry into the Origin of Honour, and the Usefulness of Christianity in War* (1732), both of which, like his *Fable*, were of questionable tendency.

The satire of Mandeville is general, not individual; yet his examples are strong and lively pictures. He describes the faults and corruptions of different professions and forms of society, and then attempts to shew that they are subservient to the grandeur and worldly happiness of the whole. If mankind, he says, could be cured of the failings they are naturally guilty of, they would cease to be capable of forming vast, potent, and polite societies. The fallacy of his theory, as Johnson says, is that 'he defines neither vices nor benefits.' He confounds innocent pleasures and luxuries, which benefit society, with their vicious excesses, which are destructive of order and government. His object was chiefly to *divert* the reader, being conscious that mankind are not easily reasoned out of their follies. Another of the paradoxes of Mandeville is, that charity schools, and all sorts of education, are injurious to the lower classes. The view which he takes of human nature is low and degrading enough to have been worthy the adoption of Swift; and many of his descriptions are not inferior to those of the dean. Some of his opinions on economic questions are admirably expressed. 'Let the value of gold and silver,' he says, 'either rise or fall, the enjoyment of all societies will ever depend upon the fruits of the earth and the *labour* of the people; both which joined together are a more certain, a more inexhaustible, and a more real treasure than the gold of Brazil or the silver of Potosi.'

### *Division of Labour.*

If we trace the most flourishing nations in their origin, we shall find that, in the remote beginnings of every society, the richest and most considerable men among them were a great while destitute of a great many comforts of life that are now enjoyed by the meanest and most humble wretches; so that many things which were once looked upon as the inventions of luxury are now allowed even to those that are so miserably poor as to become the objects of public charity, nay, counted so necessary that we think no human creature ought to want them. A man would be laughed at that should discover luxury in the plain dress of a poor creature that walks along in a thick parish gown, and a coarse shirt underneath it; and yet what a number of people, how many different trades, and what a variety of skill and tools, must be employed to have the most ordinary Yorkshire cloth! What depth of thought and ingenuity, what toil and labour, and what length of time must it have cost, before man could learn from a seed to raise and prepare so useful a product as linen!

What a bustle is there to be made in several parts of the world before a fine scarlet or crimson cloth can be produced; what multiplicity of trades and artificers must be employed! Not only such as are obvious, as wool-combers, spinners, the weaver, the cloth-worker, the scourer, the dyer, the setter, the drawer, and the packer; but others that are more remote, and might seem foreign to it—as the millwright, the pewterer, and the chemist, which yet are all necessary, as well as a great number of other handicrafts, to have the tools, utensils, and other implements belonging to the trades already named. But all these things are done at home, and may be performed without extraordinary fatigue or danger; the most frightful prospect is left behind, when we reflect on the toil and hazard that are to be undergone abroad, the vast seas we are to go over, the different climates we are to endure, and the several nations we must be obliged to for their assistance. Spain alone, it is true, might furnish us with wool to make the finest cloth; but what skill and pains, what experience and ingenuity, are required to dye it of those beautiful colours! How widely are the drugs and other ingredients dispersed through the universe that are to meet in one kettle! Alum, indeed, we have of our own; argot we might have from the Rhine, and vitriol from Hungary: all this is in Europe. But then for saltpetre in quantity we are forced to go as far as the East Indies. Cochenil, unknown to the ancients, is not much nearer to us, though in a quite different part of the earth: we buy it, 'tis true, from the Spaniards; but, not being their product, they are forced to fetch it for us from the remotest corner of the new world in the West Indies. Whilst so many sailors are broiling in the sun and sweltered with heat in the east and west of us, another set of them are freezing in the north to fetch potashes from Russia.

### *Flattery of the Great.*

If you ask me where to look for those beautiful shining qualities of prime-ministers, and the great favourites of princes, that are so finely painted in dedications, addresses, epitaphs, funeral-sermons, and inscriptions, I answer, *There*, and nowhere else. Where would you look for the excellency of a statue but in that part which you see of it? 'Tis the polished outside only that has the skill and labour of the sculptor to boast of; what is out of sight is untouched. Would you break the head or cut open the breast to look for the brains or the heart, you would only shew your ignorance, and destroy the workmanship. This has often made me compare the virtues of great men to your large china jars: they make a fine show, and are ornamental even to a chimney. One would, by the bulk they appear in, and the value that is set upon them, think they might be very useful; but look into a thousand of them, and you will find nothing in them but dust and cobwebs.

### *Pomp and Superfluity.*

If the great ones of the clergy, as well as the laity, of any country whatever, had no value for earthly pleasures, and did not endeavour to gratify their appetites, why are envy and revenge so raging among them, and all the other passions, improved and refined upon in courts of princes more than anywhere else; and why are their repasts, their recreations, and whole manner of living, always such as are approved of, coveted, and imitated by the most sensual people of the same country?' If, despising all visible decorations, they were only in love with the embellishments of the mind, why should they borrow so many of the implements, and make use of the most darling toys, of the luxurious? Why should a lord treasurer, or a bishop, or even the Grand Signior, or the Pope of Rome, to be good and virtuous, and endeavour the conquest of his passions, have occasion for greater revenues, richer furniture, or a more numerous attendance as to personal service, than a private man? What virtue is it the exercise of which requires so much pomp and superfluity as are to be seen by all men in power? A man has as much opportunity to practise temperance that has but one dish at a meal, as he that is constantly served with three courses and a dozen dishes in each. One may exercise as much patience and be as full of self-denial on a few flocks, without curtains or tester, as in a velvet bed that is sixteen foot high. The virtuous possessions of the mind are neither charge nor burden: a man may bear misfortunes with fortitude in a garret, forgive injuries afoot, and be chaste, though he has not a shirt to his back; and therefore I shall never believe but that an indifferent sculler, if he was intrusted with it, might carry all the learning and religion that one man can contain, as well as a barge with six oars, especially if it was but to cross from Lambeth to Westminster; or that humility is so ponderous a virtue, that it requires six horses to draw it.

### MRS MANLEY.

De la Riviere Manley, a female novelist, dramatist, and political writer, enjoyed some celebrity among the wits of the Queen Anne period. Neither her life nor writings will bear a close scrutiny, but she appears to have been unfortunate in her youth. She was the daughter of a brave and accomplished officer, Sir Roger Manley, governor of Guernsey, and one of the authors of the *Turkish Spy*. Sir Roger died while his daughter was young, and she fell to the charge of a Mr Manley, her cousin, who drew her into a mock-marriage—he had a wife living—and in about three years basely deserted her. Her life henceforward was that of an author by profession, and a woman of intrigue. She wrote three plays, the *Royal Mistress*, the *Lost Lover*, and *Lucius*—the last being honoured by a prologue from the pen of Steele, and an epilogue by Prior. Her most famous work was the *Atalantis*, a political romance or satire, full of court and party scandal, directed against the Whig statesmen and public characters connected with the Revolution of 1688. This work was honoured with a state prosecution. The printer and publisher were seized, and Mrs Manley, having generously come forward to relieve them from the responsibility, was committed to custody. She was soon liberated and discharged, and a Tory ministry succeeding, she was in high favour. Swift, in his *Journal to Stella* (January 28, 1711-12), draws this portrait of Mrs Manley: 'She has very generous principles *for one of her sort*, and a great deal of good sense and invention: she is about forty, very homely, and very fat.' She found favour, however, with Swift's friend, Alderman Barber, in whose house she lived for many years, and there she died in 1724. When Swift relinquished the *Examiner*, Mrs Manley conducted it for some time, the dean supplying hints, and she appears to have been a ready and effective political writer. All her works, however, have sunk into oblivion. Her novels are worthless, extravagant productions, and the *Atalantis* is only remembered from a line in Pope. The Baron, in the *Rape of the Lock*, says:

As long as *Atalantis* shall be read,
his honour, name, and praise shall live; but they have had a much more durable existence.

### ANDREW FLETCHER OF SALTOUN.

Andrew Fletcher, born in 1653, the son of a Scottish knight, succeeded early to the family estate of Saltoun, and represented the shire of Lothian in the Scottish parliament in the reign of Charles II. He opposed the arbitrary designs of the Duke of York, afterwards James II. and retired to Holland. His estate was confiscated; but he returned to England with the Duke of Monmouth in 1685. Happening, in a personal scuffle, to kill the mayor of Lynn, Fletcher again went abroad, and travelled in Spain. He returned at the period of the Revolution, and took an active part in Scottish affairs. His opinions were republican, and he was of a haughty unbending temper; 'brave as the sword he wore,' according to a contemporary, 'and bold as a lion: a sure friend, and an irreconcilable enemy: would lose his life readily to serve his country, and would not do a base thing to save it.' Fletcher opposed the union of Scotland with England in 1707, believing, with many zealous but narrow-sighted patriots of that day, that it would eclipse the glory of ancient Caledonia. He died in 1716. Fletcher wrote several political discourses. One of these, entitled *An Account of a Conversation concerning a Right Regulation of Governments for the common Good of Mankind, in a Letter to the Marquis of Montrose, the Earls of Rothes, Roxburghe, and Haddington, from London, the First of December* 1703, is forcibly written, and contains some strong appeals in favour of Scottish independence, as well as some just and manly sentiments. In this letter occurs a saying often quoted, and which has been—by Lord Brougham and others—erroneously ascribed to the Earl of Chatham: 'I knew a very wise man that believed *that if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation*.' The newspaper may now be said to have supplanted the ballad; yet, during the war with France, the naval songs of Dibdin fanned the flame of national courage and patriotism. An excessive admiration of the Grecian and Roman republics led Fletcher to eulogise even the slavery that prevailed in those states. He represents their condition as happy and useful; and, as a contrast to it, he paints the state of the lowest class in Scotland in colours, that, if true, shew how frightfully disorganised the country was at that period. In his *Second Discourse on the Affairs of Scotland*, 1698, there occurs the following sketch:

#### *State of Scotland in* 1698.

There are at this day in Scotland—besides a great many poor families very meanly provided for by the church-boxes, with others who, by living on bad food, fall into various diseases—*two hundred thousand people begging from door to door*. These are not only noway advantageous, but a very grievous burden to so poor a country. And though the number of them be perhaps double to what it was formerly, by reason of this present great distress, yet in all times there have been about one hundred thousand of those vagabonds, who have lived without any regard or subjection either to the laws of the land, or even those of God and nature. No magistrate could ever be informed, or discover, which way one in a hundred of these wretches died, or that ever they were baptised. Many murders have been discovered among them; and they are not only a most unspeakable oppression to poor tenants—who, if they give not bread, or some kind of provision, to perhaps forty such villains in one day, are sure to be insulted by them—but they rob many poor people who live in houses distant from any neighbourhood. In years of plenty, many thousands of them meet together in the mountains, where they feast and riot for many days; and at country-weddings, markets, burials, and the like public occasions, they are to be seen, both men and women, perpetually drunk, cursing, blaspheming, and fighting together. These are such outrageous disorders, that it were better for the nation they were sold to the galleys or West Indies, than that they should continue any longer to be a burden and curse upon us.

### M. MARTIN.

The first account of the Hebrides was published in 1703. It is entitled *A Description of the Western Islands of Scotland*, by M. MARTIN, Gent. The author was a native of Skye. Dr Johnson had read Martin's book when he was very young, and was particularly struck with the St Kilda man's notion that the High Church of Glasgow had been hollowed out of a rock. This 'notion' had probably struck Addison also, as in the *Spectator* (No. 50) he makes, as Mr Croker has remarked, the Indian king suppose that St Paul's was carved out of a rock. Martin's work is poorly written, but the novelty of the information it contains, and even the credulity of the writer, give it a certain interest and value. He gives a long account of the second-sight, or *taish*, as it is called in Gaelic, in which he was a firm believer, though he admitted that it had greatly declined.

#### *The Second-sight.*

The second-sight is a singular faculty of seeing an otherwise invisible object, without any previous means used by the person that sees it for that end. The vision makes such a lively impression upon the seer, that they neither see nor think of anything else except the vision, as long as it continues; and then they appear pensive or jovial, according to the object which was represented to them. At the sight of a vision the eyelids of the person are erected, and the eyes continue staring until the object vanish.

If an object is seen early in a morning (which is not frequent), it will be accomplished in a few hours afterwards; if at noon, it will commonly be accomplished that very day; if in the evening, perhaps that night; if after candles be lighted, it will be accomplished that night; the latter always in accomplishment by weeks, months, and sometimes years, according to the time of night the vision is seen. When a shroud is perceived about one, it is a sure prognostic of death; the time is judged according to the height of it about the person.

If a woman is seen standing at a man's left hand, it is a presage that she will be his wife, whether they be married to others, or unmarried at the time of the apparition. If two or three women are seen at once standing near a man's left hand, she that is next him will undoubtedly be his wife first, and so on. To see a seat empty at the time of one's sitting in it, is a presage of that person's death quickly after.

#### *Dress in the Western Islands.*

The plaid wore by the men is made of fine wool; the thread as fine as can be made of that kind; it consists of divers colours, and there is a great deal of ingenuity required in sorting the colours, so as to be agreeable to the nicest fancy. For this reason the women are at great pains, first, to give an exact pattern of the plaid upon a piece of wood, having the number of every thread of the stripe on it. The length of it is commonly seven double ells; the one end hangs by the middle over the left arm, the other going round the body, hangs by the end over the left arm also. The right hand above it is to be at liberty to do anything upon occasion. Every isle differs from each other in their fancy of making plaids as to the stripes in breadth and colours. This humour is as different through the mainland of the Highlands, in so far that they who have seen those places is able at the first view of a man's plaid to guess the place of his residence.

When they travel on foot, the plaid is tied on the breast with a bodkin of bone or wood—just as the *spina* wore by the Germans, according to the description of C. Tacitus. The plaid is tied round the middle with a leather belt. It is pleated from the belt to the knee very nicely. This dress for foot-men is found much easier and lighter than breeches or trews.

The plaid (for women) being pleated all round, was tied with a belt below the breast; the belt was of leather, and several pieces of silver intermixed with the leather like a chain. The lower end of the belt has a piece of plate about eight inches long and three in breadth, curiously engraven; the end of which was adorned with fine stones or pieces of red coral. They wore sleeves of scarlet cloth, closed at the end as men's vests, with gold lace round 'em, having plate buttons set with fine stones. The head-dress was a fine kerchief of linen strait about the head, hanging down the back taper-wise. A large lock of hair hangs down their cheeks above the breast, the lower end tied with a knot of ribands.

### JONATHAN SWIFT.

The most powerful and original prose writer of this period was the celebrated Dean of St Patrick's. We have already noticed his poetry, which formed only a sort of interlude in the strangely mingled drama of his life. None of his works were written for mere fame or solitary gratification. His restless and insatiate ambition prompted him to wield his pen as a means of advancing his interests, or expressing his personal feelings, caprices, or resentment. In a letter to Bolingbroke, Swift says: 'All my endeavours, from a boy, to distinguish myself, were only for want of a great title and fortune, that I might be used like a lord by those who have an opinion of my parts—whether right or wrong, it is no great matter; and so the reputation of wit or great learning does the office of a blue ribbon, or of a coach and six horses.'. This was but a poor and sordid ambition, and it is surprising that it bore such fruit. The first work of any importance by Swift was a political tract, written in 1701, to vindicate the Whig patriots, Somers, Halifax, and Portland, who had been impeached by the House of Commons. The author was then of the ripe age of thirty-four; for Swift, unlike his friend Pope, came but slowly to the maturity of his powers. The treatise was entitled *A Discourse of the Contests and Dissensions between the Nobles and Commons of Athens and Rome*. It is plainly written, without irony or eloquence. One sentence—the last in the fourth chapter—closes with a fine simile. 'Although,' he says, 'most revolutions of government in Greece and Rome began with the tyranny of the people, yet they generally concluded in that of a single person: so that an usurping populace is its own dupe; a mere underworker, and a purchaser in trust for some single tyrant, whose state and power they advance to their own ruin, with as blind an instinct as those worms that die with weaving magnificent habits for beings of a superior nature to their own.' Swift's next work was his *Battle of the Books*, written to support his patron, Sir William Temple, in his dispute as to the relative merits of ancient and modern learning. The *Battle of the Books* exhibits all the characteristics of Swift's style, its personal satire, and strong racy humour. These qualities were further displayed in his *Tale of a Tub*, written about the same time, and first published in 1704. The object of his powerful satire was here of a higher cast; it was to ridicule the Roman Catholics and Presbyterians, with a view of exalting the High Church of England party, and to expose what he considered to be the corruptions of the Church of Rome and the fanaticism of the Dissenters. He begins in the old story-telling way: 'Once upon a time there was a man who had three sons.' Those sons he names Peter (the Church of Rome), Martin (the Church of England), and Jack (the Presbyterians or Protestant Dissenters generally), who was sometimes called Knocking Jack (or John Knox). Their father died while they were young, and upon his death-bed, calling the lads, he spoke to them thus: 'Sons, because I have purchased no estate nor was born to any, I have long considered of some good legacies to leave you, and at last, with much care, I have provided each of you with a good coat.' Under this homely figure is signified the Christian religion. 'With good wearing,' he continues, 'the coats will last you as long as you live, and will grow in the same proportion as your bodies, lengthening and widening of themselves, so as to be always fit.' They were not to add to or diminish from their coats one thread. After a time, however, they got tired of their plainness, and wished to become gay and fashionable. The father's will (the Bible) was misinterpreted and twisted word by word, and letter by letter, to suit their purpose; shoulder-knots, lace, and embroidery were added to their coats, and the will was at length locked up and utterly disregarded. Peter then lorded it over his brothers, claiming the supremacy, insisting upon being called Father Peter and Lord Peter; a violent rupture ensued, and a series of scenes and adventures are related in which Swift *allegorises*, as we may say, the most sacred doctrines and the various sects of the Christian religion. It is obvious that this was treading on very dangerous ground. The ludicrous ideas and associations called up by such grotesque fancies, striking analogy, and broad satire in connection with religion, inevitably tended to lower the respect due to revelation, and many persons considered the work to be a covert attack upon Christianity. This opinion was instilled into the mind of Queen Anne. The work established Swift's fame for all time coming, but condemned him to an Irish deanery for life. Whenever a mitre came in sight and seemed within his reach, the witty buffooneries of Lord Peter and his brothers were projected before the queen, and the golden prize was withdrawn. In 1708 appeared Swift's *Sentiments of a Church of England Man in Respect to Religion and Government*, his *Letters on the Sacramental Test*, *Argument against the Abolition of Christianity*, and *Predictions for the Year* 1708, *by Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq.* This last *brochure* had immense popularity. It was a satire on an almanac-maker and astrologer named Partridge. Swift's first prediction related to Partridge. 'I have consulted,' he said, 'the star of his nativity, and find he will infallibly die upon the 29th of March next, of a raging fever.' In a subsequent paper, Swift proposed to give an account of the accomplishment of the prediction. Partridge was naturally very indignant. He advertised his existence: 'Blessed be God, he, John Partridge, was still living and in health, and all were knaves who reported otherwise.' Swift and his friends were ready with replies and rejoinders, and the affair amused the town for a season. Some political tracts followed, the most conspicuous of which are —the *Conduct of the Allies*, published in 1712 (and which had immense influence on public opinion), and the *Public Spirit of the Whigs*, in 1714. The latter incensed the Duke of Argyle and other peers so much, that a proclamation offering a reward of £300 was issued for the discovery of the author. In 1713, Swift was rewarded with the deanery of St Patrick's in Dublin; and the destruction of all hopes of further preferment followed soon after, on the accession of the House of Hanover to the throne, and the return of the Whigs to power. Swift withdrew to Ireland, a disappointed man, full of bitterness. His feelings partly found vent in several works which he published on national subjects, and which rendered him exceedingly popular in Ireland—*A Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufactures* (1720), and *Letters by M. B. Drapier* against Wood's patent for supplying Ireland with a copper coinage (1724). There was a scarcity of copper coin in Ireland, and Wood, an English owner of mines, obtained a patent right to coin farthings and halfpence to the amount of £108,000. The grant was made to Wood without consulting the Irish government; the disposal of the patent had, in the first instance, been given by Lord Sunderland to the Duchess of Kendal, the king's mistress, and the duchess, it was said, had sold it to Wood for £12,000. All this wounded deeply the pride and patriotism of the Irish nation, and Swift attacked the scheme with all his might. He contended that Wood's metal was base: 'If a hatter sells a dozen of hats for 5*s.* apiece, which amounts to £3, and receives the payment in Wood's coin, he receives only the value of five shillings!' In reality, the coinage was excellent, better than the English, and nobody in Ireland would have been obliged to take more than fivepence-halfpenny in copper; but the feeling against England was strong, and wrought up to a pitch of fury by Swift, who, after heaping every epithet of contempt and execration upon Wood, touched upon the higher question of the royal prerogative. It was unjust to bind the people of Ireland by the laws of a parliament in which they were unrepresented. 'The remedy,' he added, 'is wholly in your own hands—by the laws of God, of nature, of nations, and of your country, you are and ought to be as free a people as your brethren in England.' The government had to bow to the storm. The patent was withdrawn, and Swift was as much the idol of the Irish as Mirabeau was afterwards the idol of the French. In 1726 appeared *Gulliver's Travels*, the most original and extraordinary of all Swift's productions. A few of his friends—Pope, Bolingbroke, Gay, and Arbuthnot—were in the secret as to the authorship of this satirical romance; but it puzzled the world in no ordinary degree, and this uncertainty tended to increase the interest and attraction of the work.* While courtiers and politicians recognised in the adventures of Gulliver many satirical allusions to the court and politics of England—to Walpole, Bolingbroke, the Prince of Wales, the two contending parties in the state, and various matters of secret history—the great mass of ordinary readers saw and felt only the wonder and fascination of the narrative. The appearance, occupations, wars, and pursuits of the tiny Lilliputians—the gigantic Brobdingnagians—the fearful, misanthropic picture of the Yahoos—with the philosophic researches at Laputa—all possessed novelty and attraction for the mere unlearned reader, who was alternately agitated with emotions of surprise, delight, astonishment, pity, and reprobation. All parties seem now agreed in the opinion that the interest of the work diminishes as it proceeds; that Lilliput is delightful and picturesque, the satire just sufficient to give an exquisite flavour or seasoning to the body of the narrative; that Brobdingnag is wonderful, monstrous, but softened by the character of Glumdalclitch, and abounding in excellent political and moral observations; that the voyage to Laputa is ingenious, but somewhat tedious, and absurd as a satire on philosophers and mathematicians; and that the voyage to the Houyhnhums is a gross libel on human nature, and disgusting from its physical indelicacy. We need not point out the inimitable touches of description and satire in *Gulliver*—the High Heels and Low Heels, the Big-endians and Little-endians; the photograph, as we may call it, of the emperor of Lilliput, with his Austrian lip and arched nose, and who was almost the breadth of one's nail taller than any of his court, *which struck an awe into his beholders;* and the fine incident of Gulliver's watch, which the Lilliputians thought was the god he worshipped, for he seldom did anything without consulting it. The charm of Swift's style, so simple, pure, and unaffected, and the apparent earnestness and sincerity with which he dwells on the most improbable circumstances, are displayed in full perfection in *Gulliver*, which was the most carefully finished of all his works. Some tracts on ecclesiastical questions, and the best of his poetry, were afterwards produced. His other prose works were—*A History of the Four Last Years of Queen Anne*—not published till long after his death; *Polite Conversation*, a happy satire on the frivolities of fashionable life; and *Directions for Servants*, a fragment which also appeared after his death, and on which he bestowed considerable pains. It exemplifies the habit of minute observation which distinguished Swift, and which sometimes rendered him no very agreeable inmate of a house. Two other prose works are better known—the *Journal to Stella*, and the *Modest Proposal for preventing the Poor in Ireland from being burdensome, and for making them beneficial.* The former was not intended to be printed. It consists of a series of letters written to Esther Johnson during Swift's residence in London, from September 1710 until June 1713. All the petty details of his daily life are recorded for the gratification of his Stella, or 'star that dwelt apart.' He tells her where he goes, whom he meets, where he dines, what he spends, what satires he writes, &c. His journal is his last occupation at night, and often the first in the morning by candle-light. 'I cannot go to bed without a word to them (Stella and Mrs Dingley); I cannot put out my candle till I bid them good-night.' He had what he called 'the little language,' a sort of cipher as to names, but the journal itself is in the ordinary long-hand, and is as voluminous as a three-volume novel. It is a strange but fascinating medley, containing many coarse things—oaths, nasty jests, wild sallies of fancy, and brief outbursts of tenderness. The *Modest Proposal* shocked many persons. The scheme is, that the children of the Irish poor should be sold and eaten as food! 'I have been assured,' he says, 'by a very knowing American of my acquaintance in London, that a young healthy child, well nursed, is, at a year old, a most delicious, nourishing, and wholesome food, whether stewed, roasted, baked, or boiled; and I make no doubt that it will equally serve in a fricassee or a ragout.' He goes gravely into calculations on the subject: at a year old, an infant would weigh about twenty-eight pounds; it would make two dishes at an entertainment for friends, and when the family dined alone, the fore or hind quarter would make a reasonable dish, and, seasoned with a little pepper or salt, will be very good boiled on the fourth day, especially in winter. 'I grant,' he adds, 'this food will be somewhat dear, and therefore very proper for landlords, who, as they have already devoured most of the parents, seem to have the best title to the children.' The grave irony of the *Modest Proposal* is crowned, as it were, by the closing declaration, that the author is perfectly disinterested, having no children or expectation by which he could get a penny by the scheme! Even in these days of baby-farming, Swift's satire is rather too strong for modern taste, but it is a production of extraordinary power and ingenuity. Various editions of Swift's works have been published; the best and most complete is that by Sir Walter Scott, in nineteen volumes (1814). Swift's rank as a writer has long since been established. In originality and strength, he has no superior, and in wit and irony—the latter of which

He was born to introduce,
Refined it first, and shewed its use—

he shines equally pre-eminent. He was deficient in purity of taste and loftiness of imagination. The frequency with which he dwells on gross and disgusting images, betrays a callousness of feeling that wholly debarred him from the purer regions of romance. He could

Laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy-chair;

though it was still, as Coleridge has remarked, 'the soul of Rabelais dwelling in a dry place.'

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* The negotiation for its publication was conducted by Erasmus Lewis, secretary to the Earl of Oxford, and one of Swift's most intimate friends. Lewis sold the copyright to the publisher, Motte, for £200. We have seen the original documents, which were then in the possession of the Rev. C. Bathurst Woodman, Edgebaston, near Birmingham. Sir Walter Scott states that Swift made a present of the copyright to Pope, but the statement is unsupported by evidence. In an unpublished letter to Motte, Swift states that he derived no advantage from the *Miscellanies*, published in conjunction with Pope, Arbuthnot, and Gay.

Of the 'serious air' of Cervantes, which Pope has also bestowed on his friend, the traces are less frequent and distinct. We can scarcely conceive him to have ever read the *Faery Queen* or *Midsummer Night's Dream.* The palpable and familiar objects of life were the sources of his inspiration; and in fictitious narrative, he excels, like Richardson and Defoe, by painting and grouping minute particulars, that impart to his most extravagant conceptions an air of sober truth and reality. Always full of thought and observation, his clear, perspicuous style never tires in the perusal. When exhausted by the works of imaginative writers, or the ornate periods of statesmen and philosophers, the plain, earnest, manly pages of Swift, his strong sense, keen observation, and caustic wit, are felt to be a legacy of inestimable value.

The following are extracts from the *Tale of a Tub:*

### *Ludicrous Image of Fanaticism.*

It is recorded of Mahomet, that upon a visit he was going to pay in Paradise, he had an offer of several vehicles to conduct him upwards; as fiery chariots, winged horses, and celestial sedans; but he refused them all, and would be borne to heaven on nothing but his ass. Now, this inclination of Mahomet, as singular as it seems, hath since been taken up by a great number of devout Christians, and doubtless with good reason. For since that Arabian is known to have borrowed a moiety of his religious system from the Christian faith, it is but just he should pay reprisals to such as would challenge them; wherein the good people of England, to do them all right, have not been backward. For though there is not any other nation in the world so plentifully provided with carriages for that journey, either as to safety or ease, yet there are abundance of us who will not be satisfied with any other machine besides this of Mahomet.

### *Satire upon Dress and Fashion.*

About this time it happened a sect arose whose tenets obtained and spread very far, especially in the *grand monde*, and among everybody of good fashion. They worshipped a sort of idol, who, as their doctrine delivered, did daily create men by a kind of manufactory operation. This idol they placed in the highest part of the house, on an altar erected about three foot; he was shewn in the posture of a Persian emperor, sitting on a superficies, with his legs interwoven under him. This god had a goose for his ensign; whence it is that some learned men pretend to deduce his original from Jupiter Capitolinus.

The worshippers of this deity had also a system of their belief, which seemed to turn upon the following fundamentals. They held the universe to be a large suit of clothes, which invests everything; that the earth is invested by the air; the air is invested by the stars; and the stars are invested by the *primum mobile.* Look on this globe of earth, you will find it to be a very complete and fashionable dress. What is that which some call land but a fine coat faced with green? or the sea, but a waistcoat of water-tabby? Proceed to the particular works of the creation, you will find how curious a journeyman Nature has been to trim up the vegetable beaux; observe how sparkish a periwig adorns the head of a beech, and what a fine doublet of white satin is worn by the birch. To conclude from all, what is man himself, but a micro-coat, or rather a complete suit of clothes with all its trimmings? As to his body there can be no dispute; but examine even the acquirements of his mind, you will find them all contribute in their order towards furnishing out an exact dress. To instance no more, is not religion a cloak, honesty a pair of shoes worn out in the dirt, self-love a surtout, vanity a shirt, and conscience a pair of breeches easily slipt down?

### *Characteristics of Modern Critics.*

I shall conclude with three maxims, which may serve both as characteristics to distinguish a true modern critic from a pretender, and will be also of admirable use to those worthy spirits who engage in so useful and honourable an art. The first is, that criticism, contrary to all other faculties of the intellect, is ever held the truest and best when it is the very first result of the critic's mind; as fowlers reckon the first aim for the surest, and seldom fail of missing the mark if they stay not for a second. Secondly, the true critics are known by their talent of swarming about the noblest writers, to which they are carried merely by instinct, as a rat to the best cheese, or as a wasp to the fairest fruit. So when the king is on horseback, he is sure to be the dirtiest person of the company; and they that make their court best are such as bespatter him most. Lastly, a true critic, in the perusal of a book, is like a dog at a feast, whose thoughts and stomach are wholly set upon what the guests fling away, and consequently is apt to snarl most when there are the fewest bones.

### *On Books and Learning.*

The society of writers would quickly be reduced to a very inconsiderable number if men were put upon making books with the fatal confinement of delivering nothing beyond what is to the purpose. It is acknowledged that were the case the same among us as with the Greeks and Romans, when learning was in its cradle, to be reared and fed and clothed by invention, it would be an easy task to fill up volumes upon particular occasions, without further expatiating from the subjects than by moderate excursions, helping to advance or clear the main design. But with knowledge it has fared as with a numerous army encamped in a fruitful country, which, for a few days, maintains itself by the product of the soil it is on; till provisions being spent, they are sent to forage many a mile, among friends or enemies it matters not. Meanwhile, the neighbouring fields, trampled and beaten down, become barren and dry, affording no sustenance but clouds of dust.

The whole course of things being thus entirely changed between us and the ancients, and the moderns wisely sensible of it, we of this age have discovered a shorter and more prudent method to become scholars and wits, without the fatigue of reading or of thinking. The most accomplished way of using books at present is twofold; either, first, to serve them as some men do lords, learn their titles exactly, and then brag of their acquaintance. Or, secondly, which is indeed the choicer, the profounder, and politer method, to get a thorough insight into the index, by which the whole book is governed and turned, like fishes by the tail. For to enter the palace of learning at the great gate requires an expense of time and forms; therefore men of much haste and little ceremony are content to get in by the back door. For the arts are all in flying march, and therefore more easily subdued by attacking them in the rear. Thus men catch knowledge by throwing their wit into the posteriors of a book, as boys do sparrows with flinging salt upon their tails. Thus human life is best understood by the wise man's rule of regarding the end. Thus are the sciences found, like Hercules's oxen, by tracing them backwards. Thus are old sciences unravelled, like old stockings, by beginning at the foot. Beside all this, the army of the sciences has been of late, with a world of martial discipline, drawn into its close order, so that a view or a muster may be taken of it with abundance of expedition. For this great blessing we are wholly indebted to systems and abstracts, in which the modern fathers of learning, like prudent usurers, spent their sweat for the ease of us, their children. For labour is the seed of idleness, and it is the peculiar happiness of our noble age to gather the fruit.

### *A Meditation upon a Broomstick, according to the Style and Manner of the Hon. Robert Boyle's Meditations.*[*]

This single stick, which you now behold ingloriously lying in that neglected corner, I once knew in a flourishing state in a forest; it was full of sap, full of leaves, and full of boughs; but now in vain does the busy art of man pretend to vie with nature, by tying that withered bundle of twigs to its sapless trunk; it is now at best but the reverse of what it was, a tree turned upside down, the branches on the earth, and the root in the air; it is now handled by every dirty wench, condemned to do her drudgery, and, by a capricious kind of fate, destined to make her things clean, and be nasty itself; at length, worn out to the stumps in the service of the maids, it is either thrown out of doors, or condemned to the last use of kindling a fire. When I beheld this, I sighed, and said within myself: Surely mortal man is a broomstick! nature sent him into the world strong and lusty, in a thriving condition, wearing his own hair on his head, the proper branches of this reasoning vegetable, until the axe of intemperance has lopped off his green boughs, and left him a withered trunk; he then flies to art, and puts on a periwig, valuing himself upon an unnatural bundle of hairs, all covered with powder, that never grew on his head; but now should this our broomstick pretend to enter the scene, proud of those birchen spoils it never bore, and all covered with dust, though the sweepings of the finest lady's chamber, we should be apt to ridicule and despise its vanity. Partial judges that we are of our own excellences, and other men's defaults!

But a broomstick, perhaps you will say, is an emblem of a tree standing on its head; and pray, what is man but a topsy-turvy creature, his animal faculties perpetually mounted on his rational, his head where his heels should be—grovelling on the earth! and yet, with all his faults, he sets up to be a universal reformer and corrector of abuses, a remover of grievances; rakes into every slut's corner of nature, bringing hidden corruptions to the light, and raises a mighty dust where there was none before, sharing deeply all the while in the very same pollutions he pretends to sweep away. His last days are spent in slavery to women, and generally the least deserving; till, worn to the stumps, like his brother-besom, he is either kicked out of doors, or made use of to kindle flames for others to warm themselves by.

### *Inconveniences likely to result from the Abolition of Christianity.*

I am very sensible how much the gentlemen of wit and pleasure are apt to murmur and be shocked at the sight of so many daggle-tail parsons, who happen to fall in their way, and offend their eyes; but at the same time, those wise reformers do not consider what an advantage and felicity it is for great wits to be always provided with objects of scorn and contempt, in order to exercise and improve their talents, and divert their spleen from falling on each other, or on themselves; especially when all this may be done without the least imaginable danger to their persons. And to urge another argument of a parallel nature: if Christianity were once abolished, how could the freethinkers, the strong reasoners, and the men of profound learning, be able to find another subject so calculated in all points whereon to display their abilities? What wonderful productions of wit should we be deprived of from those whose genius, by continual practice, hath been wholly turned upon raillery and invectives against religion, and would, therefore, be never able to shine or distinguish themselves on any other subject? We are daily complaining of the great decline of wit among us, and would we take away the greatest, perhaps the only topic we have left? Who would ever have suspected Asgill for a wit, or Toland for a philosopher, if the inexhaustible stock of Christianity had not been at hand to provide them with materials? What other subject through all art or nature could have produced Tindal for a profound author, or furnished him with readers? It is the wise choice of the subject that alone adorneth and distinguisheth the writer. For had a hundred such pens as these been employed on the side of religion, they would immediately have sunk into silence and oblivion.

Nor do I think it wholly groundless, or my fears altogether imaginary, that the abolishing of Christianity may perhaps bring the church in danger, or at least put the senate to the trouble of another securing vote. I desire I may not be misunderstood; I am far from presuming to affirm or think that the church is in danger at present, or as things now stand, but we know not how soon it may be so, when the Christian religion is repealed. As plausible as this project seems, there may a dangerous design lurk under it. Nothing can be more notorious than that the atheists, deists, Socinians, anti-trinitarians, and other subdivisions of freethinkers, are persons of little zeal for the present ecclesiastical establishment. Their declared opinion is for repealing the sacramental test; they are very indifferent with regard to ceremonies; nor do they hold the *jus divinum* of episcopacy. Therefore this may be intended as one politic step towards altering the constitution of the church established, and setting up presbytery in its stead; which I leave to be further considered by those at the helm.

And therefore if, notwithstanding all I have said, it shall still be thought necessary to have a bill brought in for repealing Christianity, I would humbly offer an amendment, that, instead of the word *Christianity*, may be put *religion* in general; which I conceive will much better answer all the good ends proposed by the projectors of it. For as long as we leave in being a God and his Providence, with all the necessary consequences which curious and inquisitive men will be apt to draw from such premises, we do not strike at the root of the evil, although we should ever so effectually annihilate the present scheme of the Gospel. For of what use is freedom of thought, if it will not produce freedom of action, which is the sole end, how remote soever in appearance, of all objections against Christianity? And therefore the freethinkers consider it a sort of edifice, wherein all the parts have such a mutual dependence on each other, that if you happen to pull out one single nail, the whole fabric must fall to the ground.

### *Diversions of the Court of Lilliput.*

The emperor had a mind one day to entertain me with several of the country shows, wherein they exceed all nations I have known, both for dexterity and magnificence. I was diverted with none so much as that of the rope-dancers, performed with a slender white thread extended about two feet, and twelve inches from the ground. Upon which I shall desire liberty, with the reader's patience, to enlarge a little.

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[*] When chaplain to Lord Berkeley, Swift was accustomed to read to Lady Berkeley the Reflections or Meditations of Boyle. Growing weary of the task, he resolved to get rid of it in a way that might occasion some mirth in the family. Accordingly he inserted the above parody in the volume, and read it to the lady as a genuine production of Boyle's. The joke was successful: the witty chaplain was not asked to proceed any further with the Meditations. When some one said to Stella that the Dean must have loved Vanessa very much to write of her so beautifully, she replied, that it was well known the Dean could write beautifully on a broomstick!

This diversion is only practised by those persons who are candidates for great employments and high favour at court. They are trained in this art from their youth, and are not always of noble birth or liberal education. When a great office is vacant, either by death or disgrace (which often happens), five or six of those candidates petition the emperor to entertain his majesty and the court with a dance on the rope; and whoever jumps the highest, without falling, succeeds in the office. Very often the chief ministers themselves are commanded to shew their skill, and to convince the emperor that they have not lost their faculty. Flimnap, the treasurer,* is allowed to cut a caper on the straight rope at least an inch higher than any other lord in the whole empire. I have seen him do the summerset several times together upon a trencher fixed on a rope which is no thicker than a common packthread in England. My friend Reldresal, principal secretary for private affairs, is, in my opinion, if I am not partial, the second after the treasurer; the rest of the great officers are much upon a par.

These diversions are often attended with fatal accidents, whereof great numbers are on record. I myself have seen two or three candidates break a limb. But the danger is much greater when the ministers themselves are commanded to shew their dexterity; for, by contending to excel themselves and their fellows, they strain so far, that there is hardly one of them who has not received a fall, and some of them two or three. I was assured that, a year or two before my arrival, Flimnap would infallibly have broke his neck, if one of the king's cushions that accidentally lay on the ground, had not weakened the force of his fall.†

There is likewise another diversion, which is only shewn before the emperor and empress and first minister, upon particular occasions. The emperor lays on the table three fine silken threads, of six inches long; one is blue, the other red, and the third green. These threads are proposed as prizes for those persons whom the emperor has a mind to distinguish by a peculiar mark of his favour. The ceremony is performed in his majesty's great chamber of state, where the candidates are to undergo a trial of dexterity, very different from the former, and such as I have not observed the least resemblance of in any other country of the new or old world. The emperor holds a stick in his hands, both ends parallel to the horizon, while the candidates, advancing one by one, sometimes leap over the stick, sometimes creep under it, backward and forward, several times, according as the stick is advanced or depressed. Sometimes the emperor holds one end of the stick, and his first minister the other; sometimes the minister has it entirely to himself. Whoever performs his part with most agility, and holds out the longest in leaping and creeping, is rewarded with the blue-coloured silk; the red is given to the next, and the green to the third, which they all wear girt twice round about the middle, and you see few great persons about this court who are not adorned with one of these girdles.‡

### *Satire on Pretended Philosophers and Projectors.*

In the description of his fancied Academy of Lagado in *Gulliver's Travels*, Swift ridicules those quack pretenders to science and knavish projectors who were so common in his day, and whose schemes sometimes led to ruinous and distressing consequences.

I was received very kindly by the warden, and went for many days to the academy. Every room hath in it one or more projectors, and I believe I could not be in fewer than five hundred rooms.

The first man I saw was of a meagre aspect, with sooty hands and face, his hair and beard long, ragged, and singed in several places. His clothes, shirt, and skin were all of the same colour. He had been eight years upon a project for extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers, which were to be put into phials hermetically sealed, and let out to warm the air in raw inclement summers. He told me he did not doubt in eight years more that he should be able to supply the governor's gardens with sunshine at a reasonable rate; but he complained that his stock was low, and entreated me to give him something as an encouragement to ingenuity, especially since this had been a very dear season for cucumbers. I made him a small present, for my lord had furnished me with money on purpose, because he knew their practice of begging from all who go to see them.

I saw another at work to calcine ice into gunpowder, who likewise shewed me a treatise he had written concerning the malleability of fire, which he intended to publish.

There was a most ingenious architect, who had contrived a new method for building houses, by beginning at the roof, and working downwards to the foundation; which he justified to me by the like practice of those two prudent insects, the bee and the spider.

There was an astronomer who had undertaken to place a sun-dial upon the great weather-cock on the town-house, by adjusting the annual and diurnal motions of the earth and sun, so as to answer and coincide with all accidental turning of the winds.

We crossed a walk to the other part of the academy, where, as I have already said, the projectors in speculative learning resided.

The first professor I saw was in a very large room, with forty pupils about him. After salutation, observing me to look earnestly upon a frame which took up the greatest part of both the length and breadth of the room, he said, perhaps I might wonder to see him employed in a project for improving speculative knowledge by practical and mechanical operations. But the world would soon be sensible of its usefulness, and he flattered himself that a more noble, exalted thought never sprang in any other man's head. Every one knew how laborious the usual method is of attaining to arts and sciences; whereas by his contrivance, the most ignorant person, at a reasonable charge, and with a little bodily labour, may write books in philosophy, poetry, politics, law, mathematics, and theology, without the least assistance from genius or study. He then led me to the frame, about the sides whereof all his pupils stood in ranks. It was twenty feet square, placed in the middle of the room. The superficies was composed of several bits of wood, about the bigness of a die, but some larger than others. They were all linked together by slender wires. These bits of wood were covered on every square with paper pasted on them; and on these papers were written all the words of their language in their several moods, tenses, and declensions, but without any order. The professor then desired me to observe, for he was going to set his engine at work. The pupils, at his command, took each of them hold of an iron handle, whereof there were forty fixed round the edges of the frame, and giving them a sudden turn, the whole disposition of the words was entirely changed. He then commanded six-and-thirty of the lads to read the several lines softly as they appeared upon the frame; and where they found three or four words together that might make part of a sentence, they dictated to the four remaining boys, who were scribes. This work was repeated three or four times, and at every turn the engine was so contrived, that the words shifted into new places as the square bits of wood moved upside down. Six hours a day the young students were employed in this labour; and the professor shewed me several volumes in large folio, already collected, of broken sentences, which he intended to piece together, and out of those rich materials to give the world a complete body of all arts and sciences.

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*Doubtless Sir Robert Walpole, then prime minister.

† This alludes to his dismissal in 1717 through the intrigues of Sunderland and Stanhope. The cushion was no doubt Sir Robert's great interest with the Duchess of Kendal, the favourite of George I.

‡ Walpole was distinguished by the orders of the Garter and the Bath, both here ridiculed.

We next went to the school of languages, where three professors sat in consultation upon improving that of their own country.

The first project was to shorten discourse by cutting polysyllables into one, and leaving out verbs and participles; because, in reality, all things imaginable are but nouns. The other was a scheme for entirely abolishing all words whatsoever; and this was urged as a great advantage in point of health as well as brevity; for, it is plain, that every word we speak is in some degree a diminution of our lungs by corrosion, and consequently contributes to the shortening of our lives. An expedient was therefore offered, that since words are only names for things, it would be more convenient for all men to carry about them such things as were necessary to express the particular business they are to discourse on. And this invention would certainly have taken place, to the great ease as well as health of the subject, if the women, in conjunction with the vulgar and illiterate, had not threatened to raise a rebellion, unless they might be allowed the liberty to speak with their tongues, after the manner of their forefathers; such constant irreconcilable enemies to science are the common people.

Another great advantage proposed by this invention was, that it would serve as a universal language to be understood in all civilised nations, whose goods and utensils are generally of the same kind, or nearly resembling, so that their uses might easily be comprehended. And thus ambassadors would be qualified to treat with foreign princes or ministers of state, to whose tongues they were utter strangers.

I was at the mathematical school, where the master taught his pupils after a method scarce imaginable to us in Europe. The proposition and demonstration were fairly written on a thin wafer, with ink composed of a cephalic tincture. This the student was to swallow upon a fasting stomach, and for three days following eat nothing but bread and water. As the wafer digested, the tincture mounted to his brain, bearing the proposition along with it. But the success hath not hitherto been answerable, partly by some error in the quantum or composition, and partly by the perverseness of lads, to whom this bolus is so nauseous, that they generally steal aside, and discharge it upwards before it can operate; neither have they been yet persuaded to use so long an abstinence as the prescription requires.

In the school of political projectors I was but ill entertained, the professors appearing in my judgment wholly out of their senses, which is a scene that never fails to make me melancholy. These unhappy people were proposing schemes for persuading monarchs to choose favourites upon the score of their wisdom, capacity, and virtue; of teaching ministers to consult the public good; of rewarding merit, great abilities, and eminent services; of instructing princes to know their true interest, by placing it on the same foundation with that of their people; of choosing for employments persons qualified to exercise them; with many other wild impossible chimeras, that never entered before into the heart of man to conceive, and confirmed in me the old observation, that there is nothing so extravagant and irrational which some philosophers have not maintained for truth.

But, however, I shall so far do justice to this part of the academy, as to acknowledge that all of them were not so visionary. There was a most ingenious doctor, who seemed to be perfectly versed in the whole nature and system of government. This illustrious person had very usefully employed his studies in finding out effectual remedies for all diseases and corruptions to which the several kinds of public administration are subject, by the vices or infirmities of those who govern, as well as by the licentiousness of those who are to obey. For instance, whereas all writers and reasoners have agreed that there is a strict universal resemblance between the natural and political body, can there be anything more evident than that the health of both must be preserved, and the diseases cured, by the same prescriptions? . . . Upon the meeting of a senate, certain physicians should attend at the three first days of their sitting, and at the close of each day's debate feel the pulses of every senator; after which, having maturely considered and consulted upon the nature of the several maladies, and the methods of cure, they should on the fourth day return to the senate-house, attended by their apothecaries stored with proper medicines; and, before the members sat, administer to each of them lenitives, aperitives, abstersives, corrosives, restringents, palliatives, laxatives, cephalalgics, icterics, apophlegmatics, acoustics, as their several cases required; and, according as these medicines should operate, repeat, alter, or omit them at the next meeting. . . .

He likewise directed that every senator in the great council of a nation, after he had delivered his opinion, and argued in the defence of it, should be obliged to give his vote directly contrary; because, if that were done, the result would infallibly terminate in the good of the public.

When parties in a state are violent, he offered a wonderful contrivance to reconcile them. The method is this: You take a hundred leaders of each party; you dispose them into couples of such whose heads are nearest of a size; then let two nice operators saw off the occiput of each couple at the same time, in such manner that the brain may be equally divided. Let the occiputs thus cut off be interchanged, applying each to the head of his opposite party-man. It seems indeed to be a work that requireth some exactness; but the professor assured us, that, if it were dexterously performed, the cure would be infallible. For he argued thus: that the two half brains being left to debate the matter between themselves within the space of one skull, would soon come to a good understanding, and produce that moderation, as well as regularity of thinking, so much to be wished for in the heads of those who imagine they come into the world only to watch and govern its motion: and as to the difference of brains in quantity or quality, among those who are directors in faction, the doctor assured us, from his own knowledge, that it was a perfect trifle.

### *Thoughts on Various Subjects.*

We have just religion enough to make us *hate*, but not enough to make us *love* one another.

When we desire or solicit anything, our minds run wholly on the good side or circumstances of it; when it is obtained, our mind runs only on the bad ones.

When a true genius appeareth in the world, you may know him by this infallible sign, that the dunces are all in confederacy against him.

I am apt to think that, in the day of judgment, there will be small allowance given to the wise for their want of morals, or to the ignorant for their want of faith, because both are without excuse. This renders the advantages equal of ignorance and knowledge. But some scruples in the wise, and some vices in the ignorant, will perhaps be forgiven upon the strength of temptation to each.

It is pleasant to observe how free the present age is in laying taxes on the next: 'Future ages shall talk of this; this shall be famous to all posterity:' whereas their time and thoughts will be taken up about present things, as ours are now.

It is in disputes as in armies, where the weaker side setteth up false lights, and maketh a great noise, that the enemy may believe them to be more numerous and strong than they really are.

I have known some men possessed of good qualities, which were very serviceable to others, but useless to themselves; like a sun-dial on the front of a house, to inform the neighbours and passengers, but not the owner within.

If a man would register all his opinions upon love, politics, religion, learning, &c. beginning from his youth, and so go on to old age, what a bundle of inconsistencies and contradictions would appear at last!

The stoical scheme of supplying our wants by lopping off our desires, is like cutting off our feet when we want shoes.

The reason why so few marriages are happy, is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.

Censure is the tax a man payeth to the public for being eminent.

No wise man ever wished to be younger.

An idle reason lessens the weight of the good ones you gave before.

Complaint is the largest tribute Heaven receives, and the sincerest part of our devotion.

The common fluency of speech in many men and most women is owing to a scarcity of matter and scarcity of words: for whoever is a master of language, and hath a mind full of ideas, will be apt, in speaking, to hesitate upon the choice of both; whereas common speakers have only one set of ideas, and one set of words to clothe them in, and these are always ready at the mouth. So people come faster out of a church when it is almost empty, than when a crowd is at the door.

To be vain is rather a mark of humility than pride. Vain men delight in telling what honours have been done them, what great company they have kept, and the like; by which they plainly confess that these honours were more than their due, and such as their friends would not believe if they had not been told: whereas a man truly proud thinks the greatest honours below his merit, and consequently scorns to boast. I therefore deliver it as a maxim, that whoever desires the character of a proud man, ought to conceal his vanity.

Every man desireth to live long, but no man would be old.

If books and laws continue to increase as they have done for fifty years past, I am in some concern for future ages, how any man will be learned, or any man a lawyer.

A *nice* man is a man of nasty ideas. [How true of Swift himself!]

If a man maketh me keep my distance, the comfort is, he keepeth his at the same time.

Very few men, properly speaking, *live* at present, but are providing to live another time.

Princes in their infancy, childhood, and youth, are said to discover prodigious parts and wit, to speak things that surprise and astonish: strange, so many hopeful princes, so many shameful kings! If they happen to die young, they would have been prodigies of wisdom and virtue: if they live, they are often prodigies indeed, but of another sort.

### *Overstrained Politeness, or Vulgar Hospitality.*

From the *Tatler*, No. 20.

Those inferior duties of life which the French call *les petites morales*, or the smaller morals, are with us distinguished by the name of good manners or breeding. This I look upon, in the general notion of it, to be a sort of artificial good sense, adapted to the meanest capacities, and introduced to make mankind easy in their commerce with each other. Low and little understandings, without some rules of this kind, would be perpetually wandering into a thousand indecencies and irregularities in behaviour; and in their ordinary conversation, fall into the same boisterous familiarities that one observeth amongst them when a debauch hath quite taken away the use of their reason. In other instances, it is odd to consider, that for want of common discretion, the very end of good breeding is wholly perverted; and civility, intended to make us easy, is employed in laying chains and fetters upon us, in debarring us of our wishes, and in crossing our most reasonable desires and inclinations. This abuse reigneth chiefly in the country, as I found to my vexation, when I was last there, in a visit I made to a neighbour about two miles from my cousin. As soon as I entered the parlour, they put me into the great chair that stood close by a huge fire, and kept me there by force, until I was almost stifled. Then a boy came in great hurry to pull off my boots, which I in vain opposed, urging that I must return soon after dinner. In the meantime, the good lady whispered her eldest daughter, and slipped a key into her hand. The girl returned instantly with a beer-glass half full of *aqua mirabilis* and syrup of gillyflowers. I took as much as I had a mind for; but madam vowed I should drink it off—for she was sure it would do me good, after coming out of the cold air—and I was forced to obey; which absolutely took away my stomach. When dinner came in, I had a mind to sit at a distance from the fire; but they told me it was as much as my life was worth, and set me with my back just against it. Although my appetite was quite gone, I resolved to force down as much as I could; and desired the leg of a pullet. 'Indeed, Mr Bickerstaff,' says the lady, 'you must eat a wing to oblige me;' and so put a couple upon my plate. I was persecuted at this rate during the whole meal. As often as I called for small beer, the master tipped the wink, and the servant brought me a brimmer of October. Some time after dinner, I ordered my cousin's man, who came with me, to get ready the horses, but it was resolved I should not stir that night; and when I seemed pretty much bent upon going, they ordered the stable door to be locked; and the children hid my cloak and boots. The next question was, what I would have for supper. I said I never ate anything at night; but was at last, in my own defence, obliged to name the first thing that came into my head. After three hours spent chiefly in apologies for my entertainment, insinuating to me, 'that this was the worst time of the year for provisions; that they were at a great distance from any market; that they were afraid I should be starved; and that they knew they kept me to my loss,' the lady went and left me to her husband—for they took special care I should never be alone. As soon as her back was turned, the little misses ran backwards and forwards every moment; and constantly as they came in or went out, made a courtesy directly at me, which in good manners I was forced to return with a bow, and, 'Your humble servant, pretty miss.' Exactly at eight the mother came up, and discovered by the redness of her face that supper was not far off. It was twice as large as the dinner, and my persecution doubled in proportion. I desired at my usual hour to go to my repose, and was conducted to my chamber by the gentleman, his lady, and the whole train of children. They importuned me to drink something before I went to bed; and upon my refusing, at last left a bottle of *stingo*, as they called it, for fear I should wake and be thirsty in the night. I was forced in the morning to rise and dress myself in the dark, because they would not suffer my kinsman's servant to disturb me at the hour I desired to be called. I was now resolved to break through all measures to get away; and after sitting down to a monstrous breakfast of cold beef, mutton, neats'-tongues, venison-pasty, and stale beer, took leave of the family. But the gentleman would needs see me part of my way, and carry me a short-cut through his own grounds, which he told me would save half a mile's riding. This last piece of civility had like to have cost me dear, being once or twice in danger of my neck, by leaping over his ditches, and at last forced to alight in the dirt; when my horse, having slipped his bridle, ran away, and took us up more than an hour to recover him again. It is evident that none of the absurdities I met with in this visit proceeded from an ill intention, but from a wrong judgment of complaisance, and a misapplication in the rules of it.

### ALEXANDER POPE.

In 1737, Pope published, by subscription, a volume of letters between himself and his literary friends. Part of the collection had been previously issued by Curll, a notorious publisher of that day, to whom Pope had, by the agency of other parties, conveyed an edition privately printed. Having, in his assumed character of purveyor of the letters, induced Curll to advertise the collection as containing letters of certain noblemen, the publisher was summoned to the House of Lords for breach of privilege. The volume, however, being examined, it was found that there was not a single letter from any nobleman in the collection, and Curll was dismissed. Pope had thus secured publicity to the publication, and as the letters, he said, had not only been surreptitiously printed—stolen from private repositories—but altered and interpolated, he appeared justified in issuing a prospectus for a genuine edition. In reality, there was little or no difference between the editions, Pope having prepared both, and neither can be regarded as containing actual correspondence. Swift, however, had retained the letters addressed to himself; the original letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu also existed, and the early correspondence of Pope with Henry Cromwell had previously come into the possession of Curll, and was published. Additions were afterwards made to the collection from other sources, and thus we have a large body of the actual letters written by the wits of the Anne and first Georgian periods. The experiment was new to the public. 'Pope's epistolary excellence,' says Johnson, 'had an open field; he had no English rival, living or dead.' The letters of Lord Bacon, Strafford, and other statesmen, had been published, but they descended little into the details of familiar life. Sprat suppressed the correspondence of Cowley, under the impression, finely expressed by an old writer, that private letters are commonly of too tender a composition to thrive out of the bosom in which they were first planted; and the correspondence of Pope was the first attempt to interest the public in the sentiments and opinions of literary men, and the expression of private friendship. As literature was the business of Pope's life, and composition his first and favourite pursuit, he wrote always with a view to admiration and fame. He knew that if his letters to his friends did not come before the public in a printed shape, they would be privately circulated, and might affect his reputation with those he was ambitious of pleasing. Hence he seems always to have written with care. His letters are generally too elaborate and artificial to have been the spontaneous effusions of private confidence. Many of them are beautiful in thought and imagery, and evince a taste for picturesque scenery and description that it is to be regretted the poet did not oftener indulge. Others, as the exquisite one describing a journey to Oxford, in company with Bernard Lintot, possess a fine vein of comic humour and observation. Swift was inferior to Pope as a letter-writer, but he discloses more of his real character. He loved Pope as much as he could any man, and the picture of their friendship, disclosed in their correspondence, is honourable to both. They had both risen to eminence by their own talents; they had mingled with the great and illustrious; had exchanged with each other in private their common feelings and sentiments; had partaken of the vicissitudes of public affairs; seen their friends decay and die off; and in their old age, mourned over the evils and afflictions incident to the decline of life. Pope's affection soothed the jealous irritability and misanthropy of Swift, and survived the melancholy calamity which rendered his friend one of the most pitiable and affecting objects among mankind.

#### *On Sickness and Death.*

To Sir Richard Steele.—*July* 15, 1712.

You formerly observed to me that nothing made a more ridiculous figure in a man's life than the disparity we often find in him sick and well; thus, one of an unfortunate constitution is perpetually exhibiting a miserable example of the weakness of his mind, and of his body, in their turns. I have had frequent opportunities of late to consider myself in these different views, and, I hope, have received some advantage by it, if what Waller says be true, that

> The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
> Lets in new light through chinks that Time has made.

Then surely sickness, contributing no less than old age to the shaking down this scaffolding of the body, may discover the inward structure more plainly. Sickness is a sort of early old age; it teaches us a diffidence in our earthly state, and inspires us with the thoughts of a future, better than a thousand volumes of philosophers and divines. It gives so warning a concussion to those props of our vanity, our strength and youth, that we think of fortifying ourselves within, when there is so little dependence upon our outworks. Youth at the very best is but a betrayer of human life in a gentler and smoother manner than age: it is like a stream that nourishes a plant upon a bank, and causes it to flourish and blossom to the sight, but at the same time is undermining it at the root in secret. My youth has dealt more fairly and openly with me; it has afforded several prospects of my danger, and given me an advantage not very common to young men, that the attractions of the world have not dazzled me very much; and I begin, where most people end, with a full conviction of the emptiness of all sorts of ambition, and the unsatisfactory nature of all human pleasures. When a smart fit of sickness tells me this scurvy tenement of my body will fall in a little time, I am even as unconcerned as was that honest Hibernian, who, being in bed in the great storm some years ago, and told the house would tumble over his head, made answer: 'What care I for the house? I am only a lodger.' I fancy it is the best time to die when one is in the best humour; and so excessively weak as I now am, I may say with conscience, that I am not at all uneasy at the thought that many men, whom I never had any esteem for, are likely to enjoy this world after me. When I reflect what an inconsiderable little atom every single man is, with respect to the whole creation, methinks it is a shame to be concerned at the removal of such a trivial animal as I am. The morning after my exit, the sun will rise as bright as ever, the flowers smell as sweet, the plants spring as green, the world will proceed in its old course, people will laugh as heartily, and marry as fast as they were used to do.* The memory of man—as it is elegantly expressed in the Book of Wisdom—passeth away as the remembrance of a guest that tarrieth but one day. There are reasons enough, in the fourth chapter of the same book, to make any young man contented with the prospect of death. 'For honourable age is not that which standeth in length of time, or is measured by number of years. But wisdom is the gray hair to man, and an unspotted life is old age. He was taken away speedily, lest wickedness should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soul,' &c.—I am your, &c.

### *Pope in Oxford.*

To Mrs Martha Blount.—1716.—A genuine letter slightly altered.†

Nothing could have more of that melancholy which once used to please me, than my last day's journey; for, after having passed through my favourite woods in the forest, with a thousand reveries of past pleasures, I rid over hanging hills, whose tops were edged with groves, and whose feet watered with winding rivers, listening to the falls of cataracts below, and the murmuring of the winds above; the gloomy verdure of Stonor succeeded to these, and then the shades of the evening overtook me. The moon rose in the clearest sky I ever saw, by whose solemn light I paced on slowly, without company, or any interruption to the range of my thoughts. About a mile before I reached Oxford, all the bells tolled in different notes; the clocks of every college answered one another, and sounded forth—some in a deeper, some a softer tone—that it was eleven at night. All this was no ill preparation to the life I have led since among those old walls, venerable galleries, stone porticos, studious walks, and solitary scenes of the university. I wanted nothing but a black gown and a salary, to be as mere a book-worm as any there. I conformed myself to the college-hours, was rolled up in books, lay in one of the most ancient, dusky parts of the university, and was as dead to the world as any hermit of the desert. If anything was alive or awake in me, it was a little vanity, such as even those good men used to entertain, when the monks *of their own order* extolled their piety and abstraction. For I found myself received with a sort of respect, which this idle part of mankind, the learned, pay to their own species; who are as considerable here, as the busy, the gay, and the ambitious are in your world.

### *Death of Two Lovers by Lightning.*

To Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.—*September* 1 [1712].

I have a mind to fill the rest of this paper with an accident that happened just under my eyes, and has made a great impression upon me. I have just passed part of this summer at an old romantic seat of my Lord Harcourt's, which he lent me.‡ It overlooks a common field, where, under the shade of a haycock, sat two lovers, as constant as ever were found in romance, beneath a spreading beech. The name of the one—let it sound as it will—was John Hewet; of the other, Sarah Drew. John was a well-set man about five-and-twenty; Sarah, a brown woman of eighteen. John had for several months borne the labour of the day in the same field with Sarah; when she milked, it was his morning and evening charge to bring the cows to her pail. Their love was the talk, but not the scandal, of the whole neighbourhood; for all they aimed at was the blameless possession of each other in marriage. It was but this very morning that he had obtained her parents' consent, and it was but till the next week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps this very day, in the intervals of their work, they were talking of their wedding-clothes; and John was now matching several kinds of poppies and field-flowers to her complexion, to make her a present of knots for the day. While they were thus employed—it was on the last of July—a terrible storm of thunder and lightning arose, that drove the labourers to what shelter the trees or hedges afforded. Sarah, frightened and out of breath, sunk on a haycock, and John—who never separated from her—sat by her side, having raked two or three heaps together to secure her. Immediately there was heard so loud a crack as if heaven had burst asunder. The labourers, all solicitous for each other's safety, called to one another: those that were nearest our lovers, hearing no answer, stepped to the place where they lay: they first saw a little smoke, and after, this faithful pair—John with one arm about his Sarah's neck, and the other held over her face, as if to screen her from the lightning. They were struck dead, and already grown stiff and cold in this tender posture. There was no mark or discolouring on their bodies, only that Sarah's eyebrow was a little singed, and a small spot between her breasts. They were buried the next day in one grave, where my Lord Harcourt, at my request, has erected a monument over them. Of the following epitaphs which I made, the critics have chosen the godly one: I like neither, but wish you had been in England to have done this office better: I think it was what you could not have refused me on so moving an occasion.

When Eastern lovers feed the funeral fire,
On the same pile the faithful pair expire;
Here pitying Heaven that virtue mutual found,
And blasted both that it might neither wound.
Hearts so sincere the Almighty saw well pleased,
Sent his own lightning, and the victims seized.

Think not, by rigorous judgment seized,
 A pair so faithful could expire;
Victims so pure Heaven saw well pleased,
 And snatched them in celestial fire.

Live well, and fear no sudden fate:
 When God calls virtue to the grave,
Alike 'tis justice, soon or late,
 Mercy alike to kill or save.
Virtue unmoved can hear the call,
 And face the flash that melts the ball.

Upon the whole, I cannot think these people unhappy. The greatest happiness, next to living as they would have done, was to die as they did. The greatest honour people of this low degree could have, was to be remembered on a little monument; unless you will give them another—that of being honoured with a tear from the finest eyes in the world. I know you have tenderness; you must have it; it is the very emanation of good sense and virtue: the finest minds, like the finest metals, dissolve the easiest.

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*It is important to remember that Pope, when he wrote in this manner, was only twenty-four—that is, if we assume the letter to have been actually sent to Steele, which we very much doubt. It seems to be merely a literary essay—part of the fabricated correspondence.

† Martha Blount was the Stella of Pope. Her elder sister Teresa, was his first favourite, but Martha gained the ascendency, and retained it till the death of the poet. They were of an old Catholic family, the Blounts of Mapledurham, near Reading. Gay has described the sisters as 'the fair-haired Martha, and Teresa brown;' and a picture in the family mansion, by Jervas, represents them as gathering flowers. Pope's father died at Chiswick in 1717, and the poet wrote to Martha: 'My poor father died last night. Believe, since I don't forget you at this moment, I never shall.' And he never did. He took the warmest interest in all her affairs, and left her the bulk of his fortune. Martha (who was two years younger than her illustrious friend) survived till July 12, 1763.

‡ The house of Stanton Harcourt, in Oxfordshire. Here Pope translated part of the *Iliad*. He describes the house (though with many fanciful additions) in the subsequent letter, in a style which recalls the grave humour of Addison, and foreshadows the *Bracebridge Hall* of Washington Irving.

## *Description of an Ancient English Country-seat.*

### To Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

Dear Madam—'Tis not possible to express the least part of the joy your return gives me; time only and experience will convince you how very sincere it is. I excessively long to meet you, to say so much, so very much to you, that I believe I shall say nothing. I have given orders to be sent for the first minute of your arrival—which I beg you will let them know at Mr Jervas's. I am fourscore miles from London, a short journey compared to that I so often thought at least of undertaking, rather than die without seeing you again. Though the place I am in is such as I would not quit for the town, if I did not value you more than any, nay everybody else there; and you will be convinced how little the town has engaged my affections in your absence from it, when you know what a place this is which I prefer to it; I shall therefore describe it to you at large, as the true picture of a genuine ancient country-seat.

You must expect nothing regular in my description of a house that seems to be built before rules were in fashion: the whole is so disjointed, and the parts so detached from each other, and yet so joining again, one cannot tell how, that—in a poetical fit—you would imagine it had been a village in Amphion's time, where twenty cottages had taken a dance together, were all out, and stood still in amazement ever since. A stranger would be grievously disappointed who should ever think to get into this house the right way. One would expect, after entering through the porch, to be let into the hall; alas! nothing less, you find yourself in a brew-house. From the parlour you think to step into the drawing-room; but, upon opening the iron-nailed door, you are convinced, by a flight of birds about your ears, and a cloud of dust in your eyes, that it is the pigeon-house. On each side our porch are two chimneys, that wear their greens on the outside, which would do as well within, for whenever we make a fire, we let the smoke out of the windows. Over the parlour window hangs a sloping balcony, which time has turned to a very convenient penthouse. The top is crowned with a very venerable tower, so like that of the church just by, that the jackdaws build in it as if it were the true steeple.

The great hall is high and spacious, flanked with long tables, images of ancient hospitality; ornamented with monstrous horns, about twenty broken pikes, and a matchlock musket or two, which they say were used in the civil wars. Here is one vast arched window, beautifully darkened with divers scutcheons of painted glass. There seems to be great propriety in this old manner of blazoning upon glass, ancient families being like ancient windows, in the course of generations seldom free from cracks. One shining pane bears date 1286. The youthful face of Dame Elinor owes more to this single piece than to all the glasses she ever consulted in her life. Who can say after this that glass is frail, when it is not half so perishable as human beauty or glory? For in another pane you see the memory of a knight preserved, whose marble nose is mouldered from his monument in the church adjoining. And yet, must not one sigh to reflect, that the most authentic record of so ancient a family should lie at the mercy of every boy that throws a stone? In this hall, in former days, have dined gartered knights and courtly dames, with ushers, sewers, and seneschals; and yet it was but the other night that an owl flew in hither, and mistook it for a barn.

This hall lets you up (and down) over a very high threshold, into the parlour. It is furnished with historical tapestry, whose marginal fringes do confess the moisture of the air. The other contents of this room are a broken-bellied virginal, a couple of crippled velvet chairs, with two or three mildewed pictures of mouldy ancestors, who look as dismally as if they came fresh from hell with all their brimstone about 'em. These are carefully set at the further corner: for the windows being everywhere broken, make it so convenient a place to dry poppies and mustard seed in, that the room is appropriated to that use.

Next this parlour lies, as I said before, the pigeon-house, by the side of which runs an entry that leads, on one hand and t'other, into a bed-chamber, a buttery, and a small hole called the chaplain's study. Then follow a brew-house, a little green and gilt parlour, and the great stairs, under which is the dairy. A little further on the right, the servants' hall; and by the side of it, up six steps, the old lady's closet, which has a lattice into the said hall, that, while she said her prayers, she might cast an eye on the men and maids. There are upon this ground floor in all twenty-four apartments, hard to be distinguished by particular names; among which I must not forget a chamber that has in it a large antiquity of timber, which seems to have been either a bedstead or a cider-press.

Our best room above is very long and low, of the exact proportion of a bandbox; it has hangings of the finest work in the world; those, I mean, which Arachne spins out of her own bowels: indeed, the roof is so decayed, that after a favourable shower of rain, we may, with God's blessing, expect a crop of mushrooms between the chinks of the floors.

All this upper story has for many years had no other inhabitants than certain rats, whose very age renders them worthy of this venerable mansion, for the very rats of this ancient seat are gray. Since these have not quitted it, we hope at least this house may stand during the small remainder of days these poor animals have to live, who are now too infirm to remove to another: they have still a small subsistence left them in the few remaining books of the library.

I had never seen half what I have described, but for an old starched gray-headed steward, who is as much an antiquity as any in the place, and looks like an old family picture walked out of its frame. He failed not, as we passed from room to room, to relate several memoirs of the family; but his observations were particularly curious in the cellar: he shewed where stood the triple rows of butts of sack, and where were ranged the bottles of tent for toasts in the morning: he pointed to the stands that supported the iron-hooped hogsheads of strong beer; then stepping to a corner, he lugged out the tattered fragment of an unframed picture: 'This,' says he, with tears in his eyes, 'was poor Sir Thomas, once master of all the drink I told you of: he had two sons (poor young masters!) that never arrived to the age of his beer; they both fell ill in this very cellar, and never went out upon their own legs.' He could not pass by a broken bottle without taking it up to shew us the arms of the family on it. He then led me up the tower, by dark winding stone steps, which landed us into several little rooms, one above another; one of these was nailed up, and my guide whispered to me the occasion of it. It seems the course of this noble blood was a little interrupted about two centuries ago by a freak of the Lady Frances, who was here taken with a neighbouring prior; ever since which the room has been made up, and branded with the name of the adultery-chamber. The ghost of Lady Frances is supposed to walk here: some prying maids of the family formerly reported that they saw a lady in a fardingale through the keyhole; but this matter was hushed up, and the servants forbid to talk of it.

I must needs have tired you with this long letter; but what engaged me in the description was a generous principle to preserve the memory of a thing that must itself soon fall to ruin; nay, perhaps, some part of it before this reaches your hands: indeed, I owe this old house the same sort of gratitude that we do to an old friend that harbours us in his declining condition, nay, even in his last extremities. I have found this an excellent place for retirement and study, where no one who passes by can dream there is an inhabitant, and even anybody that would visit me dares not venture under my roof.

You will not wonder I have translated a great deal of Homer in this retreat; any one that sees it will own I could not have chosen a fitter or more likely place to converse with the dead. As soon as I return to the living, it shall be to converse with the best of them. I hope, therefore, very speedily to tell you in person how sincerely and unalterably I am, madam, your most faithful, obliged, and obedient servant.

I beg Mr Wortley to believe me his most humble servant.

### *Pope to Bishop Atterbury, in the Tower.*

*May 17, 1723.*

Once more I write to you, as I promised, and this once, I fear, will be the last! The curtain will soon be drawn between my friend and me, and nothing left but to wish you a long good-night.* May you enjoy a state of repose in this life not unlike that sleep of the soul which some have believed is to succeed it, where we lie utterly forgetful of that world from which we are gone, and ripening for that to which we are to go. If you retain any memory of the past, let it only image to you what has pleased you best; sometimes present a dream of an absent friend, or bring you back an agreeable conversation. But, upon the whole, I hope you will think less of the time past than of the future, as the former has been less kind to you than the latter infallibly will be. Do not envy the world your studies; they will tend to the benefit of men against whom you can have no complaint; I mean of all posterity: and, perhaps, at your time of life, nothing else is worth your care. What is every year of a wise man's life but a censure or critic on the past? Those whose date is the shortest, live long enough to laugh at one half of it; the boy despises the infant; the man, the boy; the philosopher, both; and the Christian, all. You may now begin to think your manhood was too much a puerility, and you will never suffer your age to be but a second infancy. The toys and baubles of your childhood are hardly now more below you, than those toys of our riper and our declining years, the drums and rattles of ambition, and the dirt and bubbles of avarice. At this time, when you are cut off from a little society, and made a citizen of the world at large, you should bend your talents, not to serve a party or a few, but all mankind. Your genius should mount above that mist in which its participation and neighbourhood with earth long involved it; to shine abroad, and to heaven, ought to be the business and the glory of your present situation. Remember it was at such a time that the greatest lights of antiquity dazzled and blazed the most, in their retreat, in their exile, or in their death. But why do I talk of dazzling or blazing?—it was then that they did good, that they gave light, and that they became guides to mankind.

Those aims alone are worthy of spirits truly great, and such I therefore hope will be yours. Resentment, indeed, may remain, perhaps cannot be quite extinguished in the noblest minds; but revenge never will harbour there. Higher principles than those of the first, and better principles than those of the latter, will infallibly influence men whose thoughts and whose hearts are enlarged, and cause them to prefer the whole to any part of mankind, especially to so small a part as one's single self.

Believe me, my lord, I look upon you as a spirit entered into another life, as one just upon the edge of immortality, where the passions and affections must be much more exalted, and where you ought to despise all little views and all mean retrospects. Nothing is worth your looking back; and, therefore, look forward, and make, as you can, the world look after you. But take care that it be not with pity, but with esteem and admiration.

I am, with the greatest sincerity and passion for your fame as well as happiness, your, &c.

Pope was one of the authors of the *Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus*, where he has lavished much wit on subjects which are now mostly of little interest. He has ridiculed Burnet's *History of his Own Times* with infinite humour in *Memoirs of P. P., Clerk of this Parish;* and he contributed several papers to the *Guardian*. His prose works contain also a collection of *Thoughts on Various Subjects*, a few of which are here subjoined:

There never was any party, faction, sect, or cabal whatsoever, in which the most ignorant were not the most violent; for a bee is not a busier animal than a blockhead. However, such instruments are necessary to politicians; and perhaps it may be with states as with clocks, which must have some dead-weight hanging at them, to help and regulate the motion of the finer and more useful parts.

When men grow virtuous in their old age, they only make a sacrifice to God of the devil's leavings.

He who tells a lie is not sensible how great a task he undertakes; for he must be forced to invent twenty more to maintain one.

Get your enemies to read your works, in order to mend them: for your friend is so much your second self, that he will judge too like you.

There is nothing wanting to make all rational and disinterested people in the world of one religion, but that they should talk together every day.

A short and certain way to obtain the character of a reasonable and wise man is, whenever any one tells you his opinion, to comply with him.

The character of covetousness is what a man generally acquires more through some niggardliness or ill grace in little and inconsiderable things, than in expenses of any consequence. A very few pounds a year would ease that man of the scandal of avarice.

### *A Recipe to make an Epic Poem.—From the 'Guardian.'*

It is no small pleasure to me, who am zealous in the interests of learning, to think I may have the honour of leading the town into a very new and uncommon road of criticism. As that kind of literature is at present carried on, it consists only in a knowledge of mechanic rules which contribute to the structure of different sorts of poetry; as the receipts of good housewives do to the making puddings of flour, oranges, plums, or any other ingredients. It would, methinks, make these my instructions more easily intelligible to ordinary readers, if I discoursed of these matters in the style in which ladies, learned in economics, dictate to their pupils for the improvement of the kitchen and larder.

I shall begin with Epic Poetry, because the critics agree it is the greatest work human nature is capable of.

*For the Fable.*—'Take out of any old poem, history-book, romance, or legend—for instance, Geoffrey of Monmouth, or Don Belianis of Greece—those parts of story which afford most scope for long descriptions: put these pieces together, and throw all the adventures you fancy into one tale. Then take a hero whom you may choose for the sound of his name, and put him into the midst of these adventures: there let him work for twelve hours; at the end of which, you may take him out ready prepared to conquer or to marry; it being necessary that the conclusion of an Epic Poem be fortunate.'

*To make an Episode.*—'Take any remaining adventure of our former collection, in which you could no way involve your hero; or any unfortunate accident that was too good to be thrown away; and it will be of use, applied to any other person who may be lost and evaporate in the course of the work, without the least damage to the composition.'

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* The bishop went into exile the following month.

*For the Moral and Allegory.*—'These you may extract out of the Fable afterwards at your leisure. Be sure you strain them sufficiently.'

*For the Manners.*—'For those of the hero, take all the best qualities you can find in all the celebrated heroes of antiquity; if they will not be reduced to a consistency, lay them all on a heap upon him. But be sure they are qualities which your patron would be thought to have; and to prevent any mistake which the world may be subject to, select from the alphabet those capital letters that compose his name, and set them at the head of a dedication before your poem. However, do not absolutely observe the exact quantity of these virtues, it not being determined whether or no it be necessary for the hero of a poem to be an honest man.—For the under characters, gather them from Homer and Virgil, and change the name as occasion serves.'

*For the Machines.*—'Take of deities, male and female, as many as you can use; separate them into two equal parts, and keep Jupiter in the middle. Let Juno put him in a ferment, and Venus mollify him. Remember on all occasions to make use of volatile Mercury. If you have need of devils, draw them out of Milton's *Paradise*, and extract your spirits from Tasso. The use of these machines is evident; for since no Epic Poem can possibly subsist without them, the wisest way is to reserve them for your greatest necessities. When you cannot extricate your hero by any human means, or yourself by your own wits, seek relief from Heaven, and the gods will do your business very readily. This is according to the direct prescription of Horace in his *Art of Poetry:*

> Nec deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
> Inciderit—
>
> Never presume to make a god appear,
> But for a business worthy of a god.
>
> ROSCOMMON.

That is to say, a poet should never call upon the gods for their assistance, but when he is in great perplexity.'

*For the Descriptions.—For a Tempest.*—'Take Eurus, Zephyr, Auster, and Boreas, and cast them together into one verse: add to these, of rain, lightning, and of thunder (the loudest you can), *quantum sufficit.* Mix your clouds and billows well together until they foam, and thicken your description here and there with a quicksand. Brew your tempest well in your head before you set it a-blowing.'

*For a Battle.*—'Pick a large quantity of images and descriptions from Homer's *Iliads*, with a spice or two of Virgil; and if there remain any overplus, you may lay them by for a skirmish. Season it well with similes, and it will make an excellent battle.'

*For Burning a Town.*—'If such a description be necessary, because it is certain there is one in Virgil, Old Troy is ready burnt to your hands. But if you fear that would be thought borrowed, a chapter or two of the *Theory of the Conflagration*, well circumstanced, and done into verse, will be a good succedaneum.'

As for Similes and Metaphors, they may be found all over the creation; the most ignorant may gather them; but the danger is in applying them. For this, advise with your bookseller.

*For the Language.*—(I mean the diction.) 'Here it will do well to be an imitator of Milton, for you will find it easier to imitate him in this than anything else. Hebraisms and Grecisms are to be found in him, without the trouble of learning the languages. I knew a painter, who, like our poet, had no genius, make his daubings to be thought originals by setting them in the smoke. You may, in the same manner, give the venerable air of antiquity to your piece, by darkening it up and down with Old English. With this you may be easily furnished upon any occasion by the dictionary commonly printed at the end of Chaucer.'

I must not conclude without cautioning all writers without genius in one material point; which is, never to be afraid of having too much fire in their works. I should advise rather to take their warmest thoughts, and spread them abroad upon paper, for they are observed to cool before they are read.

## DR JOHN ARBUTHNOT.

DR JOHN ARBUTHNOT, the friend of Pope, Swift, Gay, and Prior, was associated with his brother-wits in some of the humorous productions of the day, called forth chiefly by political events. They were all Tories, and keenly interested in the success of their party. Arbuthnot was born in 1667 at a place of the same name in Kincardineshire, son of a nonjuring clergyman. He was educated at the university of Aberdeen; and having studied medicine, repaired to London, where he became known as an author and a wit. He wrote an *Examination of Dr Woodward's Account of the Deluge*, and an *Essay on the Usefulness of Mathematical Learning* (1700). Happening to be at Epsom when Prince George was taken ill there, Arbuthnot was called upon to prescribe, and treated the case so successfully that he was made the prince's regular physician. In 1709, he was appointed physician in ordinary to the queen. The satirical *Memoirs of the Extraordinary Life, Works, and Discoveries of Martinus Scriblerus*, published in Pope's works, was chiefly, if not wholly, written by Arbuthnot. The design of this work, as stated by Pope, is to ridicule all the false tastes in learning, under the character of a man of capacity, who had dipped into every art and science, but injudiciously in each. Cervantes was the model of the witty authors; but though they may have copied his grave irony with success, the fine humanity and imagination of the Spanish novelist are wholly wanting in Scriblerus. It is highly probable, however, that the character of Cornelius Scriblerus suggested to Sterne the idea of Walter Shandy. His oddities and absurdities about the education of his son—in describing which Arbuthnot evinces his extensive and curious learning—are fully equal to Sterne. Useful hints are thrown out amidst the ridicule and pedantry of Scriblerus; and what are now termed *object-lessons* in some schools, may have been derived from such ludicrous passages as the following: 'The old gentleman so contrived it, to make everything contribute to the improvement of his knowledge, even to his very dress. He invented for him a geographical suit of clothes, which might give him some hints of that science, and likewise some knowledge of the commerce of different nations. He had a French hat with an African feather, Holland shirts and Flanders lace, English cloth lined with Indian silk; his gloves were Italian, and his shoes were Spanish. He was made to observe this, and daily catechised thereupon, which his father was wont to call "travelling at home." *He never gave him a fig or an orange, but he obliged him to give an account from what country it came.*'

A more complete and durable monument of the wit and humour of Arbuthnot is his *History of John Bull*, published in 1712, and designed to ridicule the Duke of Marlborough, and render the nation discontented with the French war. The allegory in this piece is well sustained, and the satirical allusions poignant and happy, though the political disputes of that time have lost their interest. Of the same ironical description is Arbuthnot's *Treatise concerning the Altercation or Scolding of the Ancients*, and his *Art of Political Lying*. His wit is always pointed, and rich in classical allusion, without being acrimonious or personally offensive. Of the serious performances of Arbuthnot, the most valuable is a series of dissertations on ancient coins, weights, and measures. He published also some medical works. After the death of Queen Anne, all the attendants of the court were changed, and Arbuthnot removed from St James's to Dover Street. Swift said he knew his *art*, but not his *trade*; and on another occasion the dean said of him: 'He has more wit than we all have, and more humanity than wit.' Arbuthnot, however, though displaced, applied himself closely to his profession, and continued his unaffected cheerfulness and good-nature. In his latter years he suffered much from ill-health: he died in 1735. The most severe and dignified of the occasional productions of Dr Arbuthnot, is his epitaph on Colonel Chartres, a notorious gambler and money-lender of the day, tried and condemned for an assault on his female servant:

Here continueth to rot the body of FRANCIS CHARTRES, who, with an inflexible constancy, and inimitable uniformity of life, persisted, in spite of age and infirmities, in the practice of every human vice, excepting prodigality and hypocrisy; his insatiable avarice exempted him from the first, his matchless impudence from the second. Nor was he more singular in the undeviating pravity of his manners than successful in accumulating wealth; for, without trade or profession, without trust of public money, and without bribe-worthy service, he acquired, or more properly created, a ministerial estate. He was the only person of his time who could cheat with the mask of honesty, retain his primeval meanness when possessed of ten thousand a year, and having daily deserved the gibbet for what he did, was at last condemned to it for what he could not do. Oh, indignant reader! think not his life useless to mankind. Providence connived at his execrable designs, to give to after ages a conspicuous proof and example of how small estimation is exorbitant wealth in the sight of God, by his bestowing it on the most unworthy of all mortals.

### *Characters of John Bull (the English), Nic. Frog (the Dutch), and Hocus (the Duke of Marlborough).*

Bull, in the main, was an honest plain-dealing fellow, choleric, bold, and of a very unconstant temper; he dreaded not old Lewis either at backsword, single falchion, or cudgel-play; but then he was very apt to quarrel with his best friends, especially if they pretended to govern him; if you flattered him, you might lead him like a child. John's temper depended very much upon the air; his spirits rose and fell with the weather-glass. John was quick, and understood his business very well; but no man alive was more careless in looking into his accompts, or more cheated by partners, apprentices, and servants. This was occasioned by his being a boon-companion, loving his bottle and his diversion; for to say truth, no man kept a better house than John, nor spent his money more generously. By plain and fair dealing, John had acquired some plums, and might have kept them, had it not been for his unhappy lawsuit.

Nic. Frog was a cunning sly rogue, quite the reverse of John in many particulars; covetous, frugal; minded domestic affairs; would pinch his belly to save his pocket; never lost a farthing by careless servants or bad debtors. He did not care much for any sort of diversions, except tricks of high German artists, and legerdemain; no man exceeded Nic. in these; yet it must be owned that Nic. was a fair dealer, and in that way acquired immense riches.

Hocus was an old cunning attorney; and though this was the first considerable suit that ever he was engaged in, he shewed himself superior in address to most of his profession; he kept always good clerks; he loved money, was smooth-tongued, gave good words, and seldom lost his temper; he was not worse than an infidel, for he provided plentifully for his family; but he loved himself better than them all: the neighbours reported that he was henpecked, which was impossible by such a mild-spirited woman as his wife was.*

### *Character of John Bull's Mother (the Church of England).*

John had a mother whom he loved and honoured extremely; a discreet, grave, sober, good-conditioned, cleanly old gentlewoman as ever lived; she was none of your cross-grained termagant, scolding jades, that one had as good be hanged as live in the house with, such as are always censuring the conduct, and telling scandalous stories of their neighbours, extolling their own good qualities, and undervaluing those of others. On the contrary, she was of a meek spirit, and, as she was strictly virtuous herself, so she always put the best construction upon the words and actions of her neighbours, except where they were irreconcilable to the rules of honesty and decency. She was neither one of your precise prudes, nor one of your fantastical old belles, that dress themselves like girls of fifteen; as she neither wore a ruff, forehead cloth, nor high-crowned hat, so she had laid aside feathers, flowers, and crimpt ribbons in her head-dress, fur-below scarfs, and hooped petticoats. She scorned to patch and paint, yet she loved to keep her hands and her face clean. Though she wore no flaunting laced ruffles, she would not keep herself in a constant sweat with greasy flannel; though her hair was not stuck with jewels, she was not ashamed of a diamond cross: she was not, like some ladies, hung about with toys and trinkets, tweezer-cases, pocket-glasses, and essence-bottles; she used only a gold watch and an almanac, to mark the hours and the holidays.

Her furniture was neat and genteel, well fancied, with a *bon goût*. As she affected not the grandeur of a state with a canopy, she thought there was no offence in an elbow-chair; she had laid aside your carving, gilding, and japan work, as being too apt to gather dirt; but she never could be prevailed upon to part with plain wainscot and clean hangings. There are some ladies that affect to smell a stink in everything; they are always highly perfumed, and continually burning frankincense in their rooms; she was above such affectation, yet she never would lay aside the use of brooms and scrubbing-brushes, and scrupled not to lay her linen in fresh lavender.

She was no less genteel in her behaviour, well-bred, without affectation, in the due mean between one of your affected courtesying pieces of formality, and your romps that have no regard to the common rules of civility. There are some ladies that affect a mighty regard for their relations: we must not eat to-day for my uncle Tom, or my cousin Betty, died this time ten years; let's have a ball to-night, it is my neighbour such-a-one's birthday. She looked upon all this as grimace, yet she constantly observed her husband's birthday, her wedding-day, and some few more.

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* The Duchess of Marlborough was in reality a termagant. All the Tory wits of that day charged the great duke with peculation as commander-in-chief, and with having prolonged the war on that account. There was not a fragment of evidence to support the allegation. The Duke of Wellington, it is said, ridiculed the notion, and said that, however much Marlborough might have loved money, he must have loved his military reputation more.

Though she was a truly good woman, and had a sincere motherly love for her son John, yet there wanted not those who endeavoured to create a misunderstanding between them, and they had so far prevailed with him once, that he turned her out of doors,[*] to his great sorrow, as he found afterwards, for his affairs went on at sixes and sevens.

She was no less judicious in the turn of her conversation and choice of her studies, in which she far exceeded all her sex; your rakes that hate the company of all sober grave gentlewomen would bear hers; and she would, by her handsome manner of proceeding, sooner reclaim them than some that were more sour and reserved. She was a zealous preacher up of chastity and conjugal fidelity in wives, and by no means a friend to the newfangled doctrine of the indispensable duty of cuckoldom; though she advanced her opinions with a becoming assurance, yet she never ushered them in, as some positive creatures will do, with dogmatical assertions—this is infallible, I cannot be mistaken, none but a rogue can deny it. It has been observed that such people are oftener in the wrong than anybody.

Though she had a thousand good qualities, she was not without her faults, amongst which one might perhaps reckon too great lenity to her servants, to whom she always gave good counsel, but often too gentle correction.

### *Character of John Bull's Sister Peg (the Scottish Nation and Church).*

John had a sister, a poor girl that had been starved at nurse; anybody would have guessed miss to have been bred up under the influence of a cruel stepdame, and John to be the fondling of a tender mother. John looked ruddy and plump, with a pair of cheeks like a trumpeter; miss looked pale and wan, as if she had the green-sickness; and no wonder, for John was the darling; he had all the good bits, was crammed with good pullet, chicken, pig, goose, and capon, while miss had only a little oatmeal and water, or a dry crust without butter. John had his golden pippins, peaches, and nectarines; poor miss a crab-apple, sloe, or a blackberry. Master lay in the best apartment, with his bed-chamber towards the south sun; miss lodged in a garret, exposed to the north wind, which shrivelled her countenance. However, this usage though it stunted the girl in her growth, gave her a hardy constitution; she had life and spirit in abundance, and knew when she was ill-used: now and then she would seize upon John's commons, snatch a leg of a pullet, or a bit of good beef, for which they were sure to go to fisticuffs. Master was indeed too strong for her; but miss would not yield in the least point, but even when master had got her down, she would scratch and bite like a tiger; when he gave her a cuff on the ear, she would prick him with her knitting-needle. John brought a great chain one day to tie her to the bed-post, for which affront miss aimed a penknife at his heart.[†] In short, these quarrels grew up to rooted aversions; they gave one another nicknames; she called him Gundy-guts, and he called her Lousy Peg, though the girl was a tight clever wench as any was; and through her pale looks you might discern spirit and vivacity, which made her not, indeed, a perfect beauty, but something that was agreeable. It was barbarous in parents not to take notice of these early quarrels, and make them live better together, such domestic feuds proving afterwards the occasion of misfortunes to them both. Peg had, indeed, some odd humours and comical antipathy, for which John would jeer her. 'What think you of my sister Peg,' says he, 'that faints at the sound of an organ, and yet will dance and frisk at the noise of a bagpipe?' 'What's that to you, Gundy-guts?' quoth Peg; 'everybody's to choose their own music.' Then Peg had taken a fancy not to say her paternoster, which made people imagine strange things of her. Of the three brothers that have made such a clutter in the world, Lord Peter, Martin, and Jack, Jack[*] had of late been her inclination: Lord Peter she detested; nor did Martin stand much better in her good graces; but Jack had found the way to her heart.

### *The Celerity and Duration of Lies, and How to Contradict them.*

As to the celerity of their motion, the author says it is almost incredible. He gives several instances of lies that have gone faster than a man can ride post. Your terrifying lie travels at a prodigious rate, above ten miles an hour. Your whispers move in a narrow vortex, but very swiftly. The author says it is impossible to explain several phenomena in relation to the celerity of lies, without the supposition of synchronism and combination. As to the duration of lies, he says they are of all sorts, from hours and days to ages; that there are some which, like insects, die and revive again in a different form; that good artists, like people who build upon a short lease, will calculate the duration of a lie surely to answer their purpose; to last just as long, and no longer than the turn is served.

The properest contradiction to a lie is another lie. For example, if it should be reported that the Pretender was in London, one would not contradict it by saying he never was in England; but you must prove by eye-witnesses that he came no further than Greenwich, and then went back again. Thus, if it be spread about that a great person were dying of some disease, you must not say the truth, that they are in health and never had such a disease, but that they are slowly recovering of it. So there was not long ago a gentleman who affirmed that the treaty with France, for bringing popery and slavery into England, was signed the 15th of September; to which another answered very judiciously, not, by opposing truth to his lie, that there was no such treaty; but that, to his certain knowledge, there were many things in that treaty not yet adjusted.

The following extract will serve as a specimen of Dr Arbuthnot's serious composition. It is taken from an essay on the

### *Usefulness of Mathematical Learning.*

The advantages which accrue to the mind by mathematical studies consist chiefly in these things: 1*st*, In accustoming it to *attention*. 2*d*, In giving it a habit of *close* and *demonstrative reasoning*. 3*d*, In freeing it from *prejudice, credulity, and superstition.*

First, the mathematics make the mind attentive to the objects which it considers. This they do by entertaining it with a great variety of truths, which are delightful and evident, but not obvious. Truth is the same thing to the understanding as music to the ear and beauty to the eye. The pursuit of it does really as much gratify a natural faculty implanted in us by our wise Creator, as the pleasing of our senses; only in the former case, as the object and faculty are more spiritual, the delight is the more pure, free from the regret, turpitude, lassitude, and intemperance that commonly attend sensual pleasures. The most part of other sciences consisting only of probable reasonings, the mind has not where to fix, and wanting sufficient principles to pursue its searches upon, gives them over as impossible. Again, as in mathematical investigations, truth may be found, so it is not always obvious. This spurs the mind, and makes it diligent and attentive. . . .

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[*] In the contest between Charles I. and the Parliament.

[†] Henry VIII. to unite the two kingdoms under one sovereign, offered his daughter Mary to James V. of Scotland; this offer was rejected, and followed by a war: to this event probably the author alludes.

[*] The Pope, Luther, and Calvin.

The second advantage which the mind reaps from mathematical knowledge is a habit of clear, demonstrative, and methodical reasoning. We are contrived by nature to learn by imitation more than by precept; and I believe in that respect reasoning is much like other inferior arts—as dancing, singing, &c.—acquired by practice. By accustoming ourselves to reason closely about quantity, we acquire a habit of doing so in other things. Logical precepts are more useful, nay, they are absolutely necessary, for a rule of formal arguing in public disputations, and confounding an obstinate and perverse adversary, and exposing him to the audience or readers. But, in the search of truth, an imitation of the method of the geometers will carry a man further than all the dialectical rules. Their analysis is the proper model we ought to form ourselves upon, and imitate in the regular disposition and progress of our inquiries; and even he who is ignorant of the nature of mathematical analysis, uses a method somewhat analogous to it.

Thirdly, mathematical knowledge adds vigour to the mind, frees it from prejudice, credulity, and superstition. This it does in two ways: 1st, By accustoming us to examine, and not to take things upon trust. 2d, By giving us a clear and extensive knowledge of the system of the world, which, as it creates in us the most profound reverence of the Almighty and wise Creator, so it frees us from the mean and narrow thoughts which ignorance and superstition are apt to beget. . . . The mathematics are friends to religion, inasmuch as they charm the passions, restrain the impetuosity of imagination, and purge the mind from error and prejudice. Vice is error, confusion, and false reasoning; and all truth is more or less opposite to it. Besides, mathemathical studies may serve for a pleasant entertainment for those hours which young men are apt to throw away upon their vices; the delightfulness of them being such as to make solitude not only easy, but desirable.

## LORD BOLINGBROKE.

HENRY ST JOHN VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE was in his own day the most conspicuous and illustrious of that friendly band of Tory wits and poets who adorned the reigns of Anne and George I. He is now the least popular of the whole. St John was descended from an ancient family, and was born at Battersea, in Surrey, in 1678. He was educated at Eton and Oxford. After some years of dissipation, he entered parliament, and was successively secretary at war and secretary of state. He was elevated to the peerage in 1712. On the death of Queen Anne, the seals of office were taken from him, and he was threatened with impeachment for the share he had taken in negotiating the Treaty of Utrecht. Bolingbroke retired to France, and entered into the Pretender's service as secretary. Here, also, he became unpopular, and was accused of neglect and incapacity. Dismissed from his second secretaryship, he had recourse to literature, and produced his *Reflections on Exile*, and a letter to Sir William Wyndham, containing a defence of his conduct. In 1723, he obtained a full pardon, and returned to England; his family inheritance was restored to him, but he was excluded from the House of Lords. He commenced an active opposition to Walpole, and wrote a number of political tracts against the Whig ministry. In 1735, he retired again to France, and resided there seven years, during which time he produced his *Letters on the Study of History*, and a *Letter on the True Use of Retirement*. The last ten years of his life were spent at Battersea. In 1749, appeared his *Letters on the Spirit of Patriotism*, and *Idea of a Patriot King*, with a preface believed to be by Mallet, but in reality written by Bolingbroke, in a strain of coarse invective, and which led to a bitter and acrimonious war of pamphlets. Bolingbroke's treatise had been put into the hands of Pope, that he might have a few copies printed for private circulation. After the death of Pope, it was found that an impression of 1500 had been printed, and this Bolingbroke affected to consider a heinous breach of trust. The transaction was the most venial of all the poet's stratagems. The anger of Bolingbroke is more justly considered to have been only a pretext, the real ground of offence being the poet's preference of Warburton, to whom he left the valuable property in his printed works. Bolingbroke died in 1751, and Mallet—to whom he left all his manuscripts—published a complete edition of his works in five volumes. A series of essays on religion and philosophy, first published in this collection, disclosed the noble author as an opponent of Christianity. Of lofty irregular views and character, vain, ambitious, and vindictive, yet eloquent and imaginative, we may admire, but cannot love Bolingbroke. The friendship of Pope was the brightest gem in his coronet; yet by one ungrateful and unfeeling act he sullied its lustre, and,

Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe.

The writings of Bolingbroke are animated by momentary or factious feeling, rather than by any fixed principle or philosophical views. In expression he is often vivid and felicitous, with a rambling yet lively style, more resembling *spoken* than *written* eloquence, and with a power of moral painting that presents pictures to the mind. In one of his letters to Swift, we find him thus finely moralising:

### *The Decline of Life.*

We are both in the decline of life, my dear dean, and have been some years going down the hill; let us make the passage as smooth as we can. Let us fence against physical evil by care, and the use of those means which experience must have pointed out to us; let us fence against moral evil by philosophy. We may, nay—if we will follow nature and do not work up imagination against her plainest dictates—we shall, of course, grow every year more indifferent to life, and to the affairs and interests of a system out of which we are soon to go. This is much better than stupidity. The decay of passion strengthens philosophy, for passion may decay, and stupidity not succeed. *Passions*—says Pope, our divine, as you will see one time or other—are the *gales* of life; let us not complain that they do not blow a storm. What hurt does age do us in subduing what we toil to subdue all our lives? It is now six in the morning; I recall the time—and am glad it is over—when about this hour I used to be going to bed surfeited with pleasure, or jaded with business; my head often full of schemes, and my heart as often full of anxiety. Is it a misfortune, think you, that I rise at this hour refreshed, serene, and calm; that the past and even the present affairs of life stand like objects at a distance from me, where I can keep off the disagreeable, so as not to be strongly affected by them, and from whence I can draw the others nearer to me? Passions, in their force, would bring all these, nay, even future contingencies, about my ears at once, and reason would ill defend me in the scuffle.

A loftier spirit of philosophy pervades the following eloquent sentence on the independence of the mind with respect to external circumstances and situation.

### *The Order of Providence.*

Believe me, the providence of God has established such an order in the world, that of all which belongs to us, the least valuable parts can alone fall under the will of others. Whatever is best is safest, lies most out of the reach of human power, can neither be given nor taken away. Such is this great and beautiful work of nature—the world. Such is the mind of man, which contemplates and admires the world, where it makes the noblest part. These are inseparably ours; and as long as we remain in one, we shall enjoy the other. Let us march, therefore, intrepidly, wherever we are led by the course of human accidents. Wherever they lead us, on what coast soever we are thrown by them, we shall not find ourselves absolutely strangers. We shall meet with men and women, creatures of the same figure, endowed with the same faculties, and born under the same laws of nature. We shall see the same virtues and vices flowing from the same general principles, but varied in a thousand different and contrary modes, according to that infinite variety of laws and customs which is established for the same universal end—the preservation of society. We shall feel the same revolutions of seasons; and the same sun and moon will guide the course of our year. The same azure vault, bespangled with stars, will be everywhere spread over our heads. There is no part of the world from whence we may not admire those planets, which roll, like ours, in different orbits round the same central sun; from whence we may not discover an object still more stupendous, that army of fixed stars hung up in the immense space of the universe, innumerable suns, whose beams enlighten and cherish the unknown worlds which roll around them; and whilst I am ravished by such contemplations as these, whilst my soul is thus raised up to heaven, it imports me little what ground I tread upon.

### *National Partiality and Prejudice.*

There is scarce any folly or vice more epidemical among the sons of men than that ridiculous and hurtful vanity by which the people of each country are apt to prefer themselves to those of every other; and to make their own customs, and manners, and opinions, the standards of right and wrong, of true and false. The Chinese mandarins were strangely surprised, and almost incredulous, when the Jesuits shewed them how small a figure their empire made in the general map of the world. . . . Now, nothing can contribute more to prevent us from being tainted with this vanity, than to accustom ourselves early to contemplate the different nations of the earth, in that vast map which history spreads before us, in their rise and their fall, in their barbarous and civilised states, in the likeness and unlikeness of them all to one another, and of each to itself. By frequently renewing this prospect to the mind, the Mexican with his cap and coat of feathers, sacrificing a human victim to his god, will not appear more savage to our eyes than the Spaniard with a hat on his head, and a gonilla round his neck, sacrificing whole nations to his ambition, his avarice, and even the wantonness of his cruelty. I might shew, by a multitude of other examples, how history prepares us for experience, and guides us in it; and many of these would be both curious and important. I might likewise bring several other instances, wherein history serves to purge the mind of those national partialities and prejudices that we are apt to contract in our education, and that experience for the most part rather confirms than removes; because it is for the most part confined, like our education. But I apprehend growing too prolix, and shall therefore conclude this head by observing, that though an early and proper application to the study of history will contribute extremely to keep our minds free from a ridiculous partiality in favour of our own country, and a vicious prejudice against others, yet the same study will create in us a preference of affection to our own country. There is a story told of Abgarus. He brought several beasts taken in different places to Rome, they say, and let them loose before Augustus; every beast ran immediately to that part of the circus where a parcel of earth taken from his native soil had been laid. *Credat Judæus Apella.* This tale might pass on Josephus; for in him, I believe, I read it; but surely the love of our country is a lesson of reason, not an institution of nature. Education and habit, obligation and interest attach us to it, not instinct. It is, however, so necessary to be cultivated, and the prosperity of all societies, as well as the grandeur of some, depends upon it so much, that orators by their eloquence, and poets by their enthusiasm, have endeavoured to work up this precept of morality into a principle of passion. But the examples which we find in history, improved by the lively descriptions and the just applauses or censures of historians, will have a much better and more permanent effect than declamation, or song, or the dry ethics of mere philosophy.

### *Unreasonableness of Complaints of the Shortness of Human Life.*

I think very differently from most men of the time we have to pass, and the business we have to do, in this world. I think we have more of one, and less of the other, than is commonly supposed. Our want of time, and the shortness of human life, are some of the principal common-place complaints which we prefer against the established order of things; they are the grumblings of the vulgar, and the pathetic lamentations of the philosopher; but they are impertinent and impious in both. The man of business despises the man of pleasure for squandering his time away; the man of pleasure pities or laughs at the man of business for the same thing; and yet both concur superciliously and absurdly to find fault with the Supreme Being for having given them so little time. The philosopher, who misspends it very often as much as the others, joins in the same cry, and authorises this impiety. Theophrastus thought it extremely hard to die at ninety, and to go out of the world when he had just learned how to live in it. His master Aristotle found fault with nature for treating man in this respect worse than several other animals; both very unphilosophically! and I love Seneca the better for his quarrel with the Stagirite on this head. We see, in so many instances, a just proportion of things, according to their several relations to one another, that philosophy should lead us to conclude this proportion preserved, even where we cannot discern it; instead of leading us to conclude that it is not preserved where we do not discern it, or where we think that we see the contrary. To conclude otherwise is shocking presumption. It is to presume that the system of the universe would have been more wisely contrived, if creatures of our low rank among intellectual natures had been called to the councils of the Most High; or that the Creator ought to mend his work by the advice of the creature. That life which seems to our self-love so short, when we compare it with the ideas we frame of eternity, or even with the duration of some other beings, will appear sufficient, upon a less partial view, to all the ends of the creation, and of a just proportion in the successive course of generations. The term itself is long; we render it short; and the want we complain of flows from our profusion, not from our poverty.

Let us leave the men of pleasure and of business, who are often candid enough to own that they throw away their time, and thereby to confess that they complain of the Supreme Being for no other reason than this, that he has not proportioned his bounty to their extravagance. Let us consider the scholar and philosopher, who, far from owning that he throws any time away, reproves others for doing it; that solemn mortal who abstains from the pleasures, and declines the business of the world, that he may dedicate his whole time to the search of truth and the improvement of knowledge. When such a one complains of the shortness of human life in general, or of his remaining share in particular, might not a man more reasonable, though less solemn, expostulate thus with him: 'Your complaint is indeed consistent with your practice; but you would not possibly renew your complaint if you reviewed your practice. Though reading makes a scholar, yet every scholar is not a philosopher, nor every philosopher a wise man. It costs you twenty years to devour all the volumes on one side of your library; you came out a great critic in Latin and Greek, in the oriental tongues, in history and chronology; but you were not satisfied. You confessed that these were the *literæ nihil sanantes*, and you wanted more time to acquire other knowledge. You have had this time; you have passed twenty years more on the other side of your liberty, among philosophers, rabbis, commentators, schoolmen, and whole legions of modern doctors. You are extremely well versed in all that has been written concerning the nature of God, and of the soul of man, about matter and form, body and spirit, and space and eternal essences, and incorporeal substances, and the rest of those profound speculations. You are a master of the controversies that have arisen about nature and grace, about predestination and freewill, and all the other abstruse questions that have made so much noise in the schools, and done so much hurt in the world. You are going on, as fast as the infirmities you have contracted will permit, in the same course of study; but you begin to foresee that you shall want time, and you make grievous complaints of the shortness of human life. Give me leave now to ask you how many thousand years God must prolong your life in order to reconcile you to his wisdom and goodness? It is plain, at least highly probable, that a life as long as that of the most aged of the patriarchs would be too short to answer your purposes; since the researches and disputes in which you are engaged have been already for a much longer time the objects of learned inquiries, and remain still as imperfect and undetermined as they were at first. But let me ask you again, and deceive neither yourself nor me, have you, in the course of these forty years, once examined the first principles and the fundamental facts on which all those questions depend, with an absolute indifference of judgment, and with a scrupulous exactness? with the same care that you have employed in examining the various consequences drawn from them, and the heterodox opinions about them? Have you not taken them for granted in the whole course of your studies? Or, if you have looked now and then on the state of the proofs brought to maintain them, have you not done it as a mathematician looks over a demonstration formerly made—to refresh his memory, not to satisfy any doubt? If you have thus examined, it may appear marvellous to some that you have spent so much time in many parts of those studies which have reduced you to this hectic condition of so much heat and weakness. But if you have not thus examined, it must be evident to all, nay, to yourself on the least cool reflection, that you are still, notwithstanding all your learning, in a state of ignorance. For knowledge can alone produce knowledge; and without such an examination of axioms and facts, you can have none about inferences.'

In this manner one might expostulate very reasonably with many a great scholar, many a profound philosopher, many a dogmatical casuist. And it serves to set the complaints about want of time, and the shortness of human life, in a very ridiculous but a true light.

### *Pleasures of a Patriot.*

Neither Montaigne in writing his essays, nor Descartes in building new worlds, nor Burnet in framing an antediluvian earth, no, nor Newton in discovering and establishing the true laws of nature on experiment and a sublimer geometry, felt more intellectual joys, than he feels who is a real patriot, who bends all the force of his understanding, and directs all his thoughts and actions, to the good of his country. When such a man forms a political scheme, and adjusts various and seemingly independent parts in it to one great and good design, he is transported by imagination, or absorbed in meditation, as much and as agreeably as they; and the satisfaction that arises from the different importance of these objects, in every step of the work, is vastly in his favour. It is here that the speculative philosopher's labour and pleasure end. But he who speculates in order to act, goes on and carries his scheme into execution. His labour continues, it varies, it increases; but so does his pleasure too. The execution, indeed, is often traversed, by unforeseen and untoward circumstances, by the perverseness or treachery of friends, and by the power or malice of enemies; but the first and the last of these animate, and the docility and fidelity of some men make amends for the perverseness and treachery of others. Whilst a great event is in suspense, the action warms, and the very suspense, made up of hope and fear, maintain no unpleasing agitation in the mind. If the event is decided successfully, such a man enjoys pleasure proportionable to the good he has done—a pleasure like to that which is attributed to the Supreme Being on a survey of his works. If the event is decided otherwise, and usurping courts or overbearing parties prevail, such a man has still the testimony of his conscience, and a sense of the honour he has acquired, to soothe his mind and support his courage. For although the course of state affairs be to those who meddle in them like a lottery, yet it is a lottery wherein no good man can be a loser; he may be reviled, it is true, instead of being applauded, and may suffer violence of many kinds. I will not say, like Seneca, that the noblest spectacle which God can behold is a virtuous man suffering, and struggling with afflictions; but this I will say, that the second Cato, driven out of the forum, and dragged to prison, enjoyed more inward pleasure, and maintained more outward dignity, than they who insulted him, and who triumphed in the ruin of their country.

### *Wise, Distinguished from Cunning Ministers.*

We may observe much the same difference between wisdom and cunning, both as to the objects they propose and to the means they employ, as we observe between the visual powers of different men. One sees distinctly the objects that are near to him, their immediate relations, and their direct tendencies: and a sight like this serves well enough the purpose of those who concern themselves no further. The cunning minister is one of those: he neither sees, nor is concerned to see, any further than his personal interests and the support of his administration require. If such a man overcomes any actual difficulty, avoids any immediate distress, or, without doing either of these effectually, gains a little time by all the low artifice which cunning is ready to suggest and baseness of mind to employ, he triumphs, and is flattered by his mercenary train on the great event; which amounts often to no more than this, that he got into distress by one series of faults, and out of it by another. The wise minister sees, and is concerned to see further, because government has a further concern: he sees the objects that are distant as well as those that are near, and all their remote relations, and even their indirect tendencies. He thinks of fame as well as of applause, and prefers that, which to be enjoyed must be given, to that which may be bought. He considers his administration as a single day in the great year of government; but as a day that is affected by those which went before, and that must affect those which are to follow. He combines, therefore, and compares all these objects, relations, and tendencies; and the judgment he makes on an entire, not a partial survey of them, is the rule of his conduct. That scheme of the reason of state, which lies open before a wise minister, contains all the great principles of government, and all the great interests of his country: so that, as he prepares some events, he prepares against others, whether they be likely to happen during his administration, or in some future time.

Parts of Pope's *Essay on Man* bear a strong resemblance to passages in Bolingbroke's treatises. The poet had the priority of publication, but the peer was the preceptor. The principles of Pope on religious subjects were loose and unfixed; Bolingbroke carried him further in his metaphysical speculation than he perceived at the time, and Pope was overjoyed when Warburton came forward with his forced and pedantic commentary, to reconcile the *Essay on Man* to Christian doctrine. 'You understand my system,' he said, 'better than I do myself.' The system was the stamina of Bolingbroke's philosophy (which the poet did not fully comprehend) communicated, as the peer happily expresses it, in addressing Pope, in their private hours—'when we saunter alone, or as we have often done, with good Arbuthnot and the jocose Dean of St Patrick's, among the multiplied scenes of your little garden.'

### LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

Few persons, and especially ladies, have united so much solid sense and learning to wit, fancy, and lively powers of description, as **LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU**. In epistolary composition she has very few equals, and scarcely a superior. Horace Walpole may be more witty and sarcastic, and Cowper more unaffectedly natural, pure, and delightful; yet if we consider the variety and novelty of the objects described in Lady Mary's letters, the fund of anecdote and observation they display, the just reflections that spring out of them, and the happy clearness and idiomatic grace of her style, we shall hesitate in placing her below any letter-writer that England has yet produced. This accomplished lady was the eldest daughter of the Duke of Kingston, and was born in 1690. She was educated under the superintendence of Bishop Burnet, and in youth was a close student and indefatigable reader. In 1712 she married Mr Edward Wortley Montagu, and on her husband being appointed a commissioner of the treasury, she was introduced to the courtly and polished circles, and made the friendship of Addison, Congreve, Pope, and the other distinguished literati of that period. Her personal beauty and the charms of her conversation were then unrivalled. In 1716, her husband was appointed ambassador to the Porte, and Lady Mary accompanied him to Constantinople. During her journey and her residence in the Levant, she corresponded with her sister, the Countess of Mar, Lady Rich, Pope, &c. delineating European and Turkish scenery and manners with accuracy and minuteness. On observing among the villagers in Turkey the practice of inoculating for the small-pox, she became convinced of its utility and efficacy, and applied it to her own son, at that time about three years old. By great exertions Lady Mary afterwards established the practice of inoculation in England, and conferred a lasting benefit on her native country and on mankind. In 1718, her husband being recalled from his embassy, she returned to England, and, by the advice of Pope, settled at Twickenham. The rival wits did not long continue friends. Pope wrote high-flown panegyrics and half-concealed love-letters to Lady Mary, and she treated them with silence or ridicule. On one occasion, he is said to have made a tender *declaration*, which threw the lady into an immoderate fit of laughter, and made the sensitive poet ever afterwards her implacable enemy. Lady Mary also wrote verses, town eclogues, and epigrams, and Pope confessed that she had too much wit for him. The cool self-possession of the lady of rank and fashion, joined to her sarcastic powers, proved an overmatch for the jealous retired author, tremblingly alive to the shafts of ridicule. In 1739, her health having declined, Lady Mary left England and her husband to travel and live abroad. She visited Rome, Naples, &c. and settled at Lovere, in the Venetian territory, whence she corresponded freely and fully with her female friends and relatives. Mr Montagu died in 1761, and Lady Mary was prevailed upon by her daughter, the Countess of Bute to return to England. She arrived in October 1761, but died in the following year. Her letters were first printed surreptitiously in 1763. A more complete edition of her works was published in five volumes in 1803; and another, edited by her great-grandson, Lord Wharncliffe, with additional letters and information, in 1837. A later edition (1861), edited by Mr Moy Thomas, is still more complete and correct. The letters from Constantinople and France have been printed in various shapes. The wit and talent of Lady Mary are visible throughout the whole of her correspondence, but there is often a want of feminine softness and delicacy. Her desire to convey scandal, or to paint graphically, leads her into offensive details, which the more decorous taste of the present age can hardly tolerate. She described what she saw and heard without being scrupulous; and her strong masculine understanding, and carelessness as to refinement in habits or expressions, render her sometimes apparently unamiable and unfeeling. As models of the epistolary style, easy, familiar, and elegant, no less than as pictures of foreign scenery and manners, and fashionable gossip, the letters of Lady Mary must, however, ever maintain a high place in our national literature. They are truly *letters*, not critical or didactic essays enlivened by formal compliment and elaborate wit. Some rather objectionable letters, published even in Lord Wharncliffe's edition (vol. ii. pp. 104-121), were assuredly not written by Lady Mary, but are forgeries by John Cleland, son of Pope's friend Major Cleland, a clever unprincipled littérateur, who lived down to the close of the century.

### *To E. W. Montagu—On Matrimonial Happiness.*

If we marry, our happiness must consist in loving one another: 'tis principally my concern to think of the most probable method of making that love eternal. You object against living in London; I am not fond of it myself, and readily give it up to you, though I am assured there needs more art to keep a fondness alive in solitude, where it generally preys upon itself. There is one article absolutely necessary—to be ever beloved, one must be ever agreeable. There is no such thing as being agreeable without a thorough good-humour, a natural sweetness of temper, enlivened by cheerfulness. Whatever natural fund of gaiety one is born with, 'tis necessary to be entertained with agreeable objects. Anybody capable of tasting pleasure, when they confine themselves to one place, should take care 'tis the place in the world the most agreeable. Whatever you may now think—now, perhaps, you have some fondness for me—though your love should continue in its full force, there are hours when the most beloved mistress would be troublesome. People are not for ever—nor is it in human nature that they should be—disposed to be fond; you would be glad to find in me the friend and the companion. To be agreeably the last, it is necessary to be gay and entertaining. A perpetual solitude, in a place where you see nothing to raise your spirits, at length wears them out, and conversation insensibly falls into dull and insipid. When I have no more to say to you, you will like me no longer. How dreadful is that view! You will reflect, for my sake you have abandoned the conversation of a friend that you liked, and your situation in a country where all things would have contributed to make your life pass in (the true *volupté*) a smooth tranquillity. *I* shall lose the vivacity which should entertain you, and *you* will have nothing to recompense you for what you have lost. Very few people that have settled entirely in the country, but have grown at length weary of one another. The lady's conversation generally falls into a thousand impertinent effects of idleness; and the gentleman falls *in* love with his dogs and his horses, and *out* of love with everything else. I am now arguing in favour of the town; you have answered me to that point. In respect of your health, 'tis the first thing to be considered, and I shall never ask you to do anything injurious to that. But 'tis my opinion, 'tis necessary to be happy that we neither of us think any place more agreeable than that where we are. . . .

### *To Mr Pope—Eastern Manners and Language.*

ADRIANOPLE, *April* 1, O. S., 1717.

I no longer look upon Theocritus as a romantic writer; he has only given a plain image of the way of life amongst the peasants of his country, who, before oppression had reduced them to want, were, I suppose, all employed as the better sort of them are now. I don't doubt, had he been born a Briton, but his *Idylliums* had been filled with descriptions of thrashing and churning, both which are unknown here, the corn being all trodden out by oxen; the butter—I speak it with sorrow—unheard of.

I read over your Homer here with an infinite pleasure, and find several little passages explained that I did not before entirely comprehend the beauty of; many of the customs and much of the dress then in fashion, being yet retained. I don't wonder to find more remains here of an age so distant, than is to be found in any other country; the Turks not taking that pains to introduce their own manners, as has been generally practised by other nations, that imagine themselves more polite. It would be too tedious to you to point out all the passages that relate to present customs. But I can assure you that the princesses and great ladies pass their time at their looms, embroidering veils and robes, surrounded by their maids, which are always very numerous, in the same manner as we find Andromache and Helen described. The description of the belt of Menelaus exactly resembles those that are now worn by the great men, fastened before with broad golden clasps, and embroidered round with rich work. The snowy veil that Helen throws over her face is still fashionable; and I never see half-a-dozen of old bashaws—as I do very often—with their reverend beards, sitting basking in the sun, but I recollect good king Priam and his counsellors. Their manner of dancing is certainly the same that Diana is *sung* to have danced on the banks of Eurotas. The great lady still leads the dance, and is followed by a troop of young girls, who imitate her steps, and if she sings, make up the chorus. The tunes are extremely gay and lively, yet with something in them wonderfully soft. The steps are varied according to the pleasure of her that leads the dance, but always in exact time, and infinitely more agreeable than any of our dances, at least in my opinion. I sometimes make one in the train, but am not skilful enough to lead; these are the Grecian dances, the Turkish being very different.

I should have told you, in the first place, that the eastern manners give a great light into many Scripture passages that appear odd to us, their phrases being commonly what we should call Scripture language. The vulgar Turk is very different from what is spoken at court, or amongst the people of figure, who always mix so much Arabic and Persian in their discourse, that it may very well be called another language. And 'tis as ridiculous to make use of the expressions commonly used, in speaking to a great man or lady, as it would be to speak broad Yorkshire or Somersetshire in the drawing-room. Besides this distinction, they have what they call the *sublime*, that is, a style proper for poetry, and which is the exact Scripture style. I believe you will be pleased to see a genuine example of this; and I am very glad I have it in my power to satisfy your curiosity, by sending you a faithful copy of the verses that Ibrahim Pasha, the reigning favourite, has made for the young princess, his contracted wife, whom he is not yet permitted to visit without witnesses, though she is gone home to his house. He is a man of wit and learning; and whether or no he is capable of writing good verse, you may be sure that on such an occasion he would not want the assistance of the best poets in the empire. Thus the verses may be looked upon as a sample of their finest poetry; and I don't doubt you'll be of my mind, that it is most wonderfully resembling the *Song of Solomon*, which was also addressed to a royal bride.

The nightingale now wanders in the vines:
Her passion is to seek roses.

I went down to admire the beauty of the vines:
The sweetness of your charms has ravished my soul.

Your eyes are black and lovely,
But wild and disdainful as those of a stag.[1]

The wished possession is delayed from day to day;
The cruel sultan Achmet will not permit me
To see those cheeks, more vermilion than roses.

I dare not snatch one of your kisses;
The sweetness of your charms has ravished my soul.

Your eyes are black and lovely,
But wild and disdainful as those of a stag.

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[1] Sir W. Jones, in the preface to his *Persian Grammar*, objects to this translation. The expression is merely analogous to the *Boôpis* of Homer.

The wretched Ibrahim sighs in these verses:
One dart from your eyes has pierced through my heart.

Ah! when will the hour of possession arrive?
Must I yet wait a long time?
The sweetness of your charms has ravished my soul.

Ah, sultana! stag-eyed—an angel amongst angels!
I desire, and my desire remains unsatisfied.
Can you take delight to prey upon my heart?

My cries pierce the heavens!
My eyes are without sleep!
Turn to me, sultana—let me gaze on thy beauty.

Adieu—I go down to the grave.
If you call me, I return.
My heart is—hot as sulphur; sigh, and it will flame.

Crown of my life!—fair light of my eyes!
My sultana!—my princess!
I rub my face against the earth—I am drowned in scalding tears—I rave!
Have you no compassion? Will you not turn to look upon me?

I have taken abundance of pains to get these verses in a literal translation; and if you were acquainted with my interpreters, I might spare myself the trouble of assuring you that they have received no poetical touches from their hands.

### *To Mrs S. C.* [*Sarah Chiswell*]*—Inoculation for the Small-pox.*

ADRIANOPLE, *April* 1, O. S. 1717.

Apropos of distempers, I am going to tell you a thing that will make you wish yourself here. The small-pox, so fatal and so general amongst us, is here entirely harmless, by the invention of *ingrafting*, which is the term they give it. There is a set of old women who make it their business to perform the operation every autumn, in the month of September, when the great heat is abated. People send to one another to know if any of their family has a mind to have the small-pox; they make parties for this purpose, and when they are met—commonly fifteen or sixteen together—the old woman comes with a nut-shell full of the matter of the best sort of small-pox, and asks what veins you please to have opened. She immediately rips open that you offer to her with a large needle—which gives you no more pain than a common scratch—and puts into the vein as much matter as can lie upon the head of her needle, and after that binds up the little wound with a hollow bit of shell; and in this manner opens four or five veins. The Grecians have commonly the superstition of opening one in the middle of the forehead, one in each arm, and one on the breast, to mark the sign of the cross; but this has a very ill effect, all these wounds leaving little scars, and is not done by those that are not superstitious, who choose to have them in the legs, or that part of the arm that is concealed. The children or young patients play together all the rest of the day, and are in perfect health to the eighth. Then the fever begins to seize them, and they keep their beds two days, very seldom three. They have very rarely above twenty or thirty in their faces, which never mark; and in eight days' time, they are as well as before their illness. Where they are wounded, there remain running sores during the distemper, which I don't doubt is a great relief to it. Every year thousands undergo this operation; and the French ambassador says pleasantly, that they take the small-pox here by way of diversion, as they take the waters in other countries. There is no example of any one that has died in it; and you may believe I am well satisfied of the safety of this experiment, since I intend to try it on my dear little son.

I am patriot enough to take pains to bring this useful invention into fashion in England; and I should not fail to write to some of our doctors very particularly about it, if I knew any one of them that I thought had virtue enough to destroy such a considerable branch of their revenue for the good of mankind. But that distemper is too beneficial to them, not to expose to all their resentment the hardy wight that should undertake to put an end to it. Perhaps, if I live to return, I may, however, have courage to war with them. Upon this occasion, admire the heroism in the heart of your friend, &c.

### *To Lady Rich—France in* 1718.

PARIS, *Oct.* 10, O. S. 1718.

The air of Paris has already had a good effect upon me; for I was never in better health, though I have been extremely ill all the road from Lyons to this place. You may judge how agreeable the journey has been to me, which did not want that addition to make me dislike it. I think nothing so terrible as objects of misery, except one had the Godlike attribute of being capable to redress them; and all the country villages of France shew nothing else. While the post-horses are changed, the whole town comes out to beg, with such miserable starved faces, and thin tattered clothes, they need no other eloquence to persuade one of the wretchedness of their condition. This is all the French magnificence till you come to Fontainebleau, where you are shewed one thousand five hundred rooms in the king's hunting-palace. The apartments of the royal family are very large, and richly gilt; but I saw nothing in the architecture or painting worth remembering. . . .

I have seen all the beauties, and such —— (I can't help making use of the coarse word) nauseous creatures! so fantastically absurd in their dress! so monstrously unnatural in their paints! their hair cut short, and curled round their faces, and so loaded with powder, that it makes it look like white wool! and on their cheeks to their chins, unmercifully laid on a shining red japan, that glistens in a most flaming manner, so that they seem to have no resemblance to human faces. I am apt to believe that they took the first hint of their dress from a fair sheep newly ruddled. 'Tis with pleasure I recollect my dear pretty countrywomen: and if I was writing to anybody else, I should say that these grotesque daubers give me still a higher esteem of the natural charms of dear Lady Rich's auburn hair, and the lively colours of her unsullied complexion.

### *To the Countess of Bute—On Female Education.*

LOVERE, *Jan.* 28, N. S. 1753.

DEAR CHILD—You have given me a great deal of satisfaction by your account of your eldest daughter. I am particularly pleased to hear she is a good arithmetician; it is the best proof of understanding: the knowledge of numbers is one of the chief distinctions between us and brutes. If there is anything in blood, you may reasonably expect your children should be endowed with an uncommon share of good sense. Mr Wortley's family and mine have both produced some of the greatest men that have been born in England; I mean Admiral Sandwich, and my grandfather, who was distinguished by the name of Wise William. I have heard Lord Bute's father mentioned as an extraordinary genius, though he had not many opportunities of shewing it; and his uncle the present Duke of Argyll has one of the best heads I ever knew. I will therefore speak to you as supposing Lady Mary not only capable, but desirous of learning; in that case, by all means let her be indulged in it. You will tell me I did not make it a part of your education; your prospect was very different from hers. As you had much in your circumstances to attract the highest offers, it seemed your business to learn how to live in the world, as it is hers to know how to be easy out of it. It is the common error of builders and parents to follow some plan they think beautiful—and perhaps is so—without considering that nothing is beautiful which is displaced. Hence we see so many edifices raised, that the raisers can never inhabit, being too large for their fortunes. Vistas are laid open over barren heaths, and apartments contrived for a coolness very agreeable in Italy, but killing in the north of Britain; thus every woman endeavours to breed her daughter a fine lady, qualifying her for a station in which she will never appear, and at the same time incapacitating her for that retirement to which she is destined. Learning, if she has a real taste for it, will not only make her contented, but happy in it. No entertainment is so cheap as reading, nor any pleasures so lasting. She will not want new fashions, nor regret the loss of expensive diversions, or variety of company, if she can be amused with an author in her closet. To render this amusement complete, she should be permitted to learn the languages. I have heard it lamented that boys lose so many years in mere learning of words: this is no objection to a girl, whose time is not so precious: she cannot advance herself in any profession, and has therefore more hours to spare; and as you say her memory is good, she will be very agreeably employed this way. There are two cautions to be given on this subject: First, not to think herself learned when she can read Latin, or even Greek. Languages are more properly to be called vehicles of learning than learning itself, as may be observed in many schoolmasters, who, though perhaps critics in grammar, are the most ignorant fellows upon earth. True knowledge consists in knowing things, not words. I would no further wish her a linguist than to enable her to read books in their originals, that are often corrupted, and are always injured, by translations. Two hours' application every morning will bring this about much sooner than you can imagine, and she will have leisure enough besides to run over the English poetry, which is a more important part of a woman's education than it is generally supposed. Many a young damsel has been ruined by a fine copy of verses, which she would have laughed at if she had but known it had been stolen from Mr Waller. I remember, when I was a girl, I saved one of my companions from destruction, who communicated to me an epistle she was quite charmed with. As she had naturally a good taste, she observed the lines were not so smooth as Prior's or Pope's, but had more thought and spirit than any of theirs. She was wonderfully delighted with such a demonstration of her lover's sense and passion, and not a little pleased with her own charms, that had force enough to inspire such elegances. In the midst of this triumph, I shewed her that they were taken from Randolph's poems, and the unfortunate transcriber was dismissed with the scorn he deserved. To say truth, the poor plagiary was very unlucky to fall into my hands: that author being no longer in fashion, would have escaped any one of less universal reading than myself. You should encourage your daughter to talk over with you what she reads; and as you are very capable of distinguishing, take care she does not mistake pert folly for wit and humour, or rhyme for poetry, which are the common errors of young people, and have a train of ill consequences. The second caution to be given her—and which is most absolutely necessary—is to conceal whatever learning she attains, with as much solicitude as she would hide crookedness or lameness: the parade of it can only serve to draw on her the envy, and consequently the most inveterate hatred, of all he and she fools, which will certainly be at least three parts in four of her acquaintance. The use of knowledge in our sex, beside the amusement of solitude, is to moderate the passions, and learn to be contented with a small expense, which are the certain effects of a studious life; and it may be preferable even to that fame which men have engrossed to themselves, and will not suffer us to share. At the same time I recommend books, I neither exclude work nor drawing. I think it is as scandalous for a woman not to know how to use a needle, as for a man not to know how to use a sword. I was once extremely fond of my pencil, and it was a great mortification to me when my father turned off my master, having made a considerable progress for the short time I learned. My over-eagerness in the pursuit of it had brought a weakness in my eyes, that made it necessary to leave off; and all the advantage I got was the improvement of my hand. I see by hers that practice will make her a ready writer: she may attain it by serving you for a secretary, when your health or affairs make it troublesome to you to write yourself; and custom will make it an agreeable amusement to her. She cannot have too many for that station of life which will probably be her fate. The ultimate end of your education was to make you a good wife—and I have the comfort to hear that you are one; hers ought to be to make her happy in a virgin state. I will not say it is happier, but it is undoubtedly safer than any marriage. In a lottery, where there is—at the lowest computation—ten thousand blanks to a prize, it is the most prudent choice not to venture. I have always been so thoroughly persuaded of this truth, that, notwithstanding the flattering views I had for you—as I never intended you a sacrifice to my vanity—I thought I owed you the justice to lay before you all the hazards attending matrimony: you may recollect I did so in the strongest manner. Perhaps you may have more success in the instructing your daughter; she has so much company at home, she will not need seeking it abroad, and will more readily take the notions you think fit to give her. As you were alone in my family, it would have been thought a great cruelty to suffer you no companions of your own age, especially having so many near relations, and I do not wonder their opinions influenced yours. I was not sorry to see you not determined on a single life, knowing it was not your father's intention; and contented myself with endeavouring to make your home so easy, that you might not be in haste to leave it.

I am afraid you will think this a very long insignificant letter. I hope the kindness of the design will excuse it, being willing to give you every proof in my power that I am your most affectionate mother.

## WILLIAM WOTTON.

WILLIAM WOTTON (1666–1726), a clergyman in Buckinghamshire, whom we have mentioned as the author of a reply to Sir William Temple, wrote various other works, including remarks on Swift's *Tale of a Tub*. In childhood, his talent for languages was so extraordinary and precocious, that it is related of him, though the statement is highly improbable, that when five years old he was able to read Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, almost as well as English! At the age of twelve he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts, previously to which he had gained an extensive acquaintance with several additional languages, including Arabic, Syriac, and Chaldee; as well as with geography, logic, philosophy, chronology, and mathematics. As in many similar cases, however, the expectations held out by his early proficiency were *not* justified by any great achievements in after-life. We quote the following passage from his *Reflections upon Ancient and Modern Learning* (1694), chiefly because it records the change of manners which took place among literary men during the seventeenth century :

### *Decline of Pedantry in England.*

The last of Sir William Temple's reasons of the great decay of modern learning is pedantry ; the urging of which is an evident argument that his discourse is levelled against learning, not as it stands now, but as it was fifty or sixty years ago. For the new philosophy has introduced so great a correspondence between men of learning and men of business ; which has also been increased by other accidents amongst the masters of other learned professions ; and that pedantry which formerly was almost universal is now in a great measure disused, especially amongst the young men, who are taught in the universities to laugh at that frequent citation of scraps of Latin in common discourse, or upon arguments that do not require it ; and that nauseous ostentation of reading and scholarship in public companies, which formerly was so much in fashion. Affecting to write politely in modern languages, especially the French and ours, has also helped very much to lessen it, because it has enabled abundance of men, who wanted academical education, to talk plausibly, and some exactly, upon very many learned subjects. This also has made writers habitually careful to avoid those impertinences which they know would be taken notice of and ridiculed ; and it is probable that a careful perusal of the fine new French books, which of late years have been greedily sought after by the politer sort of gentlemen and scholars, may in this particular have done abundance of good. By this means, and by the help also of some other concurrent causes, those who were not learned themselves being able to maintain disputes with those that were, forced them to talk more warily, and brought them, by little and little, to be out of countenance at that vain thrusting of their learning into everything, which before had been but too visible.

## TOM D'URFEY AND TOM BROWN.

Very different in character from these grave and erudite authors were their contemporaries, TOM D'URFEY (*circa* 1630-1723) and TOM BROWN (1663-1704), who entertained the public with occasional whimsical compositions both in prose and verse, which are now valued only as conveying some idea of the taste and manners of the time. D'Urfey's first work was a heroic poem *Archery Revived* (1676), and he continued to write plays, operas, poems, and songs. His comedies possess some farcical humour, but are too coarse and licentious for the stage. As a lively and facetious companion, his society was greatly courted, and he was a distinguished composer of jovial and party songs. In the 29th number of the *Guardian*, Steele mentions a collection of sonnets published under the title of *Laugh and be Fat, or Pills to Purge Melancholy;* at the same time censuring the world for ungratefully neglecting to reward the jocose labours of D'Urfey, 'who was so large a contributor to this treatise, and to whose humorous productions so many rural squires in the remotest part of this island are obliged for the dignity and state which corpulency gives them.' In the 67th number of the same work, Addison humorously solicits the attendance of his readers at a play for D'Urfey's benefit. The songs and other pieces of D'Urfey ultimately extended to six volumes, and were entitled : *Wit and Mirth, or Pills to Purge Melancholy, &c.* (1720). TOM BROWN appeared as an author about 1688. He was a 'merry fellow' and libertine, who, having by his immoral conduct lost the situation of schoolmaster at Kingston-upon-Thames, became a professional author and libeller in the metropolis. His writings, which consist of dialogues, letters, poems, and other miscellanies, display considerable learning as well as shrewdness and humour, but are deformed by obscene and scurrilous buffoonery.

### *Letter from Scarron in the Next World to Louis XIV.*

All the conversation of this lower world at present runs upon you ; and the devil a word we can hear in any of our coffee-houses but what his Gallic majesty is more or less concerned in. 'Tis agreed on by all our virtuosos, that since the days of Dioclesian, no prince has been so great a benefactor to hell as yourself ; and as much a master of eloquence as I was once thought to be at Paris, I want words to tell you how much you are commended here for so heroically trampling under foot the treaty of Ryswick (1697), and opening a new scene of war in your great climacteric, at which age most of the princes before you were such recreants as to think of making up their scores with Heaven, and leaving their neighbours in peace. But you, they say, are above such sordid precedents ; and rather than Pluto should want men to people his dominions, are willing to spare him half a million of your own subjects, and that at a juncture, too, when you are not overstocked with them.

This has gained you a universal applause in these regions ; the three Furies sing your praises in every street ; Bellona swears there's never a prince in Christendom worth hanging besides yourself ; and Charon bustles for you in all companies. He desired me about a week ago to present his most humble respects to you ; adding, that if it had not been for your majesty, he, with his wife and children, must long ago been quartered upon the parish ; for which reason he duly drinks your health every morning in a cup of cold Styx next his conscience.

Last week, as I was sitting with some of my acquaintance in a public-house, after a great deal of impertinent chat about the affairs of the Milanese and the intended siege of Mantua, the whole company fell a-talking of your majesty, and what glorious exploits you had performed in your time. 'Why, gentlemen,' says an ill-looked rascal, who proved to be Herostratus, 'for Pluto's sake, let not the Grand Monarch run away with all your praises. I have done something memorable in my time too : 'twas I who, out of the *gaieté de cœur*, and to perpetuate my name, fired the famous temple of the Ephesian Diana, and in two hours consumed that magnificent structure, which was two hundred years a-building ; therefore, gentlemen, lavish not away all your praises, I beseech you, upon one man, but allow others their share.' 'Why, thou diminutive, inconsiderable wretch,' said I in a great passion to him—'thou worthless idle loggerhead—thou pigmy in sin—thou Tom Thumb in iniquity, how dares such a puny insect as thou art have the impudence to enter the lists with Louis le Grand ? Thou valuest thyself upon firing a church, but how ? when the mistress of the house was gone out to assist Olympias. 'Tis plain, thou hadst not the courage to do it when the goddess was present, and upon the spot. But what is this to what my royal master can boast of, that had destroyed a hundred and a hundred such foolish fabrics in his time?'

He had no sooner made his exit, but, cries an odd sort of spark, with his hat buttoned up before, like a country scraper : 'Under favour, sir, what do you think of me?' 'Why, who are you?' replied I to him. 'Who am I ?' answered he ; 'why, Nero, the sixth emperor of Rome, that murdered my'—— 'Come,' said I to him, 'to stop your prating, I know your history as well as yourself—that murdered your mother, kicked your wife down-stairs, despatched two apostles out of the world, begun the first persecution against the Christians, and, lastly, put your master Seneca to death.' [These actions are made light of, and the sarcastic shade proceeds]—'Whereas, his most Christian majesty, whose advocate I am resolved to be against all opposers whatever, has bravely and generously starved a million of poor Huguenots at home, and sent t'other million of them a-grazing into foreign countries, contrary to solemn edicts and repeated promises, for no other provocation, that I know of, but because they were such coxcombs as to place him upon the throne. In short, friend Nero, thou mayest pass for a rogue of the third or fourth class; but be advised by a stranger, and never shew thyself such a fool as to dispute the pre-eminence with Louis le Grand, who has murdered more men in his reign, let me tell thee, than thou hast murdered tunes, for all thou art the vilest thrummer upon catgut the sun ever beheld. However, to give the devil his due, I will say it before thy face and behind thy back, that if thou hadst reigned as many years as my gracious master has done, and hadst had, instead of Tigellinus, a Jesuit or two to have governed thy conscience, thou mightest, in all probability, have made a much more magnificent figure, and been inferior to none but the mighty monarch I have been talking of.'

### *An Indian's Account of a London Gaming-house.*

The English pretend that they worship but one God, but for my part, I don't believe what they say; for besides several living divinities, to which we may see them daily offer their vows, they have several other inanimate ones to whom they pay sacrifices, as I have observed at one of their public meetings, where I happened once to be.

In this place there is a great altar to be seen, built round and covered with a green *wachum*, lighted in the midst, and encompassed by several persons in a sitting posture, as we do at our domestic sacrifices. At the very moment I came into the room, one of those, who I supposed was the priest, spread upon the altar certain leaves which he took out of a little book that he held in his hand. Upon these leaves were represented certain figures very awkwardly painted; however, they must needs be the images of some divinities; for, in proportion as they were distributed round, each one of the assistants made an offering to it, greater or less, according to his devotion. I observed that these offerings were more considerable than those they make in their other temples.

After the aforesaid ceremony is over, the priest lays his hand in a trembling manner, as it were, upon the rest of the book, and continues some time in this posture, seized with fear, and without any action at all. All the rest of the company, attentive to what he does, are in suspense all the while, and the unmovable assistants are all of them in their turn possessed by different agitations, according to the spirit which happens to seize them. One joins his hands together, and blesses Heaven; another, very earnestly looking upon his image, grinds his teeth; a third bites his fingers, and stamps upon the ground with his feet. Every one of them, in short, makes such extraordinary postures and contortions, that they seem to be no longer rational creatures. But scarce has the priest returned a certain leaf, but he is likewise seized by the same fury with the rest. He tears the book, and devours it in his rage, throws down the altar, and curses the sacrifice. Nothing now is to be heard but complaints and groans, cries and imprecations. Seeing them so transported and so furious, I judge that the God that they worship is a jealous deity, who, to punish them for what they sacrifice to others, sends to each of them an evil demon to possess him.

### *Laconics, or New Maxims of State and Conversation.*

Though a soldier in time of peace is like a chimney in summer, yet what wise man would pluck down his chimney because his almanac tells him it is the middle of June.

If your friend is in want, don't carry him to the tavern, where you treat yourself as well as him, and entail a thirst and headache upon him next morning. To treat a poor wretch with a bottle of Burgundy, or fill his snuff-box, is like giving a pair of lace ruffles to a man that has never a shirt on his back. Put something into his pocket.

What is sauce for a goose is sauce for a gander. When any calamities befell the Roman empire, the pagans used to lay it to the charge of the Christians: when Christianity became the imperial religion, the Christians returned the same compliment to the pagans.

That which passes for current doctrine at one juncture and in one climate, won't do so in another. The cavaliers, in the beginning of the troubles, used to trump up the 12th of the *Romans* upon the parliament; the parliament trumped it upon the army, when they would not disband; the army back again upon the parliament, when they disputed their orders. Never was poor chapter so unmercifully tossed to and fro again.

Not to flatter ourselves, we English are none of the most constant and easy people in the world. When the late war pinched us—Oh! when shall we have a peace and trade again? We had no sooner a peace, but—Huzza, boys, for a new war! and that we shall soon be sick of.

It may be no scandal for us to imitate one good quality of a neighbouring nation, who are like the turf they burn, slow in kindling, but, when once thoroughly lighted, keep their fire.

What a fine thing it is to be well-mannered upon occasion! In the reign of King Charles II. a certain worthy divine at Whitehall thus addressed himself to the auditory at the conclusion of his sermon: 'In short, if you don't live up to the precepts of the gospel, but abandon yourselves to your irregular appetites, you must expect to receive your reward in a certain place which 'tis not good manners to mention here.'

Some divines make the same use of fathers and councils as our beaus do of their canes, not for support or defence, but mere ornament or show; and cover themselves with fine cobweb distinctions, as Homer's gods did with a cloud.

Some books, like the city of London, fare the better for being burnt.

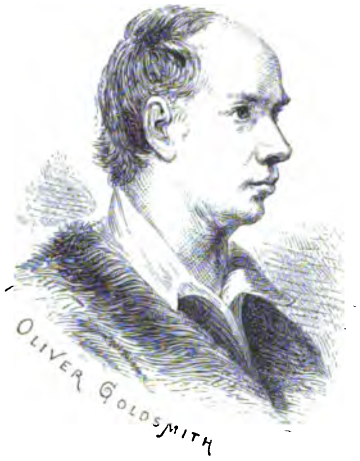
'Twas a merry saying of Rabelais, that a man ought to buy all the bad books that come out, because they will never be printed again.

A widow and a government are ready, upon all occasions, to tax the new husband and the new prince with the merits of their predecessors, unless the former husband was hanged, and the former king sent to grass; and then they bid them take fair warning by their destiny.

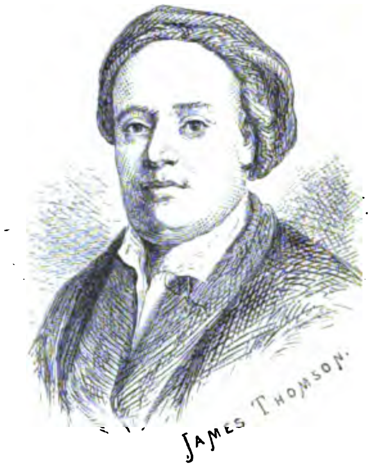
For a king to engage his people in war, to carry off every little ill humour of state, is like a physician's ordering his patient a flux for every pimple.

The surest way of governing, both in a private family and a kingdom, is for a husband and a prince sometimes to drop their prerogative.

All parties blame persecution when they feel the smart on't, and all practise it when they have the rod in their hands. For all his pretended meekness, Calvin made roast-meat of Servetus at Geneva, for his unorthodoxy.



OLIVER GOLDSMITH



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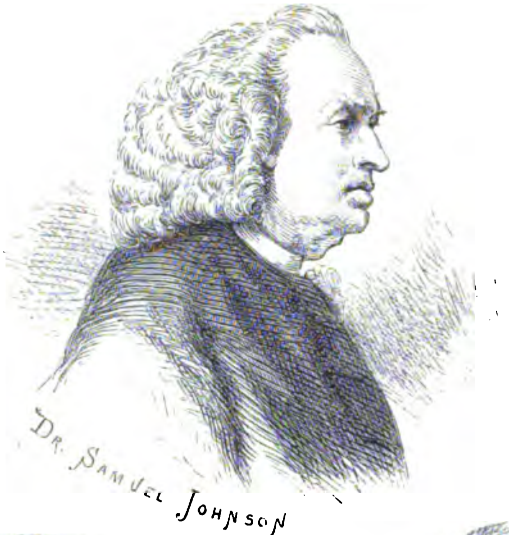
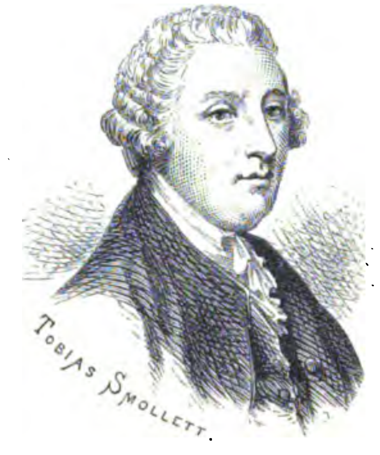


DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON



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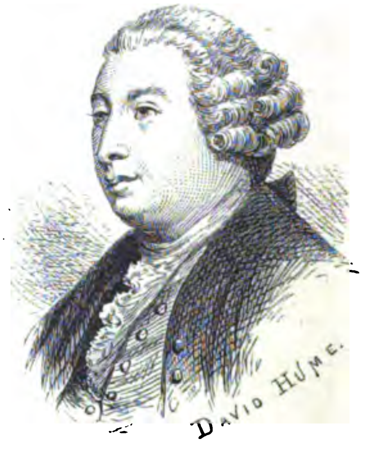

DAVID HUME.

J.P.P. del — C.Roberts Sc

VI.

GOLDSMITH
JOHNSON
CHATTERTON
MACPHERSON

# 1720. TO 1780.

# SIXTH PERIOD.

## THE REIGNS OF GEORGE II. & GEORGE III.

THE reign of George II. was not prolific of original genius. There was no rich patronage from the crown or from ministers of state to encourage or reward authors. The magnificence of Dorset and Halifax found no imitators. Sir Robert Walpole, the great minister of the period, is said to have spent in ten years—from 1731 to 1742—above £50,000 on public writers; but his liberality was extended only to obscure and unscrupulous partisans, the supporters of his government, whose names would have passed into oblivion but for the satire of Pope. And Pope himself, by his ridicule of poor authors and their Grub-street productions, helped to accelerate that downfall of the literary character which he charged upon the throne and the ministry. The tone of public morality also was low; and authors had to contend with the neglect and difficulties incident to a transition period between the loss of patronage and the growth of a reading public numerous and enlightened enough to appreciate and support sound literature. These disadvantages, however, were only partial. The novels of Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett render the reign of the second George the brightest epoch in English fiction. Hume and Robertson had also commenced as historians. In theology and mental philosophy, the names of Bishop Butler and Jonathan Edwards stand out prominently. Literary periodicals abounded, and monthly magazines were then first established.

In poetry, the name of Pope continued to be the greatest. His Moral Essays and Imitations of Horace—the happiest of his works—were produced in this period. The most distinguished of his contemporaries, however, adopted styles of their own, or at least departed widely from that of their illustrious master. Thomson—who survived Pope only four years—made no attempt to enter the school of polished satire and pungent wit. His enthusiastic descriptions of nature, and his warm poetical feeling, seemed to revive the spirit of the elder muse, and to assert the dignity of genuine inspiration. Young in his best performances—his startling denunciations of death and judgment, his solemn appeals, his piety, and his epigram—was equally an original. Gray and Collins aimed at the dazzling imagery and magnificence of lyrical poetry—the direct antipodes of Pope. Akenside descanted on the operations of the mind, and the associated charms of taste and genius, in a strain of melodious and original blank verse. And the best of the secondary poets, as Shenstone, Dyer, and Mason, had each a distinct and independent poetical character. Johnson alone, of all the eminent authors of this period, seems to have directly copied the style of Pope and Dryden. It is true that few or none of the poets we have named had much immediate influence on literature: Gray was ridiculed, and Collins was neglected, because both public taste and criticism had been vitiated and reduced to a low ebb. The spirit of true poetry, however, was not dead; the seed was sown, and in the next generation Cowper and Burns completed what Thomson had begun. The conventional style was destined to fall, leaving only that taste for correct language and polished versification which was established by the example of Pope, and found to be quite compatible with the utmost freedom and originality of conception and expression.

In the early part of the reign of George III. Johnson was still the great literary dictator, and he had yet to produce his best work, the *Lives of the Poets*. The exquisite poetry of Goldsmith, and the writings of Burke—that 'resplendent, far-sighted rhetorician'—are perhaps the most precious products of the period. In fiction, Sterne was triumphantly successful, and he found many imitators, the best of whom was Henry Mackenzie. Several female writers—as Miss Burney, Mrs Inchbald, Charlotte Smith, and Mrs Radcliffe—also enjoyed great popularity, though they are now comparatively little read. The more solid departments of literature were well supported. Hume and Robertson completed their historical works, and a fitting rival or associate appeared in Gibbon, the great historian of the Roman Empire. In theological literature we have the names of Paley, and Campbell, and Blair—the latter highly popular, if not profound. In metaphysics or mental philosophy, the writings of Reid formed a sort of epoch; and Smith's *Wealth of Nations* first explained to the world, fully and systematically, the principles upon which the wealth and prosperity of states must ever rest.

One remarkable peculiarity of the period is, that it comprises the two most memorable of literary frauds or forgeries—those of Macpherson and Chatterton. Macpherson had some foundation for his Ossianic poems, though assuredly he discovered no epic in the Hebrides; and Chatterton, while yet a boy, possessed the genius of a true poet, combined with the taste and acquirements of the antiquary. It is some apology for these literary felonies or misdemeanours, that the oldest of the culprits was barely of age when he entered on his perilous and discreditable enterprise, and was encouraged and cheered on his course by popular applause. And as for the younger, his premature and tragic death—one of the saddest pages in literary history—must ever disarm criticism.

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## POETS.

### MATTHEW GREEN.

MATTHEW GREEN (1696-1737) was author of a poem, *The Spleen*, which received the praises of Pope and Gray. His parents were dissenters, but the poet, it is said, afterwards left their communion, disgusted with their austerity. He obtained an appointment as clerk in the Custom-house. His disposition was cheerful; but this did not save him from occasional attacks of low spirits, or spleen, as the favourite phrase was in his time. Having tried all imaginable remedies for his malady, he conceived himself at length able to treat it in a philosophical spirit, and therefore wrote his poem, which adverts to all its forms, and their appropriate remedies, in a style of comic verse resembling *Hudibras*, but allowed to be eminently original. Green terminated a quiet inoffensive life of celibacy in 1737, at the age of forty-one.

*The Spleen* was first published by Glover, the author of *Leonidas*, himself a poet of some pretension in his day. Gray thought that 'even the wood-notes of Green often break out into strains of real poetry and music.' As *The Spleen* is almost unknown to modern readers, we present a few of its best passages. The first that follows contains one line marked by italic, which is certainly one of the happiest and wisest things ever said by a British author. It seems, however, to be imitated from Shakspeare—

> Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
> And he retires.

*Cures for Melancholy.*

To cure the mind's wrong bias, spleen,
Some recommend the bowling-green;
Some hilly walks; all exercise;
*Fling but a stone, the giant dies;*
Laugh and be well. Monkeys have been
Extreme good doctors for the spleen;
And kitten, if the humour hit,
Has harlequined away the fit.
  Since mirth is good in this behalf,
At some particulars let us laugh. . . . .
  If spleen-fogs rise at break of day,
I clear my evening with a play,
Or to some concert take my way.
The company, the shine of lights,
The scenes of humour, music's flights,
Adjust and set the soul to rights.
  In rainy days keep double guard,
Or spleen will surely be too hard;
Which, like those fish by sailors met,
Fly highest while their wings are wet.
In such dull weather, so unfit
To enterprise a work of wit;
When clouds one yard of azure sky,
That 's fit for simile, deny,
I dress my face with studious looks,
And shorten tedious hours with books.
But if dull fogs invade the head,
That memory minds not what is read,
I sit in window dry as ark,
And on the drowning world remark:
Or to some coffee-house I stray
For news, the manna of a day,
And from the hipped discourses gather,
That politics go by the weather. . . .
  Sometimes I dress, with women sit,
And chat away the gloomy fit;
Quit the stiff garb of serious sense,
And wear a gay impertinence,
Nor think nor speak with any pains,
But lay on Fancy's neck the reins. . . .
  I never game, and rarely bet,
Am loath to lend or run in debt.
No Compter-writs me agitate;
Who moralising pass the gate,
And there mine eyes on spendthrifts turn,
Who vainly o'er their bondage mourn.
Wisdom, before beneath their care,
Pays her upbraiding visits there,
And forces Folly through the grate
Her panegyric to repeat.
This view, profusely when inclined,
Enters a caveat in the mind:
Experience, joined with common sense,
To mortals is a providence.
Reforming schemes are none of mine;
To mend the world 's a vast design:
Like theirs, who tug in little boat
To pull to them the ship afloat,
While to defeat their laboured end,
At once both wind and stream contend:
Success herein is seldom seen,
And zeal, when baffled, turns to spleen.
  Happy the man, who, innocent,
Grieves not at ills he can't prevent;
His skiff does with the current glide,
Not puffing pulled against the tide.
He, paddling by the scuffling crowd,
Sees unconcerned life's wager rowed,
And when he can't prevent foul play,
Enjoys the folly of the fray.
Yet philosophic love of ease
I suffer not to prove disease,
But rise up in the virtuous cause
Of a free press and equal laws.

*Contentment—A Wish.*

Forced by soft violence of prayer,
The blithesome goddess soothes my care;
I feel the deity inspire,
And thus she models my desire:
Two hundred pounds half-yearly paid,
Annuity securely made,
A farm some twenty miles from town,
Small, tight, salubrious, and my own;
Two maids that never saw the town,
A serving-man not quite a clown,
A boy to help to tread the mow,
And drive, while t' other holds the plough;
A chief, of temper formed to please,
Fit to converse and keep the keys;
And better to preserve the peace,
Commissioned by the name of niece;
With understandings of a size,
To think their master very wise.
May Heaven—it 's all I wish for—send
One genial room to treat a friend,
Where decent cupboard, little plate,
Display benevolence, not state.
And may my humble dwelling stand
Upon some chosen spot of land:
A pond before full to the brim,
Where cows may cool, and geese may swim;
Behind, a green, like velvet neat,
Soft to the eye, and to the feet;

Where odorous plants in evening fair
Breathe all around ambrosial air;
From Eurus, foe to kitchen ground,
Fenced by a slope with bushes crowned,
Fit dwelling for the feathered throng,
Who pay their quit-rents with a song;
With opening views of hill and dale,
Which sense and fancy do regale,
Where the half cirque, which vision bounds,
Like amphitheatre surrounds:
And woods impervious to the breeze,
Thick phalanx of embodied trees;
From hills through plains in dusk array,
Extended far, repel the day;
Here stillness, height, and solemn shade,
Invite, and contemplation aid:
Here nymphs from hollow oaks relate
The dark decrees and will of fate;
And dreams, beneath the spreading beech,
Inspire, and docile fancy teach;
While soft as breezy breath of wind,
Impulses rustle through the mind:
Here Dryads, scorning Phœbus' ray,
While Pan melodious pipes away,
In measured motions frisk about,
Till old Silenus puts them out.
There see the clover, pea, and bean,
Vie in variety of green;
Fresh pastures speckled o'er with sheep,
Brown fields their fallow Sabbaths keep,
Plump Ceres golden tresses wear,
And poppy top-knots deck her hair,
And silver streams through meadows stray,
And Naiads on the margin play,
And lesser nymphs on side of hills,
From plaything urns pour down the rills.
Thus sheltered free from care and strife,
May I enjoy a calm through life;
See faction safe in low degree,
As men at land see storms at sea,
And laugh at miserable elves,
Not kind, so much as to themselves,
Cursed with such souls of base alloy,
As can possess, but not enjoy;
Debarred the pleasure to impart
By avarice, sphincter of the heart;
Who wealth, hard-earned by guilty cares,
Bequeath untouched to thankless heirs;
May I, with look ungloomed by guile,
And wearing virtue's livery-smile,
Prone the distressèd to relieve,
And little trespasses forgive;
With income not in Fortune's power,
And skill to make a busy hour;
With trips to town, life to amuse,
To purchase books, and hear the news,
To see old friends, brush off the clown,
And quicken taste at coming down,
Unhurt by sickness' blasting rage,
And slowly mellowing in age,
When fate extends its gathering gripe,
Fall off like fruit grown fully ripe,
Quit a worn being without pain,
Perhaps to blossom soon again.

## ISAAC HAWKINS BROWNE.

A series of six imitations of living authors was published in 1736 by Isaac Hawkins Browne (1706–1760), which obtained great popularity, and are still unsurpassed. The nearest approach to them are the serious parodies in the *Rejected Addresses*. Browne was an amiable, accomplished man. He sat in parliament for some time as member for Wenlock in Shropshire. He wrote a Latin poem, *De Animi Immortalitate*, in the style of Lucretius, and an English poem on the subject of *Design and Beauty*. His imitations, however, are his happiest work. The subject of the whole is *A Pipe of Tobacco*, and the first of the series is *A New Year's Ode*, an imitation of Colley Cibber, beginning thus:

*Recitativo.*

Old battle-array, big with horror, is fled,
And olive-robed Peace again lifts up her head;
Sing, ye Muses, tobacco, the blessing of peace;
Was ever a nation so blessed as this?

*Air.*

When summer suns grow red with heat,
  Tobacco tempers Phœbus' ire;
When wintry storms around us beat,
  Tobacco cheers with gentle fire.
Yellow autumn, youthful spring,
  In thy praises jointly sing.

*Recitativo.*

Like Neptune, Cæsar guards Virginian fleets,
Fraught with tobacco's balmy sweets;
Old Ocean trembles at Britannia's power,
And Boreas is afraid to roar.

Cibber's laureate effusions are here very happily travestied. Ambrose Philips's namby-pamby is also well hit off:

Little tube of mighty power,
Charmer of an idle hour,
Object of my warm desire,
Lip of wax and eye of fire;
And thy snowy taper waist
With my finger gently braced,
And thy pretty swelling crest,
With my little stopper pressed,
And the sweetest bliss of blisses
Breathing from thy balmy kisses.

Thomson is the subject of the third imitation:

O thou, matured by glad Hesperian suns,
Tobacco, fountain pure of limpid truth,
That looks the very soul; whence pouring thought,
Swarms all the mind; absorpt is yellow care,
And at each puff imagination burns;
Flash on thy bard, and with exalting fires
Touch the mysterious lip that chants thy praise,
In strains to mortal sons of earth unknown.
Behold an engine, wrought from tawny mines
Of ductile clay, with plastic virtue formed,
And glazed magnific o'er, I grasp, I fill.
From Pætotheke with pungent powers perfumed
Itself one tortoise, all, where shines imbibed
Each parent ray; then rudely rammed illume,
With the red touch of zeal-enkindling sheet,
Marked with Gibsonian lore; forth issue clouds,
Thought-thrilling, thirst-inciting clouds around,
And many-mining fires: I all the while,
Lolling at ease, inhale the breezy balm.
But chief, when Bacchus wont with thee to join
In genial strife and orthodoxal ale,
Stream life and joy into the Muse's bowl.
Oh, be thou still my great inspirer, thou
My Muse: oh, fan me with thy zephyrs boon,
While I, in clouded tabernacle shrined,
Burst forth all oracle and mystic song.

This appears to be one of the happiest of the imitations; but as the effect of Thomson's turgid style and diction employed on such a theme is highly ludicrous, the good-natured poet was offended with Browne, and indited some angry lines in reply. The fourth imitation is in the style of Young's *Satires*, which are less strongly marked by any mannerism than his *Night Thoughts*, not then written. Pope is thus imitated:

Blest leaf! whose aromatic gales dispense
To templars, modesty, to parsons, sense:
So raptured priests, at famed Dodona's shrine,
Drank inspiration from the steam divine.
Poison that cures, a vapour that affords
Content more solid than the smile of lords:
Rest to the weary, to the hungry, food,
The last kind refuge of the wise and good.
Inspired by thee, dull cits adjust the scale
Of Europe's peace, when other statesmen fail.
By thee protected, and thy sister beer,
Poets rejoice, nor think the bailiff near.
Nor less the critic owns thy genial aid,
While supperless he plies the piddling trade.
What though to love and soft delights a foe,
By ladies hated, hated by the beau,
Yet social freedom long to courts unknown,
Fair health, fair truth, and virtue are thy own.
Come to thy poet, come with healing wings,
And let me taste thee unexcised by kings.

Swift concludes the series, but though Browne caught the manner of the dean, he also imitated his grossness.

## SIR CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS.

As a satirical poet, courtier, and diplomatist, Sir Charles Hanbury Williams (1709-1759) enjoyed great popularity during the latter part of the reign of George II. Lord Hervey, Lord Chesterfield, Pulteney, and others, threw off political squibs and light satires; but Williams eclipsed them all in liveliness and pungency. He was introduced into public life by Sir Robert Walpole, whom he warmly supported. 'He had come, on the death of his father, Mr Hanbury, into parliament in 1733, having taken the name of Williams for a large estate in Monmouthshire, left to him by a godfather who was no relation. After his celebrated political poetry in ridicule of Walpole's antagonists, having unluckily lampooned Isabella, Duchess of Manchester, with her second husband, Mr Hussey, an Irish gentleman, and his countrymen, he retreated, with too little spirit, from the storm that threatened him into Wales, whence he was afterwards glad to accept missions to the courts of Dresden, Berlin, and Russia.'* One verse of this truculent satire may be quoted:

But careful Heaven reserved her Grace
For one of the Milesian race
  On stronger parts depending;
Nature, indeed, denies them sense,
But gives them legs and impudence,
  That beats all understanding.

Pulteney, in 1742, succeeded in procuring the defeat and resignation of his rival Sir Robert Walpole, and was himself elevated to the peerage under the title of Earl of Bath. From this period he sank from popular favour into great contempt, and some of the bitterest of Williams's verses were levelled at him. In his poem of the *Statesman*, he thus characterises the new peer:

When you touch on his lordship's high birth,
  Speak Latin as if you were tipsy;
Say we are all but the sons of the earth,
  *Et genus non fecimus ipsi.*

Proclaim him as rich as a Jew,
  Yet attempt not to reckon his bounties;
You may say he is married, 'tis true,
  Yet speak not a word of the countess.

Leave a blank here and there in each page,
  To enrol the fair deeds of his youth;
When you mention the acts of his age,
  Leave a blank for his honour and truth.

Say he made a great monarch change hands;
  He spake—and the minister fell;
Say he made a great statesman of Sands—
  Oh, that he had taught him to spell.

In another attack on the same parties, we have this pointed verse:

How Sands, in sense and person queer,
Jumped from a patriot to a peer
  No mortal yet knows why;
How Pulteney trucked the fairest fame
For a Right Honourable name
  To call his vixen by.

Such pasquinades, it must be confessed, are as personal and virulent as any of the subsequent political poetry of the *Rolliad or Anti-Jacobin Review*. The following is a more careful specimen of Williams's character-painting. It is part of a sketch of General Churchill—a man not unlike Thackeray's Major Pendennis:

None led through youth a gayer life than he,
Cheerful in converse, smart in repartee.
But with old age its vices came along,
And in narration he's extremely long,
Exact in circumstance, and nice in dates,
On every subject he his tale relates.
If you name one of Marlbro's ten campaigns,
He tells you its whole history for your pains,
And Blenheim's field becomes by his reciting
As long in telling as he was in fighting;
His old desire to please is well expressed,
His hat's well cocked, his periwig's well dressed;
He rolls his stockings still, white gloves he wears,
And in the boxes with the beaux appears;
His eyes through wrinkled corners cast their rays,
Still he bows graceful, still soft things he says:
And, still remembering that he once was young,
He strains his crippled knees and struts along.
The room he entered smiling, which bespoke
Some worn-out compliment or threadbare joke;
For, not perceiving loss of parts, he yet
Grasps at the shade of his departed wit.

In 1822, the fugitive poetry of Williams was collected and published in three volumes; but the work is carelessly edited, and many gross pieces not written by the satirical poet were admitted.

## JOHN DYER.

JOHN DYER was a native of Wales, being born at Aberglasslyn, Carmarthenshire, in 1698 or 1699. His father was a solicitor, and intended his son for the same profession. The latter, however, had a taste for the fine arts, and rambled over his native country, filling his mind with a love of nature, and his portfolio with sketches of her most beautiful and striking objects. The sister art of poetry also claimed his regard, and during his excursions he wrote *Grongar Hill* (1726), the production on which his fame rests, and where it rests securely. Dyer next made a tour to Italy, to study painting. He does not seem to have excelled as an artist, though he was an able sketcher. On his return in 1740, he published anonymously another poem, *The Ruins of Rome*, in blank verse. One short passage, often quoted, is conceived, as Johnson remarks, 'with the mind of a poet:'

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* Croker: Lord Hervey's *Memoirs*.

> ' The pilgrim oft
> At dead of night, 'mid his orison, hears,
> Aghast, the voice of time, disparting towers,
> Tumbling all precipitate down dashed,
> Rattling around, loud thundering to the moon.

Seeing, probably, that he had little chance of succeeding as an artist, Dyer entered the church, and obtained successively the livings of Calthrop in Leicestershire, of Coningsby in Huntingdonshire, and of Belchford and Kirkby in Lincolnshire. He published in 1757 his longest poetical work, *The Fleece*, devoted to

> The care of sheep, the labours of the loom.

The subject was not a happy one. How can a man write poetically, it was remarked by Johnson, of serges and druggets? Yet Dyer did write poetically on his unpromising theme, and Akenside assisted him with some finishing touches. One critic asked Dodsley how old the author of *The Fleece* was; and learning that he was in advanced life, 'He will,' said the critic, 'be buried in woollen.' The poet did not long survive the publication, for he died next year, on the 24th of July 1758. The poetical pictures of Dyer are happy miniatures of nature, correctly drawn, beautifully coloured, and grouped with the taste of an artist. Wordsworth has praised him highly for imagination and purity of style. His versification is remarkably musical. His moral reflections arise naturally out of his subject, and are never intrusive. All bear evidence of a kind and gentle heart, and a true poetical fancy.

### *Grongar Hill.*

Silent nymph, with curious eye,
Who, the purple evening, lie
On the mountain's lonely van,
Beyond the noise of busy man;
Painting fair the form of things,
While the yellow linnet sings;
Or the tuneful nightingale
Charms the forest with her tale;
Come, with all thy various hues,
Come, and aid thy sister muse;
Now, while Phœbus, riding high,
Gives lustre to the land and sky!
Grongar Hill invites my song,
Draw the landscape bright and strong;
Grongar, in whose mossy cells,
Sweetly musing, Quiet dwells;
Grongar, in whose silent shade,
For the modest Muses made;
So oft I have, the evening still,
At the fountain of a rill,
Sat upon a flowery bed,
With my hand beneath my head;
While strayed my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead, and over wood,
From house to house, from hill to hill,
Till contemplation had her fill.
About his checkered sides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind,
And groves, and grottoes where I lay,
And vistas shooting beams of day:
Wide and wider spreads the vale,
As circles on a smooth canal:
The mountains round, unhappy fate,
Sooner or later, of all height,
Withdraw their summits from the skies,
And lessen as the others rise:
Still the prospect wider spreads,
Adds a thousand woods and meads;
Still it widens, widens still,
And sinks the newly risen hill.
  Now I gain the mountain's brow,
What a landscape lies below!
No clouds, no vapours intervene,
But the gay, the open scene,
Does the face of nature shew,
In all the hues of heaven's bow;
And, swelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the sight.
  Old castles on the cliffs arise,
Proudly towering in the skies!
Rushing from the woods, the spires
Seem from hence ascending fires!
Half his beams Apollo sheds
On the yellow mountain heads!
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks!
  Below me trees unnumbered rise,
Beautiful in various dyes:
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sable yew,
The slender fir that taper grows,
The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs.
And beyond the purple grove,
Haunt of Phyllis, queen of love!
Gaudy as the opening dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, steep and high,
Holds and charms the wandering eye!
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,
His sides are clothed with waving wood,
And ancient towers crown his brow,
That cast an awful look below;
Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps:
So both a safety from the wind
On mutual dependence find.
'Tis now the raven's bleak abode;
'Tis now the apartment of the toad;
And there the fox securely feeds,
And there the poisonous adder breeds,
Concealed in ruins, moss, and weeds;
While, ever and anon, there falls
Huge heaps of hoary mouldered walls.
Yet time has seen, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has seen this broken pile complete,
Big with the vanity of state;
But transient is the smile of fate!
A little rule, a little sway,
A sunbeam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.
  And see the rivers, how they run
Through woods and meads, in shade and sun,
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave, they go

A various journey to the deep,
Like human life, to endless sleep!
Thus is nature's vesture wrought,
To instruct our wandering thought;
Thus she dresses green and gay,
To disperse our cares away.
Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view!
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody valleys, warm and low;
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky!
The pleasant seat, the ruined tower,
The naked rock, the shady bower;
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Æthiop's arm.
See, on the mountain's southern side,
Where the prospect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide,
How close and small the hedges lie!
What streaks of meadows cross the eye!
A step, methinks, may pass the stream,
So little distant dangers seem;
So we mistake the future's face,
Eyed through hope's deluding glass;
*As yon summits soft and fair,*
*Clad in colours of the air,*
*Which to those who journey near,*
*Barren, brown, and rough appear;*
*Still we tread the same coarse way,*
*The present 's still a cloudy day.*[*]
O may I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see!
Content me with an humble shade,
My passions tamed, my wishes laid;
For while our wishes wildly roll,
We banish quiet from the soul:
'Tis thus the busy beat the air,
And misers gather wealth and care.
Now, even now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain turf I lie;
While the wanton zephyr sings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings;
While the waters murmur deep,
While the shepherd charms his sheep,
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with music fill the sky,
Now, even now, my joys run high.
Be full, ye courts; be great who will;
Search for peace with all your skill;
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor:
In vain you search, she is not there;
In vain you search the domes of care!
Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
On the meads and mountain heads,
Along with Pleasure close allied,
Ever by each other's side:
And often, by the murmuring rill,
Hears the thrush, while all is still,
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

## EDWARD YOUNG.

EDWARD YOUNG (1684-1765), author of the *Night Thoughts*, was born at Upham, in Hampshire, where his father—afterwards dean of Salisbury—was rector. He was educated at Winchester School, and subsequently at All Souls' College, Oxford. In 1712, he commenced public life as a courtier and poet, and he continued both characters till he was past eighty. One of his patrons was the notorious Duke of Wharton, 'the scorn and wonder of his days,' whom Young accompanied to Ireland in 1717. He was next tutor to Lord Burleigh, and was induced to give up this situation by Wharton, who promised to provide for him in a more suitable and ample manner. The duke also prevailed on Young, as a political supporter, to come forward as a candidate for the representation of the borough of Cirencester in parliament, and he gave him a bond for £600 to defray the expenses. Young was defeated, Wharton died, and the Court of Chancery decided against the validity of the bond. The poet, being now qualified by experience, published a satire on the *Universal Passion—the Love of Fame*, which is at once keen and powerful. When upwards of fifty, Young entered the church, wrote a panegyric on the king, and was made one of his majesty's chaplains. Swift has said that the poet was compelled to

Torture his invention
To flatter knaves, or lose his pension;

and it was found by Mr Peter Cunningham—editor of Johnson's *Lives*, 1854—that Young had a pension of £200 a year from 1725 till his death. In 1730, Young obtained from his college the living of Welwyn, in Hertfordshire, where he was destined to close his days. He was eager to obtain further preferment, but having in his poetry professed a strong love of retirement, the ministry seized upon this as a pretext for keeping him out of a bishopric. The poet made a noble alliance with the daughter of the Earl of Lichfield, widow of Colonel Lee, which lasted ten years, and proved a happier union than common report assigns to the titled marriages of Dryden and Addison. The lady had two children by her first marriage, to whom Young was warmly attached. Both died; and when the mother also followed, Young composed his *Night Thoughts.* Sixty years had strengthened and enriched his genius, and augmented even the brilliancy of his fancy. In 1761, the poet was made clerk of the closet to the Princess-dowager of Wales, and died four years afterwards at the advanced age of eighty-one.

A life of so much action and worldly anxiety has rarely been united to so much literary industry and genius. In his youth, Young was gay and dissipated, and all his life he was an indefatigable courtier. In his poetry, he is a severe moralist and ascetic divine. That he felt the emotions he describes, must be true; but they did not permanently influence his conduct. He was not weaned from the world till age had incapacitated him for its pursuits; and the epigrammatic point and wit of his *Night Thoughts*, with the gloomy views it presents of life and religion, shew the poetical artist fully as much as the humble and penitent Christian. His works are numerous; but the best are the *Night Thoughts*, the *Universal Passion*, and the tragedy of *Revenge*. The foundation of his great poem was family misfortune, coloured and exaggerated for poetical effect:

Insatiate archer! could not one suffice?
Thy shafts flew thrice, and thrice my peace was slain;
And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had filled her horn.

This rapid succession of bereavements was a poetical license; for in one of the cases there was an interval of four years, and in another of seven months. The *Night Thoughts* were published from 1742 to 1744. The gay Lorenzo is overdrawn. It seems to us a mere fancy sketch. Like the character of Childe Harold in the hands of Byron, it afforded the poet scope for dark and powerful painting, and was made the vehicle for bursts of indignant virtue, sorrow, regret, and admonition. This artificial character pervades the whole poem, and is essentially a part of its structure. But it still leaves to our admiration many noble and sublime passages, where the poet speaks as from inspiration—with the voice of one crying in the wilderness—of life, death, and immortality. The truths of religion are enforced with a commanding energy and persuasion. Epigram and repartee are then forgotten by the poet; fancy yields to feeling; and where imagery is employed, it is select, nervous, and suitable. In this sustained and impressive style, Young seldom remains long at a time; his desire to say witty and smart things, to load his picture with supernumerary horrors, and conduct his personages to their 'sulphureous or ambrosial seats,' soon converts the great poet into the painter and epigrammatist. The ingenuity of his second style is in some respects as wonderful as the first, but it is of a vastly inferior order of poetry. Southey thinks that when Johnson said (in his *Life of Milton*) that 'the good and evil of eternity were too ponderous for the wings of wit,' he forgot Young. The moral critic could not, however, but have condemned even witty thoughts and sparkling metaphors, which are so incongruous and misplaced. The *Night Thoughts*, like *Hudibras*, is too pointed, and too full of compressed reflection and illustration, to be read continuously with pleasure. Nothing can atone for the want of simplicity and connection in a long poem. In Young there is no plot or progressive interest. Each of the nine books is independent of the other. The general reader, therefore, seeks out favourite passages for perusal, or contents himself with a single excursion into his wide and variegated field. But the more carefully it is studied, the more extraordinary and magnificent will the entire poem appear. The fertility of fancy, the pregnancy of wit and knowledge, the striking and felicitous combinations everywhere presented, are indeed remarkable. Sound sense is united to poetical imagery; maxims of the highest practical value, and passages of great force, tenderness, and everlasting truth, are constantly rising, like sunshine, over the quaint and gloomy recesses of the poet's imagination:

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[*] Byron thought the lines here printed in italics the original of Campbell's far-famed lines at the opening of the *Pleasures of Hope*.

The glorious fragments of a fire immortal,
With rubbish mixed, and glittering in the dust.

After all his bustling toils and ambition, how finely does Young advert to the quiet retirement of his country-life:

Blest be that hand divine, which gently laid
My heart at rest beneath this humble shed!
The world's a stately bark, on dangerous seas,
With pleasure seen, but boarded at our peril:
Here, on a single plank, thrown safe ashore,
I hear the tumult of the distant throng,
As that of seas remote, or dying storms;
And meditate on scenes more silent still;
Pursue my theme, and fight the fear of death.
Here, like a shepherd gazing from his hut,
Touching his reed, or leaning on his staff,
Eager ambition's fiery chase I see;
I see the circling hunt of noisy men
Burst law's enclosure, leap the mounds of right,
Pursuing and pursued, each other's prey;
As wolves for rapine; as the fox for wiles;
Till death, that mighty hunter, earths them all.
Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
What though we wade in wealth, or soar in fame,
Earth's highest station ends in 'here he lies,'
And 'dust to dust' concludes her noblest song.

And when he argues in favour of the immortality of man from the analogies of nature, with what exquisite taste and melody does he characterise the changes and varied appearances of creation:

Look nature through, 'tis revolution all;
All change, no death; day follows night, and night
The dying day; stars rise and set, and set and rise:
Earth takes the example. See, the Summer gay,
With her green chaplet and ambrosial flowers,
Droops into pallid Autumn: Winter gray,
Horrid with frost and turbulent with storm,
Blows Autumn and his golden fruits away,
Then melts into the Spring: soft Spring, with breath
Favonian, from warm chambers of the south,
Recalls the first. All, to reflourish, fades:
As in a wheel, all sinks to reascend:
Emblems of man, who passes, not expires.

He thus moralises on human life:

Life speeds away
From point to point, though seeming to stand still.
The cunning fugitive is swift by stealth,
Too subtle is the movement to be seen;
Yet soon man's hour is up, and we are gone.
Warnings point out our danger; gnomons, time;
As these are useless when the sun is set,
So those, but when more glorious reason shines.
Reason should judge in all; in reason's eye
That sedentary shadow travels hard.
But such our gravitation to the wrong,
So prone our hearts to whisper that we wish,
'Tis later with the wise than he's aware:
A Wilmington* goes slower than the sun:
And all mankind mistake their time of day;
Even age itself. Fresh hopes are hourly sown
In furrowed brows. To gentle life's descent
We shut our eyes, and think it is a plain.
We take fair days in winter for the spring,
And turn our blessings into bane. Since oft
Man must compute that age he cannot feel,
He scarce believes he's older for his years.
Thus, at life's latest eve, we keep in store
One disappointment sure, to crown the rest—
The disappointment of a promised hour.

And again in a still nobler strain, where he compares human life to the sea:

Self-flattered, unexperienced, high in hope,
When young, with sanguine cheer and streamers gay,
We cut our cable, launch into the world,
And fondly dream each wind and star our friend;
All in some darling enterprise embarked:
But where is he can fathom its event?
Amid a multitude of artless hands,
Ruin's sure perquisite, her lawful prize!
Some steer aright, but the black blast blows hard,
And puffs them wide of hope: with hearts of proof
Full against wind and tide, some win their way,
And when strong effort has deserved the port,
And tugged it into view, 'tis won! 'tis lost!

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* Lord Wilmington.

Though strong their oar, still stronger is their fate:
They strike! and while they triumph they expire.
In stress of weather most, some sink outright:
O'er them, and o'er their names the billows close;
To-morrow knows not they were ever born.
Others a short memorial leave behind,
Like a flag floating when the bark's ingulfed;
It floats a moment, and is seen no more.
One Cæsar lives; a thousand are forgot.
How few beneath auspicious planets born—
Darlings of Providence! fond fates elect!—
With swelling sails make good the promised port,
With all their wishes freighted! yet even these,
Freighted with all their wishes, soon complain;
Free from misfortune, not from nature free,
They still are men, and when is man secure?
As fatal time, as storm! the rush of years
Beats down their strength, their numberless escapes
In ruin end. And now their proud success
But plants new terrors on the victor's brow:
What pain to quit the world, just made their own,
Their nest so deeply downed, and built so high!
Too low they build, who build beneath the stars.

With such a throng of poetical imagery, bursts of sentiment, and rays of fancy, does the poet-divine clothe the trite and simple truths, that all is vanity, and that man is born to die!

These thoughts, O Night! are thine;
From thee they came like lovers' secret sighs,
While others slept. So Cynthia, poets feign,
In shadows veiled, soft, sliding from her sphere,
Her shepherd cheered; of her enamoured less
Than I of thee. And art thou still unsung,
Beneath whose brow, and by whose aid, I sing?
Immortal silence! where shall I begin?
Where end? or how steal music from the spheres
To soothe their goddess?
O majestic Night!
Nature's great ancestor! Day's elder born!
And fated to survive the transient sun!
By mortals and immortals seen with awe!
A starry crown thy raven brow adorns,
An azure zone thy waist; clouds, in heaven's loom
Wrought through varieties of shape and shade,
In ample folds of drapery divine,
Thy flowing mantle form, and, heaven throughout,
Voluminously pour thy pompous train:
Thy gloomy grandeurs—Nature's most august,
Inspiring aspect!—claim a grateful verse;
And like a sable curtain starred with gold,
Drawn o'er my labours past, shall clothe the scene.

This magnificent apostrophe to Night has scarcely been equalled in our poetry since the epic strains of Milton.

### *On Life, Death, and Immortality.*

Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy Sleep!
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where Fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes;
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.
From short (as usual) and disturbed repose
I wake: how happy they who wake no more!
Yet that were vain, if dreams infest the grave.
I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams
Tumultuous; where my wrecked desponding thought
From wave to wave of fancied misery
At random drove, her helm of reason lost
Though now restored, 'tis only change of pain—
A bitter change!—severer for severe:
The day too short for my distress; and night,
E'en in the zenith of her dark domain,
Is sunshine to the colour of my fate.
Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world.
Silence how dead! and darkness how profound!
Nor eye nor listening ear an object finds;
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause;
An awful pause! prophetic of her end.
And let her prophecy be soon fulfilled:
Fate! drop the curtain; I can lose no more.
Silence and Darkness! solemn sisters! twins
From ancient Night, who nurse the tender thought
To reason, and on reason build resolve—
That column of true majesty in man—
Assist me: I will thank you in the grave;
The grave your kingdom: there this frame shall fall
A victim sacred to your dreary shrine.
But what are ye?
Thou, who didst put to flight
Primeval Silence, when the morning stars
Exulting, shouted o'er the rising ball;
O Thou! whose word from solid darkness struck
That spark, the sun, strike wisdom from my soul;
My soul, which flies to thee, her trust, her treasure,
As misers to their gold, while others rest.
Through this opaque of nature and of soul,
This double night, transmit one pitying ray,
To lighten and to cheer. Oh lead my mind—
A mind that fain would wander from its woe—
Lead it through various scenes of life and death,
And from each scene the noblest truths inspire.
Nor less inspire my conduct than my song;
Teach my best reason, reason; my best will
Teach rectitude; and fix my firm resolve
Wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrear:
Nor let the phial of thy vengeance, poured
On this devoted head, be poured in vain. . . .
How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man!
How passing wonder He who made him such!
Who centred in our make such strange extremes,
From different natures marvellously mixed,
Connection exquisite of distant worlds!
Distinguished link in being's endless chain!
Midway from nothing to the Deity!
A beam ethereal, sullied and absorpt!
Though sullied and dishonoured, still divine!
Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust:
Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
A worm! a god! I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost. At home, a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surprised, aghast,
And wondering at her own. How reason reels!
Oh what a miracle to man is man!
Triumphantly distressed! what joy! what dread!
Alternately transported and alarmed!
What can preserve my life? or what destroy?
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;
Legions of angels can't confine me there.
'Tis past conjecture; all things rise in proof:
While o'er my limbs sleep's soft dominion spread,
What though my soul fantastic measures trod
O'er fairy fields; or mourned along the gloom
Of silent woods; or, down the craggy steep
Hurled headlong, swam with pain the mantled pool;
Or scaled the cliff; or danced on hollow winds,
With antic shapes, wild natives of the brain?
Her ceaseless flight, though devious, speaks her nature
Of subtler essence than the common clod. . . .
Even silent night proclaims my soul immortal! . . . .
Why, then, their loss deplore that are not lost?
*This* is the desert, *this* the solitude:
How populous, how vital is the grave!
This is creation's melancholy vault,
The vale funereal, the sad cypress gloom;
The land of apparitions, empty shades!

All, all on earth, is shadow, all beyond
Is substance; the reverse is folly's creed;
How solid all, where change shall be no more!
  This is the bud of being, the dim dawn,
The twilight of our day, the vestibule;
Life's theatre as yet is shut, and death,
Strong death alone can heave the massy bar,
This gross impediment of clay remove,
And make us embryos of existence free
From real life; but little more remote
Is he, not yet a candidate for light,
The future embryo, slumbering in his sire.
Embryos we must be till we burst the shell,
Yon ambient azure shell, and spring to life,
The life of gods, O transport! and of man.
  Yet man, fool man! here buries all his thoughts;
Inters celestial hopes without one sigh.
Prisoner of earth, and pent beneath the moon,
Here pinions all his wishes; winged by heaven
To fly at infinite: and reach it there
Where seraphs gather immortality,
On life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God.
What golden joys ambrosial clustering glow
In his full beam, and ripen for the just,
Where momentary ages are no more!
Where time, and pain, and chance, and death expire!
And is it in the flight of threescore years
To push eternity from human thought,
And smother souls immortal in the dust?
A soul immortal, spending all her fires,
Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,
Thrown into tumult, raptured or alarmed,
At aught this scene can threaten or indulge,
Resembles ocean into tempest wrought,
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.

### *Thoughts on Time.*

The bell strikes one. We take no note of time
But from its loss: to give it then a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours.
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.
It is the signal that demands dispatch:
How much is to be done? My hopes and fears
Start up alarmed, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—on what? A fathomless abyss.
A dread eternity! how surely mine!
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?

O time! than gold more sacred; more a load
Than lead to fools, and fools reputed wise.
What moment granted man without account?
What years are squandered, wisdom's debt unpaid!
Our wealth in days all due to that discharge.
Haste, haste, he lies in wait, he's at the door;
Insidious Death; should his strong hand arrest,
No composition sets the prisoner free.
Eternity's inexorable chain
Fast binds, and vengeance claims the full arrear.

Youth is not rich in time; it may be poor;
Part with it as with money, sparing; pay
No moment, but in purchase of its worth;
And what it's worth, ask death-beds; they can tell.
Part with it as with life, reluctant; big
With holy hope of nobler time to come;
Time higher aimed, still nearer the great mark
Of men and angels, virtue more divine.

  Ah! how unjust to nature and himself
Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man!
Like children babbling nonsense in their sports,
We censure Nature for a span too short;
That span too short we tax as tedious too;
Torture invention, all expedients tire,
To lash the lingering moments into speed,
And whirl us (happy riddance) from ourselves.

Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
And seems to creep, decrepit with his age.
Behold him when passed by; what then is seen
But his broad pinions swifter than the winds?
And all mankind, in contradiction strong,
Rueful, aghast, cry out on his career.

We waste, not use our time; we breathe, not live;
Time wasted is existence; used, is life:
And bare existence man, to live ordained,
Wrings and oppresses with enormous weight.
And why? since time was given for use, not waste,
Enjoined to fly, with tempest, tide, and stars,
To keep his speed, nor ever wait for man.
Time's use was doomed a pleasure, waste a pain,
That man might feel his error if unseen,
And, feeling, fly to labour for his cure;
Not blundering, split on idleness for ease.

We push time from us, and we wish him back;
Life we think long and short; death seek and shun.
O the dark days of vanity! while
Here, how tasteless! and how terrible when gone!
Gone? they ne'er go; when past, they haunt us still:
The spirit walks of every day deceased,
And smiles an angel, or a fury frowns.
Nor death nor life delight us. If time past,
And time possessed, both pain us, what can please?
That which the Deity to please ordained,
Time used. The man who consecrates his hours
By vigorous effort, and an honest aim,
At once he draws the sting of life and death:
He walks with nature, and her paths are peace.

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
And ask them what report they bore to heaven,
And how they might have borne more welcome news.
Their answers form what men experience call;
If wisdom's friend her best, if not, worst foe.

### *The Man whose Thoughts are not of this World.*

Some angel guide my pencil, while I draw,
What nothing less than angel can exceed—
A man on earth devoted to the skies;
Like ships in seas, while in, above the world.
  With aspect mild, and elevated eye,
Behold him seated on a mount serene,
Above the fogs of sense, and passion's storm;
All the black cares and tumults of this life,
Like harmless thunders, breaking at his feet,
Excite his pity, not impair his peace.
Earth's genuine sons, the sceptred and the slave,
A mingled mob! a wandering herd! he sees,
Bewildered in the vale; in all unlike!
His full reverse in all! what higher praise?
What stronger demonstration of the right?
  The present all their care; the future his.
When public welfare calls, or private want,
They give to Fame; his bounty he conceals.
Their virtues varnish Nature; his exalt.
Mankind's esteem they court; and he his own.
Theirs the wild chase of false felicities;
His the composed possession of the true.
Alike throughout is his consistent peace,
All of one colour, and an even thread;
While party-coloured shreds of happiness,
With hideous gaps between, patch up for them
A madman's robe; each puff of Fortune blows
The tatters by, and shews their nakedness.

### *Procrastination.*

Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer:
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wisdom is pushed out of life.
Procrastination is the thief of time;
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
If not so frequent, would not this be strange?
That 'tis so frequent, this is stranger still.
Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
The palm, 'That all men are about to live,'
For ever on the brink of being born:
All pay themselves the compliment to think
They one day shall not drivel, and their pride
On this reversion takes up ready praise;
At least their own their future selves applaud;
How excellent that life they ne'er will lead!
Time lodged in their own hands is Folly's vails;
That lodged in Fate's to wisdom they consign;
The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone.
'Tis not in folly not to scorn a fool,
And scarce in human wisdom to do more.
All promise is poor dilatory man,
And that through every stage. When young, indeed,
In full content we sometimes nobly rest,
Unanxious for ourselves, and only wish,
As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.
At thirty, man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty, chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves, and re-resolves; then dies the same.
And why? because he thinks himself immortal.
All men think all men mortal but themselves;
Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate
Strikes through their wounded hearts the sudden dread:
But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
Soon close; where passed the shaft no trace is found,
As from the wing no scar the sky retains,
The parted wave no furrow from the keel,
So dies in human hearts the thought of death:
E'en with the tender tear which nature sheds
O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.

The *Night Thoughts* have eclipsed the other works of Young; but his satires, published from 1725 to 1728 (*Love of Fame, the Universal Passion, in Seven Characteristical Satires*), are poems of high merit, in many passages equalling the satires of Pope, which they seem to have suggested.

### *From the Love of Fame.*

Not all on books their criticism waste:
The genius of a dish some justly taste,
And eat their way to fame! with anxious thought
The salmon is refused, the turbot bought.
Impatient Art rebukes the sun's delay,
And bids December yield the fruits of May.
Their various cares in one great point combine
The business of their lives, that is, to dine;
Half of their precious day they give the feast,
And to a kind digestion spare the rest.
Apicius here, the taster of the town,
Feeds twice a week, to settle their renown.
These worthies of the palate guard with care
The sacred annals of their bills of fare;
In those choice books their panegyrics read,
And scorn the creatures that for hunger feed;
If man, by feeding well, commences great,
Much more the worm, to whom that man is meat.

Brunetta 's wise in actions great and rare,
But scorns on trifles to bestow her care.
Thus every hour Brunetta is to blame,
Because th' occasion is beneath her aim.
Think nought a trifle, though it small appear;
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles, life. Your cares to trifles give,
Or you may die before you truly live.

Belus with solid glory will be crowned;
He buys no phantom, no vain empty sound,
But builds himself a name; and to be great,
Sinks in a quarry an immense estate;
In cost and grandeur Chandos he 'll outdo;
And, Burlington, thy taste is not so true;
The pile is finished, every toil is past,
And full perfection is arrived at last;
When lo! my lord to some small corner runs,
And leaves state-rooms to strangers and to duns.
The man who builds, and wants wherewith to pay,
Provides a home from which to run away.
In Britain, what is many a lordly seat,
But a discharge in full for an estate?

Some for renown on scraps of learning dote,
And think they grow immortal as they quote.
To patchwork learned quotations are allied;
Both strive to make our poverty our pride.

Let high birth triumph! what can be more great?
Nothing—but merit in a low estate.
To Virtue's humblest son let none prefer
Vice, though descended from the Conqueror.
Shall men, like figures, pass for high or base,
Slight or important only by their place?
Titles are marks of honest men, and wise;
The fool or knave that wears a title, lies.
They that on glorious ancestors enlarge,
Produce their debt instead of their discharge.

### *Envious Grub-Street Authors and Critics.*

From *Epistle I. to Mr Pope.*

With fame in just proportion envy grows;
The man that makes a character makes foes;
Slight peevish insects round a genius rise,
As a bright day awakes the world of flies;
With hearty malice, but with feeble wing,
To shew they live, they flutter and they sting:
But as by depredations wasps proclaim
The fairest fruit, so these the fairest fame.

Shall we not censure all the motley train,
Whether with ale irriguous or champagne?
Whether they tread the vale of prose, or climb
And whet their appetites on cliffs of rhyme;
The college sloven or embroidered spark,
The purple prelate or the parish clerk,
The quiet *quidnunc* or demanding prig,
The plaintiff Tory or defendant Whig;
Rich, poor, male, female, young, old, gay or sad,
Whether extremely witty or quite mad;
Profoundly dull or shallowly polite,
Men that read well, or men that only write;
Whether peers, porters, tailors, tune their reeds,
And measuring words to measuring shapes succeeds;
For bankrupts write, when ruined shops are shut,
As maggots crawl from out a perished nut.
His hammer this, and that his trowel quits,
And wanting sense for tradesmen, serve for wits.
By thriving men, subsists each other trade;
Of every broken craft a writer 's made.
Thus his material, paper, takes its birth
From tattered rags of all the stuff on earth,

### WILLIAM SOMERVILE.

The author of *The Chase* is still included in our list of poets, but is now rarely read or consulted. WILLIAM SOMERVILE (1677–1742) was, as he tells Allan Ramsay, his brother-poet,

A squire well born, and six foot high.

His patrimonial estate (to which he succeeded in 1704) lay in Warwickshire, and was worth £1500 per annum—from which, however, had to be deducted a jointure of £600 to his mother. He was generous, but extravagant, and died in distressed circumstances. Leaving no issue, his estate descended to Lord Somerville. Somervile's poetical works are *The Two Springs, a Fable*, 1725; *Occasional Poems*, 1727; and *The Chase*, 1735. *The Chase* is in blank verse, and contains practical instructions and admonitions to sportsmen. The following is an animated sketch of a morning in autumn, preparatory to 'throwing off the pack:'

Now golden Autumn from her open lap
Her fragrant bounties showers; the fields are shorn;
Inwardly smiling, the proud farmer views
The rising pyramids that grace his yard,
And counts his large increase; his barns are stored,
And groaning staddles bend beneath their load.
All now is free as air, and the gay pack
In the rough bristly stubbles range unblamed;
No widow's tears o'erflow, no secret curse
Swells in the farmer's breast, which his pale lips
Trembling conceal, by his fierce landlord awed:
But courteous now he levels every fence,
Joins in the common cry, and halloos loud,
Charmed with the rattling thunder of the field.
O bear me, some kind power invisible!
To that extended lawn where the gay court
View the swift racers, stretching to the goal;
Games more renowned, and a far nobler train,
Than proud Elean fields could boast of old.
Oh! were a Theban lyre not wanting here,
And Pindar's voice, to do their merit right!
Or to those spacious plains, where the strained eye,
In the wide prospect lost, beholds at last
Sarum's proud spire, that o'er the hills ascends,
And pierces through the clouds. Or to thy downs,
Fair Cotswold, where the well-breathed beagle climbs,
With matchless speed, thy green aspiring brow,
And leaves the lagging multitude behind.
  Hail, gentle Dawn! mild, blushing goddess, hail!
Rejoiced I see thy purple mantle spread
O'er half the skies; gems pave thy radiant way,
And orient pearls from every shrub depend.
Farewell, Cleora; here deep sunk in down,
Slumber secure, with happy dreams amused,
Till grateful streams shall tempt thee to receive
Thy early meal, or thy officious maids;
The toilet placed shall urge thee to perform
The important work. Me other joys invite;
The horn sonorous calls, the pack awaked,
Their matins chant, nor brook they long delay.
My courser hears their voice; see there with ears
And tail erect, neighing, he paws the ground;
Fierce rapture kindles in his reddening eyes,
And boils in every vein. As captive boys,
Cowed by the ruling rod and haughty frowns
Of pedagogues severe, from their hard tasks
If once dismissed, no limits can contain
The tumult raised within their little breasts,
But give a loose to all their frolic play;
So from their kennel rush the joyous pack;
A thousand wanton gaieties express
Their inward ecstasy, their pleasing sport
Once more indulged, and liberty restored.
The rising sun that o'er the horizon peeps,
As many colours from their glossy skins
Beaming reflects, as paint the various bow
When April showers descend. Delightful scene!
Where all around is gay; men, horses, dogs;
And in each smiling countenance appears
Fresh blooming health, and universal joy.

Somervile wrote a poetical address to Addison, on the latter purchasing his estate in Warwickshire. 'In his verses to Addison,' says Johnson, 'the couplet which mentions Clio is written with the most exquisite delicacy of praise; it exhibits one of those happy strokes that are seldom attained.' Addison, it is well known, signed his papers in the *Spectator* with the letters forming the name of Clio. The couplet which gratified Johnson so highly is as follows:

When panting virtue her last efforts made,
You brought your Clio to the virgin's aid.

In welcoming Addison to the banks of Avon, Somervile does not scruple to place him above Shakspeare as a poet!

In heaven he sings; on earth your muse supplies
The important loss, and heals our weeping eyes:
Correctly great, she melts each flinty heart
With equal genius, but superior art.

Gross as this misjudgment is, it should be remembered that Voltaire also fell into the same. The cold marble of *Cato* was preferred to the living and breathing creations of the 'myriad-minded' magician.

### JAMES THOMSON.

The publication of the *Seasons* was an important era in the history of English poetry. So true and beautiful are the descriptions in the poem, and so entirely do they harmonise with those fresh feelings and glowing impulses which all would wish to cherish, that a love of nature seems to be synonymous with a love of Thomson. It is difficult to conceive a person of education in this country, imbued with an admiration of rural or woodland scenery, not entertaining a strong affection and regard for that delightful poet, who has painted their charms with so much fidelity and enthusiasm. The same features of blandness and benevolence, of simplicity of design and beauty of form and colour, which we recognise as distinguishing traits of the natural landscape, are seen in the pages of Thomson, conveyed by his artless mind as faithfully as the lights and shades on the face of creation. No criticism or change of style has, therefore, affected his popularity. We may smile at sometimes meeting with a heavy monotonous period, a false ornament, or tumid expression, the result of an indolent mind working itself up to a great effort, and we may wish that the subjects of his description were sometimes more select and dignified; but this drawback does not affect our permanent regard or general feeling; our first love remains unaltered; and Thomson is still the poet with whom some of our best and purest associations are indissolubly joined. In the *Seasons* we have a poetical subject poetically treated—filled to overflowing with the richest materials of poetry, and the emanations of benevolence. In the *Castle* *of Indolence* we have the concentration or essence of those materials applied to a subject less poetical, but still affording room for luxuriant fancy, the most exquisite art, and still greater melody of numbers.

JAMES THOMSON was born at Ednam, near Kelso, county of Roxburgh, on the 11th of September 1700. His father, who was then minister of the parish of Ednam, removed a few years afterwards to that of Southdean in the same county, a primitive and retired district situated among the lower slopes of the Cheviots. Here the young poet spent his boyish years. The gift of poesy came early, and some lines written by him at the age of fourteen, shew how soon his manner was formed:

> Now I surveyed my native faculties,
> And traced my actions to their teeming source:
> Now I explored the universal frame,
> Gazed nature through, and with interior light
> Conversed with angels and unbodied saints
> That tread the courts of the Eternal King!
> Gladly I would declare in lofty strains
> The power of Godhead to the sons of men,
> But thought is lost in its immensity:
> Imagination wastes its strength in vain,
> And fancy tires and turns within itself,
> Struck with the amazing depths of Deity!
> Ah! my Lord God! in vain a tender youth,
> Unskilled in arts of deep philosophy,
> Attempts to search the bulky mass of matter,
> To trace the rules of motion, and pursue
> The phantom Time, too subtle for his grasp:
> Yet may I from thy most apparent works
> Form some idea of their wondrous Author.*

In his eighteenth year, Thomson was sent to Edinburgh College. His father died in 1720, and the poet proceeded to London to push his fortune. His college friend, Mallet, procured him the situation of tutor to the son of Lord Binning, and being shewn some of his descriptions of *Winter*, advised him to connect them into one regular poem. This was done, and *Winter* was published in March 1726, the poet having received only three guineas for the copyright. A second and a third edition appeared the same year. *Summer* appeared in 1727. In 1728 he issued proposals for publishing, by subscription, the *Four Seasons;* the number of subscribers, at a guinea each copy, was 387; but many took more than one, and Pope (to whom Thomson had been introduced by Mallet) took three copies. The tragedy of *Sophonisba* was next produced; and in 1731 the poet accompanied the son of Sir Charles Talbot, afterwards lord chancellor, in the capacity of tutor or travelling-companion, to the continent. They visited France, Switzerland, and Italy, and it is easy to conceive with what pleasure Thomson must have passed or sojourned among scenes which he had often viewed in imagination. In November of the same year the poet was at Rome, and no doubt indulged the wish expressed in one of his letters, 'to see the fields where Virgil gathered his immortal honey, and tread the same ground where men have thought and acted so greatly.' On his return next year he published his poem of *Liberty*, and obtained the sinecure situation of Secretary of Briefs in the Court of Chancery, which he held till the death of Lord Talbot, the chancellor. The succeeding chancellor bestowed the situation on another, Thomson not having, it is said, from characteristic indolence, solicited a continuance of the office. He again tried the drama, and produced *Agamemnon*, which was coldly received. *Edward and Eleonora* followed, and the poet's circumstances were brightened by a pension of £100 a year, which he obtained through Lyttelton from the Prince of Wales. He further received the appointment of Surveyor-general of the Leeward Islands, the duties of which he was allowed to perform by deputy, and which brought him £300 per annum. He was now in comparative opulence, and his residence at Kew Lane, near Richmond, was the scene of social enjoyment and lettered ease. Retirement and nature became, he said, more and more his passion every day. 'I have enlarged my rural domain,' he writes to a friend: 'the two fields next to me, from the first of which I have walled—no, no—*paled* in, about as much as my garden consisted of before, so that the walk runs round the hedge, where you may figure me walking any time of the day, and sometimes at night.' His house appears to have been elegantly furnished: the sale catalogue of his effects, which enumerates the contents of every room, prepared after his death, fills eight pages of print, and his cellar was stocked with wines and Scotch ale. In this snug suburban retreat Thomson now applied himself to finish the *Castle of Indolence*, on which he had been long engaged, and a tragedy on the subject of Coriolanus. The poem was published in May 1748. In August following, he took a boat at Hammersmith to convey him to Kew, after having walked from London. He caught cold, was thrown into a fever, and, after a short illness, died (27th of August 1748). No poet was ever more deeply lamented or more sincerely mourned.

Though born a poet, Thomson seems to have advanced but slowly, and by reiterated efforts, to refinement of taste. The natural fervour of the man overpowered the rules of the scholar. The first edition of the *Seasons* differs materially from the second, and the second still more from the third. Every alteration was an improvement in delicacy of thought and language.

One of the finest and most picturesque similes in the work was supplied by Pope, to whom Thomson had given an interleaved copy of the edition of 1736. The quotation will not be out of place here, as it is honourable to the friendship of the brother-poets, and tends to shew the importance of careful revision, without which no excellence can be attained in literature or the arts. How deeply must it be regretted that Pope did not oftener write in blank verse! In *Autumn*, describing Lavinia, the lines of Thomson were:

> Thoughtless of beauty, she was Beauty's self,
> Recluse among the woods; if city dames
> Will deign their faith: and thus she went, compelled
> By strong necessity, with as serene
> And pleased a look as Patience e'er put on,
> To glean Palemon's fields.

Pope drew his pen through this description, and supplied the following lines, which Thomson must have been too much gratified with not to adopt with pride and pleasure—and so they stand in all the subsequent editions:

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* This curious fragment was first published in 1841, in a life of Thomson by Mr Allan Cunningham, prefixed to an illustrated edition of the *Seasons*.

Thoughtless of beauty, she was Beauty's self,
Recluse amid the close-embowering woods.
As in the hollow breast of Apennine,
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,
A myrtle rises, far from human eyes,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;
So flourished blooming, and unseen by all,
The sweet Lavinia; till at length compelled
By strong Necessity's supreme command,
With smiling patience in her looks, she went
To glean Palemon's fields.*

That the genius of Thomson was purifying and working off its alloys up to the termination of his existence, may be seen from the superiority in style and diction of the *Castle of Indolence.* Between the period of his composing the *Seasons* and the *Castle of Indolence,* says Campbell, 'he wrote several works which seem hardly to accord with the improvement and maturity of his taste exhibited in the latter production. To the *Castle of Indolence* he brought not only the full nature, but the perfect art of a poet. The materials of that exquisite poem are derived originally from Tasso; but he was more immediately indebted for them to the *Faery Queen:* and in meeting with the paternal spirit of Spenser, he seems as if he were admitted more intimately to the home of inspiration.' If the critic had gone over the alterations in the *Seasons,* which Thomson had been more or less engaged upon for about sixteen years, he would have seen the gradual improvement of his taste, as well as imagination. So far as the *art* of the poet is concerned, the last corrected edition, as compared with the early copies, is a new work. The power of Thomson, however, lay not in his art, but in the exuberance of his genius, which sometimes required to be disciplined and controlled. The poetic glow is spread over all. He never slackens in his enthusiasm, nor tires of pointing out the phenomena of nature, which, indolent as he was, he had surveyed under every aspect, till he had become familiar with all. Among the mountains, vales, and forests, he seems to realise his own words:

Man superior walks
Amid the glad creation, musing praise,
And looking lively gratitude.

But he looks also, as Johnson has finely observed, 'with the eye which nature bestows only on a poet—the eye that distinguishes, in everything presented to its view, whatever there is on which imagination can delight to be detained, and with a mind that at once comprehends the vast, and attends to the minute.' He looks also with a heart that feels for all mankind. His sympathies are universal. His touching allusions to the condition of the poor and suffering, to the hapless state of bird and beast in winter; the description of the peasant perishing in the snow, the Siberian exile, or the Arab pilgrims—all are marked with that humanity and true feeling which shews that the poet's virtues 'formed the magic of his song.' The genuine impulses under which he wrote he has expressed in one noble stanza of the *Castle of Indolence:*

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny;
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace,
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shews her brightening face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve:
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the great children leave;
Of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can me bereave.

'The love of nature,' says Coleridge, 'seems to have led Thomson to a cheerful religion; and a gloomy religion to have led Cowper to a love of nature. The one would carry his fellow-men along with him into nature; the other flies to nature from his fellow-men. In chastity of diction, however, and the harmony of blank verse, Cowper leaves Thomson immeasurably below him; yet, I still feel the latter to have been the born poet.' The ardour and fulness of Thomson's descriptions distinguish them from those of Cowper, who was naturally less enthusiastic, and who was restricted by his religious tenets, and by his critical and classically formed taste. The diction of the *Seasons* is at times pure and musical; it is too elevated and ambitious, however, for ordinary themes, and where the poet descends to minute description, or to humorous or satirical scenes—as in the account of the chase and fox-hunters' dinner in *Autumn*—the effect is grotesque and absurd. Campbell has happily said, that 'as long as Thomson dwells in the pure contemplation of nature, and appeals to the universal poetry of the human breast, his redundant style comes to us as something venial and adventitious—it is the flowing vesture of the Druid; and perhaps, to the general experience, is rather imposing; but when he returns to the familiar narrations or courtesies of life, the same diction ceases to seem the mantle of inspiration, and only strikes us by its unwieldy difference from the common costume of expression.' Cowper avoided this *want of keeping* between his style and his subjects, adapting one to the other with inimitable ease, grace, and variety; yet only rising in one or two instances to the higher flights of Thomson.

In 1843, a *Poem to the Memory of Mr Congreve, inscribed to her Grace Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough,* was reprinted for the Percy Society—under the care of Mr Peter Cunningham—as a genuine though unacknowledged production of Thomson, first published in 1729. We have no doubt of the genuineness of this poem as the work of Thomson. It possesses all the characteristics of his style.

We subjoin a few of the detached pictures and descriptions in the *Seasons,* and part of the *Castle of Indolence.*

### *Showers in Spring.*

The north-east spends his rage; he now shut up
Within his iron cave, the effusive south
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven
Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distent.
At first, a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
Scarce staining ether, but by fast degrees,
In heaps on heaps the doubling vapour sails
Along the loaded sky, and, mingling deep,
Sits on the horizon round, a settled gloom;

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* See Milford's edition of Gray's works. All Pope's corrections were adopted by Thomson.

Not such as wintry storms on mortals shed,
Oppressing life; but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of every hope, of every joy,
The wish of nature. Gradual sinks the breeze
Into a perfect calm, that not a breath
Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,
Or rustling turn the many-twinkling leaves
Of aspen tall. The uncurling floods, diffused
In glassy breadth, seem, through delusive lapse,
Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,
And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
Drop the dry sprig, and, mute-imploring, eye
The falling verdure. Hushed in short suspense,
The plumy people streak their wings with oil,
To throw the lucid moisture trickling off,
And wait the approaching sign, to strike at once
Into the general choir. Even mountains, vales,
And forests seem impatient to demand
The promised sweetness. Man superior walks
Amid the glad creation, musing praise,
And looking lively gratitude. At last,
The clouds consign their treasures to the fields,
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow
In large effusion o'er the freshened world.
The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard
By such as wander through the forest-walks,
Beneath the umbrageous multitude of leaves.

### *Birds Pairing in Spring.*

To the deep woods
They haste away, all as their fancy leads,
Pleasure, or food, or secret safety prompts;
That nature's great command may be obeyed:
Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive
Indulged in vain. Some to the holly hedge
Nestling repair, and to the thicket some;
Some to the rude protection of the thorn
Commit their feeble offspring; the cleft tree
Offers its kind concealment to a few,
Their food its insects, and its moss their nests:
Others apart, far in the grassy dale
Or roughening waste their humble texture weave:
But most in woodland solitudes delight,
In unfrequented glooms or shaggy banks,
Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,
Whose murmurs soothe them all the livelong day,
When by kind duty fixed. Among the roots
Of hazel pendent o'er the plaintive stream,
They frame the first foundation of their domes,
Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,
And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought
But restless hurry through the busy air,
Beat by unnumbered wings. The swallow sweeps
The slimy pool, to build his hanging house
Intent: and often from the careless back
Of herds and flocks a thousand tugging bills
Pluck hair and wool; and oft, when unobserved,
Steal from the barn a straw; till soft and warm,
Clean and complete, their habitation grows.
As thus the patient dam assiduous sits,
Not to be tempted from her tender task
Or by sharp hunger or by smooth delight,
Though the whole loosened Spring around her blows,
Her sympathising lover takes his stand
High on the opponent bank, and ceaseless sings
The tedious time away; or else supplies
Her place a moment, while she sudden flits
To pick the scanty meal. The appointed time
With pious toil fulfilled, the callow young,
Warmed and expanded into perfect life,
Their brittle bondage break, and come to light;
A helpless family, demanding food
With constant clamour: O what passions then,
What melting sentiments of kindly care,
On the new parents seize! away they fly
Affectionate, and, undesiring, bear
The most delicious morsel to their young,
Which equally distributed, again
The search begins. Even so a gentle pair,
By fortune sunk, but formed of generous mould,
And charmed with cares beyond the vulgar breast,
In some lone cot amid the distant woods,
Sustained alone by providential heaven,
Oft as they, weeping, eye their infant train,
Check their own appetites, and give them all.

### *A Summer Morning.*

With quickened step
Brown night retires: young day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top
Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.
Blue, through the dusk, the smoking currents shine;
And from the bladed field the fearful hare
Limps awkward; while along the forest glade
The wild-deer trip, and often turning gaze
At early passenger. Music awakes
The native voice of undissembled joy;
And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
Roused by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves
His mossy cottage, where with peace he dwells;
And from the crowded fold, in order, drives
His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.

### *Summer Evening.*

Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees,
Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds
Assembled gay, a richly gorgeous train,
In all their pomp attend his setting throne.
Air, earth, and ocean smile immense. And now,
As if his weary chariot sought the bowers
Of Amphitrite, and her tending nymphs—
So Grecian fable sung—he dips his orb;
Now half immersed; and now a golden curve
Gives one bright glance, then total disappears.
Confessed from yonder slow-extinguished clouds,
All ether softening, sober evening takes
Her wonted station in the middle air;
A thousand shadows at her beck. First this
She sends on earth; then that of deeper dye
Steals soft behind; and then a deeper still,
In circle following circle, gathers round,
To close the face of things. A fresher gale
Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream,
Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn:
While the quail clamours for his running mate.
Wide o'er the thistly lawn, as swells the breeze,
A whitening shower of vegetable down
Amusive floats. The kind impartial care
Of nature nought disdains: thoughtful to feed
Her lowest sons, and clothe the coming year,
From field to field the feathered seeds she wings.
His folded flock secure, the shepherd home
Hies merry-hearted; and by turns relieves
The ruddy milkmaid of her brimming pail;
The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart—
Unknowing what the joy-mixed anguish means—
Sincerely loves, by that best language shewn
Of cordial glances, and obliging deeds.
Onward they pass o'er many a panting height,
And valley sunk, and unfrequented; where
At fall of eve the fairy people throng,
In various game and revelry, to pass
The summer night, as village stories tell.
But far about they wander from the grave
Of him whom his ungentle fortune urged
Against his own sad breast to lift the hand
Of impious violence. The lonely tower

Is also shunned; whose mournful chambers hold—
So night-struck fancy dreams—the yelling ghost.
 Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
The glowworm lights his gem; and through the dark
A moving radiance twinkles. Evening yields
The world to night; not in her winter robe
Of massy Stygian woof, but loose arrayed
In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
Glanced from the imperfect surfaces of things,
Flings half an image on the straining eye;
While wavering woods, and villages, and streams,
And rocks, and mountain-tops, that long retained
The ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene,
Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to heaven
Thence weary vision turns; where, leading soft
The silent hours of love, with purest ray
Sweet Venus shines; and from her genial rise,
When daylight sickens till it springs afresh,
Unrivalled reigns, the fairest lamp of night.

### *Autumn Evening Scene.*

But see the fading many-coloured woods,
Shade deepening over shade, the country round
Imbrown; a crowded umbrage, dusk and dun,
Of every hue, from wan declining green
To sooty dark. These now the lonesome muse,
Low whispering, lead into their leaf-strewn walks,
And give the season in its latest view.
 Meantime light-shadowing all, a sober calm
Fleeces unbounded ether: whose least wave
Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
The gentle current; while illumined wide,
The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the sun,
And through their lucid veil his softened force
Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time,
For those whom virtue and whom nature charm,
To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,
And soar above this little scene of things:
To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet;
To soothe the throbbing passions into peace;
And woo lone Quiet in her silent walks.
 Thus solitary, and in pensive guise,
Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,
And through the saddened grove, where scarce is heard
One dying strain, to cheer the woodman's toil.
Haply some widowed songster pours his plaint,
Far, in faint warblings, through the tawny copse;
While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,
And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late
Swelled all the music of the swarming shades,
Robbed of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit
On the dead tree, a dull despondent flock,
With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,
And nought save chattering discord in their note.
O let not, aimed from some inhuman eye,
The gun the music of the coming year
Destroy; and harmless, unsuspecting harm,
Lay the weak tribes a miserable prey
In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground!
 The pale descending year, yet pleasing still,
A gentler mood inspires; for now the leaf
Incessant rustles from the mournful grove;
Oft startling such as studious walk below,
And slowly circles through the waving air.
But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs
Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams;
Till choked, and matted with the dreary shower,
The forest-walks, at every rising gale,
Roll wide the withered waste, and whistle bleak.
Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields;
And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race
Their sunny robes resign. E'en what remained
Of bolder fruits falls from the naked tree;
And woods, fields, gardens, orchards all around,
The desolated prospect thrills the soul. . . .
 The western sun withdraws the shortened day,
And humid evening, gliding o'er the sky,
In her chill progress, to the ground condensed
The vapour throws. Where creeping waters ooze,
Where marshes stagnate, and where rivers wind,
Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along
The dusky-mantled lawn. Meanwhile the moon,
Full orbed, and breaking through the scattered clouds,
Shews her broad visage in the crimsoned east.
Turned to the sun direct her spotted disk,
Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales descend,
And caverns deep, as optic tube descries,
A smaller earth, gives all his blaze again,
Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day.
Now through the passing cloud she seems to stoop,
Now up the pure cerulean rides sublime.
Wide the pale deluge floats, and streaming mild
O'er the skied mountain to the shadowy vale,
While rocks and floods reflect the quivering gleam;
The whole air whitens with a boundless tide
Of silver radiance trembling round the world. . . .
 The lengthened night elapsed, the morning shines
Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright,
Unfolding fair the last autumnal day.
And now the mounting sun dispels the fog;
The rigid hoar-frost melts before his beam;
And hung on every spray, on every blade
Of grass, the myriad dew-drops twinkle round.

### *A Winter Landscape.*

Through the hushed air the whitening shower descends,
At first thin-wavering, till at last the flakes
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day
With a continual flow. The cherished fields
Put on their winter robe of purest white:
'Tis brightness all, save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current. Low the woods
Bow their hoar head; and ere the languid sun
Faint from the west, emits his evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of man. Drooping, the labourer-ox
Stands covered o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
Which Providence assigns them. One alone,
The redbreast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,
In joyless fields and thorny thickets, leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first
Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights
On the warm hearth; then hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is:
Till more familiar grown, the table-crumbs
Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
Though timorous of heart, and hard beset
By death in various forms—dark snares and dogs,
And more unpitying men—the garden seeks,
Urged on by fearless want. The bleating kine
Eye the bleak heaven, and next, the glistening earth,
With looks of dumb despair; then, sad dispersed,
Dig for the withered herb through heaps of snow. . . .
 As thus the snows arise, and foul and fierce
All winter drives along the darkened air,
In his own loose revolving fields the swain
Disastered stands; sees other hills ascend,
Of unknown joyless brow, and other scenes,
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain;
Nor finds the river nor the forest, hid
Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on

From hill to dale, still more and more astray,
Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home ; the thoughts of home
Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul !
What black despair, what horror, fills his heart,
When for the dusky spot which fancy feigned,
His tufted cottage rising through the snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
Far from the track and blest abode of man ;
While round him night resistless closes fast,
And every tempest howling o'er his head,
Renders the savage wilderness more wild !
Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
Of covered pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent ! beyond the power of frost ;
Of faithless bogs ; of precipices huge
Smoothed up with snow ; and what is land unknown,
What water of the still unfrozen spring,
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
These check his fearful steps, and down he sinks
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
Mixed with the tender anguish nature shoots
Through the wrung bosom of the dying man,
His wife, his children, and his friends, unseen.
In vain for him the officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm :
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire
With tears of artless innocence. Alas !
Nor wife nor children more shall he behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
The deadly winter seizes, shuts up sense,
And o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the snows a stiffened corse,
Stretched out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

### *Hymn on the Seasons.*

These, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, Thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields ; the softening air is balm ;
Echo the mountains round ; the forest smiles ;
And every sense and every heart is joy.
Then comes Thy glory in the Summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then Thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year :
And oft Thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks,
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves in hollow-whispering gales.
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfined,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter awful Thou ! with clouds and storms
Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest rolled,
Majestic darkness ! On the whirlwind's wing
Riding sublime, Thou bidst the world adore,
And humblest nature with Thy northern blast.
  Mysterious round ! what skill, what force divine,
Deep-felt, in these appear ! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mixed, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combined ;
Shade, unperceived, so softening into shade ;
And all so forming a harmonious whole,
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But wandering oft, with rude unconscious gaze,
Man marks not thee, marks not the mighty hand
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres ;
Works in the secret deep ; shoots steaming thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the spring ;
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day ;
Feeds every creature ; hurls the tempest forth,
And as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.
  Nature, attend ! join every living soul
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join ; and ardent raise
One general song ! To Him, ye vocal gales,
Breath soft, whose spirit in your freshness breathes,
Oh talk of Him in solitary glooms,
Where o'er the rock the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake the astonished world, lift high to heaven
The impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills ;
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound ;
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale ; and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound His stupendous praise, whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to Him, whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
Ye forests, bend, ye harvests, wave to Him ;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams ;
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great source of day ! blest image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On nature write with every beam His praise.
The thunder rolls : be hushed the prostrate world,
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills ; ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound ; the broad responsive low,
Ye valleys, raise ; for the Great Shepherd reigns,
And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands, all awake ; a boundless song
Burst from the groves ; and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep
Sweetest of birds ! sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night His praise.
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles ;
At once the head, the heart, the tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn ! In swarming cities vast,
Assembled men to the deep organ join
The long resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, through the swelling bass ;
And, as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardour rise to heaven.
Or if you rather choose the rural shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove,
There let the shepherd's lute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the God of seasons as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the Summer ray
Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams,
Or Winter rises in the blackening east—
Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat.
  Should fate command me to the furthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song ; where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on the Atlantic isles, 'tis nought to me ;
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste as in the city full ;
And where He vital breathes, there must be joy.
When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey ; there with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing. I cannot go

Where universal love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns;
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in Him, in light ineffable!
Come, then, expressive silence, muse His praise.

### *The Caravan of Mecca.*

Breathed hot
From all the boundless furnace of the sky,
And the wide glittering waste of burning sand,
A suffocating wind the pilgrim smites
With instant death. Patient of thirst and toil,
Son of the desert! e'en the camel feels,
Shot through his withered heart, the fiery blast.
Or from the black-red ether, bursting broad,
Sallies the sudden whirlwind. Straight the sands
Commoved around, in gathering eddies play;
Nearer and nearer still they darkening come,
Till with the general all-involving storm
Swept up, the whole continuous wilds arise;
And by their noonday fount dejected thrown,
Or sunk at night in sad disastrous sleep,
Beneath descending hills, the caravan
Is buried deep. In Cairo's crowded streets
The impatient merchant, wondering, waits in vain,
And Mecca saddens at the long delay.

### *Pestilence at Carthagena.*

Wasteful, forth
Walks the dire power of pestilent disease.
A thousand hideous fiends her course attend,
Sick nature blasting, and to heartless woe
And feeble desolation casting down
The towering hopes and all the pride of man.
Such as of late at Carthagena quenched
The British fire. You, gallant Vernon, saw
The miserable scene; you, pitying, saw
To infant weakness sunk the warrior's arm;
Saw the deep racking pang, the ghastly form,
The lip pale quivering, and the beamless eye
No more with ardour bright; you heard the groans
Of agonising ships, from shore to shore;
Heard, nightly plunged amid the sullen waves,
The frequent corse; while on each other fixed
In sad presage, the blank assistants seemed
Silent to ask whom Fate would next demand.

### *From the 'Castle of Indolence.'*

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
With woody hill o'er hill encompassed round,
A most enchanting wizard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is nowhere found.
It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground:
And there a season atween June and May,
Half pranked with spring, with summer half imbrowned,
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
No living wight could work, ne cared even for play.

Was nought around but images of rest:
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between;
And flowery beds that slumb'rous influence kest,
From poppies breathed; and beds of pleasant green,
Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
Meantime unnumbered glittering streamlets played,
And hurled everywhere their waters sheen;
That, as they bickeréd through the sunny glade,
Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.

Joined to the prattling of the purling rills,
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
And flocks loud bleating from the distant hills,
And vacant shepherds piping in the dale:
And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,
Or stock-doves 'plain amid the forest deep,
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale;
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep;
Yet all these sounds yblent inclined all to sleep.

Full in the passage of the vale above,
A sable, silent, solemn forest stood,
Where nought but shadowy forms was seen to move,
As Idlesse fancied in her dreaming mood:
And up the hills, on either side, a wood
Of blackening pines, aye waving to and fro,
Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood;
And where this valley winded out below,
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard, to flow.

A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye:
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flushing round a summer-sky:
There eke the soft delights, that witchingly
Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,
And the calm pleasures, always hovered nigh;
But whate'er smacked of noyance or unrest,
Was far, far off expelled from this delicious nest.

The landskip such, inspiring perfect ease,
Where Indolence—for so the wizard hight—
Close hid his castle 'mid embowering trees,
That half shut out the beams of Phœbus bright,
And made a kind of checkered day and night.
Meanwhile, unceasing at the massy gate,
Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight
Was placed; and to his lute, of cruel fate,
And labour harsh, complained, lamenting man's estate.

Thither continual pilgrims crowded still,
From all the roads of earth that pass there by;
For, as they chanced to breathe on neighbouring hill,
The freshness of this valley smote their eye,
And drew them ever and anon more nigh;
Till clustering round the enchanter false they hung,
Ymolten with his syren melody;
While o'er the enfeebling lute his hand he flung,
And to the trembling chords these tempting verses sung:

'Behold! ye pilgrims of this earth, behold!
See all but man with unearned pleasure gay:
See her bright robes the butterfly unfold,
Broke from her wintry tomb in prime of May!
What youthful bride can equal her array?
Who can with her for easy pleasure vie?
From mead to mead with gentle wing to stray,
From flower to flower on balmy gales to fly,
Is all she has to do beneath the radiant sky.

'Behold the merry minstrels of the morn,
The swarming songsters of the careless grove,
Ten thousand throats! that from the flowering thorn
Hymn their good God, and carol sweet of love,
Such grateful kindly raptures them emove:
They neither plough, nor sow; ne, fit for flail,
E'er to the barn the nodding sheaves they drove;
Yet theirs each harvest dancing in the gale,
Whatever crowns the hill, or smiles along the vale.

'Outcast of nature, man! the wretched thrall
Of bitter dropping sweat, of sweltry pain,
Of cares that eat away thy heart with gall,
And of the vices, an inhuman train,

That all proceed from savage thirst of gain :
For when hard-hearted Interest first began
To poison earth, Astræa left the plain ;
Guile, violence, and murder seized on man,
And, for soft milky streams, with blood the rivers ran.

'Come, ye who still the cumbrous load of life
Push hard up hill ; but as the farthest steep
You trust to gain, and put an end to strife,
Down thunders back the stone with mighty sweep,
And hurls your labours to the valley deep,
For ever vain ; come, and, withouten fee,
I in oblivion will your sorrows steep,
Your cares, your toils ; will steep you in a sea
Of full delight : O come, ye weary, wights to me !

'With me, you need not rise at early dawn,
To pass the joyless day in various stounds ;
Or, louting low, on upstart fortune fawn,
And sell fair honour for some paltry pounds ;
Or through the city take your dirty rounds,
To cheat, and dun, and lie, and visit pay,
Now flattering base, now giving secret wounds :
Or prowl in courts of law for human prey,
In venal senate thieve, or rob on broad highway.

'No cocks, with me, to rustic labour call,
From village on to village sounding clear :
To tardy swain no shrill-voiced matrons squall ;
No dogs, no babes, no wives, to stun your ear ;
No hammers thump ; no horrid blacksmith fear ;
Ne noisy tradesman your sweet slumbers start,
With sounds that are a misery to hear :
But all is calm, as would delight the heart
Of Sybarite of old, all nature, and all art. . . .

'The best of men have ever loved repose :
They hate to mingle in the filthy fray ;
Where the soul sours, and gradual rancour grows,
Imbittered more from peevish day to day.
Even those whom Fame has lent her fairest ray,
The most renowned of worthy wights of yore,
From a base world at last have stolen away :
So Scipio, to the soft Cumæan shore
Retiring, tasted joy he never knew before.

'But if a little exercise you choose,
Some zest for ease, 'tis not forbidden here.
Amid the groves you may indulge the muse,
Or tend the blooms, and deck the vernal year ;
Or softly stealing, with your watery gear,
Along the brook, the crimson-spotted fry
You may delude ; the whilst, amused, you hear
Now the hoarse stream, and now the zephyr's sigh,
Attuned to the birds, and woodland melody.

'O grievous folly ! to heap up estate,
Losing the days you see beneath the sun ;
When, sudden, comes blind unrelenting fate,
And gives the untasted portion you have won,
With ruthless toil, and many a wretch undone,
To those who mock you gone to Pluto's reign,
There with sad ghosts to pine, and shadows dun :
But sure it is of vanities most vain,
To toil for what you here untoiling may obtain.'

He ceased. But still their trembling ears retained
The deep vibrations of his witching song ;
That, by a kind of magic power, constrained
To enter in, pell-mell, the listening throng,
Heaps poured on heaps, and yet they slipped along,
In silent ease ; as when beneath the beam
Of summer-moons, the distant woods among,
Or by some flood all silvered with the gleam,
The soft-embodied fays through airy portal stream. . . .

Straight of these endless numbers, swarming round,
As thick as idle motes in sunny ray,
Not one eftsoons in view was to be found,
But every man strolled off his own glad way,
Wide o'er this ample court's blank area,
With all the lodges that thereto pertained ;
No living creature could be seen to stray ;
While solitude and perfect silence reigned :
So that to think you dreamt you almost was constrained.

As when a shepherd of the Hebrid Isles,
Placed far amid the melancholy main—
Whether it be lone fancy him beguiles,
Or that aërial beings sometimes deign
To stand embodied to our senses plain—
Sees on the naked hill, or valley low,
The whilst in ocean Phœbus dips his wain,
A vast assembly moving to and fro ;
Then all at once in air dissolves the wondrous show. . . .

The doors, that knew no shrill alarming bell,
Ne cursed knocker plied by villain's hand,
Self-opened into halls, where, who can tell
What elegance and grandeur wide expand,
The pride of Turkey and of Persia land ?
Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets spread,
And couches stretched around in seemly band ;
And endless pillows rise to prop the head ;
So that each spacious room was one full-swelling bed.

And everywhere huge covered tables stood,
With wines high flavoured and rich viands crowned ;
Whatever sprightly juice or tasteful food
On the green bosom of this earth are found,
And all old ocean genders in his round ;
Some hand unseen these silently displayed,
Even undemanded by a sign or sound ;
You need but wish, and, instantly obeyed,
Fair ranged the dishes rose, and thick the glasses played.

The rooms with costly tapestry were hung,
Where was inwoven many a gentle tale ;
Such as of old the rural poets sung,
Or of Arcadian or Sicilian vale :
Reclining lovers, in the lonely dale,
Poured forth at large the sweetly-tortured heart ;
Or, sighing tender passion, swelled the gale,
And taught charmed echo to resound their smart ;
While flocks, woods, streams, around, repose and peace impart.

Those pleased the most, where, by a cunning hand
Depainted was the patriarchal age ;
What time Dan Abraham left the Chaldee land,
And pastured on from verdant stage to stage,
Where fields and fountains fresh could best engage.
Toil was not then. Of nothing took they heed,
But with wild beasts the sylvan war to wage,
And o'er vast plains their herds and flocks to feed ;
Blest sons of nature they ! true golden age indeed !

Sometimes the pencil, in cool airy halls,
Bade the gay bloom of vernal landscapes rise,
Or autumn's varied shades imbrown the walls ;
Now the black tempest strikes the astonished eyes,
Now down the steep the flashing torrent flies ;
The trembling sun now plays o'er ocean blue,
And now rude mountains frown amid the skies ;
Whate'er Lorraine light-touched with softening hue,
Or savage Rosa dashed, or learned Poussin drew. . . .

A certain music, never known before,
Here lulled the pensive melancholy mind,
Full easily obtained. Behoves no more,
But sidelong, to the gently waving wind,

To lay the well-tuned instrument reclined;
From which with airy flying fingers light,
Beyond each mortal touch the most refined,
The god of winds drew sounds of deep delight;
Whence, with just cause, the harp of Æolus it hight.

Ah me! what hand can touch the string so fine?
Who up the lofty diapason roll
Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine,
Then let them down again into the soul?
Now rising love they fanned; now pleasing dole
They breathed, in tender musings, through the heart;
And now a graver sacred strain they stole,
As when seraphic hands a hymn impart:
Wild warbling nature all, above the reach of art!

Such the gay splendour, the luxurious state
Of Caliphs old, who on the Tigris' shore,
In mighty Bagdad, populous and great,
Held their bright court, where was of ladies store;
And verse, love, music, still the garland wore;
When sleep was coy, the bard in waiting there
Cheered the lone midnight with the muse's lore;
Composing music bade his dreams be fair,
And music lent new gladness to the morning air.

Near the pavilions where we slept, still ran
Soft tinkling streams, and dashing waters fell,
And sobbing breezes sighed, and oft began—
So worked the wizard—wintry storms to swell,
As heaven and earth they would together mell;
At doors and windows threatening seemed to call
The demons of the tempest, growling fell,
Yet the least entrance found they none at all;
Whence sweeter grew our sleep, secure in massy hall.

And hither Morpheus sent his kindest dreams,
Raising a world of gayer tinct and grace;
O'er which were shadowy cast Elysian gleams,
That played in waving lights, from place to place,
And shed a roseate smile on nature's face.
Not Titian's pencil e'er could so array,
So fierce with clouds, the pure ethereal space;
Ne could it e'er such melting forms display,
As loose on flowery beds all languishingly lay.

No, fair illusions! artful phantoms, no!
My muse will not attempt your fairy land;
She has no colours that like you can glow;
To catch your vivid scenes too gross her hand.
But sure it is, was ne'er a subtler band
Than these same guileful angel-seeming sprites,
Who thus in dreams voluptuous, soft, and bland,
Poured all the Arabian heaven upon our nights,
And blessed them oft besides with more refined delights.

They were, in sooth, a most enchanting train,
Even feigning virtue; skilful to unite
With evil good, and strew with pleasure pain.
But for those fiends whom blood and broils delight,
Who hurl the wretch, as if to hell outright,
Down, down black gulfs, where sullen waters sleep;
Or hold him clambering all the fearful night
On beetling cliffs, or pent in ruins deep;
They, till due time should serve, were bid far hence to keep.

Ye guardian spirits, to whom man is dear,
From these foul demons shield the midnight gloom;
Angels of fancy and of love be near,
And o'er the blank of sleep diffuse a bloom;
Evoke the sacred shades of Greece and Rome,
And let them virtue with a look impart:
But chief, awhile, O lend us from the tomb
Those long-lost friends for whom in love we smart,
And fill with pious awe and joy-mixt woe the heart.

### *Rule Britannia—'An Ode,' from 'Alfred, a Masque.'*

When Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sang this strain:
Rule, Britannia, rule the waves!
Britons never will be slaves!

The nations not so blest as thee,
Must in their turns to tyrants fall,
Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
As the loud blast that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
But work their woe and thy renown.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles thine.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

The Muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair;
Blest isle, with matchless beauty crowned,
And manly hearts to guard the fair!
Rule, Britannia, &c.

## ROBERT BLAIR.

Mr Southey has incautiously ventured a statement in his *Life of Cowper*, that Blair's *Grave* is the only poem he could call to mind which has been composed in imitation of the *Night Thoughts*. *The Grave* was written prior to the publication of the *Night Thoughts*, and has no other resemblance to the work of Young, than that it is of a serious devout cast, and is in blank verse. The author was an accomplished and exemplary Scottish clergyman, who enjoyed some private fortune, independent of his profession, and was thus enabled to live in a superior style, and cultivate the acquaintance of the neighbouring gentry. As a poet of pleasing and elegant manners, a botanist and florist, as well as a man of scientific and general knowledge, his society was much courted, and he enjoyed the correspondence of Dr Isaac Watts and Dr Doddridge. Blair was born in Edinburgh in 1699, his father being minister of the Old Church there. In 1731 he was appointed to the living of Athelstaneford, a parish in East Lothian. Previous to his ordination, he had written *The Grave*, and submitted the manuscript to Watts and Doddridge. It was published in 1743. Blair died at the age of forty-seven, in February 1746. By his marriage with a daughter of Mr Law, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh (to whose memory he dedicated a poem), he left a numerous family; and his fourth son, a distinguished lawyer, rose to be Lord President of the Court of Session.

An obelisk was in 1857 erected to the memory of the poet at Athelstaneford.

*The Grave* is a complete and powerful poem, of limited design, but masterly execution. The subject precluded much originality of conception, but, at the same time, is recommended by its awful importance and its universal application. The style seems to be formed upon that of the old sacred and puritanical poets, elevated by the author's admiration of Milton and Shakspeare. There is a Scottish Presbyterian character about the whole, relieved by occasional flashes and outbreaks of true genius. These coruscations sometimes subside into low and vulgar images or expressions, as towards the close of the following noble passage:

Where are the mighty thunderbolts of war?
The Roman Cæsars and the Grecian chiefs,
The boast of story? Where the hot-brained youth,
Who the tiara at his pleasure tore
From kings of all the then discovered globe;
And cried, forsooth, because his arm was hampered,
And had not room enough to do its work?
Alas, how slim—dishonourably slim!
And crammed into a space we blush to name!
Proud royalty! How altered in thy looks!
How blank thy features, and how wan thy hue!
Son of the morning! whither art thou gone?
Where hast thou hid thy many-spangled head,
And the majestic menace of thine eyes
Felt from afar? Pliant and powerless now:
Like new-born infant wound up in his swathes,
Or victim tumbled flat upon his back,
That throbs beneath his sacrificer's knife;
Mute must thou bear the strife of little tongues,
And coward insults of the base-born crowd,
That grudge a privilege thou never hadst,
But only hoped for in the peaceful grave—
Of being unmolested and alone!
Arabia's gums and odoriferous drugs,
And honours by the heralds duly paid
In mode and form, e'en to a very scruple
(O cruel irony!); these come too late,
And only mock whom they were meant to honour!

The death of the strong man is forcibly depicted:

Strength, too! thou surly and less gentle boast
Of those that laugh loud at the village ring!
A fit of common sickness pulls thee down
With greater ease than e'er thou didst the stripling
That rashly dared thee to the unequal fight.
What groan was that I heard? Deep groan, indeed,
With anguish heavy laden! let me trace it:
From yonder bed it comes, where the strong man,
By stronger arm belaboured, gasps for breath
Like a hard-hunted beast. How his great heart
Beats thick! his roomy chest by far too scant
To give the lungs full play! What now avail
The strong-built sinewy limbs and well-spread shoulders?
See how he tugs for life, and lays about him,
Mad with his pain! Eager he catches hold
Of what comes next to hand, and grasps it hard,
Just like a creature drowning. Hideous sight!
O how his eyes stand out, and stare full ghastly!
While the distemper's rank and deadly venom
Shoots like a burning arrow 'cross his bowels,
And drinks his marrow up. Heard you that groan?
It was his last. See how the great Goliah,
Just like a child that brawled itself to rest,
Lies still. What mean'st thou then, O mighty boaster,
To vaunt of nerves of thine? What means the bull,
Unconscious of his strength, to play the coward,
And flee before a feeble thing like man:
That, knowing well the slackness of his arm,
Trusts only in the well-invented knife?

In our extracts from Congreve, we have quoted a passage, much admired by Johnson, descriptive of the awe and fear inspired by a cathedral scene at midnight, 'where all is hushed and still as death.' Blair has ventured on a similar description, and has imparted to it a terrible and gloomy power:

See yonder hallowed fane! the pious work
Of names once famed, now dubious or forgot,
And buried midst the wreck of things which were:
There lie interred the more illustrious dead.
The wind is up: hark! how it howls! methinks
Till now I never heard a sound so dreary!
Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's foul bird,
Rocked in the spire, screams loud: the gloomy aisles,
Black-plastered, and hung round with shreds of 'scutcheons,
And tattered coats-of-arms, send back the sound,
Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,
The mansions of the dead. Roused from their slumbers,
In grim array the grisly spectres rise,
Grin horrible, and, obstinately sullen,
Pass and repass, hushed as the foot of night.
Again the screech-owl shrieks—ungracious sound!
I'll hear no more; it makes one's blood run chill.

Some of his images are characterised by a Shakspearian force and picturesque fancy. Men see their friends

Drop off like leaves in autumn; yet launch out
Into fantastic schemes, *which the long livers*
*In the world's hale and undegenerate days*
Would scarce have leisure for.

The divisions of churchmen are for ever closed:

The lawn-robed prelate and plain presbyter,
Erewhile that stood aloof, as shy to meet,
Familiar mingle here, *like sister-streams*
*That some rude interposing rock has split.*

Man, sick of bliss, tried evil; and, as a result,

The good he scorned
Stalked off reluctant, like an ill-used ghost,
Not to return; or, if it did, in visits,
Like those of angels, short and far between.

The latter simile has been appropriated by Campbell in his *Pleasures of Hope*, with one slight verbal alteration, which cannot be called an improvement:

What though my winged hours of bliss have been,
Like angel visits, few and far between.

The original comparison seems to belong to Norris of Bemerton (see *ante*, page 564).

### DR WATTS.

ISAAC WATTS—a name never to be pronounced without reverence by any lover of pure Christianity, or by any well-wisher of mankind—was born at Southampton, July 17, 1674. His parents were remarkable for piety. Means would have been provided for placing him at the university, but he early inclined to the Dissenters, and he was educated at one of their establishments, taught by the Rev. Thomas Rowe. He was afterwards four years in the family of Sir John Hartopp, at Stoke Newington. Here he was chosen (1698) assistant-minister by an Independent congregation, of which four years after he succeeded to the full charge; but bad health soon rendered him unfit for the performance of the heavy labours thus imposed upon him, and in his turn he required the assistance of a joint-pastor. His health continuing to decline, Watts was received in 1712 into the house of a benevolent gentleman of his neighbourhood, Sir Thomas Abney of Abney Park, where he spent all the remainder of his life—thirty-six years. The death of Sir Thomas Abney, eight years after he went to reside with him, made no change in these agreeable arrangements, as the same benevolent patronage was extended to him by the widow, who outlived him a year. While in this retirement, he preached occasionally, but gave the most of his time to study. His treatises on *Logic* and on the *Improvement of the Mind* are still highly prized for their cogency of argument and felicity of illustration. Watts also wrote several theological works and volumes of sermons. His poetry consists almost wholly of devotional hymns, which, by their simplicity, their unaffected ardour, and their imagery, powerfully arrest the attention of children, and are never forgotten in mature life. In infancy we learn the hymns of Watts, as part of maternal instruction, and in youth, his moral and logical treatises impart the germs of correct reasoning and virtuous self-government. The life of this good and useful man terminated on the 25th of November 1748.

### *The Rose.*

How fair is the rose! what a beautiful flower,
  The glory of April and May!
But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,
  And they wither and die in a day.

Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to boast,
  Above all the flowers of the field;
When its leaves are all dead, and its fine colours lost,
  Still how sweet a perfume it will yield!

So frail is the youth and the beauty of men,
  Though they bloom and look gay like the rose;
But all our fond care to preserve them is vain,
  Time kills them as fast as he goes.

Then I'll not be proud of my youth nor my beauty,
  Since both of them wither and fade;
But gain a good name by well doing my duty;
  This will scent like a rose when I'm dead.

### *The Hebrew Bard.*

Softly the tuneful shepherd leads
The Hebrew flocks to flowery meads:
He marks their path with notes divine,
While fountains spring with oil and wine.

Rivers of peace attend his song,
And draw their milky train along.
He jars; and, lo! the flints are broke,
But honey issues from the rock.

When, kindling with victorious fire,
He shakes his lance across the lyre,
The lyre resounds unknown alarms,
And sets the Thunderer in arms.

Behold the God! the Almighty King
Rides on a tempest's glorious wing:
His ensigns lighten round the sky,
And moving legions sound on high.

Ten thousand cherubs wait his course,
Chariots of fire and flaming horse:
Earth trembles; and her mountains flow,
At his approach, like melting snow.

But who those frowns of wrath can draw,
That strike heaven, earth, and hell with awe?
Red lightning from his eyelids broke;
His voice was thunder, hail, and smoke.

He spake; the cleaving waters fled,
And stars beheld the ocean's bed:
While the great Master strikes his lyre,
You see the frighted floods retire:

In heaps the frighted billows stand,
Waiting the changes of his hand:
He leads his Israel through the sea,
And watery mountains guard their way.

Turning his hand with sovereign sweep,
He drowns all Egypt in the deep:
Then guides the tribes, a glorious band,
Through deserts to the promised land.

Here camps, with wide-embattled force,
Here gates and bulwarks stop their course;
He storms the mounds, the bulwark falls,
The harp lies strewed with ruined walls.

See his broad sword flies o'er the strings,
And mows down nations with their kings:
From every chord his bolts are hurled,
And vengeance smites the rebel world.

Lo! the great poet shifts the scene,
And shews the face of God serene.
Truth, meekness, peace, salvation, ride,
With guards of justice at his side.

### *A Summer Evening.*

How fine has the day been, how bright was the sun,
How lovely and joyful the course that he run,
Though he rose in a mist when his race he begun,
  And there followed some droppings of rain!
But now the fair traveller's come to the west,
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best;
He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest,
  And foretells a bright rising again.

Just such is the Christian; his course he begins,
Like the sun in a mist, when he mourns for his sins,
And melts into tears; then he breaks out and shines,
  And travels his heavenly way:
But when he comes nearer to finish his race,
Like a fine setting sun, he looks richer in grace,
And gives a sure hope at the end of his days,
  Of rising in brighter array.

## EDWARD MOORE.

The success of Gay's *Fables* suggested a volume of *Fables for the Female Sex*, published in 1744 by EDWARD MOORE (1712-1757). Moore was a native of Abingdon, in Berkshire, son of a dissenting clergyman. He was for some years engaged in the business of a linen-draper, but adopted literature as a more congenial profession. He wrote several plays, and was editor of the series of essays entitled *The World.* Chesterfield, whom Moore complimented highly in a poem called *The Trial of Selim the Persian*, wrote no less than twenty-four essays for *The World*, and interested himself warmly in the fortunes of the amiable poet. The *Fables* of Moore rank next to those of Gay, but are inferior to them both in choice of subject and in poetical merit. Goldsmith thought that justice had not been done to Moore as a poet: 'It was upon his *Fables* he [Moore] founded his reputation, but they are by no means his best production.' His tragedy of *The Gamester* is certainly better, and some of his verses are finished with greater care. The following little pastoral has a fine vein of sentiment versified with ease and elegance:

### *The Happy Marriage.*

How blest has my time been, what joys have I known,
Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jessy my own!
So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,
That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain.

Through walks grown with woodbines, as often we stray,
Around us our boys and girls frolic and play:
How pleasing their sport is! The wanton ones see,
And borrow their looks from my Jessy and me.

To try her sweet temper, ofttimes am I seen,
In revels all day, with the nymphs on the green:
Though painful my absence, my doubts she beguiles,
And meets me at night with complacence and smiles.

What though on her cheeks the rose loses its hue,
Her wit and good-humour bloom all the year through;
Time still, as he flies, adds increase to her truth,
And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth.

Ye shepherds so gay, who make love to ensnare
And cheat with false vows the too credulous fair;
In search of true pleasure, how vainly you roam!
To hold it for life, you must find it at home.

It is an interesting and singular fact in literary history that Moore died while the last number of the collected edition of his periodical, *The World*, which describes the imaginary death of the author, was passing through the press.

## WILLIAM OLDYS.

**William Oldys** (1696–1761) was a zealous literary antiquary, and Norroy King-at-arms. He wrote a life of Raleigh, and assisted every author or bookseller who required a leaf from his voluminous collections. His obscure diligence amassed various interesting particulars of literary history.

The following exquisite little Anacreontic was from the pen of Oldys, who occasionally indulged in deep potations of ale, for which he was caricatured by his friend and brother-antiquary, Grose:

### *Song, made Extempore by a Gentleman, occasioned by a Fly drinking out of his Cup of Ale.*

Busy, curious, thirsty fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I;
Freely welcome to my cup,
Couldst thou sip and sip it up.
Make the most of life you may;
Life is short and wears away.

Both alike are mine and thine,
Hastening quick to their decline:
Thine 's a summer, mine no more,
Though repeated to threescore;
Threescore summers, when they 're gone,
Will appear as short as one.

## ROBERT DODSLEY.

**Robert Dodsley** (1703–1764) was an able and spirited publisher of his day, the friend of literature and of literary men. He projected the *Annual Register*, in which Burke was engaged, and he was the first to collect and republish the *Old English Plays*. His *Collection of Poems by Several Hands*, in six volumes (1758), is a valuable repertory of the minor and short poems of that period. Dodsley wrote an excellent little moral treatise, *The Economy of Human Life*, which was attributed to Lord Chesterfield; and he was author of some dramatic pieces and poetical effusions. He was always attached to literature, and this, aided by his excellent conduct, raised him from the low condition of a livery-servant, to be one of the most influential and respectable men of the times in which he lived. Pope assisted him with £100 to commence business.

### *Song—The Parting Kiss.*

One kind wish before we part,
Drop a tear, and bid adieu:
Though we sever, my fond heart,
Till we meet, shall pant for you.

Yet, yet weep not so, my love,
Let me kiss that falling tear;
Though my body must remove,
All my soul will still be here.

All my soul, and all my heart,
And every wish shall pant for you;
One kind kiss, then, ere we part,
Drop a tear, and bid adieu.

## WILLIAM COLLINS.

None of our poets has lived more under the 'skiey influences' of imagination than that exquisite but ill-fated bard, **Collins**. His works are imbued with a fine ethereal fancy and purity of taste; and though, like the poems of Gray, they are small in number and amount, they are rich in vivid imagery and beautiful description. His history is brief but painful. William Collins was the son of a respectable tradesman, a hatter, at Chichester, where he was born on Christmas-day, 1721. In his *Ode to Pity*, the poet alludes to his 'native plains,' which are bounded by the South Down hills, and to the small river Arun, one of the streams of Sussex, near which Otway, also, was born:

But wherefore need I wander wide
To old Ilissus' distant side?
Deserted stream and mute!
Wild Arun, too, has heard thy strains,
And Echo 'midst my native plains
Been soothed by Pity's lute.

Collins received a learned education, first as a scholar on the foundation of Winchester College (January 1733), and afterwards as a Demy of Magdalen College, Oxford, at which he took his degree of B.A. in November 1743. He quitted the college abruptly, and afterwards visited his maternal uncle, Colonel Martyn, at that time with his regiment in Flanders. On his return to England, Collins intended entering the church, but he soon abandoned this design, and applied himself to literature. While at college he published his *Persian Eclogues*, afterwards republished with the title of *Oriental Eclogues*, and next year (1743) his *Epistle to Sir Thomas Hanmer on his Edition of Shakspeare*. Collins, as Johnson remarks, 'had many projects in his head.' He planned several tragedies, and issued *Proposals for a History of the Revival of Learning*, a work which he never accomplished. He was full of high hopes and magnificent schemes. His learning was extensive, but he wanted steadiness of purpose and application. In 1746, he published his *Odes*, which were purchased by Millar the bookseller, but failed to attract attention. Collins sunk under the disappointment, and became still more indolent and dissipated. The fine promise of his youth, his ardour and ambition, melted away under this baneful and depressing influence. Once again, however, he strung his lyre with poetical enthusiasm. Thomson died in 1748: Collins—who resided some time at Richmond—knew and loved him, and his latest and best editor, Mr W. Moy Thomas,* conjectures that Thomson has sketched his friend in one of the stanzas of the *Castle of Indolence:*

Of all the gentle tenants of the place,
There was a man of special grave remark;
A certain tender gloom o'erspread his face,
Pensive, not sad, in thought involved, not dark. ...
Ten thousand glorious systems would he build,
Ten thousand great ideas filled his mind;
But with the clouds they fled, and left no trace behind.

When Thomson died, Collins quitted Richmond, and he honoured the memory of his brother-poet with an ode, which is certainly one of the finest elegiac productions in the language. Among his friends was also Home, the author of *Douglas*, to whom he addressed an ode, which was found unfinished after his death, on the *Superstitions of the Highlands*. He loved to dwell on these dim and visionary objects, and the compliment he pays to Tasso may be applied equally to himself:

Prevailing poet, whose undoubting mind
Believed the magic wonders which he sung.

At this period, Collins seems to have contemplated a journey to Scotland:

The time shall come when I perhaps may tread
Your lowly glens, o'erhung with spreading broom;
Or o'er your stretching heaths by Fancy led;
Or o'er your mountains creep in awful gloom!
Then will I dress once more the faded bower,
Where Jonson sat in Drummond's classic shade;
Or crop from Teviotdale each lyric flower,
And mourn on Yarrow's banks where Willy 's laid.

In the midst of the poet's difficulties and distresses, in 1749 his uncle died, and left him about £2000; 'a sum,' says Johnson, 'which Collins could scarcely think exhaustible, and which he did not live to exhaust.' He sank into a state of nervous imbecility. All hope and exertion had fled. Johnson met him one day, carrying with him as he travelled an English Testament. 'I have but one book,' said Collins, 'but it is the best.' In his latter days he was tended by his sister in Chichester. He used, when at liberty, to wander day and night among the aisles and cloisters of Chichester Cathedral, accompanying the music with loud sobs and moans. After five years passed in this melancholy condition, death at length came to his relief, and in 1759—in the thirty-ninth year of his age—his troubled and melancholy career was terminated: it affords one of the most touching examples of accomplished youth and genius, linked to personal calamity, that throws its lights and shades on our literary annals.

Southey has remarked, that, though utterly neglected on their first appearance, the *Odes* of Collins, in the course of one generation, without any adventitious aid to bring them into notice, were acknowledged to be the best of their kind in the language. 'Silently and imperceptibly they had risen by their own buoyancy, and their power was felt by every reader who had any true poetic feeling.' This popularity seems still to be on the increase, though the want of human interest and of action in Collins's poetry prevents its being generally read. The *Eclogues* are free from the occasional obscurity and remoteness of conception that in part pervade the *Odes*, and they charm by their figurative language and descriptions, the simplicity and beauty of their dialogues and sentiments, and their musical versification. The desert scene in *Hassan, the Camel-driver*, is a finished picture—impressive, and even appalling, in its reality. The *Ode on the Passions*, and that on *Evening*, are the finest of his lyrical works. The former is a magnificent gallery of allegorical paintings; and the poetical diction is equally rich with the conception. No poet has made more use of metaphors and personification. He has individualised even metaphysical pursuits, which he terms 'the shadowy tribes of Mind.' Pity is presented with 'eyes of dewy light'—a felicitous epithet; and Danger is described with the boldness and distinctness of sculpture:

Danger, whose limbs of giant mould
What mortal eye can fixed behold?
Who stalks his round, a hideous form,
Howling amidst the midnight storm,
Or throws him on the ridgy steep
Of some loose hanging rock to sleep.

### *Eclogue II.—Hassan; or the Camel-driver.*

Scene—The Desert. Time—Mid-day.

In silent horror, o'er the boundless waste,
The driver Hassan with his camels passed;
One cruise of water on his back he bore,
And his light scrip contained a scanty store;
A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
To guard his shaded face from scorching sand.
The sultry sun had gained the middle sky,
And not a tree and not an herb was nigh;
The beasts with pain their dusty way pursue,
Shrill roared the winds, and dreary was the view!
With desperate sorrow wild, the affrighted man
Thrice sighed, thrice struck his breast, and thus
began:
'Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

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* Collins's Poetical Works—Aldine Poets, 1858.

'Ah! little thought I of the blasting wind,
The thirst or pinching hunger that I find!
Bethink thee, Hassan, where shall thirst assuage,
When fails this cruise, his unrelenting rage?
Soon shall this scrip its precious load resign,
Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine?

'Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
In all my griefs a more than equal share!
Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
Or moss-crowned fountains mitigate the day,
In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
Which plains more blest or verdant vales bestow;
Here rocks alone and tasteless sands are found,
And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around.
Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

'Cursed be the gold and silver which persuade
Weak men to follow far fatiguing trade!
The lily peace outshines the silver store,
And life is dearer than the golden ore;
Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown,
To every distant mart and wealthy town.
Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the sea;
And are we only yet repaid by thee?
Ah! why was ruin so attractive made,
Or why fond man so easily betrayed?
Why heed we not, whilst mad we haste along,
The gentle voice of Peace, or Pleasure's song?
Or wherefore think the flowery mountain's side,
The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride,
Why think we these less pleasing to behold
Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold?
Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

'O cease, my fears! All frantic as I go,
When thought creates unnumbered scenes of woe,
What if the lion in his rage I meet!
Oft in the dust I view his printed feet;
And fearful oft, when Day's declining light
Yields her pale empire to the mourner Night,
By hunger roused he scours the groaning plain,
Gaunt wolves and sullen tigers in his train;
Before them Death with shrieks directs their way,
Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.
Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

'At that dead hour the silent asp shall creep,
If aught of rest I find, upon my sleep;
Or some swoln serpent twist his scales around,
And wake to anguish with a burning wound.
Thrice happy they, the wise contented poor,
From lust of wealth and dread of death secure!
They tempt no deserts, and no griefs they find;
Peace rules the day where reason rules the mind.
Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

'O hapless youth! for she thy love hath won,
The tender Zara! will be most undone.
Big swelled my heart, and owned the powerful maid,
When fast she dropped her tears, as thus she said:
"Farewell the youth whom sighs could not detain,
Whom Zara's breaking heart implored in vain!
Yet as thou go'st, may every blast arise
Weak and unfelt as these rejected sighs!
Safe o'er the wild no perils mayst thou see,
No griefs endure, nor weep, false youth, like me."
O let me safely to the fair return,
Say with a kiss, she must not, shall not mourn;
O let me teach my heart to lose its fears,
Recalled by Wisdom's voice and Zara's tears.'
He said, and called on Heaven to bless the day
When back to Schiraz' walls he bent his way.

### *Ode written in the Beginning of the Year 1746.*

How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall a while repair,
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there!

### *Ode to Evening.*

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales;

O nymph reserved, while now the bright-haired sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed bat,
With short shrill shriek, flits by on leathern wing,
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum:
Now teach me, maid composed,
To breathe some softened strain,

Whose numbers stealing through thy darkening vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial loved return!

For when thy folding-star arising shews
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant hours, and elves
Who slept in flowers the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge
And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,
The pensive pleasures sweet
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then lead, calm votaress, where some sheety lake
Cheers the lone heath, or some time-hallowed pile,
Or upland fallows gray
Reflect its last cool gleam.

But when chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
Forbid my willing feet, be mine the hut
That from the mountain's side
Views wilds and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires;
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light:

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves,
Or Winter yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, sure found beneath the sylvan shed,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, rose-lipped Health,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And hymn thy favourite name!

### *The Passions, an Ode for Music.**

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Thronged around her magic cell;
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possessed beyond the muse's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined;
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round,
They snatched her instruments of sound;
And as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each—for madness ruled the hour—
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords, bewildered laid;
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
Even at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rushed, his eyes on fire
In lightnings owned his secret stings;
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woful measures wan Despair,
Low, sullen, sounds his grief beguiled;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air;
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope! with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whispered promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She called on Echo still through all the song;
And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close;
And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden hair:

And longer had she sung, but with a frown
Revenge impatient rose;
He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down,
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe;
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat;
And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity at his side
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unaltered mien,
While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to naught were fixed;
Sad proof of thy distressful state;
Of different themes the veering song was mixed,
And now it courted Love, now raving called on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sat retired;
And from her wild sequestered seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul;
And dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels joined the sound;
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole:
Or o'er some haunted stream with fond delay,
Round a holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.

But O! how altered was its sprightlier tone,
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemmed with morning-dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known;
The oak-crowned sisters, and their chaste-eyed queen,
Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen
Peeping from forth their alleys green;
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear,
And Sport leaped up, and seized his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial:
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand addressed;
But soon he saw the brisk, awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best.
They would have thought, who heard the strain,
They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids,
Amidst the festal-sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing:
While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round,
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound:
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid,
Why, Goddess! why, to us denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
As in that loved Athenian bower,
You learned an all-commanding power;
Thy mimic soul, O nymph endeared,
Can well recall what then it heard.
Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to virtue, fancy, art?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders in that godlike age
Fill thy recording sister's page;
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age;
E'en all at once together found,
Cecilia's mingled world of sound.
O bid our vain endeavours cease,
Revive the just designs of Greece;
Return in all thy simple state;
Confirm the tales her sons relate!

### *Dirge in Cymbeline.*

Sung by Guiderius and Arviragus over Fidele, supposed to be dead.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet, of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing spring.

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* Performed at Oxford, with Hayes' music, in 1750.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
  To vex with shrieks this quiet grove,
But shepherd lads assemble here,
  And melting virgins own their love.

No withered witch shall here be seen,
  No goblins lead their nightly crew;
The female fays shall haunt the green,
  And dress thy grave with pearly dew;

The red-breast oft, at evening hours,
  Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gathered flowers,
  To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
  In tempests shake the sylvan cell,
Or midst the chase, on every plain,
  The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
  For thee the tear be duly shed;
Beloved till life can charm no more;
  And mourned till Pity's self be dead.

### *Ode on the Death of Mr Thomson.*

The scene of the following stanzas is supposed to lie on the Thames, near Richmond.

In yonder grave a Druid lies,
  Where slowly winds the stealing wave;
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise,
  To deck its poet's sylvan grave.

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds
  His airy harp[*] shall now be laid,
That he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
  May love through life the soothing shade.

The maids and youths shall linger here,
  And while its sounds at distance swell,
Shall sadly seem in Pity's ear
  To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore,
  When Thames in summer wreaths is drest;
And oft suspend the dashing oar,
  To bid his gentle spirit rest!

And oft, as Ease and Health retire
  To breezy lawn, or forest deep,
The friend shall view yon whitening spire,
  And 'mid the varied landscape weep.

But thou, who own'st that earthy bed,
  Ah! what will every dirge avail;
Or tears, which love and pity shed,
  That mourn beneath the gliding sail?

Yet lives there one whose heedless eye
  Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimmering near?
With him, sweet bard, may fancy die,
  And joy desert the blooming year.

But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen tide
  No sedge-crowned sisters now attend,
Now waft me from the green hill's side,
  Whose cold turf hides the buried friend!

And see, the fairy valleys fade,
  Dun night has veiled the solemn view!
Yet once again, dear parted shade,
  Meek nature's child, again adieu!

The genial meads, assigned to bless
  Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom;
Their hinds and shepherd-girls shall dress,
  With simple hands, thy rural tomb.

Long, long thy stone and pointed clay
  Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes:
'O vales, and wild-woods,' shall he say,
  'In yonder grave your Druid lies!'

## WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

William Shenstone added some pleasing pastoral and elegiac strains to our national poetry, but he wanted, as Johnson justly remarks, 'comprehension and variety.' Though highly ambitious of poetical fame, he devoted a large portion of his time, and squandered most of his means, in landscape-gardening and ornamental agriculture. He reared up around him a sort of rural paradise, expending his poetical taste and fancy in the disposition and embellishment of his grounds, till at length pecuniary difficulties and distress drew a cloud over the fair prospect, and darkened the latter days of the poet's life. Swift, who entertained a mortal aversion to all projectors, might have included the unhappy Shenstone among the fanciful inhabitants of his Laputa. The estate which he laboured to adorn was his natal ground. At Leasowes, in the parish of Hales-Owen, Shropshire, the poet was born in November 1714. He was taught to read at what is termed a dame-school, and his venerable preceptress has been immortalised by his poem of the *Schoolmistress*. In the year 1732, he was sent to Pembroke College, Oxford, where he remained four years. In 1745, the paternal estate fell to his own care and management, and he began from this time, as Johnson characteristically describes it, 'to point his prospects, to diversify his surface, to entangle his walks, and to wind his waters; which he did with such judgment and fancy, as made his little domain the envy of the great and the admiration of the skilful; a place to be visited by travellers and copied by designers.' Descriptions of the Leasowes have been written by Dodsley and Goldsmith. The property was altogether not worth more than £300 per annum, and Shenstone had devoted so much of his means to external embellishment, that he was compelled to live in a dilapidated house, not fit, as he acknowledges, to receive 'polite friends.' An unfortunate attachment to a young lady, and disappointed ambition—for he aimed at political as well as poetical celebrity—conspired, with his passion for gardening and improvement, to fix him in his solitary situation. He became querulous and dejected, pined at the unequal gifts of fortune, and even contemplated with a gloomy joy the complaint of Swift, that he would be 'forced to die in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole.' Yet Shenstone was essentially kind and benevolent, and he must at times have experienced exquisite pleasure in his romantic retreat, to which every year would give fresh beauty, and develop more distinctly the creations of his taste and labour. 'The works of a person that builds,' he says, 'begin immediately to decay, while those of him who plants begin directly to improve.' This advantage he possessed with the additional charm of a love of literature; but Shenstone sighed for more than inward peace and satisfaction. He built his happiness on the applause of others, and died in solitude a votary of the world. His death took place at the Leasowes, February 11, 1763.

The works of Shenstone were collected and published after his death by his friend Dodsley, in three volumes. The first contains his poems, the second his prose essays, and the third his letters and other pieces. Gray remarks of his correspondence, that it is 'about nothing else but the Leasowes, and his writings with two or three neighbouring clergymen who wrote verses too.' The essays are good, displaying an ease and grace of style united to judgment and discrimination. They have not the mellow ripeness of thought and learning of Cowley's essays, but they resemble them more closely than any others we possess. In poetry, Shenstone tried different styles: his elegies barely reach mediocrity; his levities, or pieces of humour, are dull and spiritless. His highest effort is the *Schoolmistress*, published in 1742, but said to be 'written at college, 1736.' It was altered and enlarged after its first publication. This poem is a descriptive sketch in imitation of Spenser, so delightfully quaint and ludicrous, yet true to nature, that it has all the force and vividness of a painting by Teniers or Wilkie. His *Pastoral Ballad*, in four parts, is also the finest English poem of that order. The pastorals of Spenser do not aim at lyrical simplicity, and no modern poet has approached Shenstone in the simple tenderness and pathos of pastoral song. Campbell seems to regret the affected Arcadianism of these pieces, which undoubtedly present an incongruous mixture of pastoral life and modern manners. But, whether from early associations—for almost every person has read Shenstone's *Ballad* in youth—or from the romantic simplicity, the true touches of nature and feeling, and the easy versification of the stanzas, they are always read and remembered with delight. We must surrender up the judgment to the imagination in perusing them, well knowing that no such Corydons or Phyllises are to be found; but this is a sacrifice which few readers of poetry are slow to make.

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[*] The harp of Æolus, of which see a description in the *Castle of Indolence*.—Collins.

We subjoin part of the *Schoolmistress;* but one other stanza is worthy of notice, not only for its intrinsic excellence, but for its having probably suggested to Gray the fine reflection in his Elegy:

Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest, &c.

Mr D'Israeli has pointed out this resemblance in his *Curiosities of Literature*, and it appears well founded. The palm of merit, as well as originality, seems to belong to Shenstone; for it is more natural and just to predict the existence of undeveloped powers and great eminence in the humble child at school, than to conceive they had slumbered through life in the peasant in the grave. Yet the conception of Gray has a sweet and touching pathos, that sinks into the heart and memory. Shenstone's is as follows:

Yet, nursed with skill, what dazzling fruits appear!
Even now sagacious foresight points to shew
A little bench of heedless bishops here,
And there a chancellor in embryo,
Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so,
As Milton, Shakspeare—names that ne'er shall die!
Though now he crawl along the ground so low,
Nor weeting how the Muse should soar on high,
Wisheth, poor starveling elf! his paper-kite may fly.

### *The Schoolmistress.*

Ah me! full sorely is my heart forlorn,
To think how modest worth neglected lies;
While partial fame doth with her blasts adorn
Such deeds alone as pride and pomp disguise;
Deeds of ill sort, and mischievous emprise;
Lend me thy clarion, goddess! let me try
To sound the praise of merit ere it dies;
Such as I oft have chanced to espy,
Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.

In every village marked with little spire,
Embowered in trees, and hardly known to fame,
There dwells, in lowly shed, and mean attire,
A matron old, whom we schoolmistress name;
Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame:
They grieven sore, in piteous durance pent,
Awed by the power of this relentless dame;
And ofttimes, on vagaries idly bent,
For unkempt hair, or task unconned, are sorely shent.

And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree,
Which Learning near her little dome did stow;
Whilome a twig of small regard to see,
Though now so wide its waving branches flow,
And work the simple vassals mickle woe;
For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,
But their limbs shuddered, and their pulse beat low;
And as they looked, they found their horror grew,
And shaped it into rods, and tingled at the view.

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,
On which the tribe their gambols do display;
And at the door imprisoning board is seen,
Lest weakly wights of smaller size should stray;
Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day!
The noises intermixed, which thence resound,
Do learning's little tenement betray;
Where sits the dame, disguised in look profound,
And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
Emblem right meet of decency does yield:
Her apron died in grain, as blue, I trow,
As is the harebell that adorns the field;
And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield
Tway birchen sprays; with anxious fear entwined,
With dark distrust, and sad repentance filled;
And steadfast hate, and sharp affliction joined,
And fury uncontrolled, and chastisement unkind.

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown;
A russet kirtle fenced the nipping air;
'Twas simple russet, but it was her own;
'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair;
'Twas her own labour did the fleece prepare;
And, sooth to say, her pupils ranged around,
Through pious awe, did term it passing rare;
For they in gaping wonderment abound,
And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight on ground.

Albeit ne flattery did corrupt her truth,
Ne pompous title did debauch her ear;
Goody, good woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,
Or dame, the sole additions she did hear;
Yet these she challenged, these she held right dear;
Ne would esteem him act as mought behove,
Who should not honoured eld with these revere;
For never title yet so mean could prove,
But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,
The plodding pattern of the busy dame;
Which, ever and anon, impelled by need,
Into her school, begirt with chickens, came;
Such favour did her past deportment claim;
And, if neglect had lavished on the ground
Fragment of bread, she would collect the same;
For well she knew, and quaintly could expound,
What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she

Herbs, too, she knew, and well of each could speak,
That in her garden sipped the silvery dew;
Where no vain flower disclosed a gaudy streak,
But herbs for use and physic, not a few,
Of gray renown, within those borders grew:
The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,
Fresh balm, and marigold of cheerful hue:
The lowly gill, that never dares to climb;
And more I fain would sing, disdaining here to rhyme.

Here oft the dame, on Sabbath's decent eve,
Hymnèd such psalms as Sternhold forth did mete;
If winter 'twere, she to her hearth did cleave,
But in her garden found a summer-seat:
Sweet melody! to hear her then repeat
How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king,
While taunting foemen did a song entreat,
All, for the nonce, untuning every string,
Uphung their useless lyres—small heart had they to sing.

For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore,
And passed much time in truly virtuous deed;
And in those elfins' ears would oft deplore
The times, when truth by popish rage did bleed,
And tortuous death was true devotion's meed;
And simple faith in iron chains did mourn,
That nould on wooden image place her creed;
And lawny saints in smouldering flames did burn:
Ah, dearest Lord, forefend thilk days should e'er return!

In elbow-chair (like that of Scottish stem,
By the sharp tooth of cankering eld defaced,
In which, when he receives his diadem,
Our sovereign prince and liefest liege is placed)
The matron sat; and some with rank she graced
(The source of children's and of courtiers' pride!),
Redressed affronts—for vile affronts there passed;
And warned them not the fretful to deride,
But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

Right well she knew each temper to descry,
To thwart the proud, and the submiss to raise;
Some with vile copper-prize exalt on high,
And some entice with pittance small of praise;
And other some with baleful sprig she 'frays:
Even absent, she the reins of power doth hold,
While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she sways;
Forewarned, if little bird their pranks behold,
'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.

Lo! now with state she utters her command;
Eftsoons the urchins to their tasks repair,
Their books of stature small they take in hand,
Which with pellucid horn secured are,
To save from finger wet the letters fair:
The work so gay, that on their back is seen,
St George's high achievements does declare;
On which thilk wight that has y-gazing been,
Kens the forthcoming rod—unpleasing sight, I ween!

### *From 'A Pastoral Ballad'*—1743.

Arbusta humilesque myricæ.—Virg.
[Though lowly shrubs and trees that shade the plain.
Dryden.]

#### ABSENCE.

Ye shepherds, so cheerful and gay,
Whose flocks never carelessly roam;
Should Corydon's happen to stray,
Oh! call the poor wanderers home.
Allow me to muse and to sigh,
Nor talk of the change that ye find;
None once was so watchful as I;
I have left my dear Phyllis behind.

Now I know what it is to have strove
With the torture of doubt and desire;
What it is to admire and to love,
And to leave her we love and admire.
Ah! lead forth my flock in the morn,
And the damps of each evening repel;
Alas! I am faint and forlorn—
I have bade my dear Phyllis farewell.

Since Phyllis vouchsafed me a look,
I never once dreamt of my vine;
May I lose both my pipe and my crook,
If I knew of a kid that was mine.
I prized every hour that went by,
Beyond all that had pleased me before;
But now they are past, and I sigh,
And I grieve that I prize them no more. . . .

When forced the fair nymph to forego,
What anguish I felt at my heart!
Yet I thought—but it might not be so—
'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.
She gazed as I slowly withdrew,
My path I could hardly discern;
So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return.[*]

The pilgrim that journeys all day
To visit some far-distant shrine,
If he bear but a relic away,
Is happy nor heard to repine.
Thus widely removed from the fair,
Where my vows, my devotion, I owe;
Soft hope is the relic I bear,
And my solace wherever I go.

#### HOPE.

My banks they are furnished with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
My grottoes are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white over with sheep.
I seldom have met with a loss,
Such health do my fountains bestow;
My fountains, all bordered with moss,
Where the harebells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen,
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound;
Not a beech's more beautiful green,
But a sweetbriar entwines it around.
Not my fields in the prime of the year
More charms than my cattle unfold;
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like to retire
To the bower I have laboured to rear;
Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
But I hasted and planted it there.
O how sudden the jessamine strove
With the lilac to render it gay!
Already it calls for my love
To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands, and groves,
What strains of wild melody flow!
How the nightingales warble their loves,
From thickets of roses that blow!
And when her bright form shall appear,
Each bird shall harmoniously join
In a concert so soft and so clear,
As—she may not be fond to resign.

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[*] This stanza, and the four lines beginning: 'I prized every hour that went by,' were greatly admired by Johnson, who said: 'If any mind denies its sympathy to them, it has no acquaintance with love or nature.'

I have found out a gift for my fair,
  I have found where the wood-pigeons breed;
But let me that plunder forbear,
  She will say, 'twas a barbarous deed.
For he ne'er could be true, she averred,
  Who could rob a poor bird of his young;
And I loved her the more when I heard
  Such tenderness fall from her tongue. . . .

### SOLICITUDE.

Why will you my passion reprove?
  Why term it a folly to grieve?
Ere I shew you the charms of my love:
  She is fairer than you can believe.
With her mien she enamours the brave,
  With her wit she engages the free,
With her modesty pleases the grave;
  She is every way pleasing to me.

O you that have been of her train,
  Come and join in my amorous lays;
I could lay down my life for the swain,
  That will sing but a song in her praise.
When he sings, may the nymphs of the town
  Come trooping, and listen the while;
Nay, on him let not Phyllida frown,
  But I cannot allow her to smile.

For when Paridel tries in the dance
  Any favour with Phyllis to find,
O how, with one trivial glance,
  Might she ruin the peace of my mind!
In ringlets he dresses his hair,
  And his crook is bestudded around;
And his pipe—O my Phyllis, beware
  Of a magic there is in the sound.

'Tis his with mock passion to glow,
  'Tis his in smooth tales to unfold
'How her face is as bright as the snow,
  And her bosom, be sure, is as cold.
How the nightingales labour the strain,
  With the notes of his charmer to vie;
How they vary their accents in vain,
  Repine at her triumphs and die.' . . .

### DISAPPOINTMENT.

Ye shepherds, give ear to my lay,
  And take no more heed of my sheep:
They have nothing to do but to stray;
  I have nothing to do but to weep.
Yet do not my folly reprove;
  She was fair, and my passion begun;
She smiled, and I could not but love;
  She is faithless, and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought:
  Perhaps it was plain to foresee,
That a nymph so complete would be sought
  By a swain more engaging than me.
Ah! love every hope can inspire;
  It banishes wisdom the while;
And the lip of the nymph we admire
  Seems for-ever adorned with a smile. . . .

The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,
  The sound of a murmuring stream,
The peace which from solitude flows,
  Henceforth shall be Corydon's theme.
High transports are shewn to the sight,
  But we are not to find them our own;
Fate never bestowed such delight,
  As I with my Phyllis had known.

O ye woods, spread your branches apace;
  To your deepest recesses I fly;
I would hide with the beasts of the chase;
  I would vanish from every eye.
Yet my reed shall resound through the grove
  With the same sad complaint it begun;
How she smiled, and I could not but love;
  Was faithless, and I am undone!

### *Song—Jemmy Dawson.*[*]

Come listen to my mournful tale,
  Ye tender hearts and lovers dear;
Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh,
  Nor will you blush to shed a tear.

And thou, dear Kitty, peerless maid,
  Do thou a pensive ear incline;
For thou canst weep at every woe,
  And pity every plaint but mine.

Young Dawson was a gallant youth,
  A brighter never trod the plain;
And well he loved one charming maid,
  And dearly was he loved again.

One tender maid she loved him dear,
  Of gentle blood the damsel came:
And faultless was her beauteous form,
  And spotless was her virgin fame.

But curse on party's hateful strife,
  That led the favoured youth astray;
The day the rebel clans appeared,
  O had he never seen that day!

Their colours and their sash he wore,
  And in the fatal dress was found;
And now he must that death endure,
  Which gives the brave the keenest wound.

How pale was then his true love's cheek,
  When Jemmy's sentence reached her ear?
For never yet did Alpine snows
  So pale or yet so chill appear.

With faltering voice she weeping said:
  'O Dawson, monarch of my heart!
Think not thy death shall end our loves,
  For thou and I will never part.

'Yet might sweet mercy find a place,
  And bring relief to Jemmy's woes,
O George! without a prayer for thee
  My orisons should never close.

'The gracious prince that gave him life
  Would crown a never-dying flame;
And every tender babe I bore
  Should learn to lisp the giver's name.

'But though, dear youth, thou shouldst be dragged
  To yonder ignominious tree,
Thou shalt not want a faithful friend
  To share thy bitter fate with thee.'

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[*] Captain James Dawson, the amiable and unfortunate subject of these stanzas, was one of the eight officers belonging to the Manchester regiment of volunteers, in the service of the Young Chevalier, who were hanged, drawn, and quartered, on Kennington Common in 1746. The incident occurred as described in the ballad. A pardon was expected, and Dawson was to have been married the same day. The young lady followed him to the scaffold. 'She got near enough,' as stated in a letter written at the time, 'to see the fire kindled which was to consume that heart which she knew was so much devoted to her, and all the other dreadful preparations for his fate, without being guilty of any of those extravagances which her friends had apprehended. But when all was over, and that she found he was no more, she drew her head back into the coach, and crying out: "My dear, I follow thee—I follow thee! Sweet Jesus, receive both our souls together," fell on the neck of her companion, and expired the very moment she was speaking.'

O then her mourning-coach was called,
The sledge moved slowly on before;
Though borne in her triumphal car,
She had not loved her favourite more.

She followed him, prepared to view
The terrible behests of law;
And the last scene of Jemmy's woes
With calm and steadfast eye she saw.

Distorted was that blooming face,
Which she had fondly loved so long;
And stifled was that tuneful breath,
Which in her praise had sweetly sung:

And severed was that beauteous neck,
Round which her arms had fondly closed;
And mangled was that beauteous breast,
On which her love-sick head reposed:

And ravished was that constant heart,
She did to every heart prefer;
For though it could its king forget,
'Twas true and loyal still to her.

Amid those unrelenting flames
She bore this constant heart to see;
But when 'twas mouldered into dust,
'Now, now,' she cried, 'I follow thee.

'My death, my death alone can shew
The pure and lasting love I bore:
Accept, O Heaven! of woes like ours,
And let us, let us weep no more.'

The dismal scene was o'er and past,
The lover's mournful hearse retired;
The maid drew back her languid head,
And, sighing forth his name, expired.

Though justice ever must prevail,
The tear my Kitty sheds is due;
For seldom shall she hear a tale
So sad, so tender, and so true.

### *Written at an Inn at Henley.*

To thee, fair Freedom, I retire
From flattery, cards, and dice, and din;
Nor art thou found in mansions higher
Than the low cot or humble inn.

'Tis here with boundless power I reign,
And every health which I begin
Converts dull port to bright champagne:
Such freedom crowns it at an inn.

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate,
I fly from falsehood's specious grin;
Freedom I love, and form I hate,
And choose my lodgings at an inn.

Here, waiter! take my sordid ore,
Which lackeys else might hope to win;
It buys what courts have not in store,
It buys me freedom at an inn.

Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn.

## DAVID MALLET.

**DAVID MALLET**, author of some beautiful ballad stanzas, and some florid unimpassioned poems in blank verse, was a successful but unprincipled literary adventurer. He praised and courted Pope while living, and, after experiencing his kindness, traduced his memory when dead. He earned a disgraceful pension by contributing to the death of a brave naval officer, Admiral Byng, who fell a victim to the clamour of faction; and by various other acts of his life, he evinced that self-aggrandisement was his only steady and ruling passion. When Johnson, therefore, states that Mallet was the only Scot whom Scotchmen did not commend, he pays a compliment to the virtue and integrity of the natives of Scotland. The original name of the poet was Malloch. When the clan Macgregor was abolished by an act of the privy-council in 1603, and subsequently by acts of parliament, some of the clansmen took this name of Malloch, of which two Gaelic etymologies have been given. One derives it from *Mala*, a brow or eyebrow, and another from *Mallaich*, the cursed or accursed. Mallet's father is said to have kept an inn at Crieff, in Perthshire; but a recent editor of the poet,[*] upon grounds not merely plausible but very probable, believes him to have been the son of parents of a less humble condition of life—a family of Mallochs settled upon the farm of Dunruchan, near Muthill, Perthshire, the head of which family was one of three on the great estates of Perth who rode on saddles, that being a dignity not permitted or too costly for others. The Dunruchan Mallochs were concerned in the rebellions of 1715 and 1745, and sunk to poverty. David is first found in the situation of janitor of the High School of Edinburgh—a menial office rarely given to one so young as Mallet, who was then not more than fifteen or sixteen. He held the office for half a year, his full salary being ten pounds Scots, or 16s. 8d. This was in 1718. He then studied for a time under Professor Ker of Aberdeen, to whose kindness he was much indebted, and he was afterwards received, though without salary, as tutor in the family of Mr Home of Dreghorn, near Edinburgh. He next obtained a similar situation, but with a salary of £30 per annum, in the family of the Duke of Montrose. In 1723, he went to London with the duke's family, and next year his ballad of *William and Margaret* appeared in Hill's periodical, the *Plain Dealer*. He soon numbered among his friends Young, Pope, and other eminent persons, to whom his assiduous attentions, his agreeable manners, and literary taste, rendered his society acceptable. In 1726 he began to write his name Mallet, 'for there is not one Englishman,' he said, 'that can pronounce Malloch.' In 1728 he published his poem the *Excursion*, written in imitation of the blank verse of Thomson. The defects of Thomson's style are servilely copied; some of his epithets and expressions are also borrowed; but there is no approach to his redeeming graces and beauties. Passing over his feeble tragedies, Mallet, in 1733, published a satire on Bentley, inscribed to Pope, entitled *Verbal Criticism*, in which he insolently characterises the venerable scholar as

In error obstinate, in wrangling loud,
For trifles eager, positive, and proud;
Deep in the darkness of dull authors bred,
With all their refuse lumbered in his head.

Through the recommendation of Pope, Mallet was appointed travelling tutor to the son of Mr Knight of Gosfield, with whom he visited the continent for several summers. He was next patronised by Frederick, Prince of Wales, then head of the Opposition, and by command of the prince, he wrote, in conjunction with Thomson, the mask of *Alfred*, which was performed in 1740, at Cliefden, the summer residence of his royal highness. In this slight dramatic performance—which was afterwards altered by Mallet, and brought upon the stage at Drury Lane in 1751—*Rule Britannia* first appeared; a song which, as Southey said, 'will be the political hymn of this country as long as she maintains her political power.' Whether Thomson or Mallet was the author of *Rule Britannia* is not quite settled. A competent critic, Mr Bolton Corney, ascribes it to Mallet, who indirectly claimed it as wholly his own composition, but his assertion carries little weight with it, and the lyric seems to breathe the higher inspiration and more manly and patriotic spirit of Thomson. The neat artistic hand of Mallet may, however, have been employed on some of the stanzas. In the same year (1740), Mallet wrote a life of Bacon, prefixed to an edition of the works of the philosopher. In 1742, he was appointed under-secretary to the Prince of Wales, with a salary of £200 per annum; and a fortunate second marriage—nothing is known of his first—added to his income, as the lady had a fortune of seven or eight thousand pounds. She was daughter of Lord Carlisle's steward. Both Mallet and his wife professed to be deists, and the lady is said to have surprised some of her friends by commencing her arguments with: '*Sir, we deists.*' When Gibbon the historian was dismissed from his college at Oxford for embracing popery, he took refuge in Mallet's house, and was rather scandalised, he says, than reclaimed, by the philosophy of his host. Wilkes mentions that the vain and fantastic wife of Mallet one day lamented to a lady that her husband *suffered in reputation* by his name being so often confounded with that of Smollett; the lady wittily answered: 'Madam, there is a short remedy; let your husband keep his own name.' On the death of the Duchess of Marlborough, it was found that she had left £1000 to Glover, author of *Leonidas*, and Mallet jointly, on condition that they should draw up from the family papers a life of the great duke. Glover, indignant at a stipulation in the will, that the memoir was to be submitted before publication to the Earl of Chesterfield, and being a high-spirited man, devolved the whole on Mallet, who also received a pension from the second Duke of Marlborough to stimulate his industry. He pretended to be busy with the work, and in the dedication to a small collection of his poems published in 1762, he stated that he hoped soon to present his grace with something *more solid* in the life of the first Duke of Marlborough. Mallet had received the solid money, and cared for nothing else. On his death, it was found that not a single line of the memoir had been written. In 1747, appeared Mallet's poem, *Amyntor and Theodora*. This, the longest of his poetical works, is a tale in blank verse, the scene of which is laid in the solitary island of St Kilda, whither one of his characters, Aurelius, had fled to avoid the religious persecutions under Charles II. Some highly wrought descriptions of marine scenery, storms, and shipwreck, with a few touches of natural pathos and affection, constitute the chief characteristics of the poem. The whole, however—even the very names in such a locality—has an air of improbability and extravagance. In 1749, Mallet came forward as the ostensible editor of Bolingbroke's *Patriot King*—insulting the memory of his benefactor Pope; and the peer rewarded him by bequeathing to him the whole of his works, manuscripts, and library. Mallet's love of money and infidel principles were equally gratified by this bequest—he published the collected works of Bolingbroke in 1754.[*] His next appearance was also of a discreditable character. When the government became unpopular by the defeat at Minorca, Mallet was employed (1756) in its defence, and under the signature of a Plain Man, he published an address imputing cowardice to the admiral of the fleet. He succeeded: Byng was shot, and Mallet was pensioned. The accession of George III. opened a way for all literary Scotsmen subservient to the crown. Mallet was soon a worshipper of the favourite Lord Bute. In 1761, he published a flattering poetical epistle, *Truth in Rhyme*, addressed to Lord Bute, and equally laudatory of the king and the minister. Of this piece Chesterfield said:

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[*] *Ballads and Songs by David Mallet.* Edited by Dr Dinsdale. 1857.

> It has no faults, or I no faults can spy:
> It is all beauty, or all blindness I.

Astrea from her native sky beholds the virtues of the 'patriot king,' and summons Urania to sing his praises. Urania doubts whether a prince deserving but shunning fame, would permit her strains, but she calls upon all Britons to emulate their king, and, considering to whom such 'grateful lays' should be sent,

> To strike at once all scandal mute,
> The goddess found, and fixed on Bute!

Such is the poor conceit on which the rhyme is built. Mallet afterwards dedicated his tragedy of *Elvira* (1763) to Lord Bute, and was rewarded with the office of Keeper of the Book of Entries for the port of London, which was worth £400 per annum. He enjoyed this appointment little more than two years, dying in London, April 21, 1765.

Gibbon anticipated that if ever his friend Mallet should attain poetic fame, it would be by his *Amyntor and Theodora;* but, contrary to the *dictum* of the historian, the poetic fame of Mallet rests on his ballads, and chiefly on his *William and Margaret*, which, written about the age of twenty-two, afforded high hopes of ultimate excellence. The simplicity, here remarkable, he seems to have thrown aside when he assumed the airs and dress of a man of taste and fashion. All critics, from Dr Percy downwards, have united in considering *William and Margaret* one of the finest compositions of the kind in our language. Sir Walter Scott conceived that Mallet had imitated an old Scottish tale to be found in Allan Ramsay's *Tea-table Miscellany*, beginning:

> There came a ghost to Margaret's door.

The resemblance is striking. Mallet confessed only

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[*] Johnson's sentence on the noble author and his editor is one of his most pointed conversational memorabilia: 'Sir, he was a scoundrel and a coward: a scoundrel for charging a blunderbuss against religion and morality; a coward because he had not resolution to fire it off himself, but left half-a-crown to a beggarly Scotchman to draw the trigger after his death.'

—in a note to his ballad—to the following verse in Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle:*

When it was grown to dark midnight,
  And all were fast asleep,
In came Margaret's grimly ghost,
  And stood at William's feet.

In the first printed copies of Mallet's ballad, the first two lines were nearly the same as the above—

When all was wrapt in dark midnight,
  And all were fast asleep.

He improved the rhyme by the change; but beautiful as the idea is of night and morning meeting, it may be questioned whether there is not more of the ballad simplicity in the old words.

### *William and Margaret.*

'Twas at the silent solemn hour,
  When night and morning meet;
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
  And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April morn
  Clad in a wintry cloud;
And clay-cold was her lily hand
  That held her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear,
  When youth and years are flown:
Such is the robe that kings must wear,
  When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,
  That sips the silver dew;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
  Just opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker-worm,
  Consumed her early prime;
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek,
  She died before her time.

'Awake!' she cried, 'thy true love calls,
  Come from her midnight grave:
Now let thy pity hear the maid
  Thy love refused to save.

'This is the dark and dreary hour
  When injured ghosts complain;
When yawning graves give up their dead,
  To haunt the faithless swain.

'Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
  Thy pledge and broken oath!
And give me back my maiden vow,
  And give me back my troth.

'Why did you promise love to me,
  And not that promise keep?
Why did you swear my eyes were bright,
  Yet leave those eyes to weep?

'How could you say my face was fair,
  And yet that face forsake?
How could you win my virgin heart,
  Yet leave that heart to break?

'Why did you say my lip was sweet,
  And made the scarlet pale?
And why did I, young, witless maid!
  Believe the flattering tale?

'That face, alas! no more is fair,
  Those lips no longer red:
Dark are my eyes, now closed in death,
  And every charm is fled.

'The hungry worm my sister is;
  This winding-sheet I wear:
And cold and weary lasts our night,
  Till that last morn appear.

'But hark! the cock has warned me hence;
  A long and last adieu!
Come see, false man, how low she lies,
  Who died for love of you.'

The lark sung loud; the morning smiled
  With beams of rosy red:
Pale William quaked in every limb,
  And raving left his bed.

He hied him to the fatal place
  Where Margaret's body lay;
And stretched him on the green-grass turf
  That wrapt her breathless clay.

And thrice he called on Margaret's name,
  And thrice he wept full sore;
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
  And word spake never more!

### *The Birks of Invermay.*

The smiling morn, the breathing spring,
Invite the tunefu' birds to sing;
And, while they warble from the spray,
Love melts the universal lay.
Let us, Amanda, timely wise,
Like them, improve the hour that flies;
And in soft raptures waste the day,
Among the birks of Invermay.

For soon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear;
At this thy living bloom will fade,
As that will strip the verdant shade.
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
The feathered songsters are no more;
And when they drop and we decay,
Adieu the birks of Invermay!

Some additional stanzas were added to the above by Dr Bryce, Kirknewton. Invermay is in Perthshire, the native county of Mallet, and is situated near the termination of a little picturesque stream called the May. The 'birk' or birch-tree is abundant, adding grace and beauty to rock and stream. Though a Celt by birth, Mallet had none of the imaginative wildness or superstition of his native country. Macpherson, on the other hand, seems to have been completely imbued with it.

## MARK AKENSIDE.

The author of *The Pleasures of Imagination*, one of the most pure and noble-minded poems of the age, was of humble origin. His parents were dissenters, and the Puritanism imbibed in his early years seems, as in the case of Milton, to have given a gravity and earnestness to his character, and a love of freedom to his thoughts and imagination. MARK AKENSIDE was the son of a respectable butcher at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where he was born, November 9, 1721. An accident in his early years—the fall of one of his father's cleavers, or hatchets, on his foot—rendered him lame for life, and perpetuated the recollection of his lowly birth. The Society of Dissenters advanced a sum for the education of the poet as a clergyman, and he repaired to Edinburgh for this purpose in his eighteenth year. He afterwards repented of this destination, and, returning the money, entered himself as a student of medicine. He was then a poet, and in his *Hymn to Science*, written in Edinburgh, we see at once the formation of his classic taste, and the dignity of his personal character:

That last best effort of thy skill,
To form the life and rule the will,
  Propitious Power! impart;
Teach me to cool my passion's fires,
Make me the judge of my desires,
  The master of my heart.

Raise me above the vulgar's breath,
Pursuit of fortune, fear of death,
  And all in life that's mean;
Still true to reason be my plan,
Still let my actions speak the man,
  Through every various scene.

A youth animated by such sentiments, promised a manhood of honour and integrity. The medical studies of Akenside were completed at Leyden, where he took his degree of M.D. May 16, 1744. Previous to this he had published anonymously his *Pleasures of Imagination*, which appeared in January of that year, and was so well received that a second edition was called for within four months. The price demanded for the copyright was £120, a large sum; but Dodsley the publisher having submitted it to Pope, the latter advised him not to make a niggardly offer, 'for this was no everyday writer.' The success of the work justified alike poet, critic, and publisher. The same year Akenside in a poetical epistle attacked Pulteney under the name of Curio, but desirous of some more solid support than the Muse, he commenced physician at Northampton. The ground was preoccupied, and he did not succeed. He then published a collection of *Odes*, and in January 1746, he engaged to contribute to Dodsley's *Museum* an essay and review of new books once a fortnight, for which he was to receive £100 per annum. He continued also to practise as a physician, first at Hampstead, and afterwards in Bloomsbury Square, London, and he published several medical treatises. At Leyden he had formed an intimacy with a young Englishman of fortune, Jeremiah Dyson, Esq. which ripened into a friendship of the most close and enthusiastic description: and Mr Dyson—who was afterwards clerk of the House of Commons, a lord of the treasury, &c—had the generosity to allow the poet £300 a year. After writing a few *Odes*, and attempting a total alteration of his great poem—in which he was far from successful—Akenside made no further efforts at composition. In 1757, appeared the enlargement of the First Book of his *Pleasures of Imagination*, of the Second Book in 1765, and a fragment of an intended Fourth Book was published after his death. The society of the poet was courted for his taste, knowledge, and eloquence; but his solemn sententiousness of manner, his romantic ideas of liberty, and his unbounded admiration of the ancients, exposed him occasionally to ridicule. The physician in *Peregrine Pickle*, who gives a feast in the manner of the ancients, is supposed to have been a caricature of Akenside. The description, for rich humour and grotesque combinations of learning and folly, has not been excelled by Smollett; but it was unworthy his talents to cast ridicule on a man of high character, learning, and genius. Akenside died suddenly of a putrid sore throat, on the 23d of June 1770, in his 49th year, and was buried in St James's Church. With a feeling common to poets, as to more ordinary mortals, Akenside, in his latter days, reverted with delight to his native landscape on the banks of the Tyne. In his fragment of a fourth book of the *Pleasures of Imagination*, written in the last year of his life, there is the following beautiful passage:

O ye dales
Of Tyne, and ye most ancient woodlands; where
Oft, as the giant flood obliquely strides,
And his banks open and his lawns extend,
Stops short the pleasèd traveller to view,
Presiding o'er the scene, some rustic tower
Founded by Norman or by Saxon hands!
O ye Northumbrian shades, which overlook
The rocky pavement and the mossy falls
Of solitary Wensbeck's limpid stream!
How gladly I recall your well-known seats
Beloved of old, and that delightful time
When all alone, for many a summer's day,
I wandered through your calm recesses, led
In silence by some powerful hand unseen.
Nor will I e'er forget you; nor shall e'er
The graver tasks of manhood, or the advice
Of vulgar wisdom, move me to disclaim
Those studies which possessed me in the dawn
Of life, and fixed the colour of my mind
For every future year: whence even now
From sleep I rescue the clear hours of morn,
And, while the world around lies overwhelmed
In idle darkness, am alive to thoughts
Of honourable fame, of truth divine
Or moral, and of minds to virtue won
By the sweet magic of harmonious verse.

The spirit of Milton seems to speak in this strain of lofty egotism![*]

The *Pleasures of Imagination* is a poem seldom read continuously, though its finer passages, by frequent quotation, particularly in works of criticism and moral philosophy, are well known. Gray censured the mixture of spurious philosophy—the speculations of Hutcheson and Shaftesbury—which the work contains. Plato, Lucretius, and even the papers by Addison in the *Spectator*, were also laid under contribution by the studious author. He gathered sparks of enthusiasm from kindred minds, but the train was in his own. The pleasures which his poem professes to treat of, 'proceed,' he says, 'either from natural objects, as from a flourishing grove, a clear and murmuring fountain, a calm sea by moonlight, or from works of art, such as a noble edifice, a musical tune, a statue, a picture, a poem.' These, with the moral and intellectual objects arising from them, furnish abundant topics for illustration; but Akenside dealt chiefly with abstract subjects, pertaining more to philosophy than to poetry. He did not seek to graft upon them human interests and passions. In tracing the final causes of our emotions, he could have described their exercise and effects in scenes of ordinary pain or pleasure in the walks of real life. This does not seem, however, to have been the purpose of the poet, and hence his work is deficient in interest. He seldom stoops from the heights of philosophy and classic taste. He considered that physical science improved the charms of nature. Contrary to the feeling of another poet (Campbell) who repudiates these 'cold material laws,' he viewed the rainbow with additional pleasure after he had studied the Newtonian theory of lights and colours:

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[*] Thus Milton in his *Apology for Smectymnuus*: 'Those morning haunts are where they should be, at home; not sleeping or concocting the surfeits of an irregular feast, but up and stirring, in winter, often ere the sound of any bell awake men to labour, or to devotion; in summer, as oft with the bird that first rouses, or not much tardier, to read good authors, or cause them to be read, till the attention be weary, or memory have its full fraught; then with useful and generous labours preserving the body's health and hardiness, to render lightsome, clear, and not lumpish, obedience to the mind, to the cause of religion, and our country's liberty, when it shall require firm hearts in sound bodies to stand and cover their stations.' See also the fine passage *ante*, page 330.

Nor ever yet
The melting rainbow's vernal tinctured hues
To me have shone so pleasing, as when first
The hand of Science pointed out the path
In which the sunbeams gleaming from the west
Fall on the watery cloud, whose darksome veil
Involves the orient.

Akenside's *Hymn to the Naiads* has the true classical spirit. He had caught the manner and feeling, the varied pause and harmony, of the Greek poets, with such felicity, that Lloyd considered his *Hymn* as fitted to give a better idea of that form of composition, than could be conveyed by any translation of Homer or Callimachus. Gray was an equally learned poet, perhaps superior: his knowledge was better digested. But Gray had not the romantic enthusiasm of character, tinged with pedantry, which naturally belonged to Akenside. He had also the experience of mature years. The genius of Akenside was early developed, and his diffuse and florid descriptions seem the natural product—marvellous of its kind—of youthful exuberance. He was afterwards conscious of the defects of his poem. He saw that there was too much leaf for the fruit; but in cutting off these luxuriances, he sacrificed some of the finest blossoms. Posterity has been more just to his fame, by almost wholly disregarding this second copy of his philosophical poem. In his youthful aspirations after moral and intellectual greatness and beauty, he seems, like Jeremy Taylor in the pulpit, 'an angel newly descended from the visions of glory.' In advanced years, he is the professor in his robes; still free from stain, but stately, formal, and severe. The blank verse of the *Pleasures of Imagination* is free and well modulated, and seems to be distinctly his own. Though apt to run into too long periods, it has more compactness of structure than Thomson's ordinary composition. Its occasional want of perspicuity probably arises from the fineness of his distinctions, and the difficulty attending mental analysis in verse. He might also wish to avoid all vulgar and common expressions, and thus err from excessive refinement. A redundancy of ornament undoubtedly, in some passages, takes off from the clearness and prominence of his conceptions. His highest flights, however—as in the allusion to the death of Cæsar, and his exquisitely wrought parallel between art and nature—have a flow and energy of expression, with appropriate imagery, which mark the great poet. His style is chaste, yet elevated and musical. He never compromised his dignity, though he blended sweetness with its expression.

### *Aspirations after the Infinite.*

Say, why was man so eminently raised
Amid the vast creation; why ordained
Through life and death to dart his piercing eye,
With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame;
But that the Omnipotent might send him forth
In sight of mortal and immortal powers,
As on a boundless theatre, to run
The great career of justice; to exalt
His generous aim to all diviner deeds;
To chase each partial purpose from his breast:
And through the mists of passion and of sense,
And through the tossing tide of chance and pain,
To hold his course unfaltering, while the voice
Of Truth and Virtue, up the steep ascent
Of Nature, calls him to his high reward,
The applauding smile of Heaven? Else wherefore burns
In mortal bosoms this unquenchèd hope,
That breathes from day to day sublimer things,
And mocks possession? wherefore darts the mind
With such resistless ardour to embrace
Majestic forms; impatient to be free,
Spurning the gross control of wilful might;
Proud of the strong contention of her toils;
Proud to be daring? who but rather turns
To Heaven's broad fire his unconstrained view,
Than to the glimmering of a waxen flame?
Who that, from Alpine heights, his labouring eye
Shoots round the wide horizon, to survey
Nilus or Ganges rolling his bright wave
Through mountains, plains, through empires black with shade,
And continents of sand, will turn his gaze
To mark the windings of a scanty rill
That murmurs at his feet? The high-born soul
Disdains to rest her heaven-aspiring wing
Beneath its native quarry. Tired of earth
And this diurnal scene, she springs aloft
Through fields of air; pursues the flying storm;
Rides on the vollied lightning through the heavens;
Or, yoked with whirlwinds and the northern blast,
Sweeps the long tract of day. Then high she soars
The blue profound, and, hovering round the sun,
Beholds him pouring the redundant stream
Of light; beholds his unrelenting sway
Bend the reluctant planets to absolve
The fated rounds of Time. Thence far effused,
She darts her swiftness up the long career
Of devious comets; through its burning signs
Exulting measures the perennial wheel
Of Nature, and looks back on all the stars,
Whose blended light, as with a milky zone,
Invests the orient. Now, amazed she views
The empyreal waste, where happy spirits hold,
Beyond this concave heaven, their calm abode;
And fields of radiance, whose unfading light
Has travelled the profound six thousand years,
Nor yet arrived in sight of mortal things.
Even on the barriers of the world, untired
She meditates the eternal depth below;
Till half-recoiling, down the headlong steep
She plunges; soon o'erwhelmed and swallowed up
In that immense of being. There her hopes
Rest at the fated goal. For from the birth
Of mortal man, the sovereign Maker said,
That not in humble nor in brief delight,
Not in the fading echoes of Renown,
Power's purple robes, nor Pleasure's flowery lap,
The soul should find enjoyment: but from these
Turning disdainful to an equal good,
Through all the ascent of things enlarge her view,
Till every bound at length should disappear.
And infinite perfection close the scene.

### *Patriotism.*

Mind, mind alone—bear witness, earth and heaven!—
The living fountains in itself contains
Of beauteous and sublime: here hand in hand
Sit paramount the Graces; here enthroned,
Celestial Venus, with divinest airs,
Invites the soul to never-fading joy.
Look, then, abroad through nature, to the range
Of planets, suns, and adamantine spheres,
Wheeling unshaken through the void immense;
And speak, O man! does this capacious scene
With half that kindling majesty dilate
Thy strong conception, as when Brutus rose
Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate,
Amid the crowd of patriots; and his arm
Aloft extending, like eternal Jove,
When guilt brings down the thunder, called aloud
On Tully's name, and shook his crimson steel,
And bade the father of his country, hail!
For lo! the tyrant prostrate on the dust,
And Rome again is free! Is aught so fair
In all the dewy landscapes of the spring,
In the bright eye of Hesper, or the morn,
In Nature's fairest forms, is aught so fair
As virtuous friendship? as the candid blush
Of him who strives with fortune to be just?
The graceful tear that streams for others' woes,
Or the mild majesty of private life,
Where Peace, with ever-blooming olive, crowns
The gate; where Honour's liberal hands effuse
Unenvied treasures, and the snowy wings
Of Innocence and Love protect the scene?

### *Taste.*

What, then, is taste, but these internal powers
Active, and strong, and feelingly alive
To each fine impulse? a discerning sense
Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust
From things deformed or disarranged, or gross
In species? This, nor gems nor stores of gold,
Nor purple state, nor culture can bestow;
But God alone, when first his active hand
Imprints the secret bias of the soul.
He, mighty Parent! wise and just in all,
Free as the vital breeze or light of heaven,
Reveals the charms of nature. Ask the swain
Who journeys homeward from a summer day's
Long labour, why, forgetful of his toils
And due repose, he loiters to behold
The sunshine gleaming, as through amber clouds,
O'er all the western sky; full soon, I ween,
His rude expression and untutored airs,
Beyond the power of language, will unfold
The form of beauty smiling at his heart,
How lovely! how commanding! But though heaven
In every breast hath sown these early seeds
Of love and admiration, yet in vain,
Without fair culture's kind parental aid,
Without enlivening suns, and genial showers,
And shelter from the blast, in vain we hope
The tender plant should rear its blooming head,
Or yield the harvest promised in its spring.
Nor yet will every soil with equal stores
Repay the tiller's labour; or attend
His will, obsequious, whether to produce
The olive or the laurel. Different minds
Incline to different objects: one pursues
The vast alone, the wonderful, the wild;
Another sighs for harmony, and grace,
And gentlest beauty. Hence when lightning fires
The arch of heaven, and thunders rock the ground;
When furious whirlwinds rend the howling air,
And ocean, groaning from his lowest bed,
Heaves his tempestuous billows to the sky,
Amid the mighty uproar, while below
The nations tremble, Shakspeare looks abroad
From some high cliff superior, and enjoys
The elemental war. But Waller longs
All on the margin of some flowery stream
To spread his careless limbs amid the cool
Of plantane shades, and to the listening deer
The tale of slighted vows and love's disdain
Resound soft-warbling all the livelong day:
Consenting zephyr sighs; the weeping rill
Joins in his plaint, melodious; mute the groves;
And hill and dale with all their echoes mourn.
Such and so various are the tastes of men.
O blest of heaven! whom not the languid songs
Of luxury, the siren! not the bribes
Of sordid wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils
Of pageant honour, can seduce to leave
Those ever-blooming sweets, which from the store
Of nature fair Imagination culls
To charm the enlivened soul. What though not all
Of mortal offspring can attain the heights
Of envied life; though only few possess
Patrician treasures or imperial state;
Yet Nature's care, to all her children just,
With richer treasures and an ampler state,
Endows at large whatever happy man
Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp
The rural honours his. Whate'er adorns
The princely dome, the column and the arch,
The breathing marble and the sculptured gold,
Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim,
His tuneful breast enjoys. For him the spring
Distils her dews, and from the silken gem
Its lucid leaves unfolds: for him the hand
Of autumn tinges every fertile branch
With blooming gold and blushes like the morn.
Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings;
And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,
And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain
From all the tenants of the warbling shade
Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake
Fresh pleasure, unreproved. Nor thence partakes
Fresh pleasure only: for the attentive mind,
By this harmonious action on her powers,
Becomes herself harmonious: wont so oft
In outward things to meditate the charm
Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home
To find a kindred order, to exert
Within herself this elegance of love,
This fair inspired delight: her tempered powers
Refine at length, and every passion wears
A chaster, milder, more attractive mien.
But if to ampler prospects, if to gaze
On nature's form, where, negligent of all
These lesser graces, she assumes the port
Of that eternal majesty that weighed
The world's foundations: if to these the mind
Exalts her daring eye; then mightier far
Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms
Of servile custom cramp her generous power;
Would sordid policies, the barbarous growth
Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down
To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear?
Lo! she appeals to nature, to the winds
And rolling waves, the sun's unwearied course,
The elements and seasons: all declare
For what the eternal Maker has ordained
The powers of man: we feel within ourselves
His energy divine: he tells the heart,
He meant, he made us to behold and love
What he beholds and loves, the general orb
Of life and being; to be great like him,
Beneficent and active. Thus the men
Whom nature's works can charm, with God himself
Hold converse; grow familiar, day by day,

With his conceptions, act upon his plan,
And form to his, the relish of their souls.

### *Inscription for a Monument to Shakspeare.*

O youths and virgins: O declining eld:
O pale misfortune's slaves: O ye who dwell
Unknown with humble quiet: ye who wait
In courts, or fill the golden seat of kings:
O sons of sport and pleasure: O thou wretch
That weep'st for jealous love, or the sore wounds
Of conscious guilt, or death's rapacious hand,
Which left thee void of hope: O ye who roam
In exile, ye who through the embattled field
Seek bright renown, or who for nobler palms
Contend, the leaders of a public cause,
Approach: behold this marble. Know ye not
The features? Hath not oft his faithful tongue
Told you the fashion of your own estate,
The secrets of your bosom? Here then round
His monument with reverence while ye stand,
Say to each other: 'This was Shakspeare's form;
Who walked in every path of human life,
Felt every passion; and to all mankind
Doth now, will ever that experience yield
Which his own genius only could acquire.'

### *Inscription for a Statue of Chaucer, at Woodstock.*

Such was old Chaucer: such the placid mien
Of him who first with harmony informed
The language of our fathers. Here he dwelt
For many a cheerful day. These ancient walls
Have often heard him, while his legends blithe
He sang; of love, or knighthood, or the wiles
Of homely life; through each estate and age,
The fashions and the follies of the world
With cunning hand portraying. Though perchance
From Blenheim's towers, O stranger, thou art come
Glowing with Churchill's trophies; yet in vain
Dost thou applaud them, if thy breast be cold
To him, this other hero; who in times
Dark and untaught, began with charming verse
To tame the rudeness of his native land.

## GEORGE LORD LYTTELTON.

As a poet, LYTTELTON might escape remembrance, but he comes before us as a general author. and is, from various considerations apart from literary reputation, worthy of notice. He was the son of Sir Thomas Lyttelton of Hagley, in Worcestershire—born on the 17th of January 1709; and after distinguishing himself at Eton and Oxford, he went abroad, and passed some time in France and Italy. On his return, he obtained a seat in parliament, and opposed the measures of Sir Robert Walpole. He became secretary to the Prince of Wales, and was thus able to benefit his literary friends, Thomson and Mallet. Pope admired his talents and principles, commemorated him in his verse, and remembered him in his will. In 1741, Lyttelton married Miss Lucy Fortescue of Devonshire, who, dying five years afterwards, afforded a theme for his muse, considered by many the most successful of his poetical efforts. When Walpole and the Whigs were vanquished, Lyttelton was made one of the lords of the treasury. He was afterwards a privy-councillor and chancellor of the exchequer, and was elevated to the peerage. He died August 22, 1773, aged sixty-four. Lyttelton appeared early as an author. In 1728, he published *Blenheim*, a poem; in 1732, *The Progress of Love;* in 1735, *Letters from a Persian in England*, &c. He was author of a short but excellent treatise on the *Conversion of St Paul*, which is still regarded as one of the subsidiary bulwarks of Christianity. He wrote this work in 1746, as he has stated, with 'a particular view to the satisfaction' of Thomson the poet, to whom he was strongly attached. Another prose work of Lyttelton's, *Dialogues of the Dead* (1760), enjoyed considerable popularity. He also wrote an elaborate *History of the Reign of Henry II.*, to which he brought ample information and a spirit of impartiality and justice; but the work is dry and tedious—'not illuminated,' as Gibbon remarks, 'by a ray of genius.' These various works, and his patronage of literary men—Fielding, it will be recollected, dedicated to him his *Tom Jones*, and to Thomson he was a firm friend—constitute the chief claim of Lyttelton upon the regard of posterity. As a politician, though honest, he was not distinguished. Gray has praised his *Monody* on his wife's death as tender and elegiac; but undoubtedly the finest poetical effusion of Lyttelton is his Prologue to Thomson's tragedy of *Coriolanus*. Before this play could be brought out, Thomson had paid the debt of nature. The tragedy was acted for the benefit of the poet's relations, and when Quin spoke the prologue by Lyttelton, many of the audience wept at the lines—

> He loved his friends—forgive this gushing tear:
> Alas! I feel I am no actor here.

### *From the Monody.*

In vain I look around
O'er all the well-known ground,
My Lucy's wonted footsteps to descry;
Where oft we used to walk,
Where oft in tender talk
We saw the summer sun go down the sky;

Nor by yon fountain's side,
Nor where its waters glide
Along the valley, can she now be found:
In all the wide-stretched prospect's ample bound,
No more my mournful eye
Can aught of her espy,
But the sad sacred earth where her dear relics lie.

Sweet babes, who, like the little playful fawns,
Were wont to trip along these verdant lawns,
By your delighted mother's side:
Who now your infant steps shall guide?
Ah! where is now the hand whose tender care
To every virtue would have formed your youth,
And strewed with flowers the thorny ways of truth?
O loss beyond repair!

O wretched father, left alone
To weep their dire misfortune and thy own!
How shall thy weakened mind, oppressed with woe,
And dropping o'er thy Lucy's grave,
Perform the duties that you doubly owe,
Now she, alas! is gone,
From folly and from vice their helpless age to save!

### *From 'Advice to a Lady.'*

The counsels of a friend, Belinda, hear,
Too roughly kind to please a lady's ear,
Unlike the flatteries of a lover's pen,
Such truths as women seldom learn from men.
Nor think I praise you ill, when thus I shew
What female vanity might fear to know:

Some merit's mine to dare to be sincere;
But greater your sincerity to bear.
Hard is the fortune that your sex attends;
Women, like princes, find few real friends:
All who approach them their own ends pursue;
Lovers and ministers are seldom true.
Hence oft from Reason heedless Beauty strays,
And the most trusted guide the most betrays;
Hence, by fond dreams of fancied power amused,
When most you tyrannise, you're most abused.
What is your sex's earliest, latest care,
Your heart's supreme ambition?—To be fair.
For this, the toilet every thought employs,
Hence all the toils of dress, and all the joys:
For this, hands, lips, and eyes are put to school,
And each instructed feature has its rule:
And yet how few have learnt, when this is given,
Not to disgrace the partial boon of Heaven!
How few with all their pride of form can move!
How few are lovely, that are made for love!
Do you, my fair, endeavour to possess
An elegance of mind, as well as dress;
Be that your ornament, and know to please
By graceful Nature's unaffected ease.
Nor make to dangerous wit a vain pretence,
But wisely rest content with modest sense;
For wit, like wine, intoxicates the brain,
Too strong for feeble woman to sustain:
Of those who claim it more than half have none;
And half of those who have it are undone.
Be still superior to your sex's arts,
Nor think dishonesty a proof of parts:
For you, the plainest is the wisest rule:
A cunning woman is a knavish fool.
Be good yourself, nor think another's shame
Can raise your merit, or adorn your fame.
Virtue is amiable, mild, serene;
Without all beauty, and all peace within;
The honour of a prude is rage and storm,
'Tis ugliness in its most frightful form;
Fiercely it stands, defying gods and men,
As fiery monsters guard a giant's den.
Seek to be good, but aim not to be great;
A woman's noblest station is retreat;
Her fairest virtues fly from public sight,
Domestic worth, that shuns too strong a light.

### *Prologue to the Tragedy of Coriolanus—spoken by Mr Quin.*

I come not here your candour to implore
For scenes whose author is, alas! no more;
He wants no advocate his cause to plead;
You will yourselves be patrons of the dead.
No party his benevolence confined,
No sect—alike it flowed to all mankind.
He loved his friends—forgive this gushing tear:
Alas! I feel I am no actor here—
He loved his friends with such a warmth of heart,
So clear of interest, so devoid of art,
Such generous friendship, such unshaken zeal,
No words can speak it, but our tears may tell.
O candid truth! O faith without a stain!
O manners gently firm, and nobly plain!
O sympathising love of others' bliss—
Where will you find another breast like his!
Such was the man: the poet well you know;
Oft has he touched your hearts with tender woe;
Oft in this crowded house, with just applause,
You heard him teach fair Virtue's purest laws;
For his chaste muse employed her heaven-taught lyre
None but the noblest passions to inspire;
Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
One line which, dying, he could wish to blot.
O may to-night your favourable doom
Another laurel add to grace his tomb:
Whilst he, superior now to praise or blame,
Hears not the feeble voice of human fame.
Yet if to those whom most on earth he loved,
From whom his pious care is now removed,
With whom his liberal hand, and bounteous heart,
Shared all his little fortune could impart:
If to those friends your kind regard shall give
What they no longer can from his receive,
That, that, even now, above yon starry pole,
May touch with pleasure his immortal soul.

To the *Castle of Indolence*, Lyttelton contributed the following excellent stanza, containing a portrait of Thomson:

A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard beseems,
Who, void of envy, guile, and lust of gain,
On virtue still, and nature's pleasing themes,
Poured forth his unpremeditated strain:
The world forsaking with a calm disdain,
Here laughed he careless in his easy seat;
Here quaffed encircled with the joyous train,
Oft moralising sage: his ditty sweet
He loathed much to write, ne cared to repeat.

This 'ditty sweet,' however, Lyttelton did not hesitate to alter and curtail at his pleasure in editions of Thomson's works published in 1750 and 1752. The unwarrantable liberties thus taken with the poet's text have been universally condemned, and were not continued in any subsequent edition. In 1845 appeared *Memoir and Correspondence of George Lord Lyttelton, from 1734 to 1773*, edited by R. Phillimore.

## JOHN BYROM.

A pastoral poem, *My Time, O ye Muses, was happily spent*—published in the *Spectator*, Oct. 6, 1714—has served to perpetuate the name and history of its author. JOHN BYROM (1691-1763) was a native of Manchester. He took his degree of B.A. in Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1711, and studied medicine at Montpellier in France. On his return, he applied himself to teach a system of shorthand which he had invented, and which he had secured to him by an act of parliament passed in 1742. Among his pupils were Gibbon and Horace Walpole. The latter part of Byrom's life was, however, spent in easy and opulent circumstances. He succeeded by the death of an elder brother to the family property in Manchester, and lived highly respected in that town. The poetical works of Byrom consist of short occasional pieces, which enjoyed great popularity in their day, and were included by Chalmers in his edition of the poets. His *Private Journal and Literary Remains* have been published (1854—1858) by the Chetham Society, founded in Manchester to illustrate the local antiquities of the counties of Lancaster and Chester. The *Journal* is a light, gossiping record, which adds little to our knowledge of the social character or public events of the period, but exhibits its author as an amiable, cheerful, and happy man.

### *A Pastoral.*

My time, O ye Muses, was happily spent,
When Phœbe went with me wherever I went;
Ten thousand sweet pleasures I felt in my breast:
Sure never fond shepherd like Colin was blest!
But now she is gone, and has left me behind,
What a marvellous change on a sudden I find!

When things were as fine as could possibly be,
I thought 'twas the Spring; but alas! it was she.

With such a companion to tend a few sheep,
To rise up and play, or to lie down and sleep:
I was so good-humoured, so cheerful and gay,
My heart was as light as a feather all day;
But now I so cross and so peevish am grown,
So strangely uneasy, as never was known.
My fair one is gone, and my joys are all drowned,
And my heart—I am sure it weighs more than a pound.

The fountain that wont to run sweetly along,
And dance to soft murmurs the pebbles among;
Thou know'st, little Cupid, if Phœbe was there,
'Twas pleasure to look at, 'twas music to hear:
But now she is absent, I walk by its side,
And still, as it murmurs, do nothing but chide:
'Must you be so cheerful, while I go in pain?
Peace there with your bubbling, and hear me complain.'

My lambkins around me would oftentimes play,
And Phœbe and I were as joyful as they;
How pleasant their sporting, how happy their time,
When Spring, Love, and Beauty were all in their prime;
But now, in their frolics when by me they pass,
I fling at their fleeces a handful of grass;
'Be still,' then I cry, 'for it makes me quite mad,
To see you so merry while I am so sad.'

My dog I was ever well pleasèd to see
Come wagging his tail to my fair one and me;
And Phœbe was pleased too, and to my dog said:
'Come hither, poor fellow;' and patted his head.
But now, when he's fawning, I with a sour look
Cry 'Sirrah;' and give him a blow with my crook:
And I'll give him another; for why should not Tray
Be as dull as his master, when Phœbe's away?

When walking with Phœbe, what sights have I seen,
How fair was the flower, how fresh was the green!
What a lovely appearance the trees and the shade,
The corn-fields and hedges, and everything made!
But now she has left me, though all are still there,
They none of them now so delightful appear:
'Twas nought but the magic, I find, of her eyes,
Made so many beautiful prospects arise.

Sweet music went with us both all the wood through,
The lark, linnet, throstle, and nightingale too;
Winds over us whispered, flocks by us did bleat,
And chirp went the grasshopper under our feet.
But now she is absent, though still they sing on,
The woods are but lonely, the melody's gone:
Her voice in the concert, as now I have found,
Gave everything else its agreeable sound.

Rose, what is become of thy delicate hue?
And where is the violet's beautiful blue?
Does aught of its sweetness the blossom beguile?
That meadow, those daisies, why do they not smile?
Ah! rivals, I see what it was that you drest
And made yourselves fine for—a place in her breast:
You put on your colours to pleasure her eye,
To be plucked by her hand, on her bosom to die.

How slowly Time creeps till my Phœbe return!
While amidst the soft zephyr's cool breezes I burn:
Methinks, if I knew whereabouts he would tread,
I could breathe on his wings, and 'twould melt down the lead.
Fly swifter, ye minutes, bring hither my dear,
And rest so much longer for't when she is here.
Ah, Colin! old Time is quite full of delay,
Nor will budge one foot faster for all thou canst say.

Will no pitying power, that hears me complain,
Or cure my disquiet, or soften my pain?
To be cured, thou must, Colin, thy passion remove;
But what swain is so silly to live without love?
No, deity, bid the dear nymph to return,
For ne'er was poor shepherd so sadly forlorn.
Ah! what shall I do? I shall die with despair;
Take heed, all ye swains, how ye part with your fair.

### *Careless Content.*[*]

I am content, I do not care,
  Wag as it will the world for me;
When fuss and fret was all my fare,
  It got no ground as I could see:
So when away my caring went,
I counted cost, and was content.

With more of thanks and less of thought,
  I strive to make my matters meet;
To seek what ancient sages sought,
  Physic and food in sour and sweet:
To take what passes in good part,
And keep the hiccups from the heart.

With good and gentle-humoured hearts,
  I choose to chat where'er I come,
Whate'er the subject be that starts;
  But if I get among the glum,
I hold my tongue, to tell the truth,
And keep my breath to cool my broth.

For chance or change of peace or pain,
  For Fortune's favour or her frown,
For lack or glut, for loss or gain,
  I never dodge, nor up nor down:
But swing what way the ship shall swim,
Or tack about with equal trim.

I suit not where I shall not speed,
  Nor trace the turn of every tide;
If simple sense will not succeed,
  I make no bustling, but abide:
For shining wealth, or scaring woe,
I force no friend, I fear no foe.

Of ups and downs, of ins and outs,
  Of they're i' the wrong, and we're i' the right,
I shun the rancours and the routs;
  And wishing well to every wight,
Whatever turn the matter takes,
I deem it all but ducks and drakes.

With whom I feast I do not fawn,
  Nor if the folks should flout me, faint;
If wonted welcome be withdrawn,
  I cook no kind of a complaint:
With none disposed to disagree,
But like them best who best like me.

Not that I rate myself the rule
  How all my betters should behave;
But fame shall find me no man's fool,
  Nor to a set of men a slave:
I love a friendship free and frank,
And hate to hang upon a hank.

Fond of a true and trusty tie,
  I never loose where'er I link;
Though if a business budges by,
  I talk thereon just as I think;
My word, my work, my heart, my hand,
Still on a side together stand.

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[*] One poem, entitled *Careless Content*, is so perfectly in the manner of Elizabeth's age, that we can hardly believe it to be an imitation, but are almost disposed to think that Byrom had transcribed it from some old author.—SOUTHEY.

If names or notions make a noise,
Whatever hap the question hath,
The point impartially I poise,
And read or write, but without wrath;
For should I burn, or break my brains,
Pray, who will pay me for my pains?

I love my neighbour as myself,
Myself like him too, by his leave;
Nor to his pleasure, power, or pelf,
Came I to crouch, as I conceive:
Dame Nature doubtless has designed
A man the monarch of his mind.

Now taste and try this temper, sirs,
Mood it and brood it in your breast;
Or if ye ween, for worldly stirs,
That man does right to mar his rest,
Let me be deft, and debonair,
I am content, I do not care.

### *Jacobite Toast.*

God bless the king!—I mean the Faith's Defender;
God bless (no harm in blessing) the Pretender!
But who Pretender is, or who is king,
God bless us all!—that's quite another thing.

## THOMAS GRAY.

THOMAS GRAY was born at Cornhill, London, December 26, 1716. His father, Philip Gray, was a money-scrivener—the same occupation carried on by Milton's father; but though a 'respectable citizen,' the parent of Gray was a man of harsh and violent disposition. His wife was forced to separate from him; and it was to the exertions of this excellent woman, as partner with her sister in a millinery business, that the poet owed the advantages of a learned education, first at Eton, and afterwards at Cambridge. The painful domestic circumstances of his youth gave a tinge of melancholy and pensive reflection to Gray, which is visible in his poetry. At Eton, the young student had made the friendship of Horace Walpole, son of the prime-minister; and when his college education was completed, Walpole induced him to accompany him in a tour through France and Italy. They had been about a twelvemonth together, exploring the natural beauties, antiquities, and picture-galleries of Rome, Florence, Naples, &c. when a quarrel took place between them at Reggio, and the travellers separated, Gray returning to England. Walpole took the blame of this difference on himself, as he was vain and volatile, and not disposed to trust in the better knowledge and the somewhat fastidious tastes and habits of his associate. Gray went to Cambridge, to take his degree in civil law, but without intending to follow up the profession. His father had died, his mother's fortune was small, and the poet was more intent on learning than on riches. He fixed his residence at Cambridge; and amidst its noble libraries and learned society, passed the greater part of his remaining life. He hated mathematical and metaphysical pursuits, but was ardently devoted to classical learning, to which he added the study of architecture, antiquities, natural history, and other branches of knowledge. His retired life was varied by occasional residence in London, where he revelled among the treasures of the British Museum; and by frequent excursions to the country on visits to a few learned and attached friends. At Cambridge, Gray was considered as an unduly fastidious man, and this gave occasion to practical jokes being played off upon him by his fellow-inmates of St Peter's College, one of which—a false alarm of fire, by which he was induced to descend from his window to the ground by a rope—was the cause of his removing (1756) to Pembroke Hall. In 1765, he took a journey into Scotland, and met his brother-poet, Dr Beattie, at Glammis Castle. He also penetrated into Wales, and made a journey to Cumberland and Westmoreland, to see the scenery of the lakes. His letters describing these excursions are remarkable for elegance and precision, for correct and extensive observation, and for a dry scholastic humour peculiar to the poet. On returning from these agreeable holidays, Gray set himself calmly down in his college retreat—pored over his favourite authors, compiled tables of chronology or botany, moralised 'on all he felt and all he saw' in correspondence with his friends, and occasionally ventured into the realms of poetry and imagination. He had studied the Greek poets with such intense devotion and critical care, that their spirit and essence seem to have sunk into his mind, and coloured all his efforts at original composition. At the same time, his knowledge of human nature, and his sympathy with the world, were varied and profound. Tears fell unbidden among the classic flowers of fancy, and in his almost monastic cell his heart vibrated to the finest tones of humanity.

Gray's first public appearance as a poet was made in 1747, when his *Ode to Eton College* was published by Dodsley. It was, however, written in 1742, as also the *Ode to Spring*. In 1751, his *Elegy written in a Country Churchyard* was printed, and immediately became popular. His *Pindaric Odes* appeared in 1757, but met with little success. His name, however, was now so well known, that he was offered the situation of poet-laureate, vacant by the death of Colley Cibber. Gray declined the appointment; but shortly afterwards he obtained the more reputable and lucrative situation of Professor of Modern History, which brought him in about £400 per annum. For some years he had been subject to hereditary gout, and as his circumstances improved, his health declined. While at dinner one day in the college-hall, he was seized with an attack in the stomach, which was so violent as to resist all the efforts of medicine, and after six days of suffering, he expired on the 30th of July 1771, in the fifty-fifth year of his age. He was buried, according to his desire, by the side of his mother, at Stoke Pogeis, near Windsor—adding one more poetical association to that beautiful and classic district of England.*

The poetry of Gray is all comprised in a few pages, yet he appears worthy to rank in quality with the first order of poets. His two great odes, the *Progress of Poesy* and the *Bard*, are the most splendid compositions we possess in the Pindaric style and measure. They surpass the odes of Collins in fire and energy, in boldness of imagination, and in condensed and brilliant expression. Collins is as purely and entirely poetical, but he is less commanding and sublime. Gray's stanzas, notwithstanding their varied and complicated versification, flow with lyrical ease and perfect harmony. Each presents rich personification, striking thoughts, or happy imagery—

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* Gray's epitaph on his mother has an interesting touch of his peculiar melancholy: 'Dorothy Gray, widow, the careful, tender mother of many children, *one of whom alone had the misfortune to survive her.*' The churchyard at Stoke Pogeis is supposed to be the scene of the *Elegy*.

Sublime their starry fronts they rear.

The *Bard* is more dramatic and picturesque than the *Progress of Poesy*, yet in the latter are some of the poet's richest and most majestic strains. As, for example, the sketch of the savage youth of Chili:

In climes beyond the solar road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The muse has broke the twilight gloom,
To cheer the shivering native's dull abode.
And oft beneath the odorous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat,
In loose numbers wildly sweet,
Their feather-cinctured chiefs and dusky loves.
Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
Glory pursue and generous shame,
The unconquerable mind and Freedom's holy flame.

Or the poetical characters of Shakspeare, Milton, and Dryden:

Far from the sun and summer gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon strayed,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face: the dauntless child
Stretched forth his little arms, and smiled.
'This pencil take,' she said, 'whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine, too, these golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of Joy;
Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears.'

Nor second he, that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,
The secrets of the abyss to spy.
He passed the flaming bounds of space and time:
The living throne, the sapphire-blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw; but blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.
Behold where Dryden's less presumptuous car
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two coursers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resounding pace.

The *Ode to Eton College*, the *Ode to Adversity*, and the far-famed *Elegy*, present the same careful and elaborate finishing; but the thoughts and imagery are more simple, natural, and touching. A train of moral feelings, and solemn or affecting associations, is presented to the mind, in connection with beautiful natural scenery and objects of real life. In a letter to Beattie, Gray remarks: 'As to description, I have always thought that it made the most graceful ornament of poetry, but never ought to make the subject.' He practised what he taught; for there is always some sentiment or reflection arising out of the poet's descriptive passages. These are generally grave, tender, or pathetic. The cast of his own mind, and the comparative loneliness of his situation and studies, nursed a sort of philosophic spleen, and led him to moralise on the vanity of life. Byron and others have attached inordinate value to the *Elegy*, as the main prop of Gray's reputation. A manuscript copy of the poem in Gray's handwriting (a small neat hand; he always wrote with a crow-quill) was sold in 1854 for the large sum of £131! The *Elegy* is, doubtless, the most frequently read and repeated of all his productions, because it is connected with ordinary existence and genuine feeling, and describes, in exquisite harmonious verse, what all persons must, at some time or other, have felt or imagined. But the highest poetry can never be very extensively popular. A simple ballad air will convey pleasure to a greater number of persons than the most successful efforts of accomplished musical taste and genius; and, in like manner, poetry which deals with subjects of familiar life, must find more readers than those inspired flights of imagination, or recondite allusions, however graced with the charms of poetry, which can only be enjoyed by persons of fine sensibility, and something of kindred taste and knowledge. Gray's classical diction, his historical and mythological personifications, must ever be lost on the multitude. Even Dr Johnson was tempted into a coarse and unjust criticism of Gray, chiefly because the critic admired no poetry which did not contain some weighty moral truth, or some chain of reasoning. To restrict poetical excellence to this standard, would be to blot out Spenser from the list of high poets, and to curtail Shakspeare and Milton of more than half their glory. Let us recollect with another poet—the author of the *Night Thoughts*—that 'a fixed star is as much in the bounds of nature as a flower of the field, though less obvious, and of far greater dignity.' Or as Pope has versified the same sentiment:

Though the same sun, with all-diffusive rays,
Blush in the rose, and in the diamond blaze,
We prize the stronger effort of his power,
And justly set the gem above the flower.

In the character of Gray there are some seeming inconsistencies. As a man, he was nice, reserved, and proud—a haughty, retired scholar; yet we find him in his letters full of English idiom and English feeling, with a spice of the gossip, and sometimes not over-fastidious in his allusions and remarks. He was indolent, yet a severe student—hating Cambridge and its college discipline, yet constantly residing there. He loved intellectual ease and luxury, and wished, as a sort of Mohammedan paradise, to 'lie on a sofa, and read eternal new romances of Marivaux and Crebillon.' Yet all he could say of Thomson's *Castle of Indolence*, when it was first published, was, that there were some good verses in it! Akenside, too, whom he was so well fitted to appreciate, he thought 'often obscure, and even unintelligible.' As a poet, Gray studied in the school of the ancient and Italian poets, labouring like an artist to infuse part of their spirit, their melody, and even some of their expressions, into his inimitable mosaic work, over which he breathed the life and fragrance of eternal spring. In his country tours, the poet carried with him a plano-convex mirror, which, in surveying landscapes, gathers into one confined glance the forms and tints of the surrounding scene. His imagination performed a similar operation in collecting, fixing, and appropriating the materials of poetry. All is bright, natural, and interesting—rich or magnificent—but it is seen but for a moment. Yet, despite his classic taste and models, Gray was among the first to welcome and admire the Celtic strains of Macpherson's *Ossian;* and he could also delight in the wild superstitions of the Gothic nations; in translating from the Norse tongue the *Fatal Sisters* and the *Descent of Odin,* he called up the martial fire, the rude energy and abruptness of the ancient ballad minstrels. Had his situation and circumstances been different, the genius of this accomplished and admirable poet would in all probability have expanded, so as to embrace subjects of wider and more varied interest—of greater length and diversity of character.

The subdued humour and fancy of Gray are perpetually breaking out in his letters, with brief picturesque touches that mark the poet and man of taste. The advantages of travelling and of taking notes on the spot, he has playfully but admirably summed up in a letter to a friend, then engaged in making a tour in Scotland.

### *On Travelling.*

Do not you think a man may be the wiser—I had almost said the better—for going a hundred or two of miles; and that the mind has more room in it than most people seem to think, if you will but furnish the apartments? I almost envy your last month, being in a very insipid situation myself; and desire you would not fail to send me some furniture for my Gothic apartment, which is very cold at present. It will be the easier task, as you have nothing to do but transcribe your little red books, if they are not rubbed out; for I conclude you have not trusted everthing to memory, which is ten times worse than a lead-pencil. Half a word fixed upon or near the spot is worth a cart-load of recollection. When we trust to the picture that objects draw of themselves on our mind, we deceive ourselves: without accurate and particular observation, it is but ill drawn at first, the outlines are soon blurred, the colours every day grow fainter, and at last, when we would produce it to anybody, we are forced to supply its defects with a few strokes of our own imagination.

Impressed with the opinion he here inculcates, the poet was a careful note-taker, and his delineations are all fresh and distinct. Thus, he writes in the following graceful strain to his friend Nicholls, in commemoration of a tour which he made to Southampton and Netley Abbey:

### *Netley Abbey.*

My health is much improved by the sea, not that I drank it or bathed in it, as the common people do: no, I only walked by it, and looked upon it. The climate is remarkably mild even in October and November; no snow has been seen to lie there for these thirty years past; the myrtles grow in the ground against the houses, and Guernsey lilies bloom in every window; the town clean and well-built, surrounded by its old stone walls, with their towers and gateways, stands at the point of a peninsula, and opens full south to an arm of the sea, which, having formed two beautiful bays on each hand of it, stretches away in direct view, till it joins the British Channel; it is skirted on either side with gently rising grounds, clothed with thick wood, and directly across its mouth rise the highlands of the Isle of Wight at some distance, but distinctly seen. In the bosom of the woods—concealed from profane eyes—lie hid the ruins of Netley Abbey; there may be richer and greater houses of religion, but the abbot is content with his situation. See there, at the top of that hanging meadow, under the shade of those old trees that bend into a half-circle about it, he is walking slowly (good man!), and bidding his beads for the souls of his benefactors, interred in that venerable pile that lies beneath him. Beyond it—the meadow still descending—nods a thicket of oaks that mask the building, and have excluded a view too garish and luxuriant for a holy eye; only on either hand they leave an opening to the blue glittering sea. Did you not observe how, as that white sail shot by and was lost, he turned and crossed himself to drive the tempter from him that had thrown that distraction in his way? I should tell you that the ferry-man who rowed me, a lusty young fellow, told me that he would not for all the world pass a night at the abbey—there were such things near it—though there was a power of money hid there! From thence I went to Salisbury, Wilton, and Stonehenge; but of these I say no more; they will be published at the university press.

*P.S.*—I must not close my letter without giving you one principal event of my history, which was that—in the course of my late tour—I set out one morning before five o'clock, the moon shining through a dark and misty autumnal air, and got to the sea-coast time enough to be at the sun's levee. I saw the clouds and dark vapours open gradually to right and left, rolling over one another in great smoky wreaths, and the tide—as it flowed gently in upon the sands—first whitening, then slightly tinged with gold and blue; and all at once a little line of insufferable brightness that—before I can write these five words—was grown to half an orb, and now to a whole one, too glorious to be distinctly seen. It is very odd it makes no figure on paper; yet I shall remember it as long as the sun, or at least as long as I endure. I wonder whether anybody ever saw it before? I hardly believe it.[*]

Much as has since been written on the Lake-country, nothing can exceed the beauty and *finish* of this miniature picture of Grasmere:

### *Grasmere.*

Passed by the little chapel of Wiborn, out of which the Sunday congregation were then issuing. Passed a beck [rivulet] near *Dunmailrouse,* and entered Westmoreland a second time; now begin to see *Helmcrag,* distinguished from its rugged neighbours, not so much by its height, as by the strange, broken outline of its top, like some gigantic building demolished, and the stones that composed it flung across each other in wild confusion. Just beyond it, opens one of the sweetest landscapes that art ever attempted to imitate. The bosom of the mountains spreading here into a broad basin, discovers in the midst *Grasmere water;* its margin is hollowed into small bays with bold eminences, some of them rocks, some of soft turf, that half conceal and vary the figure of the little lake they command. From the shore, a low promontory pushes itself far into the water, and on it stands a white village, with the parish church rising in the midst of it; hanging inclosures, corn-fields, and meadows green as an emerald with their trees, hedges, and cattle, fill up the whole space from the edge of the water. Just opposite to you is a large farmhouse, at the bottom of a steep, smooth lawn embosomed in old woods, which climb half-way up the mountain's side, and discover above them a broken line of crags, that crown the scene. Not a single red tile, no glaring gentleman's house or garden-walls, break in upon the repose of this little unsuspected, paradise; but all is peace, rusticity, and happy poverty, in its neatest and most becoming attire.

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[*] Compare this with a description of sunrise by Jeremy Taylor, *ante,* page 382.

The sublime scenery of the Grande Chartreuse, in Dauphiné—the subject of Gray's noble Alcaic ode—awakened all his poetical enthusiasm. Writing to his mother from Lyon, he says:

### *The Grande Chartreuse.*

It is a fortnight since we set out hence upon a little excursion to Geneva. We took the longest road, which lies through Savoy, on purpose to see a famous monastery, called the Grande Chartreuse, and had no reason to think our time lost. After having travelled seven days very slow—for we did not change horses, it being impossible for a chaise to go post in these roads—we arrived at a little village among the mountains of Savoy, called Echelles; from thence we proceeded on horses, who are used to the way, to the mountain of the Chartreuse. It is six miles to the top; the road runs winding up it, commonly not six feet broad; on one hand is the rock, with woods of pine-trees hanging overhead; on the other, a monstrous precipice, almost perpendicular, at the bottom of which rolls a torrent, that sometimes tumbling among the fragments of stone that have fallen from on high, and sometimes precipitating itself down vast descents with a noise like thunder, which is still made greater by the echo from the mountains on each side, concurs to form one of the most solemn, the most romantic, and the most astonishing scenes I ever beheld. Add to this the strange views made by the crags and cliffs on the other hand, the cascades that in many places throw themselves from the very summit down into the vale and the river below, and many other particulars impossible to describe, you will conclude we had no occasion to repent our pains. This place St Bruno chose to retire to, and upon its very top founded the aforesaid convent, which is the superior of the whole order. When we came there, the two fathers who are commissioned to entertain strangers—for the rest must neither speak one to another, nor to any one else—received us very kindly, and set before us a repast of dried fish, eggs, butter, and fruits, all excellent in their kind, and extremely neat. They pressed us to spend the night there, and to stay some days with them; but this we could not do, so they led us about their house, which is, you must think, like a little city, for there are a hundred fathers, besides three hundred servants, that make their clothes, grind their corn, press their wine, and do everything among themselves. The whole is quite orderly and simple; nothing of finery; but the wonderful decency, and the strange situation, more than supply the place of it. In the evening we descended by the same way, passing through many clouds that were then forming themselves on the mountain's side.

In a subsequent letter to his poetical friend West, Gray again adverts to this memorable visit: 'In our little journey up the Grande Chartreuse,' he says, 'I do not remember to have gone ten paces without an exclamation that there was no restraining. *Not a precipice, not a torrent, not a cliff, but is pregnant with religion and poetry. There are certain scenes that would awe an atheist into belief, without the help of other argument.* One need not have a very fantastic imagination to see spirits there at noonday. You have Death perpetually before your eyes, only so far removed, as to compose the mind without frightening it.'

In turning from these exquisite fragments of description to the poetry of Gray, the difference will be found to consist chiefly in the rhyme and measure: in purity of sentiment and vividness of expression, the prose is equal to the verse.

### *Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College.*

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watery glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's[1] holy shade;
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights the expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey;
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way!

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, fields beloved in vain!
Where once my careless childhood strayed,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race,
Disporting on thy margent green,
The paths of pleasure trace,
Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet which inthral?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent
Their murmuring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty;
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry:
Still as they run they look behind;
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs, by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possessed;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast.
Theirs buxom health of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer of vigour born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly the approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play;
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day;
Yet see how all around 'em wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train!
Ah! shew them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murth'rous band;
Ah, tell them they are men!

These shall the fury Passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that skulks behind;

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[1] King Henry VI., founder of the college.

Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart,
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visaged comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning Infamy.
The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' altered eye,
That mocks the tear it forced to flow;
And keen Remorse with blood defiled,
And moody Madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

Lo! in the vale of years beneath
A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo! Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming Age.

To each his sufferings: all are men,
Condemned alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
The unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah! why should they know their fate?
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies.
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more; where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

### *The Bard—A Pindaric Ode.*

This ode is founded on a tradition current in Wales, that Edward I. when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the bards that fell into his hands to be put to death.

'Ruin seize thee, ruthless King!
Confusion on thy banners wait,
Though fanned by Conquest's crimson wing,
They mock the air with idle state.
Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,
Nor e'en thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!'
Such were the sounds, that o'er the crested pride
Of the first Edward scattered wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowdon's[1] shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long array.
Stout Glo'ster[2] stood aghast in speechless trance:
'To arms!' cried Mortimer,[3] and couched his quivering lance.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the Poet stood—
Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Streamed, like a meteor, to the troubled air—
And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
'Hark, how each giant oak, and desert cave,
Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
O'er thee, O King! their hundred arms they wave,
Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

'Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
That hushed the stormy main:
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
Mountains, ye mourn in vain
Modred, whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topped head.
On dreary Arvon's shore[1] they lie,
Smeared with gore, and ghastly pale:
Far, far aloof the affrighted ravens sail;
The famished eagle[2] screams, and passes by.
Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—
No more I weep. They do not sleep.
On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
I see them sit; they linger yet,
Avengers of their native land:
With me in dreadful harmony they join,
And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.

'Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
The winding-sheet of Edward's race.
Give ample room, and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace,
Mark the year, and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-echo with affright
The shrieks of death, through Berkeley's[3] roof that ring,
Shrieks of an agonising King!
She-wolf[4] of France, with unrelenting fangs,
That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
From thee be born,[5] who o'er thy country hangs
The scourge of Heaven! What terrors round him wait!
Amazement in his van, with Flight combined,
And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

'Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,
Low[6] on his funeral couch he lies!
No pitying heart, no eye, afford
A tear to grace his obsequies.
Is the sable warrior[7] fled?
Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
The swarm, that in thy noontide beam were born?
Gone to salute the rising morn.
Fair laughs the morn,[8] and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm,
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;

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[1] Snowdon was a name given by the Saxons to that mountainous tract which the Welsh themselves call Craigian-eryri. It included all the highlands of Caernarvonshire and Merionethshire, as far east as the river Conway. R. Hygden, speaking of the castle of Conway, built by King Edward I. says: 'Ad ortum amnis Conway ad clivum montis Erery;' and Matthew of Westminster (*ad ann.* 1283): 'Apud Aberconway ad pedes montis Snowdoniæ fecit erigi castrum forte.'

[2] Gilbert de Clare, surnamed the Red, Earl of Gloucester and Hertford, son-in-law to King Edward.

[3] Edmond de Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore. They both were lords-marchers, whose lands lay on the borders of Wales, and probably accompanied the king in this expedition.

[1] The shores of Caernarvonshire, opposite to the Isle of Anglesey.

[2] Camden and others observe, that eagles used annually to build their eyry among the rocks of Snowdon, which from thence (as some think) were named by the Welsh Craigian-eryri, or the Crags of the Eagles. At this day, I am told, the highest point of Snowdon is called the Eagle's Nest. That bird is certainly no stranger to this island, as the Scots and the people of Cumberland, Westmoreland, &c. can testify; it has even built its nest in the Peak of Derbyshire. (See *Willoughby's Ornithology*, published by Ray.)

[3] Edward II. cruelly butchered in Berkeley Castle.

[4] Isabel of France, Edward II.'s adulterous queen.

[5] Alluding to the triumphs of Edward III. in France.

[6] Alluding to the death of that king, abandoned by his children, and even robbed in his last moments by his courtiers and his mistress.

[7] Edward, the Black Prince, dead some time before his father.

[8] Magnificence of Richard II.'s reign. See Froissart and other contemporary writers.

Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That, hushed in grim repose, expects his evening prey.

‘Fill high the sparkling bowl,[1]
The rich repast prepare;
Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast:
Close by the regal chair
Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
Heard ye the din of battle bray,[2]
Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
Long years of havoc urge their destined course,
And through the kindred squadrons mow their way.
Ye Towers of Julius,[3] London's lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
Revere his consort's faith,[4] his father's[5] fame,
And spare the meek usurper's[6] holy head!
Above, below, the rose of snow,[7]
Twined with her blushing foe, we spread:
The bristled boar[8] in infant gore
Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
Now, brothers, bending o'er the accursed loom,
Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

‘“Edward, lo! to sudden fate
(Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)
Half of thy heart[9] we consecrate.
(The web is wove. The work is done.)”
Stay, O stay! nor thus forlorn
Leave me unblessed, unpitied, here to mourn:
In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
But oh! what solemn scenes, on Snowdon's height
Descending slow, their glittering skirts unroll?
Visions of glory, spare my aching sight;
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!
No more our long-lost Arthur[10] we bewail.
All hail, ye genuine kings![11] Britannia's issue, hail!

‘Girt with many a baron bold,
Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old
In bearded majesty, appear.
In the midst a form divine!
Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line;
Her lion-port,[12] her awe-commanding face,
Attempered sweet to virgin-grace.
What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
What strains of vocal transport round her play!

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[1] Richard II. (as we are told by Archbishop Scroop, and the confederate lords in their manifesto, by Thomas of Walsingham, and all the older writers) was starved to death. The story of his assassination by Sir Piers, of Exon, is of much later date.

[2] Ruinous civil wars of York and Lancaster.

[3] Henry VI., George, Duke of Clarence, Edward V., Richard, Duke of York, &c. believed to be murdered secretly in the Tower of London. The oldest part of that structure is vulgarly attributed to Julius Cæsar.

[4] Margaret of Anjou, a woman of heroic spirit, who struggled hard to save her husband and her crown.

[5] Henry V.

[6] Henry VI. very near been canonised. The line of Lancaster had no right of inheritance to the crown.

[7] The white and red roses, devices of York and Lancaster.

[8] The silver boar was the badge of Richard III.; whence he was usually known, in his own time, by the name of the Boar.

[9] Eleanor of Castile died a few years after the conquest of Wales. The heroic proof she gave of her affection for her lord is well known. The monuments of his regret and sorrow for the loss of her are still to be seen at Northampton, Gaddington, Waltham, and other places.

[10] It was the common belief of the Welsh nation, that King Arthur was still alive in Fairy Land, and should return again to reign over Britain.

[11] Both Merlin and Taliessin had prophesied that the Welsh should regain their sovereignty over this island, which seemed to be accomplished in the house of Tudor.

[12] Speed, relating an audience given by Queen Elizabeth to Paul Dzialinski, ambassador of Poland, says: ‘And thus she, lion-like, rising, daunted the malipert orator no less with her stately port and majestical deporture, than with the tartnesse of her princelie checkes.’

Hear from the grave, great Taliessin,[1] hear!
They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
Bright Rapture calls, and soaring, as she sings,
Waves in the eye of Heaven her many-coloured wings.

‘The verse adorn again
Fierce War, and faithful Love,
And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction dressed.
In buskined[2] measures move
Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
A voice[3] as of the cherub-choir,
Gales from blooming Eden bear;
And distant warblings[4] lessen on my ear,
That, lost in long futurity, expire.
Fond, impious man, think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,
Raised by thy breath, has quenched the orb of day?
To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
Enough for me: with joy I see
The different doom our Fates assign.
Be thine Despair, and sceptred Care;
To triumph, and to die, are mine.’
He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height,
Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless night.

### *Elegy written in a Country Churchyard.*

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

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[1] Taliessin, chief of the bards, flourished in the sixth century. His works are still preserved, and his memory held in high veneration among his countrymen.

[2] Shakspeare.

[3] Milton.

[4] The succession of poets after Milton's time. [All the notes to this ode are by the poet.]

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed
Or waked to ecstacy the living lyre:

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.[*]

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonoured dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate;

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say:
'Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.[*]

'There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

'Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;
Now drooping, woful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

'One morn I missed him on the customed hill,
Along the heath and near his favourite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

'The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the churchway path we saw him borne;
Approach and read—for thou canst read—the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.'[†]

### THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the the lap of Earth,
A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown:
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Misery all he had—a tear;
He gained from Heaven—'twas all he wished—a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode—
There they alike in trembling hope repose—
The bosom of his Father and his God.

### *The Alliance of Education and Government; a Fragment.*

As sickly plants betray a niggard earth,
Whose barren bosom starves her generous birth,
Nor genial warmth, nor genial juice retains
Their roots to feed, and fill their verdant veins:
And, as in climes where Winter holds his reign,
The soil, though fertile, will not teem in vain,
Forbids her germs to swell, her shades to rise,
Nor trusts her blossoms to the churlish skies:
So draw mankind in vain the vital airs,
Unformed, unfriended by those kindly cares
That health and vigour to the soul impart,
Spread the young thought, and warm the opening heart;
So fond instruction on the growing powers
Of nature idly lavishes her stores,

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[*] In the first draft of this stanza, instead of the names of Hampden, Milton, and Cromwell, were those of Cato, Tully, and Cæsar.

[*] In Gray's first manuscript this stanza followed:

Him have we seen the greenwood side along,
While o'er the heath we hied, our labour done,
Oft as the woodlark piped her farewell song,
With wistful eyes pursue the setting sun.

[†] In early editions this fine stanza preceded the epitaph:

There scattered oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen, are showers of violets found;
The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

Another verse in the original copy is worthy of preservation; Mason thinks it equal to any in the whole Elegy:

Hark! how the sacred calm, that breathes around,
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease;
In still small accents whispering from the ground
A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

If equal justice, with unclouded face,
Smile not indulgent on the rising race,
And scatter with a free, though frugal hand,
Light golden showers of plenty o'er the land;
But tyranny has fixed her empire there,
To check their tender hopes with chilling fear,
And blast the blooming promise of the year.
This spacious animated scene survey,
From where the rolling orb that gives the day,
His sable sons with nearer course surrounds,
To either pole, and life's remotest bounds,
How rude soe'er the exterior form we find,
Howe'er opinion tinge the varied mind,
Alike to all the kind impartial Heaven
The sparks of truth and happiness has given:
With sense to feel, with memory to retain,
They follow pleasure, and they fly from pain;
Their judgment mends the plan their fancy draws,
The event presages, and explores the cause;
The soft returns of gratitude they know,
By fraud elude, by force repel the foe;
While mutual wishes mutual woes endear,
The social smile, the sympathetic tear.
Say, then, through ages by what fate confined,
To different climes seem different souls assigned?
Here measured laws and philosophic ease
Fix and improve the polished arts of peace.
There industry and gain their vigils keep,
Command the winds, and tame the unwilling deep.
Here force and hardy deeds of blood prevail;
There languid pleasure sighs in every gale.
Oft o'er the trembling nations from afar
Has Scythia breathed the living cloud of war;
And, where the deluge burst, with sweepy sway,
Their arms, their kings, their gods were rolled away.
As oft have issued, host impelling host,
The blue-eyed myriads from the Baltic coast,
The prostrate south to the destroyer yields
Her boasted titles, and her golden fields;
With grim delight the brood of winter view
A brighter day, and heavens of azure hue,
Scent the new fragrance of the breathing rose,
And quaff the pendent vintage as it grows.
Proud of the yoke, and pliant to the rod,
Why yet does Asia dread a monarch's nod,
While European freedom still withstands
The encroaching tide that drowns her lessening lands,
And sees far off, with an indignant groan,
Her native plains and empires once her own?
Can opener skies and suns of fiercer flame
O'erpower the fire that animates our frame;
As lamps, that shed at eve a cheerful ray,
Fade and expire beneath the eye of day?
Need we the influence of the northern star
To string our nerves and steel our hearts to war?
And where the face of nature laughs around,
Must sickening virtue fly the tainted ground?
Unmanly thought! what seasons can control,
What fancied zone can circumscribe the soul,
Who, conscious of the source from whence she springs,
By reason's light, on resolution's wings,
Spite of her frail companion, dauntless goes
O'er Libya's deserts and through Zembla's snows?
She bids each slumbering energy awake,
Another touch, another temper take,
Suspends the inferior laws that rule our clay;
The stubborn elements confess her sway;
Their little wants, their low desires, refine,
And raise the mortal to a height divine.
Not but the human fabric from the birth
Imbibes a flavour of its parent earth.
As various tracts enforce a various toil,
The manners speak the idiom of their soil.
An iron race the mountain-cliffs maintain,
Foes to the gentler genius of the plain;
For where unwearied sinews must be found,
With side-long plough to quell the flinty ground,
To turn the torrent's swift-descending flood,
To brave the savage rushing from the wood,
What wonder, if to patient valour trained,
They guard with spirit what by strength they gained;
And while their rocky ramparts round they see,
The rough abode of want and liberty—
As lawless force from confidence will grow—
Insult the plenty of the vales below?
What wonder, in the sultry climes that spread,
Where Nile, redundant o'er his summer-bed,
From his broad bosom life and verdure flings,
And broods o'er Egypt with his watery wings,
If with adventurous oar and ready sail,
The dusky people drive before the gale;
Or on frail floats to neighbouring cities ride,
That rise and glitter o'er the ambient tide?

Mason says, 'The following couplet, which was intended to have been introduced in the poem on the *Alliance of Education and Government*, is much too beautiful to be lost:'

When love could teach a monarch to be wise,
And gospel-light first dawned from Bullen's eyes.*

### TOBIAS GEORGE SMOLLETT.

Many who are familiar with Smollett as a novelist, scarcely recollect him as a poet, though he has scattered some fine verses amidst his prose fictions, and has written a spirited *Ode to Independence*. TOBIAS GEORGE SMOLLETT was born in Dalquhurn House, near the village of Renton, Dumbartonshire, and baptised on the 19th of March 1721. His father, a younger son of Sir James Smollett of Bonhill, having died early, the poet was educated by his grandfather. After the usual course of instruction in the grammar-school of Dumbarton, and at the university of Glasgow, Tobias was placed apprentice to a medical practitioner, Mr Gordon, Glasgow. He was nineteen when his term of apprenticeship expired, and, at this early age, his grandfather having died without making any provision for him, the young and sanguine adventurer proceeded to London, his chief dependence being a tragedy, called the *Regicide*, which he attempted to bring out at the theatres. Foiled in this effort of juvenile ambition, Smollett became surgeon's mate on board an eighty-gun ship, and was present at the ill-planned and disastrous expedition against Carthagena, which he has described with much force in his *Roderick Random*. He left the navy, and resided some time in the West Indies; but had returned to England in 1744, in which year he is found practising medicine in London. In 1746, he published *Advice, a Satire*; in 1747, *Reproof, a Satire*; and in 1748 he gave to the world his novel of *Roderick Random*. *Peregrine Pickle* appeared three years afterwards. Smollett failed as a physician, and, taking a house at Chelsea, devoted himself to literature as a profession. Notwithstanding his facility of composition, his general information and talents, his life was one continual struggle for existence, imbittered by personal quarrels, brought on partly by irritability of temper. In 1753, his romance of *Ferdinand Count Fathom* was published, and in

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* If conscience had any part in moving the king (Henry VIII.) to sue for a divorce, she had taken a long nap of almost twenty years together before she was awakened; and perhaps had slept on till doomsday, if Anne Boleyn or some other fair lady had not given her a jog.—*Dryden*.

1755 his translation of *Don Quixote*. The version of Motteux is now generally preferred to that of our author, though the latter is marked by his characteristic humour and versatility of talent. After he had finished this task, Smollett paid a visit to his native country. His fame had gone before him, and his reception by the literati of Scotland was cordial and flattering. His filial tenderness was also highly gratified by meeting with his surviving parent. 'On Smollett's arrival,' says Dr Moore, 'he was introduced to his mother, with the connivance of Mrs Telfer (his sister), as a gentleman from the West Indies, who was intimately acquainted with her son. The better to support his assumed character, he endeavoured to preserve a serious countenance approaching to a frown; but, while his mother's eyes were riveted on his countenance, he could not refrain from smiling. She immediately sprung from her chair, and throwing her arms around his neck, exclaimed: "Ah, my son, my son! I have found you at last." She afterwards told him that if he had kept his austere looks, and continued to *gloom*, he might have escaped detection some time longer; "but your old roguish smile," added she, "betrayed you at once."' On this occasion, Smollett visited his relations and native scenes in Dumbartonshire, and spent two days in Glasgow amidst his boyish companions. Returning to England, he resumed his literary occupations. He unfortunately became editor of the *Critical Review*, and an attack in that journal on Admiral Knowles, one of the commanders at Carthagena (which Smollett acknowledged to be his composition), led to a trial for libel; and the author was sentenced to pay a fine of £100, and suffered three months' imprisonment. He consoled himself by writing, in prison, his novel of *Launcelot Greaves*. Another proof of his fertility and industry as an author was afforded by his *History of England*, written, it is said, in fourteen months. He engaged in political discussion, for which he was ill qualified by temper, and, taking the unpopular side, he was completely vanquished by the truculent satire and abuse of Wilkes. His health was also shattered by close application to his studies, and by private misfortune. In his early days, Smollett had married a young West Indian lady, Miss Lascelles, by whom he had a daughter. This only child died at the age of fifteen, and the disconsolate father tried to fly from his grief by a tour through France and Italy. He was absent two years, and published an account of his travels, which, amidst gleams of humour and genius, is disfigured by the coarsest prejudices. Sterne has successfully ridiculed this work in his *Sentimental Journey*. Some of the critical dicta of Smollett are mere ebullitions of spleen. In the famous statue of the Venus de Medici, 'which enchants the world,' he could see no beauty of feature, and the attitude he considered awkward and out of character! The Pantheon at Rome—that 'glorious combination of beauty and magnificence'—he said looked like a huge cockpit open at the top. Sterne said justly, that such declarations should have been reserved for his physician; they could only have sprung from bodily distemper. 'Yet be it said,' remarks Sir Walter Scott, 'without offence to the memory of the witty and elegant Sterne, it is more easy to assume, in composition, an air of alternate gaiety and sensibility, than to practise the virtues of generosity and benevolence, which Smollett exercised during his whole life, though often, like his own Matthew Bramble, under the disguise of peevishness and irritability. Sterne's writings shew much flourish concerning virtues of which his life is understood to have produced little fruit; the temper of Smollett was

Like a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly.'

The native air of the great novelist was more cheering and exhilarating than the genial gales of the south. On his return from Italy he repaired to Scotland, saw once more his affectionate mother, and sojourned a short time with his cousin, Mr Smollett of Bonhill, on the banks of the Leven.

'The water of Leven,' he observes in his *Humphry Clinker*, 'though nothing near so considerable as the Clyde, is much more transparent, pastoral, and delightful. This charming stream is the outlet of Loch Lomond, and through a track of four miles pursues its winding course over a bed of pebbles, till it joins the Firth of Clyde at Dumbarton. On this spot stands the castle formerly called Alcluyd, and washed by these two rivers on all sides except a narrow isthmus, which at every spring-tide is overflowed; the whole is a great curiosity, from the quality and form of the rock, as from the nature of its situation. A very little above the source of the Leven, on the lake, stands the house of Cameron, belonging to Mr Smollett (the late commissary), so embosomed in oak wood, that we did not perceive it till we were within fifty yards of the door. I have seen the Lago di Gardi, Albano di Vico, Bolsena and Geneva, and I prefer Loch Lomond to them all—a preference which is certainly owing to the verdant islands that seem to float upon its surface, affording the most enchanting objects of repose to the excursive view. Nor are the banks destitute of beauties which can partake of the sublime. On this side they display a sweet variety of woodland, cornfield, and pasture, with several agreeable villas, emerging, as it were, out of the lake, till at some distance the prospect terminates in huge mountains, covered with heath, which, being in the bloom, affords a very rich covering of purple. Everything here is romantic beyond imagination. This country is justly styled the Arcadia of Scotland; I do not doubt but it may vie with Arcadia in everything but climate. I am sure it excels it in verdure, wood, and water.'

All who have traversed the banks of the Leven, or sailed along the shores of Loch Lomond, in a calm, clear summer day, when the rocks and islands are reflected with magical brightness and fidelity in its waters, will acknowledge the truth of this description, and can readily account for Smollett's preference, independently of the early recollections which must have endeared the whole to his feelings and imagination. The extension of manufactures in Scotland has destroyed most of the pastoral charms and seclusion of the Leven, but the course of the river is still eminently rich and beautiful in sylvan scenery. Smollett's health was now completely gone. His pen, however, was his only resource, and on his return to England he published a political satire, *The Adventures of an Atom*, in which he attacks his former patron, Lord Bute, and also the Earl of Chatham. As a politician, Smollett was far from consistent. His conduct in this respect was guided more by personal feelings than public principles, and any seeming neglect or ingratitude at once roused his constitutional irritability and indignation. He was no longer able, however, to contend with the 'sea of troubles' that encompassed him. In 1770, he again went abroad in quest of health. His friends endeavoured, but in vain, to procure him an appointment as consul in some port in the Mediterranean; and he took up his residence in a cottage which Dr Armstrong, then abroad, engaged for him in the neighbourhood of Leghorn. The warm and genial climate seems to have awakened his fancy, and breathed a temporary animation into his debilitated frame. He here wrote his *Humphry Clinker*, the most rich, varied, and agreeable of all his novels. Like Fielding, Smollett was destined to die in a foreign country. He had just committed his novel to the public, when he expired, on the 21st of October 1771, in his 51st year. Had he lived a few years longer, he would, by the death of his cousin, Commissary Smollett (November 12, 1775), have inherited, as heir of entail, the estate of Bonhill, worth about £1000 a year. His widow erected a plain monument over his remains at Leghorn, and his relations, who had neglected him in his days of suffering and distress, raised a cenotaph to his memory on the banks of the Leven. The prose works of Smollett will hereafter be noticed. He wrote no poem of any length; but it is evident he could have excelled in verse had he cultivated his talents, and enjoyed a life of greater ease and competence. Sir Walter Scott has praised the fine mythological commencement of his Ode; and few readers of taste or feeling are unacquainted with his lines on Leven Water, the picturesque scene of his early days. The latter were first published in *Humphry Clinker*, after the above prose description of the same landscape, scarcely less poetical. When soured by misfortune, by party conflicts, and the wasting effects of disease, the generous heart and warm sensibilities of Smollett seem to have kindled at the recollection of his youth, and at the rural life and manners of his native country.

### *Ode to Independence.*

STROPHE.

Thy spirit, Independence, let me share,
Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye;
Thy steps I follow, with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky!
Deep in the frozen regions of the north,
A goddess violated brought thee forth,
Immortal Liberty, whose look sublime
Hath bleached the tyrant's cheek in every varying clime.
What time the iron-hearted Gaul,
With frantic superstition for his guide,
Armed with the dagger and the pall,
The sons of Woden to the field defied:
The ruthless hag, by Weser's flood,
In Heaven's name urged the infernal blow;
And red the stream began to flow:
The vanquished were baptised with blood!

ANTISTROPHE.

The Saxon prince in horror fled,
From altars stained with human gore,
And Liberty his routed legions led
In safety to the bleak Norwegian shore.
There in a cave asleep she lay,
Lulled by the hoarse-resounding main,
When a bold savage passed that way,
Impelled by destiny, his name Disdain.
Of ample front the portly chief appeared:
The hunted bear supplied a shaggy vest;
The drifted snow hung on his yellow beard,
And his broad shoulders braved the furious blast.
He stopt; he gazed; his bosom glowed,
And deeply felt the impression of her charms:
He seized the advantage Fate allowed,
And straight compressed her in his vigorous arms.

STROPHE.

The curlew screamed, the tritons blew
Their shells to celebrate the ravished rite;
Old Time exulted as he flew;
And Independence saw the light.
The light he saw in Albion's happy plains,
Where under cover of a flowering thorn,
While Philomel renewed her warbled strains,
The auspicious fruit of stolen embrace was born.
The mountain Dryads seized with joy
The smiling infant to their charge consigned;
The Doric muse caressed the favourite boy;
The hermit Wisdom stored his opening mind.
As rolling years matured his age,
He flourished bold and sinewy as his sire;
While the mild passions in his breast assuage
The fiercer flames of his maternal fire.

ANTISTROPHE.

Accomplished thus, he winged his way,
And zealous roved from pole to pole,
The rolls of right eternal to display,
And warm with patriot thought the aspiring soul.
On desert isles 'twas he that raised
Those spires that gild the Adriatic wave,
Where Tyranny beheld amazed
Fair Freedom's temple, where he marked her grave.
He steeled the blunt Batavian's arms
To burst the Iberian's double chain;
And cities reared, and planted farms,
Won from the skirts of Neptune's wide domain.
He with the generous rustics sate
On Uri's rocks in close divan;
And winged that arrow sure as fate,
Which ascertained the sacred rights of man.

STROPHE.

Arabia's scorching sands he crossed,
Where blasted nature pants supine,
Conductor of her tribes adust,
To freedom's adamantine shrine;
And many a Tartar horde forlorn, aghast!
He snatched from under fell Oppression's wing,
And taught amidst the dreary waste,
The all-cheering hymns of liberty to sing.
He virtue finds, like precious ore,
Diffused through every baser mould;
Even now he stands on Calvi's rocky shore,
And turns the dross of Corsica to gold:
He, guardian genius, taught my youth
Pomp's tinsel livery to despise:
My lips by him chastised to truth,
Ne'er paid that homage which my heart denies.

ANTISTROPHE.

Those sculptured halls my feet shall never tread,
Where varnished vice and vanity combined,

To dazzle and seduce, their banners spread,
And forge vile shackles for the free-born mind.
While Insolence his wrinkled front uprears,
And all the flowers of spurious fancy blow;
And Title his ill-woven chaplet wears,
Full often wreathed around the miscreant's brow:
Where ever-dimpling falsehood, pert and vain,
Presents her cup of stale profession's froth;
And pale disease, with all his bloated train,
Torments the sons of gluttony and sloth.

### STROPHE.

In Fortune's car behold that minion ride,
With either India's glittering spoils oppressed,
So moves the sumpter-mule in harnessed pride,
That bears the treasure which he cannot taste.
For him let venal bards disgrace the bay,
And hireling minstrels wake the tinkling string;
Her sensual snares let faithless pleasure lay,
And jingling bells fantastic folly ring:
Disquiet, doubt, and dread shall intervene;
And nature, still to all her feelings just,
In vengeance hang a damp on every scene,
Shook from the baleful pinions of disgust.

### ANTISTROPHE.

Nature I 'll court in her sequestered haunts,
By mountain, meadow, streamlet, grove, or cell;
Where the poised lark his evening ditty chants,
And health, and peace, and contemplation dwell.
There, study shall with solitude recline,
And friendship pledge me to his fellow-swains,
And toil and temperance sedately twine
The slender cord that fluttering life sustains:
And fearless poverty shall guard the door,
And taste unspoiled the frugal table spread,
And industry supply the humble store,
And sleep unbribed his dews refreshing shed;
White-mantled Innocence, ethereal sprite,
Shall chase far off the goblins of the night;
And Independence o'er the day preside,
Propitious power! my patron and my pride.

## *Ode to Leven Water.*

On Leven's banks, while free to rove,
And tune the rural pipe to Love,
I envied not the happiest swain
That ever trod the Arcadian plain.
  Pure stream, in whose transparent wave
My youthful limbs I wont to lave;
No torrents stain thy limpid source,
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
With white, round, polished pebbles spread;
While, lightly poised, the scaly brood
In myriads cleave thy crystal flood;
The springing trout in speckled pride;
The salmon, monarch of the tide;
The ruthless pike, intent on war;
The silver eel, and mottled par.
Devolving from thy parent lake,
A charming maze thy waters make,
By bowers of birch and groves of pine,
And hedges flowered with eglantine.
  Still on thy banks so gaily green,
May numerous herds and flocks be seen:
And lasses chanting o'er the pail,
And shepherds piping in the dale;
And ancient faith that knows no guile,
And industry embrowned with toil;
And hearts resolved, and hands prepared,
The blessings they enjoy to guard!

## *The Tears of Scotland.*

Written on the barbarities committed in the Highlands by the English forces under the command of the Duke of Cumberland, after the battle of Culloden, 1746. It is said that Smollett originally finished the poem in six stanzas; when, some one representing that such a diatribe against government might injure his prospects, he sat down, and added the still more pointed invective of the seventh stanza.

Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banished peace, thy laurels torn!
Thy sons, for valour long renowned,
Lie slaughtered on their native ground;
Thy hospitable roofs no more
Invite the stranger to the door;
In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees afar
His all become the prey of war;
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then smites his breast, and curses life.
Thy swains are famished on the rocks,
Where once they fed their wanton flocks;
Thy ravished virgins shriek in vain;
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it, then, in every clime,
Through the wide-spreading waste of time,
Thy martial glory, crowned with praise,
Still shone with undiminished blaze?
Thy towering spirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke.
What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage and rancour fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay
No more shall cheer the happy day:
No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night:
No strains but those of sorrow flow,
And nought be heard but sounds of woe,
While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

O baneful cause, O fatal morn,
Accursed to ages yet unborn!
The sons against their father stood,
The parent shed his children's blood.
Yet, when the rage of battle ceased,
The victor's soul was not appeased:
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames and murdering steel!

The pious mother, doomed to death,
Forsaken, wanders o'er the heath,
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread;
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend;
And stretched beneath the inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

While the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpaired remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat;
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathising verse shall flow:
'Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banished peace, thy laurels torn.'

## AUTHOR OF 'ALBANIA.'

In 1737 a poem in blank verse, entitled *Albania*, was published by T. Cooper, London, prefaced with some remarks and with a dedication to General Wade by an editor who, like the from it in practice. Armstrong was no ascetic philosopher. His motto is, 'Take the good the gods provide you,' but take it in moderation.

When you smooth
The brows of care, indulge your festive vein
In cups by well-informed experience found
The least your bane, *and only with your friends.*

The effects of over-indulgence in wine he has finely described:

But most too passive, when the blood runs low
Too weakly indolent to strive with pain,
And bravely by resisting conquer fate,
Try Circe's arts; and in the tempting bowl
Of poisoned nectar sweet oblivion swill.
Struck by the powerful charm, the gloom dissolves
In empty air; Elysium opens round,
A pleasing frenzy buoys the lightened soul,
And sanguine hopes dispel your fleeting care;
And what was difficult, and what was dire,
Yields to your prowess and superior stars:
The happiest you of all that e'er were mad,
Or are, or shall be, could this folly last.
But soon your heaven is gone: a heavier gloom
Shuts o'er your head; and, as the thundering stream,
Swollen o'er its banks with sudden mountain rain,
Sinks from its tumult to a silent brook,
So, when the frantic raptures in your breast
Subside, you languish into mortal man;
You sleep, and waking find yourself undone,
For, prodigal of life, in one rash night
You lavished more than might support three days.
A heavy morning comes; your cares return
With tenfold rage. An anxious stomach well
May be endured; so may the throbbing head;
But such a dim delirium, such a dream,
Involves you; such a dastardly despair
Unmans your soul, as maddening Pentheus felt,
When, baited round Cithæron's cruel sides,
He saw two suns, and double Thebes ascend.

In prescribing as a healthy situation for residence a house on an elevated part of the sea-coast, he indulges in a vein of poetical luxury worthy the enchanted grounds of the *Castle of Indolence:*

Oh! when the growling winds contend, and all
The sounding forest fluctuates in the storm;
To sink in warm repose, and hear the din
Howl o'er the steady battlements, delights
Above the luxury of vulgar sleep.
The murmuring rivulet, and the hoarser strain
Of waters rushing o'er the slippery rocks,
Will nightly lull you to ambrosial rest.
To please the fancy is no trifling good,
Where health is studied; for whatever moves
The mind with calm delight, promotes the just
And natural movements of the harmonious frame.

In his first book, Armstrong has penned a ludicrously pompous invective on the climate of Great Britain, 'steeped in continual rains, or with raw fogs bedewed.' He exclaims:

Our fathers talked
Of summers, balmy airs, and skies serene:
Good Heaven! for what unexpiated crimes
This dismal change! The brooding elements,
Do they, your powerful ministers of wrath,
Prepare some fierce exterminating plague?
Or is it fixed in the decrees above,
That lofty Albion melt into the main?
Indulgent nature! Oh, dissolve this gloom;
Bind in eternal adamant the winds
That drown or wither; give the genial west
breathe, and in its turn the sprightly north,
And may once more the circling seasons rule
The year, not mix in every monstrous day!

Now, the fact, we believe, is, that in this country there are more good enjoyable days in the year than in any other country in Europe. (See the opinion of Charles II. *ante*, p. 454.) Two extracts from the *Art of Preserving Health* are subjoined. The second, which is certainly the most energetic passage in the whole poem, describes the 'sweating sickness' which appeared in England in August 1485, among the troops of Henry VII. who fought at Bosworth field. It desolated parts of England, but did not penetrate into Scotland or Ireland.

### *Wrecks and Mutations of Time.*

What does not fade? The tower that long had stood
The crush of thunder and the warring winds,
Shook by the slow but sure destroyer Time,
Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its base,
And flinty pyramids and walls of brass
Descend. The Babylonian spires are sunk;
Achaia, Rome, and Egypt moulder down.
Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones,
And tottering empires rush by their own weight.
This huge rotundity we tread grows old,
And all those worlds that roll around the sun;
The sun himself shall die, and ancient night
Again involve the desolate abyss,
Till the great Father, through the lifeless gloom,
Extend his arm to light another world,
And bid new planets roll by other laws.

### *Pestilence of the Fifteenth Century.*

Ere yet the fell Plantagenets had spent
Their ancient rage at Bosworth's purple field;
While, for which tyrant England should receive,
Her legions in incestuous murders mixed
And daily horrors; till the fates were drunk
With kindred blood by kindred hands profused:
Another plague of more gigantic arm
Arose, a monster never known before,
Reared from Cocytus its portentous head;
This rapid fury not, like other pests,
Pursued a gradual course, but in a day
Rushed as a storm o'er half the astonished isle,
And strewed with sudden carcasses the land.
First through the shoulders, or whatever part
Was seized the first, a fervid vapour sprung;
With rash combustion thence, the quivering spark
Shot to the heart, and kindled all within;
And soon the surface caught the spreading fires.
Through all the yielding pores the melted blood
Gushed out in smoky sweats; but nought assuaged
The torrid heat within, nor aught relieved
The stomach's anguish. With incessant toil,
Desperate of ease, impatient of their pain,
They tossed from side to side. In vain the stream
Ran full and clear; they burnt, and thirsted still.
The restless arteries with rapid blood
Beat strong and frequent. Thick and pantingly
The breath was fetched, and with huge labourings heaved.
At last a heavy pain oppressed the head,
A wild delirium came: their weeping friends
Were strangers now, and this no home of theirs.
Harassed with toil on toil, the sinking powers
Lay prostrate and o'erthrown; a ponderous sleep
Wrapt all the senses up: they slept and died.
In some a gentle horror crept at first
O'er all the limbs; the sluices of the skin
Withheld their moisture, till by art provoked

The sweats o'erflowed, but in a clammy tide;
Now free and copious, now restrained and slow;
Of tinctures various, as the temperature
Had mixed the blood, and rank with fetid streams:
As if the pent-up humours by delay
Were grown more fell, more putrid, and malign.
Here lay their hopes (though little hope remained),
With full effusion of perpetual sweats
To drive the venom out. And here the fates
Were kind, that long they lingered not in pain.
For, who survived the sun's diurnal race,
Rose from the dreary gates of hell redeemed;
Some the sixth hour oppressed, and some the third.
Of many thousands, few untainted 'scaped;
Of those infected, fewer 'scaped alive;
Of those who lived, some felt a second blow;
And whom the second spared, a third destroyed.
Frantic with fear, they sought by flight to shun
The fierce contagion. O'er the mournful land
The infected city poured her hurrying swarms:
Roused by the flames that fired her seats around,
The infected country rushed into the town.
Some sad at home, and in the desert some
Abjured the fatal commerce of mankind.
In vain; where'er they fled, the fates pursued.
Others, with hopes more specious, crossed the main,
To seek protection in far-distant skies:
But none they found. It seemed the general air,
From pole to pole, from Atlas to the east,
Was then at enmity with English blood;
For but the race of England all were safe
In foreign climes; nor did this fury taste
The foreign blood which England then contained.
Where should they fly? The circumambient heaven
Involved them still, and every breeze was bane:
Where find relief? The salutary art
Was mute, and, startled at the new disease,
In fearful whispers hopeless omens gave.
To Heaven, with suppliant rites they sent their prayers;
Heaven heard them not. Of every hope deprived,
Fatigued with vain resources, and subdued
With woes resistless, and enfeebling fear,
Passive they sunk beneath the weighty blow.
Nothing but lamentable sounds were heard,
Nor aught was seen but ghastly views of death.
Infectious horror ran from face to face,
And pale despair. 'Twas all the business then
To tend the sick, and in their turns to die.
In heaps they fell; and oft the bed, they say,
The sickening, dying, and the dead contained.

## SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE.

Few votaries of the muses have had the resolution to abandon their early worship, or to cast off 'the Delilahs of the imagination,' when embarked on more gainful callings. An example of this, however, is afforded by the case of SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE—born in London in 1723, died 1780—who, having made choice of the law for his profession, and entered himself a student of the Middle Temple, took formal leave of poetry in a copy of natural and pleasing verses, published in Dodsley's *Miscellany*. Blackstone rose to rank and fame as a lawyer, wrote a series of masterly commentaries on the laws of England, was knighted, and died a judge in the court of Common Pleas. From some critical notes on Shakspeare by Sir William, published by Stevens, it would appear that, though he had forsaken his muse, he still—like Charles Lamb, when he had given up the use of the 'great plant' tobacco—'loved to live in the suburbs of her graces.'

### *The Lawyer's Farewell to his Muse.*

As, by some tyrant's stern command,
A wretch forsakes his native land,
In foreign climes condemned to roam
An endless exile from his home;
Pensive he treads the destined way,
And dreads to go; nor dares to stay;
Till on some neighbouring mountain's brow
He stops, and turns his eyes below;
There, melting at the well-known view,
Drops a last tear, and bids adieu:
So I, thus doomed from thee to part,
Gay queen of fancy and of art,
Reluctant move, with doubtful mind,
Oft stop, and often look behind.
Companion of my tender age,
Serenely gay, and sweetly sage,
How blithesome we were wont to rove,
By verdant hill or shady grove,
Where fervent bees, with humming voice,
Around the honied oak rejoice,
And aged elms with awful bend,
In long cathedral walks extend!
Lulled by the lapse of gliding floods,
Cheered by the warbling of the woods,
How blest my days, my thoughts how free,
In sweet society with thee!
Then all was joyous, all was young,
And years unheeded rolled along:
But now the pleasing dream is o'er,
These scenes must charm me now no more;
Lost to the fields, and torn from you—
Farewell!—a long, a last adieu.
Me wrangling courts, and stubborn law,
To smoke, and crowds, and cities draw:
There selfish faction rules the day,
And pride and avarice throng the way;
Diseases taint the murky air,
And midnight conflagrations glare;
Loose Revelry, and Riot bold,
In frighted streets their orgies hold;
Or, where in silence all is drowned,
Fell Murder walks his lonely round;
No room for peace, no room for you;
Adieu, celestial nymph, adieu!
Shakspeare, no more thy sylvan son,
Nor all the art of Addison,
Pope's heaven-strung lyre, nor Waller's ease,
Nor Milton's mighty self must please:
Instead of these, a formal band
In furs and coifs around me stand;
With sounds uncouth and accents dry,
That grate the soul of harmony,
Each pedant sage unlocks his store
Of mystic, dark, discordant lore,
And points with tottering hand the ways
That lead me to the thorny maze.
There, in a winding close retreat,
Is justice doomed to fix her seat;
There, fenced by bulwarks of the law,
She keeps the wondering world in awe;
And there, from vulgar sight retired,
Like Eastern queen, is more admired.
Oh, let me pierce the secret shade
Where dwells the venerable maid!
There humbly mark, with reverent awe,
The guardian of Britannia's law;
Unfold with joy her sacred page,
The united boast of many an age;
Where mixed, yet uniform, appears
The wisdom of a thousand years.
In that pure spring the bottom view,
Clear, deep, and regularly true;
And other doctrines thence imbibe
Than lurk within the sordid scribe;

Observe how parts with parts unite
In one harmonious rule of right;
See countless wheels distinctly tend
By various laws to one great end;
While mighty Alfred's piercing soul
Pervades and regulates the whole.
Then welcome business, welcome strife,
Welcome the cares, the thorns of life,
The visage wan, the pore-blind sight,
The toil by day, the lamp at night,
The tedious forms, the solemn prate,
The pert dispute, the dull debate,
The drowsy bench, the babbling hall,
For thee, fair Justice, welcome all!
Thus though my noon of life be past,
Yet let my setting sun, at last,
Find out the still, the rural cell,
Where sage retirement loves to dwell!
There let me taste the home-felt bliss
Of innocence and inward peace;
Untainted by the guilty bribe,
Uncursed amid the harpy tribe;
No orphan's cry to wound my ear;
My honour and my conscience clear.
Thus may I calmly meet my end,
Thus to the grave in peace descend.

## DR JAMES GRAINGER.

JAMES GRAINGER (*circa* 1721–1766) was, according to his own statement, seen by Mr Prior, the biographer of Goldsmith, 'of a gentleman's family in Cumberland.' He studied medicine in Edinburgh, was in the army, and, on the peace, established himself as a medical practitioner in London. His poem of *Solitude* appeared in 1755, and was praised by Johnson, who considered the opening 'very noble.' Grainger wrote several other pieces, translated Tibullus, and was a critic in the *Monthly Review*. In 1759, he went to St Christopher's in the West Indies, commenced practising as a physician, and married a lady of fortune. During his residence there, he wrote his poem of the *Sugar-cane* (published in 1764), which Shenstone thought capable of being *rendered* a good poem; and the arguments in which, Southey says, are 'ludicrously flat and formal.' One point is certainly ridiculous enough; 'he very poetically,' says Campbell, 'dignifies the poor negroes with the name of "swains."' Grainger died in the West Indies.

### *Ode to Solitude.*

O Solitude, romantic maid!
Whether by nodding towers you tread,
Or haunt the desert's trackless gloom,
Or hover o'er the yawning tomb,
Or climb the Andes' clifted side,
Or by the Nile's coy source abide,
Or starting from your half-year's sleep,
From Hecla view the thawing deep,
Or, at the purple dawn of day,
Tadmor's marble wastes survey,
You, recluse, again I woo,
And again your steps pursue.

Plumed Conceit himself surveying,
Folly with her shadow playing,
Purse-proud, elbowing Insolence,
Bloated empiric, puffed Pretence,
Noise that through a trumpet speaks,
Laughter in loud peals that breaks,
Intrusion with a fopling's face—
Ignorant of time and place—
Sparks of fire Dissension blowing,
Ductile, court-bred Flattery, bowing,
Restraint's stiff neck, Grimace's leer,
Squint-eyed Censure's artful sneer,
Ambition's buskins, steeped in blood,
Fly thy presence, Solitude.

Sage Reflection, bent with years,
Conscious Virtue, void of fears,
Muffled Silence, wood-nymph shy,
Meditation's piercing eye,
Halcyon Peace on moss reclined,
Retrospect that scans the mind,
Wrapt earth-gazing Reverie,
Blushing, artless Modesty,
Health that snuffs the morning air,
Full-eyed Truth with bosom bare,
Inspiration, Nature's child,
Seek the solitary wild.

You, with the tragic muse retired,
The wise Euripides inspired;
You taught the sadly-pleasing air
That Athens saved from ruins bare.
You gave the Cean's tears to flow,
And unlocked the springs of woe;
You penned what exiled Naso thought,
And poured the melancholy note.
With Petrarch o'er Vaucluse you strayed,
When death snatched his long-loved maid;
You taught the rocks her loss to mourn,
You strewed with flowers her virgin urn.
And late in Hagley you were seen,
With bloodshot eyes, and sombre mien;
Hymen his yellow vestment tore,
And Dirge a wreath of cypress wore.
But chief your own the solemn lay
That wept Narcissa young and gay;
Darkness clapped her sable wing,
While you touched the mournful string;
Anguish left the pathless wild,
Grim-faced Melancholy smiled,
Drowsy Midnight ceased to yawn,
The starry host put back the dawn;
Aside their harps even seraphs flung
To hear thy sweet Complaint, O Young!
When all nature's hushed asleep,
Nor Love nor Guilt their vigils keep,
Soft you leave your caverned den,
And wander o'er the works of men;
But when Phosphor brings the dawn
By her dappled coursers drawn,
Again you to the wild retreat
And the early huntsman meet,
Where, as you pensive pace along,
You catch the distant shepherd's song,
Or brush from herbs the pearly dew,
Or the rising primrose view.
Devotion lends her heaven-plumed wings,
You mount, and nature with you sings.
But when mid-day fervours glow,
To upland airy shades you go,
Where never sunburnt woodman came,
Nor sportsman chased the timid game;
And there beneath an oak reclined,
With drowsy waterfalls behind,
You sink to rest.
Till the tuneful bird of night
From the neighbouring poplar's height,
Wake you with her solemn strain,
And teach pleased Echo to complain.

With you roses brighter bloom,
Sweeter every sweet perfume;
Purer every fountain flows,
Stronger every wildling grows.

Let those toil for gold who please,
Or for fame renounce their ease.
What is fame? an empty bubble.
Gold? a transient shining trouble.
Let them for their country bleed,
What was Sidney's, Raleigh's meed?
Man's not worth a moment's pain,
Base, ungrateful, fickle, vain.
Then let me, sequestered fair,
To your sibyl grot repair;
On yon hanging cliff it stands,
Scooped by nature's salvage hands,
Bosomed in the gloomy shade
Of cypress not with age decayed.
Where the owl still-hooting sits,
Where the bat incessant flits,
There in loftier strains I'll sing
Whence the changing seasons spring;
Tell how storms deform the skies,
Whence the waves subside and rise,
Trace the comet's blazing tail,
Weigh the planets in a scale;
Bend, great God, before thy shrine,
The bournless macrocosm's thine.

### JAMES MERRICK.

JAMES MERRICK (1720-1769) was a distinguished classical scholar, and tutor to Lord North at Oxford. He entered holy orders, but was unable to do duty, from delicate health. Merrick wrote some hymns, and attempted a version of the psalms, with no great success. We subjoin an amusing and instructive fable by this worthy divine:

*The Chameleon.*

Oft has it been my lot to mark
A proud, conceited, talking spark,
With eyes that hardly served at most
To guard their master 'gainst a post;
Yet round the world the blade has been,
To see whatever could be seen.
Returning from his finished tour,
Grown ten times perter than before;
Whatever word you chance to drop,
The travelled fool your mouth will stop:
'Sir, if my judgment you'll allow—
I've seen—and sure I ought to know.'—
So begs you'd pay a due submission,
And acquiesce in his decision.

Two travellers of such a cast,
As o'er Arabia's wilds they passed,
And on their way in friendly chat,
Now talked of this, and then of that;
Discoursed awhile, 'mongst other matter,
Of the Chameleon's form and nature.
'A stranger animal,' cries one,
'Sure never lived beneath the sun:
A lizard's body lean and long,
A fish's head, a serpent's tongue,
Its foot with triple claw disjoined;
And what a length of tail behind!
How slow its pace! and then its hue—
Who ever saw so fine a blue?'
'Hold there,' the other quick replies;
''Tis green—I saw it with these eyes,
As late with open mouth it lay,
And warmed it in the sunny ray;
Stretched at its ease, the beast I viewed,
And saw it eat the air for food.'
'I've seen it, sir, as well as you,
And must again affirm it blue;
At leisure I the beast surveyed
Extended in the cooling shade.'
''Tis green, 'tis green, sir, I assure ye.'
'Green!' cries the other in a fury:
'Why, sir, d'ye think I've lost my eyes?'
''Twere no great loss,' the friend replies;
'For if they always serve you thus,
You'll find them but of little use.'
So high at last the contest rose,
From words they almost came to blows:
When luckily came by a third;
To him the question they referred:
And begged he'd tell them, if he knew,
Whether the thing was green or blue.
'Sirs,' cries the umpire, 'cease your pother;
The creature's neither one nor t'other.
I caught the animal last night,
And viewed it o'er by candlelight:
I marked it well; 'twas black as jet—
You stare—but, sirs, I've got it yet,
And can produce it.'—'Pray, sir, do;
I'll lay my life the thing is blue.'
'And I'll be sworn, that when you've seen
The reptile, you'll pronounce him green.'
'Well, then, at once to ease the doubt,'
Replies the man, 'I'll turn him out:
And when before your eyes I've set him,
If you don't find him black, I'll eat him.'
He said; and full before their sight
Produced the beast, and lo!—'twas white.
Both stared; the man looked wondrous wise—
'My children,' the Chameleon cries—
Then first the creature found a tongue—
'You all are right, and all are wrong:
When next you talk of what you view,
Think others see as well as you:
Nor wonder if you find that none
Prefers your eyesight to his own.'

### JAMES MACPHERSON.

The translator of Ossian stands in a dubious light with posterity, and seems to have been willing that his contemporaries should be no better informed. With the Celtic Homer, however, the name of Macpherson is inseparably connected. They stand, as liberty does with reason,

> Twinned, and from her hath no dividual being.

Time and a better taste have abated the pleasure with which the 'poems of Ossian' were once read; but productions which engrossed so much attention, which were translated into many different languages, which were hailed with delight by Gray, by David Hume, John Home, and other eminent persons, and which, in a bad Italian translation, formed the favourite reading of Napoleon, cannot be considered as unworthy of notice.

JAMES MACPHERSON was born at Kingussie, a village in Inverness-shire, on the road northwards from Perth, in 1738. He was intended for the church, and received the necessary education at Aberdeen. At the age of twenty, he published a heroic poem, in six cantos, entitled *The Highlander*, which at once proved his ambition and his incapacity. It is a miserable production. For a short time Macpherson taught the school of Ruthven, near his native place, whence he was glad to remove as tutor in the family of Mr Graham of Balgowan. While attending his pupil (afterwards Lord Lynedoch) at the spa of Moffat, he became acquainted, in the autumn of 1759, with Mr John

Home, the author of *Douglas*, to whom he shewed what he represented as translations of some fragments of ancient Gaelic poetry, which he said were still recited in the Highlands. He stated that it was one of the favourite amusements of his countrymen to listen to the tales and compositions of their ancient bards, and he described these fragments as full of pathos and poetical imagery. Under the patronage of Mr Home's friends—Blair, Carlyle and Fergusson—Macpherson published next year a small volume of sixty pages, entitled *Fragments of Ancient Poetry; translated from the Gaelic or Erse Language.* The publication attracted general attention, and a subscription was made to enable Macpherson to make a tour in the Highlands to collect other pieces. His journey proved to be highly successful! In 1762 he presented the world with *Fingal, an Ancient Epic Poem, in Six Books;* and in 1763, *Temora*, another epic poem, in eight books. The sale of these works was immense. The possibility that, in the third or fourth century, among the wild remote mountains and islands of Scotland, there existed a people exhibiting all the high and chivalrous feelings of refined valour, generosity, magnanimity, and virtue, was eminently calculated to excite astonishment; while the idea of the poems being handed down by tradition through so many centuries among rude, savage, and barbarous tribes was no less astounding. Many doubted—others disbelieved—but a still greater number 'indulged the pleasing supposition that Fingal fought and Ossian sang.' Macpherson realised £1200, it is said, by these productions. In 1764 the poet accompanied Governor Johnston to Pensacola as his secretary, but quarrelling with his patron, he returned, and, fixed his residence in London. He became one of the literary supporters of the administration, published some historical works, and was a popular pamphleteer. In 1773 he published a translation of the *Iliad* in the same style of poetical prose as Ossian, which was a complete failure, unless as a source of ridicule and personal opprobrium to the translator. He was more successful as a politician. A pamphlet of his in defence of the taxation of America, and another on the opposition in parliament in 1779, were much applauded. He attempted, as we have seen from his manuscripts, to combat the Letters of Junius, writing under the signatures of 'Musæus,' 'Scævola,' &c. He was appointed agent for the Nabob of Arcot, and obtained a seat in parliament as representative for the borough of Camelford. It does not appear, however, that, with all his ambition and political zeal, Macpherson ever attempted to speak in the House of Commons. In 1789 the poet, having realised a handsome fortune, purchased the property of Raitts, in his native parish, and having changed its name to the more euphonious and sounding one of Belleville, he built upon it a splendid residence designed by the Adelphi Adams, in the style of an Italian villa, in which he hoped to spend an old age of ease and dignity. He died at Belleville, on the 17th of February 1796. The eagerness of Macpherson for posthumous distinction was seen by some of the bequests of his will. He ordered that his body should be interred in Westminster Abbey, and that a sum of £300 should be laid out in erecting a monument to his memory in some conspicuous situation at Belleville. Both injunctions were duly fulfilled; the body was interred in Poets' Corner, and a marble obelisk, containing a medallion portrait of the poet, may be seen gleaming amidst a clump of trees by the roadside near Kingussie.

The fierce controversy which raged for some time as to the authenticity of the poems of Ossian, the incredulity of Johnson, and the obstinate silence of Macpherson, are circumstances well known. There seems to be no doubt that a great body of traditional poetry was floating over the Highlands, which Macpherson collected and wrought up into regular poems. It would seem also that Gaelic manuscripts were in existence, which he received from different families to aid in his translation. One of these has been preserved in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh. It refers to a dialogue between Ossian and St Patrick on Christianity—a fact which Macpherson suppressed, as his object was to represent the poems as some centuries older. The Irish antiquaries have published many of these Celtic fragments, and they appear to have established a good claim to Ossian. The poetry was common equally in Ireland and in the Highlands of Scotland, varied to suit localities, or according to the taste, knowledge, and abilities of the reciter. The people, the language, and the legends were the same in both countries. How much of the published work is ancient, and how much fabricated, cannot now be ascertained. The Highland Society instituted a regular inquiry into the subject; and in their report the committee state that they 'have not been able to obtain any one poem the same in title and tenor with the poems published.' The ancient tribes of the Celts had their regular bards, even down to a comparatively late period. A people like the natives of the Highlands, leading an idle inactive life, and doomed from their climate to a severe protracted winter, were also well adapted to transmit from one generation to another the fragments of ancient song which had beguiled their infancy and youth, and which flattered their love of their ancestors. No person, however, now believes that Macpherson found entire epic poems in the Highlands. The original materials were probably as scanty as those on which Shakspeare founded the marvellous superstructures of his genius; and he himself has not scrupled to state, in the preface to his last edition of Ossian, that 'a translator who cannot equal his original is incapable of expressing its beauties.' Sir James Mackintosh has suggested, as a supposition countenanced by many circumstances, that, after enjoying the pleasure of duping so many critics, Macpherson intended one day to claim the poems as his own. 'If he had such a design, considerable obstacles to its execution arose around him. He was loaded with so much praise, that he seemed bound in honour to his admirers not to desert them. The support of his own country appeared to render adherence to those poems, which Scotland inconsiderately sanctioned, a sort of national obligation. Exasperated, on the other hand, by the perhaps unduly vehement, and sometimes very coarse attacks made on him, he was unwilling to surrender to such opponents. He involved himself at last so deeply, as to leave him no decent retreat.' A somewhat sudden and premature death closed the scene on Macpherson; nor is there among the papers which he left behind him (which the editor of this work has had an opportunity of inspecting) a single line that throws any light upon the controversy.

Wordsworth has condemned the imagery of Ossian as spurious. 'In nature everything is distinct, yet nothing defined into absolute independent singleness. In Macpherson's work it is exactly the reverse; everything that is not stolen, is in this manner defined, insulated, dislocated, deadened—yet nothing distinct. It will always be so when words are substituted for things.' Part of this censure may perhaps be owing to the style and diction of Macpherson, which have a broken abrupt appearance and sound. The imagery is drawn from the natural appearances of a rude mountainous country. The grass of the rock, the flower of the heath, the thistle with its beard, are, as Blair observes, the chief ornaments of his landscapes. The desert, with all its woods and deer, was enough for Fingal. We suspect it is the sameness—the perpetual recurrence of the same images—which fatigues the reader, and gives a misty confusion to the objects and incidents of the poem. That there is something poetical and striking in Ossian—a wild solitary magnificence, pathos, and tenderness—is undeniable. The Desolation of Balclutha, and the lamentations in the Song of Selma, are conceived with true feeling and poetical power. The battles of the car-borne heroes are, we confess, much less to our taste, and seem stilted and unnatural. They are like the Quixotic encounters of knightly romance, and want the air of remote antiquity, of dim and solitary grandeur, and of shadowy superstitious fear which shrouds the wild heaths, lakes, and mountains of Ossian.

### *Ossian's Address to the Sun.*

I feel the sun, O Malvina! leave me to my rest. Perhaps they may come to my dreams; I think I hear a feeble voice! The beam of heaven delights to shine on the grave of Carthon: I feel it warm around.

O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! Whence are thy beams, O sun! thy everlasting light? Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty; the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave; but thou thyself movest alone. Who can be a companion of thy course? The oaks of the mountains fall; the mountains themselves decay with years; the ocean shrinks and grows again; the moon herself is lost in heaven, but thou art for ever the same, rejoicing in the brightness of thy course. When the world is dark with tempests, when thunder rolls and lightning flies, thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, and laughest at the storm. But to Ossian thou lookest in vain, for he beholds thy beams no more; whether thy yellow hair flows on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west. But thou art perhaps like me, for a season; thy years will have an end. Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds, careless of the voice of the morning. Exult, then, O sun, in the strength of thy youth! Age is dark and unlovely; it is like the glimmering light of the moon when it shines through broken clouds, and the mist is on the hills: the blast of the north is on the plain; the traveller shrinks in the midst of his journey.

### *Desolation of Balclutha.*

I have seen the walls of Balclutha, but they were desolate. The fire had resounded in the halls; and the voice of the people is heard no more. The stream of Clutha was removed from its place by the fall of the walls. The thistle shook there its lonely head; the moss whistled to the wind. The fox looked out from the windows; the rank grass of the wall waved round its head. Desolate is the dwelling of Moina; silence is in the house of her fathers. Raise the song of mourning, O bards! over the land of strangers. They have but fallen before us; for one day we must fall. Why dost thou build the hall, son of the winged days? Thou lookest from thy towers to-day: yet a few years, and the blast of the desert comes; it howls in thy empty court, and whistles round thy half-worn shield. And let the blast of the desert come! we shall be renowned in our day! The mark of my arm shall be in battle; my name in the song of bards. Raise the song, send round the shell: let joy be heard in my hall. When thou, sun of heaven, shalt fail! if thou shalt fail, thou mighty light! if thy brightness is but for a season, like Fingal, our fame shall survive thy beams. Such was the song of Fingal in the day of his joy.

### *The Songs of Selma.*

Star of descending night! fair is thy light in the west! thou liftest thy unshorn head from thy cloud: thy steps are stately on thy hill. What dost thou behold in the plain? The stormy winds are laid. The murmur of the torrent comes from afar. Roaring waves climb the distant rock. The flies of evening are on their feeble wings; the hum of their course is on the field. What dost thou behold, fair light? But thou dost smile and depart. The waves come with joy around thee: they bathe thy lovely hair. Farewell, thou silent beam! Let the light of Ossian's soul arise!

And it does arise in its strength! I behold my departed friends. Their gathering is on Lora, as in the days of other years. Fingal comes like a watery column of mist; his heroes are around: And see the bards of song, gray-haired Ullin! stately Ryno! Alpin with the tuneful voice! the soft complaint of Minona! How are ye changed my friends, since the days of Selma's feast? when we contended, like gales of spring, as they fly along the hill, and bend by turns the feebly whistling grass.

Minona came forth in her beauty, with downcast look and tearful eye. Her hair flew slowly on the blast, that rushed unfrequent from the hill. The souls of the heroes were sad when she raised the tuneful voice. Often had they seen the grave of Salgar, the dark dwelling of white-bosomed Colma. Colma left alone on the hill, with all her voice of song! Salgar promised to come: but the night descended around. Hear the voice of Colma, when she sat alone on the hill!

*Colma.* It is night; I am alone, forlorn on the hill of storms. The wind is heard in the mountain. The torrent pours down the rock. No hut receives me from the rain; forlorn on the hill of winds!

Rise, moon! from behind thy clouds. Stars of the night, arise! Lead me, some light, to the place where my love rests from the chase alone! his bow near him, unstrung: his dogs panting around him. But here I must sit alone, by the rock of the mossy stream. The stream and the wind roar aloud. I hear not the voice of my love! Why delays my Salgar, why the chief of the hill his promise? Here is the rock, and here the tree! here is the roaring stream! Thou didst promise with night to be here. Ah! whither is my Salgar gone? With thee I would fly from my father; with thee from my brother of pride. Our race have long been foes; we are not foes, O Salgar!

Cease a little while, O wind! stream, be thou silent a while! let my voice be heard around! Let my wanderer hear me! Salgar, it is Colma who calls! Here is the tree and the rock. Salgar my love! I am here. Why delayest thou thy coming? Lo! the calm moon comes forth. The flood is bright in the vale. The rocks are gray on the steep. I see him not on the brow. His dogs come not before him with tidings of his near approach. Here I must sit alone!

Who lie on the heath beside me? Are they my love and my brother? Speak to me, O my friend! To Colma they give no reply. Speak to me: I am alone! My soul is tormented with fears! Ah! they are dead! Their swords are red from the fight. O my brother! my brother! why hast thou slain my Salgar? why, O Salgar! hast thou slain my brother? Dear were ye both to me! what shall I say in your praise? Thou wert fair in the hill among thousands! he was terrible in fight. Speak to me; hear my voice; hear me, sons of my love! They are silent; silent for ever! Cold, cold are their breasts of clay! Oh! from the rock on the hill; from the top of the windy steep, speak, ye ghosts of the dead! speak, I will not be afraid! Whither are you gone to rest? In what cave of the hill shall I find the departed? No feeble voice is on the gale: no answer half-drowned in the storm!

I sit in my grief! I wait for morning in my tears! Rear the tomb, ye friends of the dead. Close it not till Colma come. My life flies away like a dream: why should I stay behind? Here shall I rest with my friends by the stream of the sounding rock. When night comes on the hill, when the loud winds arise, my ghost shall stand in the blast, and mourn the death of my friends. The hunter shall hear from his booth; he shall fear, but love my voice! for sweet shall my voice be for my friends: pleasant were her friends to Colma!

Such was thy song, Minona, softly blushing daughter of Torman. Our tears descended for Colma, and our souls were sad! Ullin came with his harp; he gave the song of Alpin. The voice of Alpin was pleasant; the soul of Ryno was a beam of fire! But they had rested in the narrow house; their voice had ceased in Selma. Ullin had returned one day from the chase before the heroes fell. He heard their strife on the hill; their song was soft but sad! They mourned the fall of Morar, first of mortal men! His soul was like the soul of Fingal; his sword like the sword of Oscar. But he fell, and his father mourned; his sister's eyes were full of tears. Minona's eyes were full of tears, the sister of car-borne Morar. She retired from the song of Ullin, like the moon in the west, when she foresees the shower, and hides her fair head in a cloud. I touched the harp, with Ullin; the song of mourning rose!

*Ryno.* The wind and the rain are past; calm is the noon of day. The clouds are divided in heaven. Over the green hills flies the inconstant sun. Red through the stony vale comes down the stream of the hill. Sweet are thy murmurs, O stream! but more sweet is the voice I hear. It is the voice of Alpin, the son of song, mourning for the dead! Bent is his head of age; red his tearful eye. Alpin, thou son of song, why alone on the silent hill? why complainest thou, as a blast in the wood; as a wave on the lonely shore?

*Alpin.* My tears, O Ryno! are for the dead; my voice for those that have passed away. Tall thou art on the hill; fair among the sons of the vale. But thou shalt fall like Morar; the mourner shall sit on thy tomb. The hills shall know thee no more; thy bow shall lie in the hall, unstrung!

Thou wert swift, O Morar! as a roe on the desert; terrible as a meteor of fire. Thy wrath was as the storm. Thy sword in battle, as lightning in the field. Thy voice was a stream after rain; like thunder on distant hills. Many fell by thy arm; they were consumed in the flames of thy wrath. But when thou didst return from war, how peaceful was thy brow! Thy face was like the sun after rain; like the moon in the silence of night; calm as the breast of the lake when the loud wind is laid.

Narrow is thy dwelling now; dark the place of thine abode! With three steps I compass thy grave, O thou who wast so great before! Four stones, with their heads of moss, are the only memorial of thee. A tree with scarce a leaf, long grass which whistles in the wind, mark to the hunter's eye the grave of the mighty Morar. Morar! thou art low indeed. Thou hast no mother to mourn thee; no maid with her tears of love. Dead is she that brought thee forth. Fallen is the daughter of Morglan.

Who on his staff is this? who is this, whose head is white with age? whose eyes are red with tears? who quakes at every step? It is thy father, O Morar! the father of no son but thee. He heard of thy fame in war; he heard of foes dispersed; he heard of Morar's renown; why did he not hear of his wound? Weep, thou father of Morar! weep; but thy son heareth thee not. Deep is the sleep of the dead; low their pillow of dust. No more shall he hear thy voice; no more awake at thy call. When shall it be morn in the grave, to bid the slumberer awake! Farewell, thou bravest of men! thou conqueror in the field! but the field shall see thee no more; nor the dark wood be lightened with the splendour of thy steel. Thou hast left no son. The song shall preserve thy name. Future times shall hear of thee; they shall hear of the fallen Morar! . . .

Such were the words of the bards in the days of song, when the king heard the music of harps, the tales of other times! The chiefs gathered from all their hills, and heard the lovely sound. They praised the voice of Cona! the first among a thousand bards! But age is now on my tongue; my soul has failed! I hear at times the ghosts of bards, and learn their pleasant song. But memory fails on my mind. I hear the call of years! They say, as they pass along, why does Ossian sing? Soon shall he lie in the narrow house, and no bard shall raise his fame! Roll on, ye dark-brown years; ye bring no joy on your course! Let the tomb open to Ossian, for his strength has failed. The sons of song are gone to rest. My voice remains, like a blast that roars, lonely on a sea-surrounded rock, after the winds are laid. The dark moss whistles there; the distant mariner sees the waving trees!

When Macpherson had not the groundwork of Ossian to build upon, he was a very indifferent poet. The following, however, shews that, though his taste was defective, he had poetical fancy:

### *The Cave—Written in the Highlands.*

The wind is up, the field is bare,
  Some hermit lead me to his cell,
Where Contemplation, lonely fair,
  With blest Content has chose to dwell.

Behold! it opens to my sight,
  Dark in the rock, beside the flood;
Dry fern around obstructs the light;
  The winds above it move the wood.

Reflected in the lake, I see
  The downward mountains and the skies,
The flying bird, the waving tree,
  The goats that on the hill arise.

The gray-cloaked herd drives on the cow;
  The slow-paced fowler walks the heath;
A freckled pointer scours the brow;
  A musing shepherd stands beneath.

Curved o'er the ruin of an oak,
  The woodman lifts his axe on high;
The hills re-echo to the stroke;
  I see—I see the shivers fly!

Some rural maid, with apron full,
  Brings fuel to the homely flame;
I see the smoky columns roll,
  And, through the chinky hut, the beam,

Beside a stone o'ergrown with moss,
Two well-met hunters talk at ease;
Three panting dogs beside repose;
One bleeding deer is stretched on grass.

A lake at distance spreads to sight,
Skirted with shady forests round;
In midst, an island's rocky height
Sustains a ruin, once renowned.

One tree bends o'er the naked walls;
Two broad-winged eagles hover nigh;
By intervals a fragment falls,
As blows the blast along the sky.

The rough-spun hinds the pinnace guide
With labouring oars along the flood;
An angler, bending o'er the tide,
Hangs from the boat the insidious wood.

Beside the flood, beneath the rocks,
On grassy bank, two lovers lean;
Bend on each other amorous looks,
And seem to laugh and kiss between.

The wind is rustling in the oak;
They seem to hear the tread of feet;
They start, they rise, look round the rock;
Again they smile, again they meet.

But see! the gray mist from the lake
Ascends upon the shady hills;
Dark storms the murmuring forests shake,
Rain beats around a hundred rills.

To Damon's homely hut I fly;
I see it smoking on the plain;
When storms are past, and fair the sky,
I 'll often seek my cave again.

From Macpherson's manuscripts at Belleville we copy the following fragment, marked *An Address to Venus*, 1785:

Thrice blest, and more than thrice, the morn
Whose genial gale and purple light
Awaked, then chased the night,
On which the Queen of Love was born!
Yet hence the sun's unhallowed ray,
With native beams let Beauty glow;
What need is there of other day,
Than the twin-stars that light those hills of snow?

## THOMAS CHATTERTON.

The success of Macpherson's *Ossian* seems to have prompted the remarkable forgeries of Chatterton:

The marvellous boy,
The sleepless soul that perished in his pride.*

Such precocity of genius was never perhaps before witnessed. We have the poems of Pope and Cowley written, one at *twelve* (at least the first draft), and the other at *fifteen* years of age, but both were inferior to the verses of Chatterton at *eleven*; and his imitations of the antique, executed when he was fifteen and sixteen, exhibit a vigour of thought and facility of versification—to say nothing of their antiquarian character, which puzzled the most learned men of the day, and stamp him a poet of a high order. His education also was miserably deficient; yet when a mere boy, eleven years of age, this obscure youth could write as follows:

### *A Hymn.*

Almighty Framer of the skies,
O let our pure devotion rise
Like incense in thy sight!
Wrapt in impenetrable shade,
The texture of our souls was made,
Till thy command gave light.

The sun of glory gleamed, the ray
Refined the darkness into day,
And bid the vapours fly:
Impelled by his eternal love,
He left his palaces above,
To cheer our gloomy sky.

How shall we celebrate the day,
When God appeared in mortal clay,
The mark of worldly scorn.
When the archangel's heavenly lays
Attempted the Redeemer's praise,
And hailed Salvation's morn?

A humble form the Godhead wore,
The pains of poverty he bore,
To gaudy pomp unknown:
Though in a human walk he trod,
Still was the man Almighty God,
In glory all his own.

Despised, oppressed, the Godhead bears
The torments of this vale of tears,
Nor bids his vengeance rise:
He saw the creatures he had made
Revile his power, his peace invade,
He saw with Mercy's eyes.

THOMAS CHATTERTON was born at Bristol, November 20, 1752. He was a posthumous child, son of poor parents, and received a scanty education at a charity school, where nothing but English, writing, and arithmetic were taught. His first lessons were said to have been from a black-letter Bible, which may have had some effect on his youthful imagination. At the age of fourteen he was put apprentice to an attorney, where his situation was irksome and uncomfortable, but left him ample time to prosecute his private studies. He was passionately devoted to poetry, antiquities, and heraldry, and ambitious of distinction. His ruling passion, he says, was 'unconquerable pride.' He now set himself to accomplish a series of impositions by pretended discoveries of old manuscripts. In October 1768 the new bridge at Bristol was finished; and Chatterton sent to a newspaper in the town a pretended account of the ceremonies on opening the old bridge, introduced by a letter to the printer, intimating that 'the description of *the friars first passing over the old bridge* was taken from an ancient manuscript.' To one man, fond of heraldic honours, he gave a pedigree reaching up to the time of William the Conqueror; to another he presents an ancient poem, the *Romaunt of the Cnyghte*, written by one of his ancestors 450 years before; to a religious citizen of Bristol he gives an ancient fragment of a sermon on the Divinity of the Holy Spirit, as *wroten* by Thomas Rowley, a monk of the fifteenth century; to another, solicitous of obtaining information about Bristol, he makes the valuable present of an account of all the churches of the city, as they appeared three hundred years before, and accompanies it with drawings and descriptions of the castle, the whole pretended to be drawn from writings of the 'gode prieste Thomas Rowley.' Horace Walpole was engaged in writing the *History of British Painters*, and Chatterton sent him an account of eminent 'Carvellers and Peyncters,' who once flourished in Bristol. His impositions duped the citizens of Bristol. Chatterton had no confidant in his labours; he toiled in secret, gratified only by 'the stoical pride of talent.' He frequently wrote by moonlight, conceiving that the immediate presence of that luminary added to the inspiration. His Sundays were commonly spent in walking alone into the country about Bristol, and drawing sketches of churches and other objects. He would also lie down on the meadows in view of St Mary's Church, Bristol, fix his eyes upon the ancient edifice, and seem as if he were in a kind of trance. Though correct and orderly in his conduct, Chatterton, before he was sixteen, imbibed principles of infidelity, and the idea of suicide was familiar to his mind. It was, however, overruled for a time by his passion for literary fame and distinction. It was a favourite maxim with him, that man is equal to anything, and that everything might be achieved by diligence and abstinence. In the muniment room of St Mary Redcliffe Church of Bristol, several chests had been anciently deposited. These were broken open by an order from proper authority, some ancient deeds taken out, and the remaining manuscripts left exposed as of no value. Chatterton gave out that he had found many writings of Mr Canynge, and of Thomas Rowley—the friend of Canynge—a priest of the fifteenth century. The fictitious poems were published in the *Town and Country Magazine*, to which Chatterton had become a contributor, and occasioned a warm controversy among literary antiquaries. Some of them he had submitted to Horace Walpole, who shewed them to Gray and Mason; but these competent judges pronounced them to be forgeries. After three years spent in the attorney's office, Chatterton obtained his release from his apprenticeship, and went to London, where he engaged in various tasks for the booksellers, and wrote for the magazines and newspapers. He obtained an introduction to Beckford, the patriotic and popular lord-mayor, and his own inclinations led him to espouse the opposition party. 'But no money,' he says, 'is to be got on that side of the question; interest is on the other side. *But he is a poor author who cannot write on both sides.*' He boasted that his company was courted everywhere, and 'that he would settle the nation before he had done.' The splendid visions of promotion and wealth, however, soon vanished, and even his labours for the periodical press failed to afford him the means of comfortable subsistence. He applied for the appointment of a surgeon's mate to Africa, but was refused the necessary recommendation. This seems to have been his last hope, and he made no further effort at literary composition. His spirits had always been unequal, alternately gloomy and elevated—both in extremes; he had cast off the restraints of religion, and had no steady principle to guide him, unless it was a strong affection for his mother and sister, to whom he sent remittances of money, while his means lasted. Habits of intemperance, succeeded by fits of remorse, exasperated his constitutional melancholy; and after being reduced to actual want—though with characteristic pride he rejected a dinner offered him by his landlady (a Mrs Angel, sack-maker, No. 4 Brook Street, Holborn), the day before his death—he tore all his papers, and destroyed himself by taking arsenic, August 25, 1770. At the time of his death he was aged seventeen years nine months and a few days. 'No English poet,' says Campbell, 'ever equalled him at the same age.' The remains of the unhappy youth were interred in a shell in the burying-ground of Shoe-Lane workhouse. His unfinished papers he had destroyed before his death, and his room, when broken open, was found covered with scraps of paper. The citizens of Bristol have erected a monument to the memory of their native poet.

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* Wordsworth: *Resolution and Independence*.

The poems of Chatterton, published under the name of Rowley, consist of the tragedy of *Ælla*, the *Execution of Sir Charles Bawdin*, the *Battle of Hastings*, the *Tournament*, one or two Dialogues, and a description of Canynge's Feast. Some of them, as the roundelay to Ælla (which we subjoin), have exactly the air of modern poetry, only disguised with antique spelling and phraseology. The avowed compositions of Chatterton are equally inferior to the forgeries in poetical powers and diction; which is satisfactorily accounted for by Sir Walter Scott by the fact, that his whole powers and energies must, at his early age, have been converted to the acquisition of the obsolete language and peculiar style necessary to support the deep-laid deception. 'He could have had no time for the study of our modern poets, their rules of verse, or modes of expression; while his whole faculties were intensely employed in the Herculean task of creating the person, history, and language of an ancient poet, which, vast as these faculties were, were sufficient wholly to engross, though not to overburden them.' A power of picturesque painting seems to be Chatterton's most distinguishing feature as a poet. The heroism of Sir Charles Bawdin, who

Summed the actions of the day
Each night before he slept,

and who bearded the tyrant king on his way to the scaffold, is perhaps his most striking portrait. The following description of Morning in the tragedy of *Ælla*, is in the style of the old poets:

Bright sun had in his ruddy robes been dight,
  From the red east he flitted with his train;
The Houris draw away the gate of Night,
  Her sable tapestry was rent in twain:
The dancing streaks bedeckèd heaven's plain,
  And on the dew did smile with skimmering eye,
Like gouts of blood which do black armour stain,
  Shining upon the bourn which standeth by;
The soldiers stood upon the hillis side,
Like young enleaved trees which in a forest bide.

A description of Spring in the same poem:

The budding floweret blushes at the light,
  The meads be sprinkled with the yellow hue,
In daisied mantles is the mountain dight,
  The fresh young cowslip bendeth with the dew;
The trees enleafed, into heaven straight,
When gentle winds do blow, to whistling din is
    brought.

The evening comes, and brings the dews along,
  The ruddy welkin shineth to the eyne,
Around the ale-stake minstrels sing the song,
  Young ivy round the door-post doth entwine;
I lay me on the grass, yet to my will
Albeit all is fair, there lacketh something still.

In the epistle to Canynge, Chatterton has a striking censure of the religious interludes which formed the early drama; but the idea, as Warton remarks, is the result of that taste and discrimination which could only belong to a more advanced period of society:

Plays made from holy tales I hold unmeet;
  Let some great story of a man be sung;
When as a man we God in Jesus treat,
  In my poor mind we do the Godhead wrong.

Archbishop Trench has shewn that the whole fabric of Chatterton's literary imposture could have been blown up by one short monosyllable of three letters, the word *its*. This word did not find its way into our literature until two hundred years after the period of Chatterton's monk Rowley. It occurs only once in our translation of the Scriptures (Levit. xxv. 5), and only three times, Archbishop Trench says, in all Shakspeare. Even Milton, in describing Satan, says

His form had not yet lost
All *her* original brightness.

The satirical and town effusions of Chatterton are often in bad taste, yet display a wonderful command of easy language and lively sportive allusion. They have no traces of juvenility, unless it be in adopting the vulgar scandals of the day, unworthy his original genius. In his satire of *Kew Gardens* are the following lines, alluding to the poet-laureate and the proverbial poverty of poets:

Though sing-song Whitehead ushers in the year,
With joy to Britain's king and sovereign dear,
And, in compliance to an ancient mode,
Measures his syllables into an ode;
Yet such the scurvy merit of his muse,
He bows to deans, and licks his lordship's shoes.
Then leave the wicked barren way of rhyme,
Fly far from poverty, be wise in time:
Regard the office more, Parnassus less,
Put your religion in a decent dress:
Then may your interest in the town advance,
Above the reach of muses or romance.

In a poem, entitled *The Prophecy*, are some vigorous stanzas, in a different measure, and remarkable for maturity and freedom of style:

### *The Prophecy, a Political Satire.*

This truth of old was sorrow's friend—
'Times at the worst will surely mend.'
The difficulty's then to know
How long Oppression's clock can go;
When Britain's sons may cease to sigh,
And hope that their redemption's nigh.

When vile Corruption's brazen face
At council-board shall take her place;
And lords-commissioners resort
To welcome her at Britain's court;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

See Pension's harbour, large and clear,
Defended by St Stephen's pier!
The entrance safe, by current led,
Tiding round G—'s jetty head;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When civil power shall snore at ease;
While soldiers fire—to keep the peace;
When murders sanctuary find,
And petticoats can Justice blind;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

Commerce o'er Bondage will prevail,
Free as the wind that fills her sail.
When she complains of vile restraint,
And Power is deaf to her complaint;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When at Bute's feet poor Freedom lies,
Marked by the priest for sacrifice,
And doomed a victim for the sins
Of half the *outs* and all the *ins*;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When time shall bring your wish about,
Or, seven-years lease, *you sold*, is out;
No future contract to fulfil;
Your tenants holding at your will;
Raise up your heads! your right demand—
For your redemption 's in your hand.

Then is your time to strike the blow,
And let the slaves of Mammon know,
Britain's true sons a bribe can scorn,
And die as free as they were born.
Virtue again shall take her seat,
And your redemption stand complete.

The boy who could thus write at sixteen, might soon have proved a Swift or a Dryden. Yet in satire, Chatterton evinced but a small part of his power. His Rowleian poems have a compass of invention, and a luxuriance of fancy, that promised a great chivalrous or allegorical poet of the style of Spenser.

### *Bristow Tragedy, or the Death of Sir Charles Bawdin.*[*]

The feathered songster, Chanticleer,
  Had wound his bugle-horn,
And told the early villager
  The coming of the morn:

King Edward saw the ruddy streaks
  Of light eclipse the gray,
And heard the raven's croaking throat
  Proclaim the fated day.

'Thou 'rt right,' quoth he, 'for by the God
  That sits enthroned on high!
Charles Bawdin, and his fellows twain,
  To-day shall surely die.'

Then with a jug of nappy ale
  His knights did on him wait;
'Go tell the traitor, that to-day
  He leaves this mortal state.'

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[*] The antiquated orthography affected by Chatterton being an impediment to their being generally read, we dismiss it in this and other specimens. The diction is, in reality, almost purely modern, and Chatterton's spelling in a great measure arbitrary, so that there seems no longer any reason for retaining what was only designed at first as a means of supporting a deception.

Sir Canterlone then bended low,
With heart brimful of woe;
He journeyed to the castle-gate,
And to Sir Charles did go.

But when he came, his children twain,
And eke his loving wife,
With briny tears did wet the floor,
For good Sir Charles's life.

'O good Sir Charles!' said Canterlone,
'Bad tidings I do bring.'
'Speak boldly, man,' said brave Sir Charles;
'What says the traitor-king?'

'I grieve to tell: before yon sun
Does from the welkin fly,
He hath upon his honour sworn
That thou shalt surely die.'

'We all must die,' said brave Sir Charles;
'Of that I'm not afraid;
What boots to live a little space?
Thank Jesus, I'm prepared.

'But tell thy king, for mine he's not,
I'd sooner die to-day,
Than live his slave, as many are,
Though I should live for aye.' . . .

Then Mr Canynge sought the king,
And fell down on his knee;
'I'm come,' quoth he, 'unto your grace,
To move your clemency.'

'Then,' quoth the king, 'your tale speak out,
You have been much our friend;
Whatever your request may be,
We will to it attend.'

'My noble liege! all my request
Is for a noble knight,
Who, though mayhap he has done wrong,
He thought it still was right.

'He has a spouse and children twain;
All ruined are for aye,
If that you are resolved to let
Charles Bawdin die to-day.'

'Speak not of such a traitor vile,'
The king in fury said;
'Before the evening-star doth shine,
Bawdin shall lose his head. . . .

'By Mary, and all saints in heaven,
This sun shall be his last!'
Then Canynge dropped a briny tear,
And from the presence passed.

With heart brimful of gnawing grief,
He to Sir Charles did go,
And sat him down upon a stool,
And tears began to flow.

'We all must die,' said brave Sir Charles;
'What boots it how or when?
Death is the sure, the certain fate
Of all we mortal men.

'Say why, my friend, thy honest soul
Runs over at thine eye;
Is it for my most welcome doom
That thou dost child-like cry?'

Saith godly Canynge: 'I do weep,
That thou so soon must die,
And leave thy sons and helpless wife;
'Tis this that wets mine eye.'

'Then dry the tears that out thine eye
From godly fountains spring;
Death I despise, and all the power
Of Edward, traitor-king.

'When through the tyrant's welcome means
I shall resign my life,
The God I serve will soon provide
For both my sons and wife.

'Before I saw the lightsome sun,
This was appointed me;
Shall mortal man repine or grudge
What God ordains to be?

'How oft in battle have I stood,
When thousands died around;
When smoking streams of crimson blood
Imbrued the fattened ground:

'How did I know that every dart
That cut the airy way,
Might not find passage to my heart,
And close mine eyes for aye?

'And shall I now, for fear of death,
Look wan and be dismayed?
No! from my heart fly childish fear;
Be all the man displayed. . . .

'My honest friend, my fault has been
To serve God and my prince;
And that I no time-server am,
My death will soon convince.

'In London city was I born,
Of parents of great note;
My father did a noble arms
Emblazon on his coat. . . .

'He taught me justice and the laws
With pity to unite;
And eke he taught me how to know
The wrong cause from the right. . . .

'And none can say but all my life
I have his wordis kept;
And summed the actions of the day
Each night before I slept.

'What though I on a sledge be drawn,
And mangled by a hind,
I do defy the traitor's power;
He cannot harm my mind:

'What though, uphoisted on a pole,
My limbs shall rot in air,
And no rich monument of brass
Charles Bawdin's name shall bear;

'Yet in the holy book above,
Which time can't eat away,
There with the servants of the Lord
My name shall live for aye.

'Then welcome death! for life eterne
I leave this mortal life:
Farewell, vain world, and all that's dear,
My sons and loving wife!'. . .

Upon a sledge he mounted then,
With looks full brave and sweet;
Looks that enshone no more concern
Than any in the street.

And when he came to the high cross,
Sir Charles did turn and say:
'O thou that savest man from sin,
Wash my soul clean this day.'

At the great minster window sat
The king in mickle state,
To see Charles Bawdin go along
To his most welcome fate.

Soon as the sledde drew nigh enough,
That Edward he might hear,
The brave Sir Charles he did stand up,
And thus his words declare:

'Thou seest me, Edward! traitor vile!
Exposed to infamy;
But be assured, disloyal man,
I 'm greater now than thee.

'By foul proceedings, murder, blood,
Thou wearest now a crown;
And hast appointed me to die
By power not thine own.

'Thou thinkest I shall die to-day;
I have been dead till now,
And soon shall live to wear a crown
For aye upon my brow;

'Whilst thou, perhaps, for some few years,
Shalt rule this fickle land,
To let them know how wide the rule
'Twixt king and tyrant hand.

'Thy power unjust, thou traitor slave!
Shall fall on thy own head'—
From out of hearing of the king
Departed then the sledde.

King Edward's soul rushed to his face,
He turned his head away,
And to his brother Gloucester
He thus did speak and say:

'To him that so-much-dreaded death
No ghastly terrors bring;
Behold the man! he spake the truth;
He 's greater than a king!'

'So let him die!' Duke Richard said;
'And may each one our foes
Bend down their necks to bloody axe,
And feed the carrion crows.'

And now the horses gently drew
Sir Charles up the high hill;
The axe did glister in the sun,
His precious blood to spill.

Sir Charles did up the scaffold go,
As up a gilded car
Of victory, by valorous chiefs
Gained in the bloody war.

And to the people he did say:
'Behold you see me die,
For serving loyally my king,
My king most rightfully.

'As long as Edward rules this land,
No quiet you will know;
Your sons and husbands shall be slain,
And brooks with blood shall flow.

'You leave your good and lawful king,
When in adversity;
Like me, unto the true cause stick,
And for the true cause die.'

Then he, with priests, upon his knees,
A prayer to God did make,
Beseeching him unto himself
His parting soul to take.

Then, kneeling down, he laid his head
Most seemly on the block;
Which from his body fair at once
The able headsman stroke. . . .

Thus was the end of Bawdin's fate:
God prosper long our king,
And grant he may, with Bawdin's soul,
In heaven God's mercy sing!

### *The Minstrel's Song in Ælla.*

O sing unto my roundelay;
O drop the briny tear with me;
Dance no more at holiday,
Like a running river be;
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Black his hair as the winter night,
White his neck as summer snow,
Ruddy his face as the morning light,
Cold he lies in the grave below:
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Sweet his tongue as throstle's note,
Quick in dance as thought was he:
Deft his tabor, cudgel stout;
Oh! he lies by the willow-tree.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Hark! the raven flaps his wing,
In the briered dell below;
Hark! the death-owl loud doth sing,
To the nightmares as they go.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

See! the white moon shines on high;
Whiter is my true-love's shroud;
Whiter than the morning sky,
Whiter than the evening cloud.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Here, upon my true-love's grave,
Shall the baren[1] flowers be laid,
Nor one holy saint to save
All the celness[2] of a maid.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

With my hands I 'll bind the briers,
Round his holy corse to gre;[3]
Ouphante[4] fairy, light your fires,
Here my body still shall be.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Come with acorn cup and thorn,
Drain my heart's blood all away;
Life and all its good I scorn,
Dance by night, or feast by day.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

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[1] *Baren* flowers, flowers borne or carried.

[2] Coldness.

[3] Grow.

[4] Elfin.

Water-witches, crowned with reytes,[1]
Bear me to your deadly tide.
I die—I come—my true-love waits.—
Thus the damsel spake, and died.

### *Freedom—A Chorus in the Imperfect Tragedy of 'Goddwyn.'*

When Freedom, dressed in blood-stained vest,
To every knight her war-song sung,
Upon her head wild weeds were spread,
A gory anlace[2] by her hung.
She danced on the heath,
She heard the voice of death.
Pale-eyed Affright, his heart of silver hue,
In vain assailed her bosom to acale;[3]
She heard unflemed[4] the shrieking voice of woe
And sadness in the owlet shake the dale.
She shook the burlèd spear,
On high she hoist her shield,
Her foemen all appear,
And flies along the field.
Power, with his head straight unto the skies,
His spear a sunbeam, and his shield a star,
All like two burning gronfires[5] rolls his eyes,
Champs with his iron feet, and sounds to war.
She sits upon a rock,
She bends before his spear,
She rises from the shock,
Wielding her own in air.
Hard as the thunder doth she drive it on,
Yet closely wimpled[6] guides it to his crown,
His long sharp spear, his spreading shield is gone.
He falls, and falling rolleth thousands down!
War, gore-faced war, by Envy burled, arist[7]
His fiery helmet, nodding to the air,
Ten bloody arrows in his straining fist.

## WILLIAM FALCONER.

The terrors and circumstances of a shipwreck had been often described by poets, ancient and modern, but never with any attempt at professional accuracy or minuteness of detail before the poem of that name by Falconer. It was reserved for a genuine sailor to disclose, in correct and harmonious verse, the 'secrets of the deep,' and to enlist the sympathies of the general reader in favour of the daily life and occupations of his brother-seamen, and in all the movements, the equipage, and tracery of those magnificent vessels which have carried the British name and enterprise to the remotest corners of the world. Poetical associations—a feeling of boundlessness and sublimity—obviously belonged to the scene of the poem—the ocean; but its interest soon wanders from this source, and centres in the stately ship and its crew—the gallant resistance which the men made to the fury of the storm—their calm and deliberate courage—the various resources of their skill and ingenuity—their consultations and resolutions as the ship labours in distress—and the brave unselfish piety and generosity with which they meet their fate, when at last

> The crashing ribs divide—
> She loosens, parts, and spreads in ruin o'er the tide.

Such a subject Falconer justly considered as 'new to epic lore,' but it possessed strong recommendations to the British public, whose national pride and honour, and commercial greatness, are so closely identified with the sea, and so many of whom have 'some friend, some brother there.'

WILLIAM FALCONER was born in Edinburgh on the 11th of February 1732, and was the son of a poor barber, who had two other children, both of whom were deaf and dumb. He went early to sea, on board a Leith merchant-ship, and was afterwards in the royal navy. Before he was eighteen years of age, he was second-mate in the *Britannia*, a vessel in the Levant trade, which was shipwrecked off Cape Colonna, as described in his poem. In 1751 he was living in Edinburgh, where he published his first poetical attempt, a monody on the death of Frederick, Prince of Wales. The choice of such a subject by a young friendless Scottish sailor, was as singular as the depth of grief he describes in his poem; for Falconer, on this occasion, wished, with a zeal worthy of ancient Pistol,

> To assist the pouring rains with brimful eyes,
> And aid hoarse howling Boreas with his sighs!

He continued in the merchant-service for about ten years. In 1762 appeared his poem of *The Shipwreck*, preceded by a dedication to the Duke of York. The work was eminently successful, and his royal highness procured him the appointment of midshipman on board the *Royal George*, whence he was subsequently transferred to the *Glory*, a frigate of 32 guns, on board which he held the situation of purser. After the peace, he resided in London, wrote a poor satire on Wilkes, Churchill, &c. and compiled a useful marine dictionary. In October 1769, the poet again took to the sea, and sailed from England as purser of the *Aurora* frigate, bound for India. The vessel reached the Cape of Good Hope in December, but afterwards perished at sea, having foundered, as is supposed, in the Mozambique Channel. No 'tuneful Arion' was left to commemorate this calamity, the poet having died under the circumstances he had formerly described in the case of his youthful associates of the *Britannia*.

Three editions of the *Shipwreck* were published during the author's life. The second (1764) was greatly enlarged, having about nine hundred new lines added. Before embarking on his last fatal voyage, Falconer published a third edition, dated October 1, 1769—the day preceding his departure from England. About two hundred more lines were added to the poem in this edition, and various alterations and transpositions made in the text. These were not all improvements: some of the most poetical passages were injured, and parts of the narrative confused. Hence one of the poet's editors, Mr Stanier Clarke, in a splendid illustrated copy of the poem (1804), restored many of the discarded lines, and presented a text compounded of the three different editions. This version of the poem is that now generally printed; but in a subsequent illustrated edition, by the Messrs Black, Edinburgh (1858), Falconer's third and latest edition is more closely followed. Mr Clarke conjectured—and other editors have copied his error—that Falconer, overjoyed at his appointment to the *Aurora*, and busy preparing for his voyage, had intrusted to his friend David Mallet the revision of the poem, and that Mallet had corrupted the text. Now, it is sufficient to say that Mallet had been four years dead, and that Falconer, in the advertisement prefixed to the work, expressly states that he had himself subjected it to a strict and thorough revision. Unfortunately, as in the case of Akenside, the success of the poet had not been commensurate with his anxiety and labour.

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[1] Water-flags.
[2] A short sword or dagger.
[3] To chill or freeze.
[4] Undismayed or unbanished. Chaucer has: 'And appetite flemeth discretion.'
[5] Meteors.
[6] *Wimpled*, veiled.
[7] *Burled*, *arist*, armed, arose.

*The Shipwreck* has the rare merit of being a pleasing and interesting poem, and a safe guide to practical seamen. Its nautical rules and directions are approved of by all experienced naval officers. At first, the poet does not seem to have done more than describe in nautical phrase and simple narrative the melancholy disaster he had witnessed. The characters of Albert, Rodmond, Palemon, and Anna were added in the second edition of the work. By choosing the shipwreck of the *Britannia*, Falconer imparted a train of interesting recollections and images to his poem. The wreck occurred off Cape Colonna—one of the fairest portions of the beautiful shores of Greece. 'In all Attica,' says Lord Byron, 'if we except Athens itself and Marathon, there is no scene more interesting than Cape Colonna. To the antiquary and artist, sixteen columns are an inexhaustible source of observation and design; to the philosopher, the supposed scene of some of Plato's conversations will not be unwelcome; and the traveller will be struck with the beauty of the prospect over "isles that crown the Ægean deep;" but for an Englishman, Colonna has yet an additional interest, as the actual spot of Falconer's *Shipwreck*. Pallas and Plato are forgotten in the recollection of Falconer and Campbell—

> Here in the dead of night by Lonna's steep,
> The seaman's cry was heard along the deep.'

Falconer was not insensible to the charms of these historical and classic associations, and he was still more alive to the impressions of romantic scenery and a genial climate. Some of the descriptive and episodical parts of the poem are, however, drawn out to too great a length, as they interrupt the narrative where its interest is most engrossing, besides being occasionally feeble and affected. The characters of his naval officers are finely discriminated: Albert, the commander, is brave, liberal, and just, softened and refined by domestic ties and superior information; Rodmond, the next in rank, is coarse and boisterous, a hardy, weather-beaten son of Northumberland, yet of a kind, compassionate nature; Palemon, 'charged with the commerce,' is perhaps too effeminate for the rough sea: he is the lover of the poem, and his passion for Albert's daughter is drawn with truth and delicacy:

> 'Twas genuine passion, Nature's eldest born.

The truth of the whole poem is indeed one of its greatest attractions. We feel that it is a passage of real life; and even where the poet seems to violate the canons of taste and criticism, allowance is liberally made for the peculiar situation of the author, while he rivets our attention to the scenes of trial and distress which he so fortunately survived to describe.

### *Evening at Sea.*

The sun's bright orb, declining all serene,
Now glanced obliquely o'er the woodland scene.
Creation smiles around; on every spray
The warbling birds exalt their evening lay.
Blithe skipping o'er yon hill, the fleecy train
Join the deep chorus of the lowing plain;
The golden lime and orange there were seen,
On fragrant branches of perpetual green.
The crystal streams, that velvet meadows lave,
To the green ocean roll with chiding wave.
The glassy ocean hushed forgets to roar,
But trembling murmurs on the sandy shore:
And lo! his surface, lovely to behold!
Glows in the west, a sea of living gold!
While, all above, a thousand liveries gay
The skies with pomp ineffable array.
Arabian sweets perfume the happy plains:
Above, beneath, around enchantment reigns!
While yet the shades, on time's eternal scale,
With long vibration deepen o'er the vale;
While yet the songsters of the vocal grove
With dying numbers tune the soul to love,
With joyful eyes the attentive master sees
The auspicious omens of an eastern breeze.
Now radiant Vesper leads the starry train,
And night slow draws her veil o'er land and main;
Round the charged bowl the sailors form a ring;
By turns recount the wondrous tale, or sing;
As love or battle, hardships of the main,
Or genial wine, awake their homely strain:
Then some the watch of night alternate keep,
The rest lie buried in oblivious sleep.

### *Appearance of the Ship on the Shores of Greece.*

The natives, while the ship departs the land,
Ashore with admiration gazing stand.
Majestically slow, before the breeze,
In silent pomp she marches on the seas.
Her milk-white bottom casts a softer gleam,
While trembling through the green translucent stream.
The wales,[1] that close above in contrast shone,
Clasp the long fabric with a jetty zone.
Britannia, riding awful on the prow,
Gazed o'er the vassal-wave that rolled below:
Where'er she moved, the vassal-waves were seen
To yield obsequious, and confess their queen. . . .
High o'er the poop, the flattering winds unfurled
The imperial flag that rules the watery world.
Deep-blushing armours all the tops invest;
And warlike trophies either quarter drest:
Then towered the masts; the canvas swelled on high;
And waving streamers floated in the sky.
Thus the rich vessel moves in trim array,
Like some fair virgin on her bridal-day.
Thus like a swan she cleaves the watery plain,
The pride and wonder of the Ægean main![2]

### *Cape Colonna—The Storm and Wreck.*

But now Athenian mountains they descry,
And o'er the surge Colonna frowns on high.
Beside the cape's projecting verge is placed
A range of columns long by time defaced;
First planted by devotion to sustain,
In elder times, Tritonia's sacred fane.

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[1] The wales here alluded to are an assemblage of strong planks, which envelop the lower part of the ship's side.

[2] In the Pope controversy (1821), Mr Bowles quoted Lord Byron's beautiful image of the ship in the *Corsair:*

> That seems to walk the waves a thing of life!

But Mr Bowles himself had some years before written a fine description of a ship on her way:

> The tall ship,
> That like a stately swan, in conscious pride
> Breaks beautiful the rising surge, and throws
> The gathered waves back, and seems to move
> A living thing upon its lucid way,
> Streaming in lovely glory to the morn.

Foams the wild beach below with maddening rage,
Where waves and rocks a dreadful combat wage.
The sickly heaven, fermenting with its freight,
Still vomits o'er the main the feverish weight:
And now, while winged with ruin from on high,
Through the rent cloud the ragged lightnings fly,
A flash quick glancing on the nerves of light,
Struck the pale helmsman with eternal night:
Rodmond, who heard a piteous groan behind,
Touched with compassion, gazed upon the blind;
And while around his sad companions crowd,
He guides the unhappy victim to the shroud:
'Hie thee aloft, my gallant friend,' he cries;
'Thy only succour on the mast relies.'
The helm, bereft of half its vital force,
Now scarce subdued the wild unbridled course;
Quick to the abandoned wheel Arion came,
The ship's tempestuous sallies to reclaim.
Amazed he saw her, o'er the sounding foam
Upborne, to right and left distracted roam.
So gazed young Phaeton, with pale dismay,
When, mounted on the flaming car of day,
With rash and impious hand the stripling tried
The immortal coursers of the sun to guide.
The vessel, while the dread event draws nigh,
Seems more impatient o'er the waves to fly:
Fate spurs her on. Thus, issuing from afar,
Advances to the sun some blazing star;
And, as it feels the attraction's kindling force,
Springs onward with accelerated force.
With mournful look the seamen eyed the strand,
Where death's inexorable jaws expand;
Swift from their minds elapsed all dangers past,
As, dumb with terror, they beheld the last.
Now on the trembling shrouds, before, behind,
In mute suspense they mount into the wind.
The genius of the deep, on rapid wing,
The black eventful moment seemed to bring.
The fatal sisters, on the surge before,
Yoked their infernal horses to the prore.
The steersmen now received their last command
To wheel the vessel sidelong to the strand.
Twelve sailors, on the foremast who depend,
High on the platform of the top ascend:
Fatal retreat! for while the plunging prow
Immerges headlong in the wave below,
Down-pressed by watery weight the bowsprit bends,
And from above the stem deep crashing rends.
Beneath her beak the floating ruins lie;
The foremast totters, unsustained on high;
And now the ship, fore-lifted by the sea,
Hurls the tall fabric backward o'er her lee;
While, in the general wreck, the faithful stay
Drags the maintop-mast from its post away.
Flung from the mast, the seamen strive in vain
Through hostile floods their vessel to regain.
The waves they buffet, till, bereft of strength,
O'erpowered, they yield to cruel fate at length.
The hostile waters close around their head,
They sink for ever, numbered with the dead!
Those who remain their fearful doom await,
Nor longer mourn their lost companions' fate.
The heart that bleeds with sorrows all its own,
Forgets the pangs of friendship to bemoan.
Albert and Rodmond and Palemon here,
With young Arion on the mast appear;
Even they, amid the unspeakable distress,
In every look distracting thoughts confess;
In every vein the refluent blood congeals,
And every bosom fatal terror feels.
Enclosed with all the demons of the main,
They viewed the adjacent shore, but viewed in vain. . . .
And now, lashed on by destiny severe,
With horror fraught the dreadful scene drew near
The ship hangs hovering on the verge of death,
Hell yawns, rocks rise, and breakers roar beneath!
In vain, alas! the sacred shades of yore,
Would arm the mind with philosophic lore;
In vain they 'd teach us, at the latest breath,
To smile serene amid the pangs of death.
Even Zeno's self, and Epictetus old,
This fell abyss had shuddered to behold.
Had Socrates, for godlike virtue famed,
And wisest of the sons of men proclaimed,
Beheld this scene of frenzy and distress,
His soul had trembled to its last recess!
O yet confirm my heart, ye powers above,
This last tremendous shock of fate to prove!
The tottering frame of reason yet sustain!
Nor let this total ruin whirl my brain!
In vain the cords and axes were prepared,
For now the audacious seas insult the yard;
High o'er the ship they throw a horrid shade,
And o'er her burst, in terrible cascade.
Uplifted on the surge, to heaven she flies,
Her shattered top half buried in the skies,
Then headlong plunging thunders on the ground,
Earth groans, air trembles, and the deeps resound!
Her giant bulk the dread concussion feels,
And quivering with the wound, in torment reels;
So reels, convulsed with agonising throes,
The bleeding bull beneath the murderer's blows.
Again she plunges; hark! a second shock
Tears her strong bottom on the marble rock!
Down on the vale of death, with dismal cries,
The fated victims shuddering roll their eyes
In wild despair; while yet another stroke,
With deep convulsion, rends the solid oak:
Till, like the mine, in whose infernal cell
The lurking demons of destruction dwell,
At length asunder torn her frame divides,
And crashing spreads in ruin o'er the tides. . . .
As o'er the surf the bending mainmast hung,
Still on the rigging thirty seamen clung;
Some on a broken crag were struggling cast,
And there by oozy tangles grappled fast;
Awhile they bore the o'erwhelming billows' rage,
Unequal combat with their fate to wage;
Till all benumbed and feeble, they forego
Their slippery hold, and sink to shades below;
Some, from the main-yard-arm impetuous thrown
On marble ridges, die without a groan;
Three with Palemon on their skill depend,
And from the wreck on oars and rafts descend;
Now on the mountain-wave on high they ride,
Then downward plunge beneath the involving tide;
Till one, who seems in agony to strive,
The whirling breakers heave on shore alive:
The rest a speedier end of anguish knew,
And pressed the stony beach—a lifeless crew,
Next, O unhappy chief! the eternal d
Of heaven decreed thee to the briny tomb
What scenes of misery torment thy view
What painful struggles of thy dying crew
Thy perished hopes all buried in the floo
O'erspread with corses, red with human
So pierced with anguish hoary Priam gaz
When Troy's imperial domes in ruin blaz
While he, severest sorrow doomed to feel,
Expired beneath the victor's murdering s
Thus with his helpless partners to the las
Sad refuge! Albert grasps the floating m
His soul could yet sustain this mortal blo
But droops, alas! beneath superior woe;
For now strong nature's sympathetic chai
Tugs at his yearning heart with powerful
His faithful wife, for ever doomed to mo
For him, alas! who never shall return;
To black adversity's approach exposed,
With want, and hardships unforeseen, en
His lovely daughter, left without a frien
Her innocence to succour and defend,

By youth and indigence set forth a prey
To lawless guilt, that flatters to betray—
While these reflections rack his feeling mind,
Rodmond, who hung beside, his grasp resigned,
And, as the tumbling waters o'er him rolled,
His outstretched arms the master's legs infold:
Sad Albert feels their dissolution near,
And strives in vain his fettered limbs to clear,
For death bids every clenching joint adhere.
All faint, to heaven he throws his dying eyes,
And 'Oh, protect my wife and child!' he cries—
The gushing streams roll back the unfinished sound;
He gasps! and sinks amid the vast profound.

## ROBERT LLOYD.

ROBERT LLOYD, the friend of Cowper and Churchill, was born in London in 1733. His father was under-master at Westminster School. He distinguished himself by his talents at Cambridge, but was irregular in his habits. After completing his education, he became an usher under his father. The wearisome routine of this life soon disgusted him, and he attempted to earn a subsistence by his literary talents. His poem called *The Actor* attracted some notice, and was the precursor of Churchill's *Rosciad*. The style is light and easy, and the observations generally correct and spirited. By contributing to periodical works as an essayist, a poet, and stage critic, Lloyd picked up a precarious subsistence, but his means were thoughtlessly squandered in company with Churchill and other wits 'upon town.' He brought out two indifferent theatrical pieces, published his poems by subscription, and edited the *St James's Magazine*, to which Colman, Bonnel Thornton, and others contributed. The magazine failed, and Lloyd was cast into prison for debt. Churchill generously allowed him a guinea a week, as well as a servant; and endeavoured to raise a subscription for the purpose of extricating him from his embarrassments. Churchill died in November 1764. 'Lloyd,' says Southey, 'had been apprised of his danger; but when the news of his death was somewhat abruptly announced to him, as he was sitting at dinner, he was seized with a sudden sickness, and saying: "I shall follow poor Charles," took to his bed, from which he never rose again; dying, if ever man died, of a broken heart. The tragedy did not end here: Churchill's favourite sister, who is said to have possessed much of her brother's sense, and spirit, and genius, and to have been betrothed to Lloyd, attended him during his illness; and, sinking under the double loss, soon followed her brother and her lover to the grave.' Lloyd, in conjunction with Colman, parodied the Odes of Gray and Mason, and the humour of their burlesques is not tinctured with malignity. Indeed, this unfortunate young poet seems to have been one of the gentlest of witty observers and lively satirists; he was ruined by the friendship of Churchill and the Nonsense Club, and not by the force of an evil nature. The vivacity of his style—which both Churchill and Cowper copied—may be seen from the following short extract:

### *The Miseries of a Poet's Life.*

The harlot muse, so passing gay,
Bewitches only to betray.
Though for a while with easy air
She smooths the rugged brow of care,
And laps the mind in flowery dreams,
With Fancy's transitory gleams;
Fond of the nothings she bestows,
We wake at last to real woes.
Through every age, in every place,
Consider well the poet's case;
By turns protected and caressed,
Defamed, dependent, and distressed.
The joke of wits, the bane of slaves,
The curse of fools, the butt of knaves;
Too proud to stoop for servile ends,
To lacquey rogues or flatter friends;
With prodigality to give,
Too careless of the means to live;
The bubble fame intent to gain,
And yet too lazy to maintain;
He quits the world he never prized,
Pitied by few, by more despised,
And, lost to friends, oppressed by foes,
Sinks to the nothing whence he rose.

O glorious trade! for wit 's a trade,
Where men are ruined more than made!
Let crazy Lee, neglected Gay,
The shabby Otway, Dryden gray,
Those tuneful servants of the Nine—
Not that I blend their names with mine—
Repeat their lives, their works, their fame,
And teach the world some useful shame.

But bad as the life of a hackney poet and critic seems to have been in Lloyd's estimation, the situation of a school-usher was as little to be desired, and so thought Goldsmith:

### *Wretchedness of a School-usher.*

Were I at once empowered to shew
My utmost vengeance on my foe,
To punish with extremest rigour,
I could inflict no penance bigger,
Than, using him as learning's tool,
To make him usher of a school.
For, not to dwell upon the toil
Of working on a barren soil,
And labouring with incessant pains,
To cultivate a blockhead's brains,
The duties there but ill befit
The love of letters, arts, or wit.
For one, it hurts me to the soul,
To brook confinement or control;
Still to be pinioned down to teach
The syntax and the parts of speech;
Or, what perhaps is drudgery worse,
The links, and points, and rules of verse;
To deal out authors by retail,
Like penny pots of Oxford ale;
Oh, 'tis a service irksome more
Than tugging at the slavish oar!
Yet such his task, a dismal truth,
Who watches o'er the bent of youth,
And while a paltry stipend earning,
He sows the richest seeds of learning,
And tills *their* minds with proper care,
And sees them their due produce bear;
No joys, alas! his toil beguile,
His *own* lies fallow all the while.
'Yet still he 's on the road,' you say,
'Of learning.' Why, perhaps he may,
But turns like horses in a mill,
Nor getting on, nor standing still;
For little way his learning reaches,
Who reads no more than what he teaches.

## CHARLES CHURCHILL.

A second Dryden was supposed to have arisen in Churchill, when he published his satirical poem, the *Rosciad*, in 1761. The impression was continued by his reply to the critical reviewers, shortly afterwards; and his *Epistle to Hogarth*, the *Prophecy of Famine*, *Night*, and passages in his other poems—all thrown off in haste to serve the purpose of the day—evinced great vigour and facility of versification, and a breadth and boldness of personal invective that drew instant attention to their author. Though Cowper, from early predilections, had a high opinion of Churchill, and thought he was 'indeed a poet,' we cannot now consider the author of the *Rosciad* as more than a special pleader or pamphleteer in verse. He seldom reaches the heart—except in some few lines of penitential fervour—and he never ascended to the higher regions of imagination, then trod by Collins, Gray, and Akenside. With the beauties of external nature he had not the slightest sympathy. He died before he had well attained the prime of life; yet there is no youthful enthusiasm about his works, nor any indications that he sighed for a higher fame than that of being the terror of actors and artists, noted for his libertine eccentricities, and distinguished for his devotion to Wilkes. That he misapplied strong original talents in following out these pitiful or unworthy objects of his ambition is undeniable. The 'fatal facility' of his verse, and his unscrupulous satire of living individuals and passing events, had the effect of making all London 'ring from side to side' with his applause, at a time when the real poetry of the age could hardly obtain either publishers or readers. Excepting Marlowe, the dramatic poet, scarcely any English author of reputation has been more unhappy in his life and end than Charles Churchill. He was the son of a clergyman in Westminster, where he was born in 1731. After attending Westminster School and Trinity College, Cambridge—which he quitted abruptly—he made a clandestine marriage with a young lady in Westminster, and was assisted by his father, till he was ordained and settled in the curacy of Rainham, in Essex. His father died in 1758, and the poet was appointed his successor in the curacy and lectureship of St John's at Westminster. This transition, which promised an accession of comfort and respectability, proved the bane of poor Churchill. He was in his twenty-seventh year, and his conduct had been up to this period irreproachable. He now, however, renewed his intimacy with Lloyd and other school-companions, and launched into a career of dissipation and extravagance. His poetry drew him into notice; and he not only disregarded his lectureship, but he laid aside the clerical costume, and appeared in the extreme of fashion, with a blue coat, gold-laced hat, and ruffles. The dean of Westminster remonstrated with him against this breach of clerical propriety, and his animadversions were seconded by the poet's parishioners. Churchill affected to ridicule this prudery, and Lloyd made it the subject of an epigram:

To Churchill, the bard, cries the Westminster dean,
Leather breeches, white stockings! pray what do you
  mean?
'Tis shameful, irreverent—you must keep to church
  rules.
If wise ones, I will; and if not, they're for fools.
If reason don't bind me, I'll shake off all fetters;
To be black and all black, I shall leave to my betters.

The dean and the congregation were, however, too powerful, and Churchill found it necessary to resign the lectureship. His ready pen still threw off at will his popular satires, and he plunged into the grossest debaucheries. These excesses he attempted to justify in a poetical epistle to Lloyd, entitled *Night*, in which he revenges himself on prudence and the world by railing at them in good set terms. 'This vindication proceeded,' says his biographer, 'on the exploded doctrine, that the barefaced avowal of vice is less culpable than the practice of it under a hypocritical assumption of virtue. The measure of guilt in the individual is, we conceive, tolerably equal; but the sanction and dangerous example afforded in the former case, renders it, in a public point of view, an evil of tenfold magnitude.' The poet's irregularities affected his powers of composition, and his poem of *The Ghost*, published at this time, was an incoherent and tiresome production. A greater evil, too, was his acquaintance with Wilkes, unfortunately equally conspicuous for public faction and private debauchery. Churchill assisted his new associate in the *North Briton*, and received the profit arising from its sale. 'This circumstance rendered him of importance enough to be included with Wilkes in the list of those whom the messengers had *verbal* instructions to apprehend under the general warrant issued for that purpose, the execution of which gave rise to the most popular and only beneficial part of the warm contest that ensued with government. Churchill was with Wilkes at the time the latter was apprehended, and himself only escaped owing to the messenger's ignorance of his person, and to the presence of mind with which Wilkes addressed him by the name of Thomson.'[*] The poet now set about his satire, the *Prophecy of Famine*, which, like Wilkes's *North Briton*, was specially directed against the Scottish nation. The outlawry of Wilkes separated the friends, but they kept up a correspondence, and Churchill continued to be a keen political satirist. The excesses of his daily life remained equally conspicuous. Hogarth, who was opposed to Churchill for being a friend of Wilkes, characteristically exposed his habits by caricaturing the satirist in the form of a bear dressed canonically, with ruffles at his paws, and holding a pot of porter. Churchill took revenge in a fierce and sweeping 'epistle' to Hogarth, which is said to have caused him the most exquisite pain. After separating from his wife, and forming an unhappy connection with another female, the daughter of a Westminster tradesman, wretched Churchill's career drew to a sad and premature close. In October 1764 he went to France to pay a visit to his friend Wilkes, and was seized at Boulogne with a fever, which proved fatal on the 4th of November. With his clerical profession Churchill had thrown off his belief in Christianity, and Southey mentions, that though he made his will only the day before his death, there is in it not the slightest expression of religious faith or hope. So highly popular and productive had his satires proved, that he was enabled to bequeath an annuity of sixty pounds to his widow, and fifty to the more unhappy woman whom he had latterly abused, and some surplus remained to his sons. The poet was buried at Dover, and some of his gay associates placed over his grave a stone, on which was engraved a line from one of his own poems:

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[*] Life of Churchill prefixed to works (London, 1804). When Churchill entered the room, Wilkes was in custody of the messenger. 'Good-morning, Mr Thomson,' said Wilkes to him. 'How does Mrs Thomson do? Does she dine in the country?' Churchill took the hint as readily as it had been given. He replied that Mrs Thomson was waiting for him, and that he only came, for a moment, to ask him how he did. Then almost directly he took his leave, hastened home, secured his papers, retired into the country, and eluded all search.

Life to the last enjoyed, here Churchill lies.

The enjoyment may be doubted, and still more the taste of this inscription. It is certain that Churchill expressed his compunction for parts of his conduct, in verses that evidently came from the heart:

### *Remorse.*

Look back! a thought which borders on despair,
Which human nature must, yet cannot bear.
'Tis not the babbling of a busy world,
Where praise or censure are at random hurled,
Which can the meanest of my thoughts control,
Or shake one settled purpose of my soul;
Free and at large might their wild curses roam,
If all, if all, alas! were well at home.
No; 'tis the tale which angry conscience tells,
When she with more than tragic horror swells
Each circumstance of guilt; when stern, but true,
She brings bad actions forth into review,
And, like the dread handwriting on the wall,
Bids late remorse awake at reason's call;
Armed at all points, bids scorpion vengeance pass,
And to the mind holds up reflection's glass—
The mind which starting heaves the heartfelt groan,
And hates that form she knows to be her own.

*The Conference.*

The most ludicrous, and, on the whole, the best of Churchill's satires, is his *Prophecy of Famine*, a Scots pastoral, inscribed to Wilkes. The Earl of Bute's administration had directed the enmity of all disappointed patriots and keen partisans against the Scottish nation. Even Johnson and Junius descended to this petty national prejudice, and Churchill revelled in it with such undisguised exaggeration and broad humour, that the most saturnine or sensitive of our countrymen must have laughed at its absurdity. This unique pastoral opens as follows:

### *A Scots Pastoral.*

Two boys whose birth, beyond all question, springs
From great and glorious, though forgotten kings,
Shepherds of Scottish lineage, born and bred
On the same bleak and barren mountain's head,
By niggard nature doomed on the same rocks
To spin out life, and starve themselves and flocks,
Fresh as the morning, which, enrobed in mist,
The mountain's top with usual dullness kissed,
Jockey and Sawney to their labours rose;
Soon clad, I ween, where nature needs no clothes;
Where from their youth inured to winter skies,
Dress and her vain refinements they despise.
  Jockey, whose manly high cheek-bones to crown,
With freckles spotted flamed the golden down,
With meikle art could on the bagpipes play,
Even from the rising to the setting day;
Sawney as long without remorse could bawl
Home's madrigals, and ditties from Fingal:
Oft at his strains, all natural though rude,
The Highland lass forgot her want of food,
And, whilst she scratched her lover into rest,
Sunk pleased, though hungry, on her Sawney's breast.
  Far as the eye could reach, no tree was seen,
Earth, clad in russet, scorned the lively green:
The plague of locusts they secure defy,
For in three hours a grasshopper must die:
No living thing, whate'er its food, feasts there,
But the chameleon, who can feast on air.
No birds, except as birds of passage, flew;
No bee was known to hum, no dove to coo:
No streams, as amber smooth, as amber clear,
Were seen to glide, or heard to warble here:
Rebellion's spring, which through the country ran,
Furnished with bitter draughts the steady clan:
No flowers embalmed the air, but one white rose,
Which on the tenth of June,* by instinct blows;
By instinct blows at morn, and, when the shades
Of drizzly eve prevail, by instinct fades.

In the same poem, Churchill thus alludes to himself:

Me, whom no muse of heavenly birth inspires,
No judgment tempers, when rash genius fires;
Who boast no merit but mere knack of rhyme,
Short gleams of sense and satire out of time;
Who cannot follow where trim fancy leads
By prattling streams, o'er flower-impurpled meads;
Who often, but without success, have prayed
For apt alliteration's artful aid;
Who would, but cannot, with a master's skill,
Coin fine new epithets which mean no ill:
Me, thus uncouth, thus every way unfit
For pacing poesy, and ambling wit,
Taste with contempt beholds, nor deigns to place
Amongst the lowest of her favoured race.

The characters of Garrick, &c. in the *Rosciad*, have now ceased to interest; but some of these rough pen-and-ink sketches of Churchill are happily executed. Smollett, who, as Churchill believed, had attacked him in the *Critical Review*, he alludes to with mingled approbation and ridicule:

Whence could arise this mighty critic spleen,
The muse a trifler, and her theme so mean?
What had I done that angry heaven should send
The bitterest foe where most I wished a friend?
Oft hath my tongue been wanton at thy name,
And hailed the honours of thy matchless fame.
For me let hoary Fielding bite the ground
So nobler Pickle stand superbly bound;
From Livy's temples tear the historic crown,
Which with more justice blooms upon thine own.
Compared with thee, be all life-writers dumb,
But he who wrote the life of Tommy Thumb.
Whoever read the Regicide but swore
The author wrote as man ne'er wrote before?
Others for plots and under-plots may call,
Here 's the right method—have no plot at all!

Of Hogarth:

In walks of humour, in that cast of style,
Which, probing to the quick, yet makes us smile;
In comedy, his natural road to fame,
Nor let me call it by a meaner name,

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* The birthday of the old Chevalier. It used to be a great object with the gardener of a Scottish Jacobite family of those days to have the Stuart emblem in blow by the tenth of June.

Where a beginning, middle, and an end
Are aptly joined; where parts on parts depend,
Each made for each, as bodies for their soul,
So as to form one true and perfect whole,
Where a plain story to the eye is told,
Which we conceive the moment we behold,
Hogarth unrivalled stands, and shall engage
Unrivalled praise to the most distant age.

In *Night*, Churchill thus gaily addressed his friend Lloyd on the proverbial poverty of poets:

What is 't to us if taxes rise or fall?
Thanks to our fortune, we pay none at all.
Let muckworms, who in dirty acres deal,
Lament those hardships which we cannot feel.
His Grace, who smarts, may bellow if he please,
But must I bellow too, who sit at ease?
By custom safe, the poet's numbers flow
Free as the light and air some years ago.
No statesman e'er will find it worth his pains
To tax our labours and excise our brains.
Burdens like these, vile earthly buildings bear;
No tribute 's laid on castles in the air!

The reputation of Churchill was also an aërial structure. 'No English poet,' says Southey, 'had ever enjoyed so excessive and so short-lived a popularity; and indeed no one seems more thoroughly to have understood his own powers; there is no indication in any of his pieces that he could have done anything better than the thing he did. To Wilkes he said that nothing came out till he began to be pleased with it himself; but, to the public, he boasted of the haste and carelessness with which his verses were poured forth.

Had I the power, I could not have the time,
While spirits flow, and life is in her prime,
Without a sin 'gainst pleasure, to design
A plan, to methodise each thought, each line,
Highly to finish, and make every grace
In itself charming, take new charms from place.
Nothing of books, and little known of men,
When the mad fit comes on, I seize the pen;
Rough as they run, the rapid thoughts set down,
Rough as they run, discharge them on the town.

Popularity which is easily gained, is lost as easily; such reputations resembling the lives of insects, whose shortness of existence is compensated by its proportion of enjoyment. He perhaps imagined that his genius would preserve his subjects, as spices preserve a mummy, and that the individuals whom he had eulogised or stigmatised would go down to posterity in his verse, as an old admiral comes home from the West Indies in a puncheon of rum: he did not consider that the rum is rendered loathsome, and that the spices with which the Pharaohs and Potiphars were embalmed, wasted their sweetness in the catacombs. But, in this part of his conduct, there was no want of worldly prudence: he was enriching himself by hasty writings, for which the immediate sale was in proportion to the bitterness and personality of the satire.'

### DR SAMUEL JOHNSON.

In massive force of understanding, multifarious knowledge, sagacity, and moral intrepidity, no writer of the eighteenth century surpassed Dr SAMUEL JOHNSON. His various works, with their sententious morality and high-sounding sonorous periods—his manly character and appearance—his great virtues and strong prejudices—his early and severe struggles, illustrating his own noble verse—

Slow rises worth by poverty depressed—

his love of argument and society, into which he poured the treasures of a rich and full mind—his wit, repartee, and brow-beating—his rough manners and kind heart—his curious household, in which were congregated the lame, blind, and despised—his very looks, gesticulation, and dress—have all been brought so vividly before us by his biographer, Boswell, that to readers of every class Johnson is as well known as any member of their own family. His heavy form seems still to haunt Fleet Street and the Strand, and he has stamped his memory on the remote islands of the Hebrides. In literature, his influence has been scarcely less extensive. No prose writer of that day escaped the contagion of his peculiar style. He banished for a long period the naked simplicity of Swift, and the idiomatic graces of Addison; he depressed the literature and poetry of imagination, while he elevated that of the understanding; he based criticism on strong sense and solid judgment, not on scholastic subtleties and refinement; and though some of the higher qualities and attributes of genius eluded his grasp and observation, the withering scorn and invective with which he assailed all affected sentimentalism, immorality, and licentiousness, introduced a pure and healthful and invigorating atmosphere into the crowded walks of literature. These are solid and substantial benefits which should weigh down errors of taste or the caprices of a temperament constitutionally prone to melancholy and disease, and which was little sweetened by prosperity or applause at that period of life when the habits are formed and the manners become permanent. As a *man*, Johnson was an admirable representative of the Englishman—as an *author*, his course was singularly pure, high-minded, and independent. He could boast with more truth than Burke, that 'he had no arts but manly arts.' At every step in his progress, his passport was talent and virtue; and when the royal countenance and favour were at length extended to him, it was but a ratification by the sovereign of the wishes and opinions entertained by the best and wisest of the nation.

Johnson was born at Lichfield, September 18, 1709. His father was a bookseller. In his nineteenth year, he was placed at Pembroke College, Oxford. Misfortunes in trade happened to the elder Johnson, and Samuel was compelled to leave the university without a degree. He had been only fourteen months at Oxford, but during that time had distinguished himself by translating Pope's *Messiah* into Latin verse. He was a short time usher in a school at Market Bosworth; but marrying a widow, Mrs Porter—who was in her forty-eighth year (Johnson himself was twenty-seven)—he set up a private academy at Edial, near his native city. He had only three pupils, one of whom was David Garrick. After an unsuccessful career of a year and a half, Johnson went to London, accompanied by Garrick. He had written part of his tragedy of *Irene*, hoping to get it brought on the stage, but it was refused. He now commenced author by profession, contributing essays, reviews, &c. to the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

He also wrote for the magazine a monthly account of the proceedings in parliament, under the title of *Reports of the Debates of the Senate of Lilliput.* Notes of the speeches were furnished to him, and he extended them in his own peculiar, grandiloquent style (which was early formed), taking care, as he said, 'that the Whig dogs should not have the best of it.' He was himself a determined Tory. In 1738 appeared his poem of *London*, in imitation of the third satire of Juvenal, for which Dodsley gave him ten guineas. It instantly became popular, and a second edition was called for within a week. The author's name was not prefixed to the work. Pope made inquiries after the author, saying such a man would soon be known, and recommended Johnson to Lord Gower, who would have obtained for the poor poet the mastership of a grammar-school in Leicestershire, had not the academical degree of M.A. been indispensable, and this Johnson could not procure. He struggled on, writing task-work for Cave, the proprietor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and in 1744 published the *Life of Savage*, who had died the previous year. This admirable specimen of biography was also published anonymously, but it was known to be Johnson's, and his reputation continued to advance, so that the chief booksellers in London engaged him to prepare a *Dictionary of the English Language*, for which he was to receive 1500 guineas. The prospectus of the *Dictionary* was addressed to Lord Chesterfield, who acknowledged the honour by awarding Johnson a *honorarium* of ten guineas. Seven years and more elapsed before the *Dictionary* was completed, and when it was on the eve of publication, Chesterfield—hoping, as Johnson believed, that the work might be dedicated to him—wrote two papers in the periodical called the *World* in recommendation of the plan of the *Dictionary*. Johnson thought all was false and hollow, and penned an indignant letter to the earl. He did Chesterfield injustice in the affair, as from a collation of the facts and circumstances is now apparent; but as a keen and dignified expression of wounded pride and surly independence, the composition is inimitable:

### *Letter to Lord Chesterfield.*

*February 7, 1755*

My Lord—I have been lately informed by the proprietor of the *World*, that two papers, in which my *Dictionary* is recommended to the public, were written by your lordship. To be so distinguished is an honour, which, being very little accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*—that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation, my lord—Your lordship's most humble, most obedient servant.

Sam. Johnson.

While his *Dictionary* was in progress, Johnson sought relaxation as well as pecuniary help from other tasks. In 1748 he published *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, an imitation of the tenth satire of Juvenal, for which he received fifteen guineas. Next year Garrick brought out *Irene*, and though not successful, by good management the representation realised £195, 17s. besides £100 from Dodsley for the copyright of the play. The subsequent works of Johnson (to be afterwards noticed in this section) were the *Rambler*, 1750–52, the *Idler*, 1758–60, and, in 1759, the tale of *Rasselas*. The last was written to pay some small debts, and defray the funeral expenses of his mother, who had died at the age of ninety. For this moral tale so piously undertaken, Johnson received £100, with £25 afterwards for a second edition. In 1762 a new and brighter era commenced—a pension of £300 was settled upon Johnson, chiefly through the influence of Lord Bute, then the all-potent minister, and ever afterwards the life of the great moralist was free from the corroding anxieties of poverty. In 1764 the Literary Club was established, including Burke, Reynolds, Goldsmith, Gibbon, Garrick, Murphy, and others; and in this enlightened and popular resort Johnson reigned supreme, the most brilliant conversationalist of his age. In 1765 appeared, after many years' promises and delays, his edition of Shakspeare, about which, he said, he felt no solicitude, and the public was nearly as indifferent. It contained proofs of his acuteness and insight into human nature, but was a careless and unsatisfactory piece of editorial work. Made easy by his pension and writings, Johnson undertook, in the autumn of 1773, his celebrated journey to the Hebrides, in company with Boswell. It was certainly a remarkable undertaking for a man of sixty-four, heavy, near-sighted, somewhat deaf, full of English prejudices, and who preferred Fleet Street to all the charms of Arcadia. He had to perform great part of the journey on horseback, travelling over mountains and bogs, and to cross stormy firths and arms of the sea in open boats.

But Johnson had a stout heart, and accompanied by his faithful squire, was willing to encounter all dangers. His narrative of his travels, published in 1775, is one of his most interesting works, but unquestionably the most valuable of all is his last work, the *Lives of the Poets*, prefixed as prefaces to an edition of the English poets, 1779-81. For this work Johnson received three hundred guineas —one hundred more than he had stipulated for, but Malone says the booksellers made five or six thousand pounds by the undertaking. The Tory predilections of Johnson, heightened by the recollection of his pension, induced him in his latter days to embark on the troubled sea of party politics, and he wrote two pamphlets in defence of the ministry and against the claims of the Americans, but they are unworthy of his reputation. His work was now done. His health had always been precarious. He had from his birth been afflicted with a scrofulous taint, and all his life he was a prey to constitutional melancholy (often on the verge of insanity), and had a horror of death. While he was an inmate in the family of Mr Thrale, the opulent brewer, the agreeable society he met there, and especially the conversation and attentions of Mrs Thrale (afterwards Mrs Piozzi), soothed and delighted him; but after this connection was rudely broken up, Johnson's residence in Bolt Court was but a sad and gloomy residence. The end, however, was peace. He wished, he said, to meet his God with an unclouded mind, and his prayer was heard. He died in a serene and happy frame of mind on the 13th of December 1784.

The poetry of Johnson forms but a small portion of the history of his mind or of his works. His imitations of Juvenal are, however, among the best imitations of a classic author which we possess; and Gray has pronounced an opinion, that '*London*'—the first in time, and by far the inferior of the two—'has all the ease and all the spirit of an original.' In *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, Johnson departs more from his original, and takes wider views of human nature, society, and manners. His pictures of Wolsey and Charles of Sweden have a strength and magnificence that would do honour to Dryden, while the historical and philosophic paintings are contrasted by reflections on the cares, vicissitudes, and sorrows of life, so profound, so true and touching, that they may justly be denominated 'mottoes of the heart.' Sir Walter Scott has termed this poem 'a satire, the deep and pathetic morality of which has often extracted tears from those whose eyes wander dry over pages professedly sentimental.' Johnson was too prone to indulge in dark and melancholy views of human life; yet those who have experienced its disappointments and afflictions, must subscribe to the severe morality and pathos with which the contemplative poet

Expatiates free o'er all this scene of man.

The peculiarity of Juvenal, according to Johnson's own definition, 'is a mixture of gaiety and stateliness, of pointed sentences and declamatory grandeur.' He had less reflection and less moral dignity than his English imitator.

The other poetical pieces of Johnson are short and occasional; but his beautiful *Prologue on the Opening of Drury Lane*, and his lines *On the Death of Levett*, are in his best manner.

*From the Vanity of Human Wishes.*

Let observation, with extensive view,
Survey mankind, from China to Peru;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life;
Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,
O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate,
Where wavering man, betrayed by venturous pride,
To tread the dreary paths without a guide;
As treacherous phantoms in the mist delude,
Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good.
How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice.
How nations sink, by darling schemes oppressed,
When vengeance listens to the fool's request.
Fate wings with every wish the afflictive dart,
Each gift of nature, and each grace of art,
With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
With fatal sweetness elocution flows,
Impeachment stops the speaker's powerful breath,
And restless fire precipitates on death.
But scarce observed, the knowing and the bold,
Fall in the general massacre of gold;
Wide-wasting pest! that rages unconfined,
And crowds with crimes the records of mankind;
For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws,
For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws;
Wealth heaped on wealth, nor truth nor safety buys,
The dangers gather as the treasures rise.
Let history tell where rival kings command,
And dubious title shakes the maddened land;
When statutes glean the refuse of the sword,
How much more safe the vassal than the lord;
Low skulks the hind beneath the rage of power,
And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tower,
Untouched his cottage, and his slumbers sound,
Though confiscation's vultures hover round. . . .
Unnumbered suppliants crowd preferment's gate,
Athirst for wealth, and burning to be great;
Delusive fortune hears the incessant call,
They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.
On every stage, the foes of peace attend,
Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end.
Love ends with hope, the sinking statesman's door
Pours in the morning worshipper no more;
For growing names the weekly scribbler lies,
To growing wealth the dedicator flies;
From every room descends the painted face,
That hung the bright palladium of the place,
And smoked in kitchens, or in auctions sold,
To better features yields the frame of gold;
For now no more we trace in every line
Heroic worth, benevolence divine;
The form distorted justifies the fall,
And detestation rids the indignant wall.
But will not Britain hear the last appeal,
Sign her foes' doom, or guard her favourites' zeal?
Through freedom's sons no more remonstrance rings,
Degrading nobles, and controlling kings;
Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats,
And ask no questions but the price of votes;
With weekly libels and septennial ale,
Their wish is full to riot and to rail.
In full-blown dignity, see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand:
To him the church, the realm, their powers consign;
Through him the rays of regal bounty shine;
Turned by his nod the stream of honour flows,
His smile alone security bestows:
Still to new heights his restless wishes tower;
Claim leads to claim, and power advances power;
Till conquest unresisted ceased to please,
And rights submitted, left him none to seize.
At length his sovereign frowns—the train of state,
Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate:

Where'er he turns he meets a stranger's eye,
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly;
Now drops at once the pride of awful state
The golden canopy, the glittering plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liveried army, and the menial lord.
With age, with cares, with maladies oppressed,
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.
Grief aids disease, remembered folly stings,
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.
Speak thou, whose thoughts at humble peace repine,
Shall Wolsey's wealth, with Wolsey's end, be thine?
Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,
The wisest Justice on the banks of Trent?
For why did Wolsey, near the steeps of fate,
On weak foundations raise the enormous weight!
Why, but to sink beneath misfortune's blow,
With louder ruin to the gulfs below.
What gave great Villiers to the assassin's knife,
And fixed disease on Harley's closing life?
What murdered Wentworth, and what exiled Hyde,
By kings protected, and to kings allied?
What, but their wish indulged in courts to shine,
And power too great to keep, or to resign! . . .
The festal blazes, the triumphal show,
The ravished standard, and the captive foe,
The senate's thanks, the gazette's pompous tale,
With force resistless o'er the brave prevail.
Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirled,
For such the steady Roman shook the world;
For such in distant lands the Britons shine,
And stain with blood the Danube or the Rhine;
This power has praise, the virtue scarce can warm,
Till fame supplies the universal charm.
Yet reason frowns on war's unequal game,
Where wasted nations raise a single name,
And mortgaged states their grandsires' wreaths regret,
From age to age in everlasting debt;
Wreaths which at last the dear-bought right convey
To rust on medals, or on stones decay.
On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide:
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquered lord of pleasure and of pain.
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;
Behold surrounding kings their powers combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign;
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain;
'Think nothing gained,' he cries, 'till nought remain,
On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
And all be mine beneath the polar sky.'
The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait;
Stern famine guards the solitary coast,
And winter barricades the realms of frost:
He comes, nor want, nor cold, his course delay;
Hide, blushing glory, hide Pultowa's day:
The vanquished hero leaves his broken bands,
And shews his miseries in distant lands;
Condemned a needy supplicant to wait,
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
But did not chance at length her error mend?
Did no subverted empire mark his end?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound,
Or hostile millions press him to the ground?
His fall was destined to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand;
He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.* . . .

But grant the virtues of a temperate prime,
Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime;
An age that melts with unperceived decay,
And glides in modest innocence away;
Whose peaceful day benevolence endears,
Whose night congratulating conscience cheers:
The general favourite as the general friend;
Such age there is, and who shall wish its end?
Yet even on this her load misfortune flings,
To press the weary minutes' flagging wings;
New sorrow rises as the day returns,
A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns.
Now kindred merit fills the sable bier,
Now lacerated friendship claims a tear.
Year chases year, decay pursues decay,
Still drops some joy from withering life away;
New forms arise, and different views engage,
Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage,
Till pitying nature signs the last release,
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.
But few there are whom hours like these await,
Who set unclouded in the gulfs of fate.
From Lydia's monarch should the search descend,
By Solon cautioned to regard his end.
In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise!
From Marlb'rough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driveller and a show. . . .
Where, then, shall hope and fear their objects find?
Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?
Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?
Inquirer, cease; petitions yet remain,
Which Heaven may hear, nor deem religion vain.
Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to heaven the measure and the choice.
Safe in his power, whose eyes discern afar
The secret ambush of a specious prayer.
Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,
Secure whate'er he gives, he gives the best.
Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resigned;
For love, which scarce collective man can fill;
For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill;
For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind nature's signal of retreat:
These goods for man the laws of Heaven ordain,
These goods he grants, who grants the power to gain;
With these celestial wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.

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* To shew how admirably Johnson has imitated this part of Juvenal, applying to the modern hero, Charles XII. what the Roman satirist directed against Hannibal, we subjoin a literal version of the words of Juvenal: 'Weigh Hannibal—how many pounds weight will you find in that consummate general? This is the man whom Africa, washed by the Moorish sea, and stretching to the warm Nile, cannot contain. Again, in addition to Ethiopia, and other elephant-breeding countries, Spain is added to his empire. He jumps over the Pyrenees: in vain nature opposed to him the Alps with their snows; he severed the rocks, and rent the mountains with vinegar. Now he reaches Italy, yet he determines to go further: "Nothing is done," says, he, "unless with our Punic soldiers we break down their gates, and I plant my standard in the midst of Saburra (street)." O what a figure, and what a fine picture he would make, the one-eyed general, carried by the Getulian brute! What, after all, was the end of it? Alas for glory! this very man is routed, and flies headlong into banishment, and there the great and wonderful commander sits like a poor dependent at the palace door of a king, till it please the Bithynian tyrant to awake. That life, which had so long disturbed all human affairs, was brought to an end, not by swords, nor stones, nor darts, but by that redresser of Cannæ, and avenger of the blood that had been shed—a ring. Go, madman; hurry over the savage Alps, to please the school-boys, and become their subject of declamation!' It will be recollected that Hannibal, to prevent his falling into the hands of the Romans, swallowed poison, which he carried in a ring on his finger.

### *Prologue spoken by Mr Garrick, at the Opening of the Theatre in Drury Lane, in* 1747.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barbarous foes
First reared the stage, immortal Shakspeare rose;
Each change of many-coloured life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toiled after him in vain:
His powerful strokes presiding truth impressed,
And unresisted passion stormed the breast.
Then Jonson came, instructed from the school,
To please in method, and invent by rule;
His studious patience and laborious art
By regular approach essayed the heart:
Cold approbation gave the lingering bays,
For those who durst not censure, scarce could praise.
A mortal born, he met the general doom,
But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.
The wits of Charles found easier ways to fame,
Nor wished for Jonson's art, or Shakspeare's flame;
Themselves they studied, as they felt they writ,
Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit.
Vice always found a sympathetic friend;
They pleased their age, and did not aim to mend.
Yet bards like these aspired to lasting praise,
And proudly hoped to pimp in future days:
Their cause was general, their supports were strong,
Their slaves were willing, and their reign was long;
Till shame regained the post that sense betrayed,
And virtue called oblivion to her aid.
Then crushed by rules, and weakened as refined,
For years the power of Tragedy declined:
From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,
Till declamation roared, whilst passion slept;
Yet still did virtue deign the stage to tread;
Philosophy remained, though nature fled.
But forced at length her ancient reign to quit,
She saw great Faustus lay the ghost of wit:
Exulting folly hailed the joyful day,
And Pantomime and song confirmed her sway.
But who the coming changes can presage,
And mark the future periods of the stage?
Perhaps, if skill could distant times explore,
New Behns, new D'Urfeys, yet remain in store;
Perhaps, where Lear has raved, and Hamlet died,
On flying cars new sorcerers may ride:
Perhaps—for who can guess the effects of chance?—
Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet may dance.[*]
Hard is his lot that, here by fortune placed,
Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste;
With every meteor of caprice must play,
And chase the new-blown bubble of the day.
Ah! let not censure term our fate our choice,
The stage but echoes back the public voice;
The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,
For we that live to please, must please to live.
Then prompt no more the follies you decry,
As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die;
'Tis yours this night to bid the reign commence
Of rescued nature and reviving sense;
To chase the charms of sound, the pomp of show,
For useful mirth and solitary woe,
Bid Scenic Virtue form the rising age,
And Truth diffuse her radiance from the stage.

### *On the Death of Dr Robert Levett*—1782.

Condemned to Hope's delusive mine,
As on we toil from day to day,
By sudden blasts, or slow decline,
Our social comforts drop away.

Well tried through many a varying year,
See Levett to the grave descend,
Officious, innocent, sincere,
Of every friendless name the friend.

Yet still he fills affection's eye,
Obscurely wise and coarsely kind;
Nor, lettered arrogance, deny
Thy praise to merit unrefined.

When fainting nature called for aid,
And hovering death prepared the blow,
His vigorous remedy displayed
The power of art without the show.

In misery's darkest cavern known,
His useful care was ever nigh,
Where hopeless anguish poured his groan,
And lonely want retired to die.

No summons mocked by chill delay,
No petty gain disdained by pride;
The modest wants of every day,
The toil of every day supplied.

His virtues walked their narrow round,
Nor made a pause, nor left a void;
And sure the Eternal Master found
The single talent well employed.

The busy day—the peaceful night,
Unfelt, uncounted, glided by;
His frame was firm—his powers were bright,
Though now his eightieth year was nigh.

Then with no fiery throbbing pain,
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And freed his soul the nearest way.

## MRS THRALE.

MRS THRALE is author of an interesting little moral poem, the *Three Warnings*, which is so superior to her other compositions, that it was supposed to have been partly written, or at least corrected, by Johnson. It first appeared in a volume of *Miscellanies*, published by Mrs Anna Williams (the blind inmate of Johnson's house) in 1766. Hester Lynch Salusbury (afterwards Mrs Thrale) was a native of Bodvel, Carnarvonshire, born in 1739. In 1763 she was married to Mr Henry Thrale, an eminent brewer, who had taste enough to appreciate the rich and varied conversation of Johnson, and whose hospitality and wealth afforded the great moralist an asylum in his house. After the death of this excellent man in 1781, his widow in 1784 married Signior Piozzi, an Italian music-master, a step which Johnson never could forgive. The lively lady proceeded with her husband on a continental tour, and they took up their abode for some time on the banks of the Arno. In 1785, she published a volume of miscellaneous pieces, entitled *The Florence Miscellany*, and afforded a subject for the satire of Gifford, whose *Baviad and Mæviad* was written to lash the Della Cruscan songsters with whom Mrs Piozzi was associated. Returning to England, she became a rather voluminous writer. In 1786 she issued *Anecdotes of Dr Johnson;* in 1788, *Letters to and from Dr Johnson;* in 1789, *A Journey through France, Italy, and Germany;* in 1794, *British Synonymy, or an Attempt at regulating the Choice of Words in familiar Conversation;* in

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[*] Hunt, a famous boxer on the stage; Mahomet, a rope-dancer who had exhibited at Covent Garden Theatre the winter before.

1801, *Retrospection, or a Review of the most striking and important Events, &c. which the late* 1800 *years have presented to the view of Mankind, &c.* In her 80th year Mrs Piozzi had a flirtation with a young actor, William Augustus Conway, aged 27. A collection of her 'love-letters' was surreptitiously published in 1843. She died at Clifton, May 2, 1821. Mrs Piozzi's eldest daughter, Viscountess Keith (Johnson's 'Queeny'), lived to the age of 95, and one of her sisters to the age of 90. The anecdotes and letters of Dr Johnson, by Mrs Piozzi, are the only valuable works which proceeded from her pen. She was a minute and clever observer of men and manners, but deficient in judgment, and not particular as to the accuracy of her relations. In 1861, the *Autobiography, Letters, and Literary Remains* of Mrs Piozzi were published, with notes and memoir, by A. Hayward.

### *The Three Warnings.*

The tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground;
'Twas therefore said by ancient sages,
That love of life increased with years
So much, that in our latter stages,
When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears.
This great affection to believe,
Which all confess, but few perceive,
If old assertions can't prevail,
Be pleased to hear a modern tale.

When sports went round, and all were gay,
On neighbour Dodson's wedding-day,
Death called aside the jocund groom
With him into another room,
And looking grave—'You must,' says he,
'Quit your sweet bride, and come with me.'
'With you! and quit my Susan's side?
With you!' the hapless husband cried;
'Young as I am, 'tis monstrous hard!
Besides, in truth, I'm not prepared:
My thoughts on other matters go;
This is my wedding-day, you know.'

What more he urged I have not heard,
His reasons could not well be stronger;
So Death the poor delinquent spared,
And left to live a little longer.
Yet calling up a serious look,
His hour-glass trembled while he spoke—
'Neighbour,' he said, 'farewell! no more
Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour:
And further, to avoid all blame
Of cruelty upon my name,
To give you time for preparation,
And fit you for your future station,
Three several warnings you shall have,
Before you're summoned to the grave;
Willing for once I'll quit my prey,
And grant a kind reprieve;
In hopes you'll have no more to say;
But, when I call again this way,
Well pleased the world will leave.'
To these conditions both consented,
And parted perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befell,
How long he lived, how wise, how well,
How roundly he pursued his course,
And smoked his pipe, and stroked his horse,
The willing muse shall tell:
He chaffered, then he bought and sold,
Nor once perceived his growing old,
Nor thought of Death as near:
His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
Many his gains, his children few,
He passed his hours in peace.
But while he viewed his wealth increase,
While thus along life's dusty road,
The beaten track content he trod,
Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,
Uncalled, unheeded, unawares,
Brought on his eightieth year.
And now, one night, in musing mood,
As all alone he sate,
The unwelcome messenger of Fate
Once more before him stood.

Half-killed with anger and surprise,
'So soon returned!' old Dodson cries.
'So soon, d'ye call it?' Death replies:
'Surely, my friend, you're but in jest!
Since I was here before
'Tis six-and-thirty years at least,
And you are now fourscore.'

'So much the worse,' the clown rejoined;
'To spare the aged would be kind:
However, see your search be legal;
And your authority—is't regal?
Else you come on a fool's errand,
With but a secretary's warrant.[*]
Beside, you promised me Three Warnings,
Which I have looked for nights and mornings;
But for that loss of time and ease,
I can recover damages.'

'I know,' cries Death, 'that at the best,
I seldom am a welcome guest;
But don't be captious, friend, at least;
I little thought you'd still be able
To stump about your farm and stable:
Your years have run to a great length;
I wish you joy, though, of your strength!'

'Hold!' says the farmer; 'not so fast!
I have been lame these four years past.'
'And no great wonder,' Death replies;
'However, you still keep your eyes;
And sure, to see one's loves and friends,
For legs and arms would make amends.'

'Perhaps,' says Dodson, 'so it might,
But latterly I've lost my sight.'
'This is a shocking tale, 'tis true;
But still there's comfort left for you:
Each strives your sadness to amuse;
I warrant you hear all the news.'
'There's none,' cries he; 'and if there were,
I'm grown so deaf, I could not hear.'
'Nay, then,' the spectre stern rejoined,
'These are unjustifiable yearnings:
If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,
You've had your Three sufficient Warnings;
So come along; no more we'll part;'
He said, and touched him with his dart.
And now old Dodson, turning pale,
Yields to his fate—so ends my tale.

## OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH (1728–1774), whose writings range over every department of miscellaneous literature, challenges attention as a poet chiefly for the unaffected ease, grace, and tenderness of his descriptions of rural and domestic life, and for a certain vein of pensive philosophic reflection. His countryman Burke said of himself, that he had taken his ideas of liberty not too high, that they might last him through life. Goldsmith seems to have pitched his poetry in a subdued undertone, that he might luxuriate at will among those images of quiet beauty, comfort, benevolence, and simple pathos, which were most congenial to his own character, his hopes, or his experience. This popular poet was born at Pallas, a small village in the parish of Forney, county of Longford, Ireland, on the 10th of November 1728. He was the fourth of a family of seven children, and his father, the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, was a poor curate, who eked out the scanty funds which he derived from his profession, by renting and cultivating some land. The poet's father afterwards succeeded to the rectory of Kilkenny West, and removed to the house and farm of Lissoy, in his former parish. Here Goldsmith's youth was spent, and here he found the materials for his *Deserted Village.* Having been taught his letters by a maid-servant, Oliver was sent to the village-school, which was kept by an old soldier named Byrne, who had been a quarter-master in the wars of Queen Anne, and was fond of relating his adventures. Byrne had also a large store of Irish traditions, fairy tales, and ghost stories, which were eagerly listened to by his pupils, and are supposed to have had some effect in giving to Goldsmith that wandering unsettled disposition which marked him through life. A severe attack of small-pox, which left traces of its ravages on his face ever after, caused his removal from school. He was, however, placed at better seminaries of education, and in his seventeenth year was sent to Trinity College, Dublin, as a sizar. The expense of his education was chiefly defrayed by his uncle, the Rev. Thomas Contarine, an excellent man, son to an Italian of the Contarini family at Venice, and a clergyman of the established church. At college the poet was thoughtless and irregular. His tutor was a man of fierce and brutal passions, and having struck him on one occasion before a party of friends, the poet left college, and wandered about the country for some time in the utmost poverty. His brother Henry clothed and carried him back to college, and on the 27th of February 1749, he was admitted to the degree of B.A. Goldsmith now gladly left the university, and returned to Lissoy. His father was dead, but he idled away two years among his relations. He afterwards became tutor in the family of a gentleman in Ireland, where he remained a year. His uncle then gave him £50 to study the law in Dublin, but he lost the whole in a gaming-house. A second contribution was raised, and the poet next proceeded to Edinburgh, where he continued a year and a half studying medicine. He then drew upon his uncle for £20, and embarked for Bordeaux. The vessel was driven into Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and whilst there, Goldsmith and his fellow-passengers were arrested and put into prison, where the poet was kept a fortnight. It appeared that his companions were Scotsmen in the French service, and had been in Scotland enlisting soldiers for the French army. Before he was released the ship sailed, and was wrecked at the mouth of the Garonne, the whole of the crew having perished. He embarked in a vessel bound for Rotterdam, and arriving there in nine days, travelled by land to Leyden. These particulars (which have a very apocryphal air) rest upon the authority of a letter written from Leyden by Goldsmith to his uncle, Contarine. At Leyden he appears to have remained, without making an effort for a degree, about a twelvemonth; and in February 1755, he set off on a continental tour, provided, it is said, with a guinea in his pocket, one shirt to his back, and a flute in his hand. He stopped some time at Louvain in Flanders, at Antwerp, and at Brussels. In France, he is said, like George Primrose in his *Vicar of Wakefield*, to have occasionally earned a night's lodging and food by playing on his flute.

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[*] An allusion to the illegal warrant used against Wilkes, which was the cause of so much contention in its day.

How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe beside the murmuring Loire!
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshened from the wave the zephyr flew;
And haply, though my harsh touch, falt'ring still,
But mocked all tune, and marred the dancer's skill,
Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour.

*Traveller.*

Scenes of this kind formed an appropriate school for the poet. He brooded with delight over these pictures of humble happiness, and his imagination loved to invest them with the charms of poetry. Goldsmith afterwards visited Germany and the Rhine. From Switzerland he sent the first sketch of the *Traveller* to his brother. The loftier charms of nature in these Alpine scenes seem to have had no permanent effect on the character or direction of his genius. He visited Florence, Verona, Venice, and stopped at Padua some months, where he is supposed to have taken his medical degree. In 1756 the poet reached England, after one year of wandering, lonely, and in poverty, yet buoyed up by dreams of hope and fame. Many a hard struggle he had yet to encounter! He was some time assistant to a chemist in a shop at the corner of Monument Yard on Fish Street Hill. A college-friend, Dr Sleigh, enabled him to commence practice as a humble physician in Bankside, Southwark, but this failed; and after serving for a short time as a reader and corrector of the press to Richardson the novelist, he was engaged as usher in a school at Peckham, kept by Dr Milner. At Milner's table he met Griffiths the bookseller, proprietor of the *Monthly Review;* and in April 1757, Goldsmith agreed to leave Dr Milner's, to board and lodge with Griffiths, to have a small salary, and devote himself to the Review. Whatever he wrote is said to have been tampered with by Griffiths and his wife! In five months the engagement abruptly closed. For a short time he was again at Dr Milner's as usher. In 1758 he presented himself at Surgeons' Hall for examination as an hospital mate, with the view of entering the army or navy; but he had the mortification of being rejected as unqualified. That he might appear before the examining surgeon suitably dressed, Goldsmith obtained a new suit of clothes, for which Griffith became security. The clothes were immediately to be returned when the purpose was served, or the debt was to be discharged. Poor Goldsmith, having failed in his object, and probably distressed by urgent want, *pawned the clothes.* The publisher threatened, and the poet replied: 'I know of no misery but a jail, to which my own imprudences and your letter seem to point. I have seen it inevitable these three or four weeks, and, by heavens! request it as a favour—as a favour that may prevent somewhat more fatal. I have been some years struggling with a wretched being—with all that contempt and indigence brings with it—with all those strong passions which make contempt insupportable. What, then, has a jail that is formidable?' Such was the almost hopeless condition, the deep despair, of this imprudent but amiable author, who has added to the delight of millions, and to the glory of English literature.

Henceforward the life of Goldsmith was that of a man of letters. He lived solely by his pen. Besides numerous contributions to the *Monthly* and *Critical Reviews*, the *Lady's Magazine*, the *British Magazine*, &c. he published anonymously an *Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe* (1759), his admirable *Chinese Letters* (contributed to Newbery's *Public Ledger*, and for which he was paid a guinea each), afterwards published with the title of *The Citizen of the World*, a *Life of Beau Nash*, and a *History of England* (1762), in a series of letters from a nobleman to his son. The latter was highly successful, and was popularly attributed to Lord Lyttelton. In December 1764 appeared his poem of the *Traveller, or Prospect of Society*, the chief corner-stone of his fame, 'without one bad line,' as has been said; 'without one of Dryden's careless verses.' Charles Fox pronounced it one of the finest poems in the English language; and Dr Johnson—then numbered among Goldsmith's friends—said that the merit of the *Traveller* was so well established, that Mr Fox's praise could not augment it, nor his censure diminish it. The periodical critics were unanimous in its praise. In 1766 appeared his exquisite novel, the *Vicar of Wakefield*, which had been written two years before, and sold to Newbery, the bookseller, to discharge a pressing debt. Goldsmith's landlady had called in a sheriff's officer to enforce payment of her bill. In this extremity he sent a messenger to Johnson, who forwarded a guinea, and followed himself shortly after. He found Goldsmith railing at the landlady over a bottle of Madeira (the guinea having been changed), and on his inquiring how money could be procured, the poor debtor produced the manuscript of his novel, which Johnson took to the bookseller and sold for £60. Yet Newbery did not venture to publish it until the *Traveller* had rendered the name of the author popular. Goldsmith's comedy of the *Good-natured Man* was produced in 1768, his *Roman History* next year, and the *Deserted Village* in 1770. The latter was as popular as the *Traveller*, and speedily ran through a number of editions. Goldsmith was now at the summit of his fame and popularity. The march had been long and toilsome, and he was often nearly fainting by the way; but his success was at length complete. His name stood among the foremost of his contemporaries: the booksellers courted him, and his works brought him in large sums. Difficulty and distress, however, still clung to him: poetry had found him poor at first, and kept him so. From heedless profusion and extravagance, chiefly in dress, and from a benevolence which knew no limit while his funds lasted, Goldsmith was scarcely ever free from debt. The gaming-table also presented irresistible attractions. He hung loosely on society, without wife or domestic tie; and his early habits and experience were ill calculated to teach him strict conscientiousness or regularity. He continued to write task-work for the booksellers, and produced (1771) a *History of England* in four volumes. In 1773 his comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer* was brought out at Covent Garden Theatre with immense applause. The same year appeared his *History of Greece*, in two volumes, for which he was paid £250. He had contracted to write a *History of Animated Nature* in eight volumes, at the rate of a hundred guineas for each volume; but this work he did not live to complete, though the greater part was finished in his own attractive and easy manner. In March 1774, he was attacked by a painful complaint (strangury) caused by close study, which was succeeded by a nervous fever. Contrary to the advice of his apothecary, he persisted in the use of James's powders, a medicine to which he had often had recourse; and gradually getting worse, he expired in convulsions on the morning of the 4th of April. His last words were melancholy. 'Your pulse,' said his physician, 'is in greater disorder than it should be from the degree of fever which you have: is your mind at ease?' 'No, it is not,' was the sad reply. The death of so popular an author, at the age of forty-six, was a shock equally to his friends and the public. The former knew his sterling worth, and loved him with all his foibles—his undisguised vanity, his national proneness to blundering, his thoughtless extravagance, his credulity, and his frequent absurdities. Under these ran a current of generous benevolence, of enlightened zeal for the happiness and improvement of mankind, and of manly independent feeling. He died £2000 in debt: 'Was ever poet so trusted before!' exclaimed Johnson. His remains were interred in the Temple burying-ground, and a monument erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey, next the grave of Gay, whom he somewhat resembled in character, and far surpassed in genius. The fame of Goldsmith has been constantly on the increase, and two copious lives of him have been produced—one by Prior, in 1837, and another, the *Life and Times of Oliver Goldsmith*, by John Forster, in 1848, and since enlarged. The latter is a valuable and interesting work.

The plan of the *Traveller* is simple, yet comprehensive and philosophical. The poet represents himself as sitting among Alpine solitudes, looking down on a hundred realms. He views the whole with delight, yet sighs to think that the hoard of human bliss is so small, and he wishes to find some spot consigned to real happiness. But where is such a spot to be found? The natives of each country think their own the best. If nations are compared, the amount of happiness in each is found to be about the same; and to illustrate this position, the poet describes the state of manners and government in Italy, Switzerland, France, Holland, and England. In general correctness and beauty of expression, these sketches have never been surpassed. The politician may think that the poet ascribes too little importance to the influence of government on the happiness of mankind, seeing that in a despotic state the whole must depend on the individual character of the governor; yet in the cases cited by Goldsmith, it is difficult to resist his conclusions;

while his short sententious reasoning is relieved and elevated by bursts of true poetry. There was no greater master of the art of contrast in heightening the effect of his pictures. His character of the men of England used to draw tears from Dr Johnson.

The poem is so truly felicitous in thought and expression, that we give it entire, following the ninth edition, or the last that appeared during the lifetime of the author.

### *The Traveller, or Prospect of Society.*

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravelled fondly turns to thee;
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a length'ning chain.
Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend;
Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire:
Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair:
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crowned,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jest or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale:
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.
But me, not destined such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent and care:
Impelled with steps unceasing, to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.
Ev'n now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend:
And placed on high above the storm's career,
Look downward where an hundred realms appear;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains, extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.
When thus creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store should thankless pride repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain,
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendour crowned,
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;
Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale;
For me your tributary stores combine:
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine!
As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er,
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still:
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleased with each good that Heaven to man supplies:
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish amidst the scene to find
Some spot to real happiness consigned,
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.
But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct when all pretend to know?
The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease;
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind;
As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations makes their blessings even.
Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at labour's earnest call;
With food as well the peasant is supplied
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side;
And though the rocky crested summits frown,
These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.
From art more various are the blessings sent;
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content.
Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest.
Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails,
And honour sinks where commerce long prevails.
Hence every state to one loved blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the fav'rite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends:
Till carried to excess in each domain,
This fav'rite good begets peculiar pain.
But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies:
Here for a while my proper cares resigned,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind;
Like yon neglected shrub at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.
Far to the right, where Apennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
Its uplands sloping, deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft some temple's mouldering tops between,
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.
Could nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.
Whatever fruits in different climes were found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die;
These, here disporting, own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand,
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.
But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign:
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And even in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs, not far removed the date,
When commerce proudly flourished through the state;
At her command the palace learned to rise,
Again the long-fallen column sought the skies;
The canvas glowed beyond e'en nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teemed with human form.

Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores displayed her sail;
While nought remained of all that riches gave,
But towns unmanned, and lords without a slave:
And late the nation found with fruitless skill,
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.
  Yet, still the loss of wealth is here supplied
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride!
From these the feeble heart and long-fallen mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp arrayed,
The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade;
Processions formed for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in every grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguiled,
The sports of children satisfy the child;
Each nobler aim, repressed by long control,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind:
As in those domes where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defaced by time and tottering in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.
  My soul, turn from them; turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread;
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword;
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.
  Yet still, even here, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loathe his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose,
Breasts the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his venturous ploughshare to the steep;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, every labour sped,
He sits him down, the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks that brighten at the blaze;
While his loved partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board:
And haply, too, some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.
  Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
And e'en those ills that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shade to which his soul conforms;
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.
  Such are the charms to barren states assigned;
Their wants but few, their wishes all confined.
Yet let them only share the praises due,
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few;
For every want that stimulates the breast,
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest,
Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies,
That first excites desire, and then supplies;
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
Their level life is but a mould'ring fire,
Unquenched by want, unfanned by strong desire;
Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till buried in debauch the bliss expire.
  But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow:
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low.
For, as refinement stops, from sire to son
Unaltered, unimproved the manners run;
And love's and friendship's finely-pointed dart
Fall blunted from each indurated heart.
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit like falcons cowering on the nest;
But all the gentler morals, such as play
Through life's more cultured walks, and charm the way:
These, far dispersed on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.
  To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn; and France displays her bright domain.
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can please,
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe beside the murmuring Loire!
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshened from the wave the zephyr flew;
And haply, though my harsh touch, falt'ring still,
But mocked all tune, and marred the dancer's skill,
Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour.
Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
And the gay grandsire, skilled in gestic lore,
Has frisked beneath the burden of threescore.
  So blest a life these thoughtless realms display,
Thus idly busy rolls their world away:
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the social temper here.
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land;
From courts, to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise;
They please, are pleased, they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.
  But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise:
For praise too dearly loved, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought;
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robe of frieze with copper lace;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year;
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.
  To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosomed in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow;
Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore.

While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
The slow canal, the yellow-blossomed vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescued from his reign.
Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here displayed. Their much-loved wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
Even liberty itself is bartered here.
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys;
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
Here wretches seek dishonourable graves,
And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.
Heavens! how unlike their Belgic sires of old!
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow—
How much unlike the sons of Britain now!
Fired at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than famed Hydaspes glide,
There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentle music melts on every spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combined,
Extremes are only in the master's mind!
Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great.
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of humankind pass by;
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashioned fresh from nature's hand.
Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
True to imagined right, above control,
While even the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.
Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictured here,
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear;
Too blest indeed were such without alloy,
But fostered e'en by freedom ills annoy;
That independence Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man and breaks the social tie;
The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown;
Here by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repelled.
Ferments arise, imprisoned factions roar,
Represt ambition struggles round her shore,
Till over-wrought, the general system feels
Its motions stop, or frenzy fire the wheels.
Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honour fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown:
Till time may come, when stript of all her charms,
The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toiled, and poets wrote for fame,
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings unhonoured die.
Yet think not, thus when Freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great;
Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire
Far from my bosom drive the low desire;
And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel;
Thou transitory flower, alike undone
By proud contempt, or favour's fostering sun,
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure.
I only would repress them to secure;
For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those that think must govern those that toil;
And all that freedom's highest aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportioned loads on each.
Hence, should one order disproportioned grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.
O then how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast approaching danger warms;
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to stretch their own,
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free;
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
Pillaged from slaves to purchase slaves at home;
Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart;
Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.
Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour,
When first ambition struck at regal power;
And thus polluting honour in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchanged for useless ore?
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers bright'ning as they waste;
Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern depopulation in her train,
And over fields where scattered hamlets rose,
In barren solitary pomp repose?
Have we not seen at pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling long-frequented village fall?
Beheld the duteous son, the sire decayed,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forced from their homes a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main;
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound?
E'en now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
Through tangled forests, and through dangerous ways;
Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murd'rous aim;
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise,
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathise with mine.
Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind;
Why have I strayed from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows?
In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain,
How small of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure.
Still to ourselves in every place consigned,
Our own felicity we make or find:
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted axe, the agonising wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience all our own.

The *Deserted Village* is limited in design, and, according to Macaulay, is incongruous in its parts. The village in its happiest days is a true English village, while in its decay it is an Irish village.

'The felicity and the misery which he has brought close together belong to two different countries and to two different stages in the progress of society.' But there is no poem in the English language more universally popular than the *Deserted Village.* Its best passages are learned in youth, and never quit the memory. Its delineations of rustic life accord with those ideas of romantic purity, seclusion, and happiness, which the young mind associates with the country and all its charms, before modern manners and oppression had driven them away—

> To pamper luxury, and thin mankind.

Political economists may dispute the axiom that luxury is hurtful to nations; but Goldsmith has a surer advocate in the feelings of the heart, which yield a spontaneous assent to the principles he inculcates, when teaching by examples, with all the efficacy of apparent truth, and all the effect of poetical beauty and excellence.

### *Description of Auburn—The Village Preacher, the Schoolmaster, and Ale-house—Reflections.*

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the labouring swain;
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed;
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please;
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm;
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm;
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topped the neighbouring hill;
The hawthorn-bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blessed the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play;
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed;
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired:
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain, mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove—
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please. . . .
Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There as I passed, with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below;
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school;
The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind:
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made. . . .
Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns, he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain.
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and shewed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.
Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;
But, in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt her new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.
Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.
At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway;
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E'en children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile;
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.
Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school;
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew.
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning's face;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned;
Yet he was kind; or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declared how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage;
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge;
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still;
While words of learned length, and thundering sound,
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame: the very spot
Where many a time he triumphed, is forgot.

Near yonder thorn that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
Where gray-beard mirth and smiling toil retired;
Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendours of that festive place;
The whitewashed wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door;
The chest, contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay;
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.
Vain transitory splendours! could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall?
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart.
Thither no more the peasant shall repair,
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be pressed,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.
Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway:
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined.
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed,
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks if this be joy?
Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards, e'en beyond the miser's wish, abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name,
That leaves our useful product still the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds;
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth,
Has robbed the neighbouring fields of half their growth;
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies.
While thus the land adorned for pleasure all,
In barren splendour feebly waits the fall.

### *Edwin and Angelina.*

'Turn, gentle hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way,
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray.

'For here forlorn and lost I tread,
With fainting steps and slow;
Where wilds immeasurably spread,
Seem lengthening as I go.'

'Forbear, my son,' the hermit cries,
'To tempt the dangerous gloom;
For yonder phantom only flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

'Here, to the houseless child of want,
My door is open still:
And though my portion is but scant,
I give it with good-will.

'Then turn to-night, and freely share
Whate'er my cell bestows;
My rushy couch and frugal fare,
My blessing and repose.

'No flocks that range the valley free,
To slaughter I condemn;
Taught by that Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them.

'But from the mountain's grassy side,
A guiltless feast I bring;
A scrip, with herbs and fruits supplied,
And water from the spring.

'Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
All earth-born cares are wrong:
"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."' [*]

Soft as the dew from heaven descends,
His gentle accents fell;
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure,
The lonely mansion lay;
A refuge to the neighbouring poor,
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Required a master's care;
The wicket, opening with a latch,
Received the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire,
To take their evening rest,
The hermit trimmed his little fire,
And cheered his pensive guest:

And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily pressed and smiled;
And, skilled in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguiled.

Around, in sympathetic mirth,
Its tricks the kitten tries;
The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
The crackling fagot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart,
To soothe the stranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spied,
With answering care oppressed:
'And whence, unhappy youth,' he cried,
'The sorrows of thy breast?

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[*] From Young.—'Man wants but little, nor that little long.' Goldsmith, in the original copy, marked the passage as a quotation.

'From better habitations spurned,
Reluctant dost thou rove?
Or grieve for friendship unreturned,
Or unregarded love?

'Alas! the joys that fortune brings
Are trifling, and decay;
And those who prize the paltry things
More trifling still than they.

'And what is friendship but a name:
A charm that lulls to sleep!
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep!

'And love is still an emptier sound,
The modern fair-one's jest;
On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle's nest.

'For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
And spurn the sex,' he said:
But while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betrayed.

Surprised, he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view,
Like colours o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms;
The lovely stranger stands confessed
A maid in all her charms.

'And ah! forgive a stranger rude,
A wretch forlorn,' she cried,
'Whose feet unhallowed thus intrude
Where Heaven and you reside.

'But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray:
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
Companion of her way.

'My father lived beside the Tyne,
A wealthy lord was he;
And all his wealth was marked as mine;
He had but only me.

'To win me from his tender arms,
Unnumbered suitors came;
Who praised me for imputed charms,
And felt, or feigned, a flame.

'Each hour a mercenary crowd
With richest proffers strove;
Amongst the rest young Edwin bowed,
But never talked of love.

'In humble, simplest habit clad,
No wealth nor power had he;
Wisdom and worth were all he had,
But these were all to me.

'The blossom opening to the day,
The dews of heaven refined,
Could nought of purity display,
To emulate his mind.

'The dew, the blossoms of the tree,
With charms inconstant shine;
Their charms were his; but, woe to me,
Their constancy was mine.

'For still I tried each fickle art,
Importunate and vain;
And while his passion touched my heart,
I triumphed in his pain.

'Till quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride;
And sought a solitude forlorn,
In secret, where he died.

'But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay:
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.

'And there, forlorn, despairing, hid,
I'll lay me down and die:
'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I.'

'Forbid it, Heaven!' the hermit cried,
And clasped her to his breast:
The wondering fair one turned to chide:
'Twas Edwin's self that pressed!

'Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
My charmer, turn to see
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
Restored to love and thee.

'Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And every care resign;
And shall we never, never part,
My life—my all that's mine?

'No, never from this hour to part,
We'll live and love so true;
The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
Shall break thy Edwin's too.'

### *Extracts from 'Retaliation.'*

Goldsmith and some of his friends occasionally dined together at the St James's Coffee-house. One day it was proposed to write epitaphs upon him. His country, dialect, and blunders furnished subjects for witticism. He was called on for retaliation, and, at the next meeting, produced part of this poem (which was left unfinished at his death), in which we find much of the shrewd observation, wit, and liveliness which distinguish the happiest of his prose writings.

Here lies our good Edmund,[*] whose genius was such,
We scarcely can praise it or blame it too much;
Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.
Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat,
To persuade Tommy Townsend to lend him a vote;
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining.
Though equal to all things, for all things unfit;
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit:
For a patriot too cool; for a drudge disobedient,
And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*.
In short, 'twas his fate, unemployed, or in place, sir,
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor. . . .

Here lies David Garrick, describe him who can,
An abridgment of all that is pleasant in man;
As an actor, confessed without rival to shine;
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line;
Yet with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings—a dupe to his art;
Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,
And beplastered with rouge his own natural red.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'Twas only that when he was off he was acting:

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[*] Burke.

With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turned and he varied full ten times a day;
Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick
If they were not his own by finessing and trick:
He cast off his friends as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew, when he pleased, he could whistle them back.
Of praise a mere glutton, he swallowed what came;
And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame;
Till his relish grown callous almost to disease,
Who peppered the highest was surest to please.
But let us be candid, and speak out our mind;
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys, and Woodfalls so grave,
What a commerce was yours, while you got and you gave!
How did Grub Street re-echo the shouts that you raised,
While he was be-Rosciused, and you were be-praised!
But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
To act as an angel, and mix with the skies:
Those poets who owe their best fame to his skill,
Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will;
Old Shakspeare, receive him with praise and with love,
And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above. . . .

Here Reynolds is laid; and, to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind.
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart.
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering;
When they judged without skill, he was still hard of hearing:
When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet,[*] and only took snuff.
By flattery unspoiled. . . .

## BISHOP PERCY.

DR THOMAS PERCY (1729-1811), afterwards bishop of Dromore, in 1765 published his *Reliques of English Poetry*, in which several excellent old songs and ballads were revived, and a selection made of the best lyrical pieces scattered through the works of dramatic and other authors. The learning and ability with which Percy executed his task, and the sterling value of his materials, recommended his volumes to public favour. They found their way into the hands of poets and poetical readers, and awakened a love of nature, simplicity, and true passion, in contradistinction to that coldly correct and sentimental style which pervaded part of our literature. The influence of Percy's collection was general and extensive. It is evident in many contemporary authors. It gave the first impulse to the genius of Sir Walter Scott; and it may be seen in the writings of Coleridge and Wordsworth. A fresh fountain of poetry was opened up—a spring of sweet, tender, and heroic thoughts and imaginations, which could never be again turned back into the artificial channels in which the genius of poesy had been too long and too closely confined. Percy was himself a poet. His ballad, *O Nancy, wilt thou go with Me?* the *Hermit of Warkworth*, and other detached pieces, evince both taste and talent. We subjoin a cento, the *Friar of Orders Gray*, which Percy says he compiled from fragments of ancient ballads, to which he added supplemental stanzas to connect them together. The greater part, however, is his own, and it must be admitted that he was too prone to tamper with the old ballads. Dr Percy was born at Bridgnorth, Shropshire, son of a grocer, and having taken holy orders, became successively chaplain to the king, dean of Carlisle, and bishop of Dromore: the latter dignity he possessed from 1782 till his death at the advanced age of eighty-two. He enjoyed the friendship of Johnson, Goldsmith, and other distinguished men of his day, and lived long enough to hail the genius of Scott.

A complete reprint of Bishop Percy's folio MS. was published in 1868, in three volumes, edited by John W. Hales, M.A. and F. J. Furnival, M.A. Mr Furnival describes the MS. as 'a scrubby, shabby paper book,' which had lost some pages both at the beginning and end. Percy found it lying dirty on the floor under a bureau in the parlour of his friend Humphrey Pitt of Shifnall, Shropshire, being used by the maids to light the fire. The date, as appears from the handwriting, was about 1650. 'As to the text,' says Mr Furnival, 'he (Percy) looked on it as a young woman from the country with unkempt locks, whom he had to fit for fashionable society. He puffed out the thirty-nine lines of the *Child of Elle* to two hundred; he pomatumed the *Heir of Linne* till it shone again; he stuffed bits of wool into Sir Carline and Sir Aldingar; he powdered everything.' The *Reliques* contained one hundred and seventy-six pieces and of these forty-five were from the folio MS.

### *O Nancy, wilt thou go with Me?*[*]

O Nancy, wilt thou go with me,
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town?
Can silent glens have charms for thee,
The lowly cot and russet gown?
No longer dressed in silken sheen,
No longer decked with jewels rare,
Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nancy, when thou 'rt far away,
Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?
Say, canst thou face the parching ray,
Nor shrink before the wintry wind?
O can that soft and gentle mien
Extremes of hardship learn to bear,
Nor, sad, regret each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nancy, canst thou love so true,
Through perils keen with me to go?
Or, when thy swain mishap shall rue,
To share with him the pang of woe?
Say, should disease or pain befall,
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
Nor, wistful, those gay scenes recall,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
And cheer with smiles the bed of death?

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[*] Sir Joshua was so deaf, as to be under the necessity of using an ear-trumpet in company. Goldsmith was engaged on this portrait when his last illness seized him.

[*] From Dodsley's *Collection of Poems*, 1758. In Johnson's *Musical Museum* it is printed as a Scottish production. 'It is too barefaced,' says Burns, 'to take Dr Percy's charming song, and, by means of transposing a few English words into Scots, to offer to pass it for a Scots song.'

And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay
Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear,
Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

### *The Friar of Orders Gray.*

It was a friar of orders gray
Walked forth to tell his beads,
And he met with a lady fair,
Clad in a pilgrim's weeds.

'Now Christ thee save, thou reverend friar!
I pray thee tell to me,
If ever at yon holy shrine
My true love thou didst see.'

'And how should I know your true love
From many another one?'
'Oh! by his cockle hat and staff,
And by his sandal shoon:

'But chiefly by his face and mien,
That were so fair to view,
His flaxen locks that sweetly curled,
And eyes of lovely blue.'

'O lady, he is dead and gone!
Lady, he's dead and gone!
At his head a green grass turf,
And at his heels a stone.

'Within these holy cloisters long
He languished, and he died,
Lamenting of a lady's love,
And 'plaining of her pride.

'Here bore him barefaced on his bier
Six proper youths and tall;
And many a tear bedewed his grave
Within yon kirkyard wall.'

'And art thou dead, thou gentle youth—
And art thou dead and gone?
And didst thou die for love of me?
Break, cruel heart of stone!'

'O weep not, lady, weep not so,
Some ghostly comfort seek:
Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart,
Nor tears bedew thy cheek.'

'O do not, do not, holy friar,
My sorrow now reprove;
For I have lost the sweetest youth
That e'er won lady's love.

'And now, alas! for thy sad loss
I'll evermore weep and sigh;
For thee I only wished to live,
For thee I wish to die.'

'Weep no more, lady, weep no more;
Thy sorrow is in vain:
For violets plucked, the sweetest shower
Will ne'er make grow again.

'Our joys as winged dreams do fly;
Why then should sorrow last?
Since grief but aggravates thy loss,
Grieve not for what is past.'

'O say not so, thou holy friar!
I pray thee say not so;
For since my true love died for me,
'Tis meet my tears should flow.

'And will he never come again—
Will he ne'er come again?
Ah, no! he is dead, and laid in his grave,
For ever to remain.

'His cheek was redder than the rose—
The comeliest youth was he;
But he is dead, and laid in his grave,
Alas! and woe is me.'

'Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot on sea, and one on land,
To one thing constant never.

'Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,
And left thee sad and heavy;
For young men ever were fickle found,
Since summer trees were leafy.'

'Now say not so, thou holy friar,
I pray thee say not so;
My love he had the truest heart—
O he was ever true!

'And art thou dead, thou much-loved youth?
And didst thou die for me?
Then farewell home; for evermore
A pilgrim I will be.

'But first upon my true-love's grave
My weary limbs I'll lay,
And thrice I'll kiss the green grass turf
That wraps his breathless clay.'

'Yet stay, fair lady, rest a while
Beneath this cloister wall;
The cold wind through the hawthorn blows,
And drizzly rain doth fall.'

'O stay me not, thou holy friar,
O stay me not, I pray;
No drizzly rain that falls on me,
Can wash my fault away.'

'Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,
And dry those pearly tears;
For see, beneath this gown of gray,
Thy own true love appears.

'Here, forced by grief and hopeless love,
These holy weeds I sought;
And here, amid these lonely walls,
To end my days I thought.

'But haply, for my year of grace
Is not yet passed away,
Might I still hope to win thy love,
No longer would I stay.'

'Now farewell grief, and welcome joy
Once more unto my heart;
For since I've found thee, lovely youth,
We never more will part.'*

## RICHARD GLOVER.

RICHARD GLOVER (1712-1785), a London merchant, who sat several years in parliament as member for Weymouth, was distinguished in private life for his spirit and independence. He published two elaborate poems in blank verse, *Leonidas* and the *Athenaid*—the former bearing reference to the memorable defence of Thermopylæ, and the latter continuing the war between the Greeks and Persians. The length of these poems, their want of sustained interest, and lesser peculiarities not suited to the existing poetical taste, render them next to unknown in the present day. But there is smoothness and even vigour, a calm moral dignity and patriotic elevation in *Leonidas*, which might even yet find admirers. Thomson is said to have exclaimed, when he heard of the work of Glover: 'He write an epic poem, who never saw a mountain!' Yet Thomson himself, familiar as he was in his youth with mountain scenery, was tame and commonplace when he ventured on classic or epic subjects. *Leonidas* first appeared in 1737, and was hailed with acclamations by the Opposition or Prince of Wales's party, of which Glover was an active member. He was eloquent, intrepid, and of incorruptible integrity. In 1739, he published *London, or the Progress of Commerce*, a poem written to excite the national spirit against the Spaniards; in 1742, he appeared before the bar of the House of Commons, the chosen delegate of the London merchants, who complained of the neglect of their trade and interests. In 1744, he declined, as already mentioned, to join Mallet in writing a Life of the Duke of Marlborough, though his affairs had become somewhat embarrassed. A fortunate speculation in copper enabled him to retrieve his position, and in 1761 he was returned M.P. for Weymouth. He distinguished himself by his advocacy of the mercantile interests, and during his leisure enlarged his poem of *Leonidas*, from nine to twelve books (1770), and wrote as a sequel to it, the *Athenaid*, which was published after his death (in 1788). Two tragedies by Glover, *Boadicea* (1753), and *Medea* (1761), are but indifferent performances. His chief honour is that of having been an eloquent and patriotic city merchant, at the same time that he was eminent as a scholar and man of letters.

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* As this ballad resembles Goldsmith's *Edwin and Angelina*, it is but right to mention that Goldsmith had the priority. For the original story, see 'Gentle Heardsman' in Percy's *Reliques*.

### *Address of Leonidas.*

He alone
Remains unshaken. Rising, he displays
His godlike presence. Dignity and grace
Adorn his frame, and manly beauty, joined
With strength Herculean. On his aspect shines
Sublimest virtue and desire of fame,
Where justice gives the laurel; in his eye
The inextinguishable spark, which fires
The souls of patriots; while his brow supports
Undaunted valour, and contempt of death.
Serene he rose, and thus addressed the throng:
'Why this astonishment on every face,
Ye men of Sparta? Does the name of death
Create this fear and wonder? O my friends!
Why do we labour through the arduous paths
Which lead to virtue? Fruitless were the toil.
Above the reach of human feet were placed
The distant summit, if the fear of death
Could intercept our passage. But in vain
His blackest frowns and terrors he assumes
To shake the firmness of the mind which knows
That, wanting virtue, life is pain and woe;
That, wanting liberty, even virtue mourns,
And looks around for happiness in vain.
Then speak, O Sparta! and demand my life;
My heart, exulting, answers to thy call,
And smiles on glorious fate. To live with fame
The gods allow to many; but to die
With equal lustre is a blessing Heaven
Selects from all the choicest boons of fate,
And with a sparing hand on few bestows.'
Salvation thus to Sparta he proclaimed.
Joy, wrapt awhile in admiration, paused,
Suspending praise; nor praise at last resounds
In high acclaim to rend the arch of heaven;
A reverential murmur breathes applause.

The nature of the poem affords scope for interesting situations and descriptions of natural objects in a romantic country, which Glover occasionally avails himself of with good effect. There is great beauty and classic elegance in this sketch of the fountain at the dwelling of Oileus:

Beside the public way an oval fount
Of marble sparkled with a silver spray
Of falling rills, collected from above.
The army halted, and their hollow casques
Dipped in the limpid stream. Behind it rose
An edifice, composed of native roots,
And oaken trunks of knotted girth unwrought.
Within were beds of moss. Old battered arms
Hung from the roof. The curious chiefs approach.
These words, engraven on a tablet rude,
Megistias reads; the rest in silence hear:
'Yon marble fountain, by Oileus placed,
To thirsty lips in living water flows;
For weary steps he framed this cool retreat;
A grateful offering here to rural peace,
His dinted shield, his helmet he resigned.
O passenger! if born to noble deeds,
Thou wouldst obtain perpetual grace from Jove,
Devote thy vigour to heroic toils,
And thy decline to hospitable cares.
Rest here; then seek Oileus in his vale.'

In the *Athenaid* we have a continuation of the same classic story and landscape. The following is an exquisite description of a night-scene:

Silver Phœbe spreads
A light reposing on the quiet lake,
Save where the snowy rival of her hue,
The gliding swan, behind him leaves a trail
In luminous vibration. Lo! an isle
Swells on the surface. Marble structures there
New gloss of beauty borrow from the moon
To deck the shore. Now silence gently yields
To measured strokes of oars. The orange groves,
In rich profusion round the fertile verge,
Impart to fanning breezes fresh perfumes
Exhaustless, visiting the scene with sweets,
Which soften even Briareus; but the son
Of Gobryas, heavy with devouring care,
Uncharmed, unheeding sits.

The scene presented by the shores of Salamis on the morning of the battle is thus strikingly depicted. The poet gives no burst of enthusiasm to kindle up his page, and his versification retains most of its usual hardness and want of flow and cadence; yet the assemblage described is so vast and magnificent, and his enumeration is so varied, that the picture carries with it a host of spirit-stirring associations:

### *The Armies at Salamis.*

O sun! thou o'er Athenian towers,
The citadel and fanes in ruin huge,
Dost, rising now, illuminate a scene
More new, more wondrous to thy piercing eye
Than ever time disclosed. Phaleron's wave

Presents three thousand barks in pendants rich;
Spectators, clustering like Hymettian bees,
Hang on the burdened shrouds, the bending yards,
The reeling masts; the whole Crecropian strand,
Far as Eleusis, seat of mystic rites,
Is thronged with millions, male and female race,
Of Asia and of Libya, ranked on foot,
On horses, camels, cars. Ægaleos tall,
Half down his long declivity, where spreads
A mossy level, on a throne of gold,
Displays the king, environed by his court,
In oriental pomp; the hill behind
By warriors covered, like some trophy huge,
Ascends in varied arms and banners clad;
Below the monarch's feet the immortal guard,
Line under line, erect their gaudy spears;
The arrangement, shelving downward to the beach,
Is edged by chosen horse. With blazing steel
Of Attic arms encircled, from the deep
Psyttalia lifts her surface to the sight,
Like Ariadne's heaven-bespangling crown,
A wreath of stars; beyond in dread array,
The Grecian fleet, four hundred galleys, fill
The Salaminian Straits; barbarian prows
In two divisions point to either mouth;
Six hundred brazen beaks of tower-like ships,
Unwieldy bulks; the gently swelling soil
Of Salamis, rich island, bounds the view.
Along her silver-sanded verge arrayed,
The men-at-arms exalt their naval spears,
Of length terrific. All the tender sex,
Ranked by Timothea, from a green ascent,
Look down in beauteous order on their sires,
Their husbands, lovers, brothers, sons, prepared
To mount the rolling deck. The younger dames
In bridal robes are clad; the matrons sage,
In solemn raiment, worn on sacred days;
But white in vesture, like their maiden breasts,
Where Zephyr plays, uplifting with his breath
The loosely waving folds, a chosen line
Of Attic graces in the front is placed;
From each fair head the tresses fall, entwined
With newly gathered flowerets; chaplets gay
The snowy hand sustains; the native curls,
O'ershading half, augment their powerful charms;
While Venus, tempered by Minerva, fills
Their eyes with ardour, pointing every glance
To animate, not soften. From on high
Her large controlling orbs Timothea rolls,
Surpassing all in stature, not unlike
In majesty of shape the wife of Jove,
Presiding o'er the empyreal fair.

A popular vitality has been awarded to a ballad of Glover's, while his epics have sunk into oblivion:

### *Admiral Hosier's Ghost.*[*]

As near Portobello lying
On the gently swelling flood,
At midnight, with streamers flying,
Our triumphant navy rode;
There while Vernon sat all glorious
From the Spaniards' late defeat,
And his crews, with shouts victorious,
Drank success to England's fleet;

On a sudden, shrilly sounding,
Hideous yells and shrieks were heard;
Then, each heart with fear confounding,
A sad troop of ghosts appeared;
All in dreary hammocks shrouded,
Which for winding-sheets they wore,
And, with looks by sorrow clouded,
Frowning on that hostile shore.

On them gleamed the moon's wan lustre,
When the shade of Hosier brave
His pale bands was seen to muster,
Rising from their watery grave:
O'er the glimmering wave he hied him,
Where the Burford reared her sail,
With three thousand ghosts beside him,
And in groans did Vernon hail.

'Heed, oh heed our fatal story!
I am Hosier's injured ghost;
You who now have purchased glory
At this place where I was lost:
Though in Portobello's ruin,
You now triumph free from fears,
When you think on my undoing,
You will mix your joys with tears.

'See these mournful spectres sweeping
Ghastly o'er this hated wave,
Whose wan cheeks are stained with weeping;
These were English captains brave.
Mark those numbers, pale and horrid,
Who were once my sailors bold;
Lo! each hangs his drooping forehead,
While his dismal tale is told.

'I, by twenty sail attended,
Did this Spanish town affright;
Nothing then its wealth defended,
But my orders—not to fight!
Oh! that in this rolling ocean
I had cast them with disdain,
And obeyed my heart's warm motion,
To have quelled the pride of Spain!

'For resistance I could fear none;
But with twenty ships had done
What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
Hast achieved with six alone.
Then the Bastimentos never
Had our foul dishonour seen,
Nor the seas the sad receiver
Of this gallant train had been.

'Thus, like thee, proud Spain dismaying,
And her galleons leading home,
Though condemned for disobeying,
I had met a traitor's doom:
To have fallen, my country crying,
"He has played an English part,"
Had been better far than dying
Of a grieved and broken heart.

'Unrepining at thy glory,
Thy successful arms we hail;
But remember our sad story,
And let Hosier's wrongs prevail.
Sent in this foul clime to languish,
Think what thousands fell in vain,
Wasted with disease and anguish,
Not in glorious battle slain.

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[*] Written on the taking of Carthagena from the Spaniards, 1739. The case of Hosier, which is here so pathetically represented, was briefly this: In April 1726, that commander was sent with a strong fleet into the Spanish West Indies, to block up the galleons in the ports of that country; or, should they presume to come out, to seize and carry them into England. He accordingly arrived at the Bastimentos, near Portobello; but being restricted by his orders from obeying the dictates of his courage, lay inactive on that station until he became the jest of the Spaniards. He afterwards removed to Carthagena, and continued cruising in those seas until the far greater part of his men perished deplorably by the diseases of that unhealthy climate. This brave man, seeing his best officers and men thus daily swept away, his ship exposed to inevitable destruction, and himself made the sport of the enemy, is said to have died of a broken heart.—PERCY.

'Hence with all my train attending,
From their oozy tombs below,
Through the hoary foam ascending,
Here I feed my constant woe.
Here the Bastimentos viewing,
We recall our shameful doom,
And, our plaintive cries renewing,
Wander through the midnight gloom.

'O'er these waves for ever mourning
Shall we roam, deprived of rest,
If, to Britain's shores returning,
You neglect my just request;
After this proud foe subduing,
When your patriot friends you see,
Think on vengeance for my ruin,
And for England—shamed in me.'

## WILLIAM MASON.

WILLIAM MASON, the friend and literary executor of Gray, long survived the connection which did him so much honour, but he appeared early as a poet. He was the son of the Rev. Mr Mason, vicar of St Trinity, Yorkshire, where he was born in 1725. At Pembroke College, Cambridge, he became acquainted with Gray, who assisted him in obtaining his degree of M.A. His first literary production was a poem, entitled *Isis*, being an attack on the Jacobitism of Oxford, to which Thomas Warton replied in his *Triumph of Isis.* In 1753 appeared his tragedy of *Elfrida*, 'written,' says Southey, 'on an artificial model, and in a gorgeous diction, because he thought Shakspeare had precluded all hope of excellence in any other form of drama.' The model of Mason was the Greek drama, and he introduced into his play the classic accompaniment of the chorus. A second drama, *Caractacus*, is of a higher cast than *Elfrida:* more noble and spirited in language, and of more sustained dignity in scenes, situations, and character. Mason also wrote a series of odes on *Independence*, *Memory*, *Melancholy*, and the *Fall of Tyranny*, in which his gorgeousness of diction swells into extravagance and bombast. His greatest poetical work is his *English Garden*, a long descriptive poem in blank verse, extended over four books, which were published separately between 1772 and 1782. He wrote odes to the naval officers of Great Britain, to the Honourable William Pitt, and in commemoration of the Revolution of 1688. Mason, under the name of Malcolm Macgregor, published a lively satire, entitled *An Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers, Knight*, 1773. The taste for Chinese pagodas and Eastern bowers is happily ridiculed in this production, so different from the other poetical works of Mason. Gray having left Mason a legacy of £500, together with his books and manuscripts, the latter discharged the debt due to his friend's memory, by publishing, in 1775, the poems of Gray with memoirs of his life. As in his dramas Mason had made an innovation on the established taste of the times, he ventured, with greater success, to depart from the practice of English authors, in writing the life of Gray. Instead of presenting a continuous narrative, in which the biographer alone is visible, he incorporated the journals and letters of the poet in chronological order, thus making the subject of the memoir in some degree his own biographer. The plan was afterwards adopted by Boswell in his *Life of Johnson*, and has been sanctioned by subsequent usage, in all cases where the subject is of importance enough to demand copious information and minute personal details. The circumstances of Mason's life are soon related. After his career at college, he entered into orders, and was appointed one of the royal chaplains. He held the living of Ashton, and was precentor of York Cathedral. When politics ran high, he took an active part on the side of the Whigs, but was respected by all parties. He died in 1797.

Mason's poetry cannot be said to be popular, even with poetical readers. His greatest want is simplicity, yet at times his rich diction has a fine effect. In his *English Garden*, though verbose and languid as a whole, there are some exquisite images. Gray quotes the following lines in one of Mason's odes as 'superlative:'

While through the west, where sinks the crimson day,
Meek twilight slowly sails, and waves her banners gray.

### *Apostrophe to England—From the 'English Garden.'*

In thy fair domain,
Yes, my loved Albion! many a glade is found,
The haunt of wood-gods only, where if Art
E'er dared to tread, 'twas with unsandalled foot,
Printless, as if the place were holy ground.
And there are scenes where, though she whilome trod,
Led by the worst of guides, fell Tyranny,
And ruthless Superstition, we now trace
Her footsteps with delight, and pleased revere
What once had roused our hatred. But to Time,
Not her, the praise is due: his gradual touch
Has mouldered into beauty many a tower
Which, when it frowned with all its battlements,
Was only terrible; and many a fane
Monastic, which, when decked with all its spires,
Served but to feed some pampered abbot's pride,
And awe the unlettered vulgar.

### *Mount Snowdon.—From 'Caractacus.'*

Mona on Snowdon calls:
Hear, thou king of mountains, hear;
Hark, she speaks from all her strings:
Hark, her loudest echo rings;
King of mountains, bend thine ear:
Send thy spirits, send them soon,
Now, when midnight and the moon
Meet upon thy front of snow;
See, their gold and ebon rod,
Where the sober sisters nod,
And greet in whispers sage and slow.
Snowdon, mark! 'tis magic's hour,
Now the muttered spell hath power;
Power to rend thy ribs of rock,
And burst thy base with thunder's shock:
But to thee no ruder spell
Shall Mona use, than those that dwell
In music's secret cells, and lie
Steeped in the stream of harmony.
Snowdon has heard the strain:
Hark, amid the wondering grove
Other harpings answer clear,
Other voices meet our ear,
Pinions flutter, shadows move,
Busy murmurs hum around,
Rustling vestments brush the ground;
Round and round, and round they go,
Through the twilight, through the shade,
Mount the oak's majestic head,
And gild the tufted misletoe.
Cease, ye glittering race of light,
Close your wings, and check your flight;

Here, arranged in order due;
Spread your robes of saffron hue;
For lo! with more than mortal fire,
Mighty Mador smites the lyre:
Hark, he sweeps the master-strings!

### *Epitaph on Mrs Mason, in the Cathedral of Bristol.*

Take, holy earth! all that my soul holds dear:
Take that best gift which Heaven so lately gave:
To Bristol's fount I bore with trembling care
Her faded form; she bowed to taste the wave,
And died! Does youth, does beauty, read the line?
Does sympathetic fear their breasts alarm?
Speak, dead Maria! breathe a strain divine;
Even from the grave thou shalt have power to charm.
Bid them be chaste, be innocent, like thee;
Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move;
And if so fair, from vanity as free;
As firm in friendship, and as fond in love.
Tell them, though 'tis an awful thing to die
('Twas even to thee), yet the dread path once trod,
Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high,
And bids 'the pure in heart behold their God.'

## FRANCIS FAWKES.

FRANCIS FAWKES (1721–1777) translated Anacreon, Sappho, Bion, and other classic poets, and wrote some pleasing original verses. He was a clergyman, and died vicar of Hayes, in Kent. Fawkes enjoyed the friendship of Johnson and Warton; but, however classic in his tastes and studies, he seems to have relished a cup of English ale. The following song is still, and will always be, a favourite:

### *The Brown Jug.*

Dear Tom, this brown jug that now foams with mild ale—
In which I will drink to sweet Nan of the vale—
Was once Toby Fillpot, a thirsty old soul,
As e'er drank a bottle, or fathomed a bowl;
In bousing about 'twas his praise to excel,
And among jolly topers he bore off the bell.

It chanced as in dog-days he sat at his ease,
In his flower-woven arbour, as gay as you please,
With a friend and a pipe puffing sorrows away,
And with honest old stingo was soaking his clay,
His breath-doors of life on a sudden were shut,
And he died full as big as a Dorchester butt.

His body when long in the ground it had lain,
And time into clay had resolved it again,
A potter found out in its covert so snug,
And with part of fat Toby he formed this brown jug;
Now sacred to friendship, and mirth, and mild ale,
So here 's to my lovely sweet Nan of the vale!

Johnson acknowledged that 'Frank Fawkes had done the Odes of Anacreon very finely.'

## JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

JOHN CUNNINGHAM (1729–1773), the son of a wine-cooper in Dublin, was an actor, and performed several years in Digges's company, Edinburgh. In his latter years he sunk into careless, dissipated habits, and resided in Newcastle-on-Tyne, in the house of a 'generous printer,' whose hospitality for some time supported the poet. Cunningham's pieces are full of pastoral simplicity and lyrical melody. He aimed at nothing high, and seldom failed.

### *Song—May-eve, or Kate of Aberdeen.*

The silver moon's enamoured beam
Steals softly through the night,
To wanton with the winding stream,
And kiss reflected light.
To beds of state go, balmy sleep—
'Tis where you 've seldom been—
May's vigil while the shepherds keep
With Kate of Aberdeen.

Upon the green the virgins wait,
In rosy chaplets gay,
Till morn unbars her golden gate,
And gives the promised May.
Methinks I hear the maids declare
The promised May, when seen,
Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
As Kate of Aberdeen.

Strike up the tabor's boldest notes,
We 'll rouse the nodding grove;
The nested birds shall raise their throats,
And hail the maid I love.
And see—the matin lark mistakes,
He quits the tufted green:
Fond bird! 'tis not the morning breaks,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now lightsome o'er the level mead,
Where midnight fairies rove,
Like them the jocund dance we 'll lead,
Or tune the reed to love:
For see, the rosy May draws nigh;
She claims a virgin queen;
And hark! the happy shepherds cry:
''Tis Kate of Aberdeen.'

### *Content, a Pastoral.*

O'er moorlands and mountains, rude, barren, and bare,
As wildered and wearied I roam,
A gentle young shepherdess sees my despair,
And leads me o'er lawns to her home.
Yellow sheaves from rich Ceres her cottage had crowned,
Green rushes were strewed on her floor,
Her casement sweet woodbines crept wantonly round,
And decked the sod seats at her door.

We sat ourselves down to a cooling repast,
Fresh fruits, and she culled me the best;
While thrown from my guard by some glances she cast,
Love slily stole into my breast!
I told my soft wishes; she sweetly replied—
Ye virgins, her voice was divine!—
'I 've rich ones rejected, and great ones denied,
But take me fond shepherd—I 'm thine.'

Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek,
So simple, yet sweet, were her charms!
I kissed the ripe roses that glowed on her cheek,
And locked the loved maid in my arms.
Now jocund together we tend a few sheep,
And if, by yon prattler, the stream,
Reclined on her bosom, I sink into sleep,
Her image still softens my dream.

Together we range o'er the slow-rising hills,
Delighted with pastoral views,
Or rest on the rock whence the streamlet distils,
And point out new themes for my muse.

To pomp or proud titles she ne'er did aspire,
The damsel's of humble descent;
The cottager Peace is well known for her sire,
And shepherds have named her Content.

## DR JOHN LANGHORNE.

Dr John Langhorne (1735–1779) was born at Kirkby Steven, in Westmoreland, and held the curacy and lectureship of St John's, Clerkenwell, in London. He afterwards obtained a prebend's stall in Wells Cathedral, and was much admired as a preacher. Langhorne wrote various prose works, the most successful of which was his *Letters of Theodosius and Constantia;* and in conjunction with his brother, he published a translation of Plutarch's Lives, which still maintains its ground. His poetical works were chiefly slight effusions, dictated by the passion or impulse of the moment; but he made an abortive attempt to repel the coarse satire of Churchill, and to walk in the magic circle of the drama. His ballad, *Owen of Carron*, founded on the old Scottish tale of Gil Morrice, is smoothly versified, but in poetical merit is inferior to the original. The only poem of Langhorne's which has a cast of originality is his *Country Justice.* Here he seems to have anticipated Crabbe in painting the rural life of England in true colours. His picture of the gipsies, and his sketches of venal clerks and rapacious overseers, are genuine likenesses. He has not the raciness or the distinctness of Crabbe, but is equally faithful, and as sincerely a friend to humanity. He pleads warmly for the poor vagrant tribe:

Still mark if vice or nature prompts the deed;
Still mark the strong temptation and the need:
On pressing want, on famine's powerful call,
At least more lenient let thy justice fall.
For him who, lost to every hope of life,
Has long with Fortune held unequal strife,
Known to no human love, no human care,
The friendless, homeless object of despair;
For the poor vagrant feel, while he complains,
Nor from sad freedom send to sadder chains.
Alike if folly or misfortune brought
Those last of woes his evil days have wrought;
Believe with social mercy and with me,
Folly's misfortune in the first degree.
Perhaps on some inhospitable shore
The houseless wretch a widowed parent bore;
Who then, no more by golden prospects led,
Of the poor Indian begged a leafy bed.
Cold on Canadian hills or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that parent mourned her soldier slain;
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolved in dew,
The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,
Gave the sad presage of his future years,
The child of misery, baptised in tears.

This allusion to the dead soldier and his widow on the field of battle was made the subject of a print by Bunbury, under which were engraved the pathetic lines of Langhorne. Sir Walter Scott has mentioned, that the only time he saw Burns, the Scottish poet, a copy of this picture was in the room. Burns shed tears over it; and Scott, then a lad of fifteen, told him where the lines were to be found. The passage is beautiful in itself, but this incident will embalm and preserve it for ever.*

### *Appeal to Country Justices in behalf of the Rural Poor.*

Let age no longer toil with feeble strife,
Worn by long service in the war of life;
Nor leave the head, that time hath whitened, bare
To the rude insults of the searching air;
Nor bid the knee, by labour hardened, bend,
O thou, the poor man's hope, the poor man's friend!
If, when from heaven severer seasons fall,
Fled from the frozen roof and mouldering wall,
Each face the picture of a winter day,
More strong than Teniers' pencil could portray;
If then to thee resort the shivering train,
Of cruel days, and cruel man complain,
Say to thy heart—remembering him who said—
'These people come from far, and have no bread.'
Nor leave thy venal clerk empowered to hear;
The voice of want is sacred to thy ear.
He where no fees his sordid pen invite,
Sports with their tears, too indolent to write;
Like the fed monkey in the fable, vain
To hear more helpless animals complain.
But chief thy notice shall one monster claim;
A monster furnished with a human frame—
The parish-officer!—though verse disdain
Terms that deform the splendour of the strain,
It stoops to bid thee bend the brow severe
On the sly, pilfering, cruel overseer;
The shuffling farmer, faithful to no trust,
Ruthless as rocks, insatiate as the dust!
When the poor hind, with length of years decayed,
Leans feebly on his once-subduing spade,
Forgot the service of his abler days,
His profitable toil, and honest praise,
Shall this low wretch abridge his scanty bread,
This slave, whose board his former labours spread?
When harvest's burning suns and sickening air
From labour's unbraced hand the grasped hook tear,
Where shall the helpless family be fed,
That vainly languish for a father's bread?
See the pale mother, sunk with grief and care,
To the proud farmer fearfully repair;
Soon to be sent with insolence away,
Referred to vestries, and a distant day!
Referred—to perish! Is my verse severe?
Unfriendly to the human character?
Ah! to this sigh of sad experience trust:
The truth is rigid, but the tale is just.
If in thy courts this caitiff wretch appear,
Think not that patience were a virtue here.
His low-born pride with honest rage control;
Smite his hard heart, and shake his reptile soul.
But, hapless! oft through fear of future woe,
And certain vengeance of the insulting foe;
Oft, ere to thee the poor prefer their prayer,
The last extremes of penury they bear.
Wouldst thou then raise thy patriot office higher?
To something more than magistrate aspire!
And, left each poorer, pettier chase behind,
Step nobly forth, the friend of humankind!
The game I start courageously pursue!
Adieu to fear! to insolence adieu!
And first we 'll range this mountain's stormy side,
Where the rude winds the shepherd's roof deride,
As meet no more the wintry blast to bear,
And all the wild hostilities of air.
That roof have I remembered many a year;
It once gave refuge to a hunted deer—

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* The incident took place in the house of Dr Adam Ferguson. The print seen by Burns is now in the Chambers Institution, Peebles, having been presented to the late Dr Robert Chambers by Sir Adam Ferguson, son of the historian, and transferred by Dr R. Chambers to his brother Dr W. Chambers, for preservation in the Institution. The print is glazed in a black frame. The name of 'Langhorne,' though in very small characters, is engraved on the print, and this had drawn the attention of Scott (who even at the age of fifteen was a great reader) to the poem in which the lines occur.

Here, in those days, we found an aged pair;
But time untenants—ha! what seest thou there?
'Horror!—by Heaven, extended on a bed
Of naked fern, two human creatures dead!
Embracing as alive!—ah, no!—no life!
Cold, breathless!'
'Tis the shepherd and his wife.
I knew the scene, and brought thee to behold
What speaks more strongly than the story told—
They died through want.
'By every power I swear,
If the wretch treads the earth, or breathes the air,
Through whose default of duty, or design,
These victims fell, he dies.'
They fell by thine.
'Infernal! Mine!—by'——
Swear on no pretence:
A swearing justice wants both grace and sense.

### *The Dead.*

Of them, who wrapt in earth are cold,
No more the smiling day shall view,
Should many a tender tale be told,
For many a tender thought is due.

Why else the o'ergrown paths of time,
Would thus the lettered sage explore,
With pain these crumbling ruins climb,
And on the doubtful sculpture pore?

Why seeks he with unwearied toil,
Through Death's dim walks to urge his way,
Reclaim his long-asserted spoil,
And lead Oblivion into day?

'Tis nature prompts by toil or fear,
Unmoved to range through Death's domain;
The tender parent loves to hear
Her children's story told again!

### *A Farewell Hymn to the Valley of Irwan.*

Farewell, the fields of Irwan's vale,
My infant years where Fancy led,
And soothed me with the western gale,
Her wild dreams waving round my head,
While the blithe blackbird told his tale.
Farewell, the fields of Irwan's vale!

The primrose on the valley's side,
The green thyme on the mountain's head,
The wanton rose, the daisy pied,
The wilding's blossom blushing red;
No longer I their sweets inhale.
Farewell, the fields of Irwan's vale!

How oft, within yon vacant shade,
Has evening closed my careless eye!
How oft, along those banks I've strayed,
And watched the wave that wandered by;
Full long their loss shall I bewail.
Farewell, the fields of Irwan's vale!

Yet still, within yon vacant grove,
To mark the close of parting day;
Along yon flowery banks to rove,
And watch the wave that winds away;
Fair Fancy sure shall never fail,
Though far from these and Irwan's vale.

## JOHN SCOTT.

JOHN SCOTT (1730–1783) was our only Quaker poet till Bernard Barton graced the order with a sprig of laurel. Scott was the son of a draper in London, who retired to Amwell, in Hertfordshire, and here the poet spent his days, improving his garden and grounds, and writing moral and descriptive poems, elegies, eclogues, epistles, &c. Scott 'fondly hoped to immortalise his native village,' on which he wrote a poem, *Amwell*, 1776; but of all his works only the subjoined lines are remembered. This little piece seems to have been dictated by real feeling, as well as Quaker principle:

### *Ode on Hearing the Drum.*

I hate that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round:
To thoughtless youth it pleasure yields,
And lures from cities and from fields,
To sell their liberty for charms
Of tawdry lace, and glittering arms;
And when Ambition's voice commands,
To march, and fight, and fall in foreign lands.

I hate that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round:
To me it talks of ravaged plains,
And burning towns, and ruined swains,
And mangled limbs, and dying groans,
And widows' tears, and orphans' moans;
And all that misery's hand bestows
To fill the catalogue of human woes.

## MICHAEL BRUCE.

MICHAEL BRUCE was born at Kinnesswood, parish of Portmoak, county of Kinross, on the 27th of March 1746. His father was a humble tradesman, a weaver. The dreariest poverty and obscurity hung over the poet's infancy, but the elder Bruce was a good and pious man, and trained his children to a knowledge of their letters, and a deep sense of religious duty. In the summer months, Michael was put out to herd cattle. His education was retarded by this employment; but his training as a poet was benefited by solitary communion with nature, amidst scenery that overlooked Lochleven and its fine old ruined castle. When he had arrived at his fifteenth year, the poet was judged fit for college, and at this time a relation of his father died, leaving him a legacy of 200 merks Scots, or £11, 2s. 2d. sterling. This sum the old man piously devoted to the education of his favourite son, who proceeded with it to Edinburgh, and was enrolled a student of the university. Michael was soon distinguished for his proficiency, and for his taste for poetry. Having been three sessions at college, supported by his parents and some kind friends and neighbours, Bruce engaged to teach a school at Gairney Bridge, where he received for his labours about £11 per annum! He afterwards removed to Forest Hill, near Alloa, where he taught for some time with no better success. His school-room was low-roofed and damp, and the poor youth, confined for five or six hours a day in this unwholesome atmosphere, depressed by poverty and disappointment, soon lost health and spirits. He wrote his poem of *Lochleven* at Forest Hill, but was at length forced to return to his father's cottage, which he never again left. A pulmonary complaint had settled on him, and he was in the last stage of consumption. With death full in his view, he wrote his *Elegy*, the finest of all his productions. He was pious and cheerful to the last, and died on the 5th of July 1767, aged twenty-one years and three months. His Bible was found upon his pillow, marked down at Jer. xxii. 10: 'Weep ye not for the dead, neither bemoan him.' So blameless a life could not indeed be contemplated without pleasure, but its premature termination must have been a heavy blow to his aged parents, who had struggled in their poverty to nurture his youthful genius.

The poems of Bruce were first given to the world by his college-friend John Logan, in 1770, who warmly eulogised the character and talents of his brother-poet. They were reprinted in 1784, and afterwards included in Anderson's edition of the poets. The late venerable and benevolent Principal Baird, in 1807, published an edition by subscription for the benefit of Bruce's mother, then a widow. In 1837, a complete edition of the poems was brought out, with a life of the author from original sources, by the Rev. William Mackelvie, Balgedie, Kinross-shire. The pieces left by Bruce have all the marks of youth; a style only half formed and immature, and resemblances to other poets so close and frequent, that the reader is constantly stumbling on some familiar image or expression. In *Lochleven*, a descriptive poem in blank verse, he has taken Thomson as his model. The opening is a paraphrase of the commencement of Thomson's *Spring*, and epithets taken from the *Seasons* occur throughout the whole poem, with traces of Milton, Ossian, &c.

*The Last Day* is another poem by Bruce in blank verse, but is inferior to *Lochleven*. In poetical beauty and energy, as in biographical interest, his latest effort, the *Elegy*, must ever rank the first in his productions. With many weak lines and borrowed ideas, this poem impresses the reader, and leaves him to wonder at the fortitude of the youth, who, in strains of such sensibility and genius, could describe the cheerful appearances of nature, and the certainty of his own speedy dissolution.

### *Elegy—Written in Spring.*

'Tis past: the iron North has spent his rage;
  Stern Winter now resigns the lengthening day;
The stormy howlings of the winds assuage,
  And warm o'er ether western breezes play.

Of genial heat and cheerful light the source,
  From southern climes, beneath another sky,
The sun, returning, wheels his golden course:
  Before his beams all noxious vapours fly.

Far to the north grim Winter draws his train,
  To his own clime, to Zembla's frozen shore;
Where, throned on ice, he holds eternal reign;
  Where whirlwinds madden, and where tempests roar.

Loosed from the bands of frost, the verdant ground
  Again puts on her robe of cheerful green,
Again puts forth her flowers; and all around
  Smiling, the cheerful face of spring is seen.

Behold! the trees new deck their withered boughs;
  Their ample leaves, the hospitable plane,
The taper elm, and lofty ash disclose;
  The blooming hawthorn variegates the scene.

The lily of the vale, of flowers the queen,
  Puts on the robe she neither sewed nor spun;
The birds on ground, or on the branches green,
  Hop to and fro, and glitter in the sun.

Soon as o'er eastern hills the morning peers,
  From her low nest the tufted lark upsprings;
And, cheerful singing, up the air she steers;
  Still high she mounts, still loud and sweet she sings.

On the green furze, clothed o'er with golden blooms
  That fill the air with fragrance all around,
The linnet sits, and tricks his glossy plumes,
  While o'er the wild his broken notes resound.

While the sun journeys down the western sky,
  Along the greensward, marked with Roman mound,
Beneath the blithsome shepherd's watchful eye,
  The cheerful lambkins dance and frisk around.

Now is the time for those who wisdom love,
  Who love to walk in Virtue's flowery road,
Along the lovely paths of spring to rove,
  And follow Nature up to Nature's God.

Thus Zoroaster studied Nature's laws;
  Thus Socrates, the wisest of mankind;
Thus heaven-taught Plato traced the Almighty cause,
  And left the wondering multitude behind.

Thus Ashley gathered academic bays;
  Thus gentle Thomson, as the seasons roll,
Taught them to sing the great Creator's praise,
  And bear their poet's name from pole to pole.

Thus have I walked along the dewy lawn;
  My frequent foot the blooming wild hath worn;
Before the lark I've sung the beauteous dawn,
  And gathered health from all the gales of morn.

And, even when winter chilled the aged year,
  I wandered lonely o'er the hoary plain:
Though frosty Boreas warned me to forbear,
  Boreas, with all his tempests, warned in vain.

Then, sleep my nights, and quiet blessed my days;
  I feared no loss, my mind was all my store;
No anxious wishes e'er disturbed my ease;
  Heaven gave content and health—I asked no more.

Now, spring returns: but not to me returns
  The vernal joy my better years have known;
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,
  And all the joys of life with health are flown.

Starting and shivering in the inconstant wind,
  Meagre and pale, the ghost of what I was,
Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclined,
  And count the silent moments as they pass:

The wingèd moments, whose unstaying speed
  No art can stop, or in their course arrest;
Whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead,
  And lay me down in peace with them at rest.

Oft morning dreams presage approaching fate;
  And morning dreams, as poets tell, are true.
Led by pale ghosts, I enter Death's dark gate,
  And bid the realms of light and life adieu.

I hear the helpless wail, the shriek of woe;
  I see the muddy wave, the dreary shore,
The sluggish streams that slowly creep below,
  Which mortals visit, and return no more.

Farewell, ye blooming fields! ye cheerful plains!
  Enough for me the churchyard's lonely mound,
Where melancholy with still silence reigns,
  And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless ground.

There let me wander at the shut of eve,
  When sleep sits dewy on the labourer's eyes:
The world and all its busy follies leave,
  And talk with Wisdom where my Daphnis lies.

There let me sleep, forgotten in the clay,
  When death shall shut these weary aching eyes;
Rest in the hopes of an eternal day,
  Till the long night is gone, and the last morn arise.

## JOHN LOGAN.

Mr D'Israeli, in his *Calamities of Authors*, has included the name of JOHN LOGAN as one of those unfortunate men of genius whose life has been marked by disappointment and misfortune. He had undoubtedly formed to himself a high standard of literary excellence and ambition, to which he never attained; but there is no evidence to warrant the assertion that Logan died of a broken heart. He died of consumption at the age of forty, leaving a sum of £200. Logan was born at Soutra, in the parish of Fala, Mid-Lothian, in 1748. His father, a small farmer, educated him for the church, and, after he had obtained a license to preach, he distinguished himself so much by his pulpit eloquence, that he was appointed one of the ministers of South Leith. He held this charge from 1773 till December 1786. He read a course of lectures on the *Philosophy of History* in Edinburgh, the substance of which he published in 1781; and next year he gave to the public one of his lectures entire on the *Government of Asia*. The same year he published his poems; and in 1783 he produced a tragedy called *Runnimede*, founded on the signing of Magna Charta. His parishioners were opposed to such an exercise of his talents, and unfortunately Logan had lapsed into irregular and dissipated habits. The consequence was, that he resigned his charge on receiving a small annuity, and proceeded to London, where he resided till his death in December 1788. During his residence in London, Logan was a contributor to the *English Review*, and wrote a pamphlet on the *Charges against Warren Hastings*—an eloquent defence of the accused, and attack on his accusers—which led to the trial of Stockdale the publisher, and to one of the most memorable of Erskine's speeches. Among Logan's manuscripts were found several unfinished tragedies, thirty lectures on Roman history, portions of a periodical work, and a collection of sermons, from which two volumes were selected and published by his executors. The sermons are warm and passionate, full of piety and fervour.

One act in the literary life of Logan we have already adverted to—his publication of the poems of Michael Bruce. His conduct as an editor cannot be justified. He left out several pieces by Bruce, and, as he states in his preface: 'To make up a miscellany, poems wrote by different authors are inserted.' The best of these he claimed, and published afterwards as his own. Certain relations and friends of Bruce, indignant at his conduct, have since endeavoured to snatch this laurel from his brows. With respect to the most valuable piece in the collection, the ode *To the Cuckoo*—'magical stanzas,' says D'Israeli, and all will echo the praise, 'of picture, melody, and sentiment,' and which Burke admired so much that on visiting Edinburgh, he sought out Logan to compliment him—with respect to this beautiful effusion of fancy and feeling, the evidence seems to be as follows: In favour of Logan, there is the open publication of the ode under his own name in 1781; the fact of his having shewn it in manuscript to several friends before its publication, and declared it to be his composition; and that, during his life, his claim to be the author was not disputed. In republishing the Ode, Logan made some corrections, such as an author was likely to make in a piece written by himself eleven or twelve years before. In 1873, Mr David Laing, in a tract on the authorship of this ode, established Logan's claim beyond all dispute—one of the many services to Scottish literature, which Mr Laing during a long life has rendered. Apart from the ode *To the Cuckoo*, the best of Logan's productions are his verses on a *Visit to the Country in Autumn*, his half-dramatic poem of *The Lovers*, and his ballad stanzas on the *Braes of Yarrow*. A vein of tenderness and moral sentiment runs through the whole, and his language is select and poetical. In some lines *On the Death of a Young Lady*, we have the following true and touching exclamation:

What tragic tears bedew the eye!
What deaths we suffer ere we die!
Our broken friendships we deplore,
And loves of youth that are no more!
No after-friendships e'er can raise
The endearments of our early days,
And ne'er the heart such fondness prove,
As when it first began to love.

### *To the Cuckoo.*

Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove!
  Thou messenger of Spring!
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
  And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
  Thy certain voice we hear;
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
  Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
  I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
  From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy, wandering through the wood
  To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, the new voice of spring to hear,*
  And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
  Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
  Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
  Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
  No Winter in thy year!

Oh, could I fly, I 'd fly with thee!
  We 'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
  Companions of the Spring.

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* This line originally stood:
'Starts thy curious voice to hear,'
which was probably altered by Logan as defective in quantity. 'Curious may be a Scotticism, but it is felicitous. It marks the unusual resemblance of the note of the cuckoo to the human voice, the cause of the *start* and *imitation* which follow. Whereas the "new voice of spring" is not true; for many voices in spring precede that of the cuckoo, and it is not peculiar or striking, nor does it connect either with the *start* or *imitation*.'—*Note by Lord Mackenzie* (*son of the 'Man of Feeling'*) *in Bruce's Poems by Rev. W. Mackelvie.*

### *Complaint of Nature.*

'Few are thy days, and full of woe,
O man, of woman born!
Thy doom is written, "Dust thou art,
And shalt to dust return."

'Determined are the days that fly
Successive o'er thy head;
The numbered hour is on the wing
That lays thee with the dead.

'Alas! the little day of life
Is shorter than a span;
Yet black with thousand hidden ills
To miserable man.

'Gay is thy morning, flattering hope
Thy sprightly step attends;
But soon the tempest howls behind,
And the dark night descends.

'Before its splendid hour the cloud
Comes o'er the beam of light;
A pilgrim in a weary land,
Man tarries but a night.

'Behold! sad emblem of thy state,
The flowers that paint the field;
Or trees that crown the mountain's brow,
And boughs and blossoms yield.

'When chill the blast of Winter blows,
Away the Summer flies,
The flowers resign their sunny robes,
And all their beauty dies.

'Nipt by the year the forest fades;
And, shaking to the wind,
The leaves toss to and fro, and streak
The wilderness behind.

'The Winter past, reviving flowers
Anew shall paint the plain,
The woods shall hear the voice of Spring,
And flourish green again.

'But man departs this earthly scene,
Ah! never to return!
No second Spring shall e'er revive
The ashes of the urn.

'The inexorable doors of death,
What hand can e'er unfold?
Who from the cerements of the tomb
Can raise the human mould?

'The mighty flood that rolls along
Its torrents to the main,
The waters lost can ne'er recall
From that abyss again.

'The days, the years, the ages, dark
Descending down to night,
Can never, never be redeemed
Back to the gates of light.

'So man departs the living scene,
To night's perpetual gloom;
The voice of morning ne'er shall break
The slumbers of the tomb.

'Where are our fathers? Whither gone
The mighty men of old?
The patriarchs, prophets, princes, kings,
In sacred books enrolled?

'Gone to the resting-place of man,
The everlasting home,
Where ages past have gone before,
Where future ages come.'

Thus nature poured the wail of woe,
And urged her earnest cry;
Her voice, in agony extreme,
Ascended to the sky.

The Almighty heard: then from his throne
In majesty he rose;
And from the heaven, that opened wide,
His voice in mercy flows:

'When mortal man resigns his breath,
And falls a clod of clay,
The soul immortal wings its flight
To never-setting day.

'Prepared of old for wicked men
The bed of torment lies;
The just shall enter into bliss
Immortal in the skies.'

The above hymn has been claimed for Michael Bruce by Mr Mackelvie, his biographer, on the faith of 'internal evidence,' because two of the stanzas resemble a fragment in the handwriting of Bruce. We subjoin the stanzas and the fragment:

When chill the blast of Winter blows,
Away the Summer flies,
The flowers resign their sunny robes,
And all their beauty dies.

Nipt by the year the forest fades;
And, shaking to the wind,
The leaves toss to and fro, and streak
The wilderness behind.

'The hoar-frost glitters on the ground, the frequent leaf falls from the wood, and tosses to and fro down on the wind. The summer is gone with all his flowers; summer, the season of the muses; yet not the more cease I to wander where the muses haunt near spring or shadowy grove, or sunny hill. It was on a calm morning, while yet the darkness strove with the doubtful twilight, I rose and walked out under the opening eyelids of the morn.'

If the originality of a poet is to be questioned on the ground of such resemblances as the above, what modern is safe? The images in both pieces are common to all descriptive poets. Bruce's Ossianic fragment is patched with expressions from Milton, which are neither marked as quotations nor printed as poetry. The reader will easily recollect the following:

Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt
Clear spring or shady grove, or sunny hill.
*Par. Lost*, Book iii.

Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
We drove afield.
*Lycidas.*

## WILLIAM WHITEHEAD.

WILLIAM WHITEHEAD (1715-1785) succeeded to the office of poet-laureate, after it had been refused by Gray. He was the son of a baker in Cambridge, and distinguished himself at Winchester School, on leaving which he obtained a scholarship at Clare Hall, in the university of his native town. He was afterwards tutor to the son of the Earl of Jersey. Whitehead had a taste for the drama, and wrote the *Roman Father*, and *Creusa*, two indifferent plays. After he had received his appointment as laureate, he was attacked by Churchill, and a host of inferior satirists, but he wisely made no reply. In the family of Lord Jersey he enjoyed comfort and happiness, till death, at seventy, put a period to his inoffensive life.

### *Variety.*

This easy and playful poem opens with the description of a rural pair of easy fortune, who live much apart from society.

Two smiling springs had waked the flowers
That paint the meads, or fringe the bowers—
Ye lovers, lend your wondering ears,
Who count by months, and not by years—
Two smiling springs had chaplets wove
To crown their solitude, and love:
When, lo! they find, they can't tell how,
Their walks are not so pleasant now.
The seasons sure were changed; the place
Had, somehow, got a different face,
Some blast had struck the cheerful scene;
The lawns, the woods were not so green.
The purling rill, which murmured by,
And once was liquid harmony,
Became a sluggish, reedy pool;
The days grew hot, the evenings cool.
The moon, with all the starry reign,
Were melancholy's silent train.
And then the tedious winter-night—
They could not read by candle-light.
Full oft, unknowing why they did,
They called in adventitious aid.
A faithful favourite dog—'twas thus
With Tobit and Telemachus—
Amused their steps; and for a while
They viewed his gambols with a smile.
The kitten, too, was comical,
She played so oddly with her tail,
Or in the glass was pleased to find
Another cat, and peeped behind.
A courteous neighbour at the door,
Was deemed intrusive noise no more.
For rural visits, now and then,
Are right, as men must live with men.
Then cousin Jenny, fresh from town,
A new recruit, a dear delight!
Made many a heavy hour go down,
At morn, at noon, at eve, at night:
Sure they could hear her jokes for ever,
She was so sprightly and so clever!
Yet neighbours were not quite the thing—
What joy, alas! could converse bring
With awkward creatures bred at home—
The dog grew dull, or troublesome,
The cat had spoiled the kitten's merit,
And, with her youth, had lost her spirit.
And jokes repeated o'er and o'er,
Had quite exhausted Jenny's store.
—'And then, my dear, I can't abide
This always sauntering side by side.'
'Enough,' he cries; 'the reason 's plain:
For causes never rack your brain.
Our neighbours are like other folks;
Skip's playful tricks, and Jenny's jokes,
Are still delightful, still would please,
Were we, my dear, ourselves at ease.
Look round, with an impartial eye,
On yonder fields, on yonder sky;
The azure cope, the flowers below,
With all their wonted colours glow;
The rill still murmurs; and the moon
Shines, as she did, a softer sun.
No change has made the seasons fail,
No comet brushed us with his tail.
The scene 's the same, the same the weather—
*We live, my dear, too much together.*'
Agreed. A rich old uncle dies,
And added wealth the means supplies.
With eager haste to town they flew,
Where all must please, for all was new. . .
Advanced to fashion's wavering head,
They now, where once they followed, led;
Devised new systems of delight,
Abed all day, and up all night,
In different circles reigned supreme;
Wives copied her, and husbands him;
Till so *divinely* life ran on,
So separate, so quite *bon-ton*,
That, meeting in a public place,
They scarcely knew each other's face.
At last they met, by his desire,
A *tête-à-tête* across the fire;
Looked in each other's face a while,
With half a tear, and half a smile.
The ruddy health, which wont to grace
With manly glow his rural face,
Now scarce retained its faintest streak,
So sallow was his leathern cheek.
She, lank and pale, and hollow-eyed,
With rouge had striven in vain to hide
What once was beauty, and repair
The rapine of the midnight air.
Silence is eloquence, 'tis said.
Both wished to speak, both hung the head.
At length it burst. '"Tis time,' he cries,
'When tired of folly, to be wise.
Are you, too, tired?'—then checked a groan.
She wept consent, and he went on:
'True to the bias of our kind,
'Tis happiness we wish to find.
In rural scenes retired we sought
In vain the dear, delicious draught,
Though blest with love's indulgent store,
We found we wanted something more.
'Twas company, 'twas friends to share
The bliss we languished to declare;
'Twas social converse, change of scene,
To soothe the sullen hour of spleen;
Short absences to wake desire,
And sweet regrets to fan the fire.
'We left the lonesome place, and found,
In dissipation's giddy round,
A thousand novelties to wake
The springs of life, and not to break.
As, from the nest not wandering far,
In light excursions through the air,
The feathered tenants of the grove
Around in mazy circles move,
Sip the cool springs that murmuring flow,
Or taste the blossom on the bough;
We sported freely with the rest;
And still, returning to the nest,
In easy mirth we chatted o'er
The trifles of the day before.
'Behold us now, dissolving quite
In the full ocean of delight;
In pleasures every hour employ,
Immersed in all the world calls joy;
Our affluence easing the expense
Of splendour and magnificence;
Our company, the exalted set
Of all that 's gay, and all that 's great:
Nor happy yet! and where 's the wonder!
*We live, my dear, too much asunder!*'
The moral of my tale is this:
Variety 's the soul of bliss;

But such variety alone
As makes our home the more our own.
As from the heart's impelling power
The life-blood pours its genial store;
Though taking each a various way,
The active streams meandering play
Through every artery, every vein,
All to the heart return again;
From thence resume their new career,
But still return and centre there;
So real happiness below
Must from the heart sincerely flow;
Nor, listening to the siren's song,
Must stray too far, or rest too long.
All human pleasures thither tend;
Must there begin, and there must end;
Must there recruit their languid force,
And gain fresh vigour from their source.

## SAMUEL BISHOP.

SAMUEL BISHOP (1731-1795) was an English clergyman, Master of Merchant Taylors' School, London, and author of some miscellaneous essays and poems. The best of his poetry was devoted to the praise of his wife; and few can read such lines as the following without believing that Bishop was an amiable and happy man:

### *To Mrs Bishop, on the Anniversary of her Wedding-day, which was also her Birthday, with a Ring.*

'Thee, Mary, with this ring I wed'—
So, fourteen years ago, I said.
Behold another ring!—'For what?'
'To wed thee o'er again?' Why not?
With that first ring I married youth,
Grace, beauty, innocence, and truth;
Taste long admired, sense long revered,
And all my Molly then appeared.
If she, by merit since disclosed,
Prove twice the woman I supposed,
I plead that double merit now,
To justify a double vow.
Here, then, to-day—with faith as sure,
With ardour as intense, as pure,
As when, amidst the rites divine,
I took thy troth, and plighted mine—
To thee, sweet girl, my second ring
A token and a pledge I bring:
With this I wed, till death us part,
Thy riper virtues to my heart;
Those virtues which, before untried,
The wife has added to the bride;
Those virtues, whose progressive claim,
Endearing wedlock's very name,
My soul enjoys, my song approves,
For conscience' sake as well as love's.
And why?—They shew me every hour
Honour's high thought, Affection's power,
Discretion's deed, sound Judgment's sentence,
And teach me all things—but repentance.

## CHRISTOPHER SMART.

CHRISTOPHER SMART, an unfortunate and irregular man of genius, was born in 1722 at Shipbourne, in Kent. His father was steward to Lord Barnard—afterwards Earl of Darlington—and dying when his son was eleven years of age, the patronage of Lord Barnard was generously continued to his family. Through the influence of this nobleman, Christopher procured from the Duchess of Cleveland an allowance of £40 per annum. He was admitted of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, in 1739, elected a fellow of Pembroke in 1745, and took his degree of M.A. in 1747. At college, Smart was remarkable for folly and extravagance, and his distinguished contemporary Gray prophesied truly that the result of his conduct would be a jail or bedlam. In 1747, he wrote a comedy called a *Trip to Cambridge, or the Grateful Fair*, which was acted in Pembroke College Hall, the parlour of which was made the green-room. No remains of this play have been found, excepting a few songs and a mock-heroic soliloquy, the latter containing the following humorous simile:

Thus when a barber and a collier fight,
The barber beats the luckless collier *white;*
The dusty collier heaves his ponderous sack,
And, big with vengeance, beats the barber *black.*
In comes the brick-dust man, with grime o'erspread,
And beats the collier and the barber *red;*
Black, red, and white, in various clouds are tossed,
And in the dust they raise the combatants are lost.

Having written several pieces for periodicals published by Newbery, Smart became acquainted with the bookseller's family, and married his step-daughter, Miss Carnan, in the year 1753. He now removed to London, and endeavoured to subsist by his pen. The notorious Sir John Hill—whose wars with the Royal Society, with Fielding, &c. are well known, and who closed his life by becoming a quack-doctor—having insidiously attacked Smart, the latter replied by a spirited satire, entitled *The Hilliad.* Among his various tasks was a metrical translation of the *Fables* of Phædrus. He also translated the psalms and parables into verse, but the version is destitute of talent. He had, however, in his better days, translated with success, and to Pope's satisfaction, the *Ode on St Cecilia's Day.* In 1756, Smart was one of the conductors of a monthly periodical called *The Universal Visitor;* and to assist him, Johnson—who sincerely sympathised, as Boswell relates, with Smart's unhappy vacillation of mind—contributed a few essays. In 1763, we find the poor poet confined in a madhouse. 'He has partly as much exercise,' said Johnson, 'as he used to have, for he digs in the garden. Indeed, before his confinement, he used for exercise to walk to the alehouse; but he was *carried* back again. I did not think he ought to be shut up. His infirmities were not noxious to society. He insisted on people praying with him—also falling upon his knees and saying his prayers in the street, or in any other unusual place; and I'd as lief pray with Kit Smart as any one else. Another charge was, that he did not love clean linen; and I have no passion for it.' During his confinement, it is said, writing materials were denied him, and Smart used to indent his poetical thoughts with a key on the wainscot of his walls. A religious poem, the *Song to David*, written at this time in his saner intervals, possesses passages of considerable power, and must be considered one of the greatest curiosities of our literature. What the unfortunate poet did not write down—and the whole could not possibly have been committed to the walls of his apartment—must have been composed and retained from memory alone. Smart was afterwards released from his confinement; but his ill-fortune—following, we suppose, his intemperate habits—again pursued him. He was committed to the King's Bench prison for debt, and died there, after a short illness, in 1770. The following is part of his

*Song to David.*

O thou, that sit'st upon a throne,
With harp of high, majestic tone,
To praise the King of kings:
And voice of heaven, ascending swell,
Which, while its deeper notes excel,
Clear as a clarion rings:

To bless each valley, grove, and coast,
And charm the cherubs to the post
Of gratitude in throngs;
To keep the days on Zion's Mount,
And send the year to his account,
With dances and with songs:

O servant of God's holiest charge,
The minister of praise at large,
Which thou mayest now receive;
From thy blest mansion hail and hear,
From topmost eminence appear
To this the wreath I weave.

Great, valiant, pious, good, and clean,
Sublime, contemplative, serene,
Strong, constant, pleasant, wise!
Bright effluence of exceeding grace;
Best man! the swiftness and the race,
The peril and the prize!

Great—from the lustre of his crown,
From Samuel's horn, and God's renown,
Which is the people's voice;
For all the host, from rear to van,
Applauded and embraced the man—
The man of God's own choice.

Valiant—the word, and up he rose;
The fight—he triumphed o'er the foes
Whom God's just laws abhor;
And, armed in gallant faith, he took
Against the boaster, from the brook,
The weapons of the war.

Pious—magnificent and grand,
'Twas he the famous temple planned—
The seraph in his soul:
Foremost to give the Lord his dues,
Foremost to bless the welcome news,
And foremost to condole.

Good—from Jehudah's genuine vein,
From God's best nature, good in grain,
His aspect and his heart:
To pity, to forgive, to save,
Witness En-gedi's conscious cave,
And Shimei's blunted dart.

Clean—if perpetual prayer be pure,
And love, which could itself inure
To fasting and to fear—
Clean in his gestures, hands, and feet,
To smite the lyre, the dance complete,
To play the sword and spear.

Sublime—invention ever young,
Of vast conception, towering tongue,
To God the eternal theme;
Notes from yon exaltations caught,
Unrivalled royalty of thought,
O'er meaner strains supreme.

Contemplative—on God to fix
His musings, and above the six
The Sabbath-day he blest;
'Twas then his thoughts self-conquest pruned,
And heavenly melancholy tuned,
To bless and bear the rest.

Serene—to sow the seeds of peace,
Remembering when he watched the fleece,
How sweetly Kidron purled—
To further knowledge, silence vice,
And plant perpetual paradise,
When God had calmed the world.

Strong—in the Lord, who could defy
Satan, and all his powers that lie
In sempiternal night;
And hell, and horror, and despair
Were as the lion and the bear
To his undaunted might.

Constant—in love to God, the Truth,
Age, manhood, infancy, and youth—
To Jonathan his friend
Constant beyond the verge of death;
And Ziba, and Mephibosheth,
His endless fame attend.

Pleasant—and various as the year;
Man, soul, and angel without peer,
Priest, champion, sage, and boy;
In armour, or in ephod clad,
His pomp, his piety was glad;
Majestic was his joy.

Wise—in recovery from his fall,
Whence rose his eminence o'er all,
Of all the most reviled;
The light of Israel in his ways,
Wise are his precepts, prayer, and praise,
And counsel to his child. . . .

O David, scholar of the Lord!
Such is thy science, whence reward,
And infinite degree;
O strength, O sweetness, lasting ripe!
God's harp thy symbol, and thy type
The lion and the bee!

There is but One who ne'er rebelled,
But One by passion unimpelled,
By pleasures unenticed;
He from himself his semblance sent,
Grand object of his own content,
And saw the God in Christ.

'Tell them, I Am,' Jehovah said
To Moses; while earth heard in dread,
And, smitten to the heart,
At once above, beneath, around,
All nature, without voice or sound,
Replied: 'O Lord, Thou Art.'

## THOMAS AND JOSEPH WARTON.

The Wartons, like the Beaumonts, were a poetical race. As literary antiquaries, they were also honourably distinguished. Thomas, the historian of English poetry, was the second son of Dr Warton of Magdalen College, Oxford, who was twice chosen Professor of Poetry by his university, and who wrote some pleasing verses, half scholastic and half sentimental. A sonnet by the elder Warton is worthy being transcribed, for its strong family likeness:

### *Written after seeing Windsor Castle.*

From beauteous Windsor's high and storied halls,
Where Edward's chiefs start from the glowing walls,
To my low cot from ivory beds of state,
Pleased I return unenvious of the great.
So the bee ranges o'er the varied scenes
Of corn, of heaths, of fallows, and of greens,
Pervades the thicket, soars above the hill,
Or murmurs to the meadow's murmuring rill:
Now haunts old hollowed oaks, deserted cells,
Now seeks the low vale lily's silver bells;
Sips the warm fragrance of the greenhouse bowers,
And tastes the myrtle and the citron's flowers;
At length returning to the wonted comb,
Prefers to all his little straw-built home.

The poetry-professor died in 1745, aged fifty-eight. His tastes, his love of poetry, and of the university, were continued by his son Thomas (1728–1790). At sixteen, Thomas Warton was entered of Trinity College. He began early to write verses, and his *Pleasures of Melancholy*, published when he was nineteen, gave a promise of excellence which his riper productions did not fulfil. Having taken his degree, Warton obtained a fellowship, and in 1757 was appointed Professor of Poetry. He was also curate of Woodstock, and rector of Kiddington, a small living near Oxford. The even tenor of his life was only varied by his occasional publications, one of which was an elaborate Essay on Spenser's *Faery Queen*. He also edited the minor poems of Milton, an edition which Leigh Hunt says is a wilderness of sweets, and is the only one in which a true lover of the original can pardon an exuberance of annotation. Some of the notes are highly poetical, while others display Warton's taste for antiquities, for architecture, superstition, and his intimate acquaintance with the old Elizabethan writers. A still more important work, the *History of English Poetry* (1774–1778) forms the basis of his reputation. In this history, Warton poured out the treasures of a full mind. His antiquarian lore, his love of antique manners, and his chivalrous feelings, found appropriate exercise in tracing the stream of our poetry from its first fountain-springs, down to the luxuriant reign of Elizabeth, which he justly styled 'the most poetical age of our annals.' Pope and Gray had planned schemes of a history of English poetry, in which the authors were to be arranged according to their style and merits. Warton adopted the chronological arrangement, as giving freer exertion for research, and as enabling him to exhibit, without transposition, the gradual improvement in our poetry, and the progression of our language. The untiring industry and learning of the poet-historian accumulated a mass of materials equally valuable and curious. His work is a vast storehouse of facts connected with our early literature; and if he sometimes wanders from his subject, or overlays it with extraneous details, it should be remembered, as his latest editor, Mr Price, remarks, that new matter was constantly arising, and that Warton 'was the first adventurer in the extensive region through which he journeyed, and into which the usual pioneers of literature had scarcely penetrated.' It is to be regretted that Warton's plan excluded the drama, which forms so rich a source of our early imaginative literature; but this defect has been partly supplied by Mr Collier's *Annals of the Stage*. On the death of Whitehead in 1785, Warton was appointed poet-laureate. His learning gave dignity to an office usually held in small esteem, and which in our day has been wisely converted into a sinecure. The same year he was made Camden Professor of History. While pursuing his antiquarian and literary researches, Warton was attacked with gout, and his enfeebled health yielded to a stroke of paralysis in 1790. Notwithstanding the classic stiffness of his poetry, and his full-blown academical honours, Warton appears to have been an easy companionable man, who delighted to unbend in common society, and especially with boys. 'During his visits to his brother, Dr J. Warton—master of Winchester School—the reverend professor became an associate and confidant in all the sports of the schoolboys. When engaged with them in some culinary occupation, and when alarmed by the sudden approach of the master, he has been known to hide himself in a dark corner of the kitchen; and has been dragged from thence by the doctor, who had taken him for some great boy. He also used to help the boys in their exercises, generally putting in as many faults as would disguise the assistance.'* If there was little dignity in this, there was something better—a kindliness of disposition and freshness of feeling which all would wish to retain.

The poetry of Warton is deficient in natural expression and general interest, but some of his longer pieces, by their martial spirit and Gothic fancy, are calculated to awaken a stirring and romantic enthusiasm. Hazlitt considered some of his sonnets the finest in the language, and they seem to have caught the fancy of Coleridge and Bowles. The following are picturesque and graceful:

### *Written in a Blank Leaf of Dugdale's Monasticon.*

Deem not devoid of elegance the sage,
By Fancy's genuine feelings unbeguiled
Of painful pedantry, the poring child,
Who turns of these proud domes the historic page,
Now sunk by Time, and Henry's fiercer rage.
Think'st thou the warbling muses never smiled
On his lone hours? Ingenious views engage
His thoughts on themes unclassic falsely styled,
Intent. While cloistered piety displays
Her mouldering roll, the piercing eye explores
New manners, and the pomp of elder days,
Whence culls the pensive bard his pictured stores.
Not rough nor barren are the winding ways
Of hoar antiquity, but strewn with flowers.

### *On Revisiting the River Loddon.*

Ah! what a weary race my feet have run
Since first I trod thy banks with alders crowned,
And thought my way was all through fairy ground,
Beneath the azure sky and golden sun—
When first my muse to lisp her notes begun!
While pensive memory traces back the round
Which fills the varied interval between;
Much pleasure, more of sorrow marks the scene.
Sweet native stream! those skies and suns so pure,
No more return to cheer my evening road!

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* Campbell's *Specimens of the British Poets*.

Yet still one joy remains, that not obscure
Nor useless, all my vacant days have flowed
From youth's gay dawn to manhood's prime mature,
Nor with the muse's laurel unbestowed.

Joseph, the elder brother of Thomas Warton, closely resembled him in character and attainments. He was born in 1722, and was the schoolfellow of Collins at Winchester. He was afterwards a commoner of Oriel College, Oxford, and ordained on his father's curacy at Basingstoke. He was also rector of Tamworth. In 1766 he was appointed head-master of Winchester School, to which were subsequently added a prebend of St Paul's and of Winchester. He survived his brother ten years, dying in 1800. Dr Joseph Warton early appeared as a poet, but is considered inferior to his brother in the graphic and romantic style of composition at which he aimed. His ode *To Fancy* seems, however, to be equal to all but a few pieces of Thomas Warton's. He published an *Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope* (vol. i. in 1756, vol. ii. 1782), and edited an edition of Pope's works (1797), which was the most complete then published. Warton was long intimate with Johnson, and a member of his literary club.

### *From the Ode to Fancy.*

O parent of each lovely muse!
Thy spirit o'er my soul diffuse,
O'er all my artless songs preside,
My footsteps to thy temple guide,
To offer at thy turf-built shrine
In golden cups no costly wine,
No murdered fatling of the flock,
But flowers and honey from the rock.
O nymph with loosely flowing hair,
With buskined leg, and bosom bare,
Thy waist with myrtle-girdle bound,
Thy brows with Indian feathers crowned,
Waving in thy snowy hand
An all-commanding magic wand,
Of power to bid fresh gardens grow
'Mid cheerless Lapland's barren snow,
Whose rapid wings thy flight convey
Through air, and over earth and sea,
While the various landscape lies
Conspicuous to thy piercing eyes!
O lover of the desert, hail!
Say in what deep and pathless vale,
Or on what hoary mountain's side,
'Midst falls of water, you reside;
'Midst broken rocks a rugged scene,
With green and grassy dales between;
'Midst forests dark of aged oak,
Ne'er echoing with the woodman's stroke,
Where never human heart appeared,
Nor e'er one straw-roofed cot was reared,
Where Nature seemed to sit alone,
Majestic on a craggy throne;
Tell me the path, sweet wanderer, tell,
To thy unknown sequestered cell,
Where woodbines cluster round the door,
Where shells and moss o'erlay the floor,
And on whose top a hawthorn blows,
Amid whose thickly-woven boughs
Some nightingale still builds her nest,
Each evening warbling thee to rest;
Then lay me by the haunted stream,
Wrapt in some wild poetic dream,
In converse while methinks I rove
With Spenser through a fairy grove;
Till suddenly awaked, I hear
Strange whispered music in my ear,
And my glad soul in bliss is drowned
By the sweetly soothing sound! . . .
When young-eyed Spring profusely throws
From her green lap the pink and rose;
When the soft turtle of the dale
To Summer tells her tender tale:
When Autumn cooling caverns seeks,
And stains with wine his jolly cheeks;
When Winter, like poor pilgrim old,
Shakes his silver beard with cold;
At every season let my ear
Thy solemn whispers, Fancy, hear!

## THOMAS BLACKLOCK.

A blind descriptive poet seems such an anomaly in nature, that the case of DR BLACKLOCK (1721–1791) has engaged the attention of the learned and curious in no ordinary degree. We read all concerning him with strong interest, *except his poetry*, for this is generally tame, languid, and commonplace. He was an amiable and excellent man, son of a Cumberland bricklayer, who had settled in the town of Annan, Dumfriesshire. When a child about six months old, he was totally deprived of sight by the small-pox; but his worthy father, assisted by his neighbours, amused his solitary boyhood by reading to him; and before he had reached the age of twenty, he was familiar with Spenser, Milton, Pope, and Addison. He was enthusiastically fond of poetry, particularly of the works of Thomson and Allan Ramsay. From these he must, in a great degree, have derived his images and impressions of nature and natural objects; but in after-life the classic poets were added to his store of intellectual enjoyment. His father was accidentally killed when the poet was about the age of nineteen; but some of his attempts at verse having been seen by Dr Stevenson, Edinburgh, that benevolent gentleman took their blind author to the Scottish metropolis, where he was enrolled as a student of divinity. In 1746, he published a volume of his poems, which was reprinted with additions in 1754 and 1756. He was licensed in 1759, and through the patronage of the Earl of Selkirk, was appointed minister of Kirkcudbright. The parishioners, however, were opposed both to church patronage in the abstract, and to this exercise of it in favour of a blind man, and the poet relinquished the appointment on receiving in lieu of it a moderate annuity. He now resided in Edinburgh, and took boarders into his house. His family was a scene of peace and happiness. To his literary pursuits Blacklock added a taste for music, and played on the flute and flageolet. Latterly, he suffered from depression of spirits, and supposed that his imaginative powers were failing him; yet the generous ardour he evinced in 1786, in the case of Burns, shews no diminution of sensibility or taste. Besides his poems, Blacklock wrote some sermons and theological treatises, an article on Blindness for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and two dissertations, entitled *Paraclesis; or Consolations deduced from Natural and Revealed Religion*, one of them original, and the other translated from a work ascribed to Cicero.

Apart from the circumstances under which they were produced, the poems of Blacklock offer little room for or temptation to criticism. He has no new imagery, no commanding power of sentiment, reflection, or imagination. Still, he was a fluent and correct versifier, and his familiarity with the visible objects of nature—with trees, streams, the rocks, and sky, and even with different orders of flowers and plants—is a wonderful phenomenon in one blind from infancy. He could distinguish colours by touch; but this could only apply to objects at hand, not to the features of a landscape, or to the appearances of storm or sunshine, sunrise or sunset, or the variation in the seasons, all of which he has described. Images of this kind he had at will. Thus, he exclaims:

Ye vales, which to the raptured eye
  Disclosed the flowery pride of May;
Ye circling hills, whose summits high
  Blushed with the morning's earliest ray.

Or he paints flowers with artist-like precision:

Let long-lived pansies here their scents bestow,
The violet languish, and the roses glow;
In yellow glory let the crocus shine,
Narcissus here his love-sick head recline:
Here hyacinths in purple sweetness rise,
And tulips tinged with beauty's fairest dyes.

In a man to whom all external phenomena were, and had ever been, one 'universal blank,' this union of taste and memory was certainly remarkable. Poetical feeling he must have inherited from nature, which led him to take pleasure even from his infancy in descriptive poetry; and the language, expressions, and *pictures* thus imprinted on his mind by habitual acquaintance with the best authors, and in literary conversation, seem to have risen spontaneously in the moment of composition.

### *Terrors of a Guilty Conscience.*

Cursed with unnumbered groundless fears,
How pale yon shivering wretch appears!
For him the daylight shines in vain,
For him the fields no joys contain;
Nature's whole charms to him are lost,
No more the woods their music boast;
No more the meads their vernal bloom,
No more the gales their rich perfume:
Impending mists deform the sky,
And beauty withers in his eye.
In hopes his terrors to elude,
By day he mingles with the crowd,
Yet finds his soul to fears a prey,
In busy crowds and open day.
If night his lonely walks surprise,
What horrid visions round him rise!
The blasted oak which meets his way,
Shewn by the meteor's sudden ray,
The midnight murderer's lone retreat
Felt heaven's avengeful bolt of late;
The clashing chain, the groan profound,
Loud from yon ruined tower resound;
And now the spot he seems to tread,
Where some self-slaughtered corse was laid;
He feels fixed earth beneath him bend,
Deep murmurs from her caves ascend;
Till all his soul, by fancy swayed,
Sees livid phantoms crowd the shade.

### *Ode to Aurora on Melissa's Birthday.*

'A compliment and tribute of affection to the tender assiduity of an excellent wife, which I have not anywhere seen more happily conceived or more elegantly expressed.'—*Henry Mackenzie.*

Of time and nature eldest born,
Emerge, thou rosy-fingered morn;
Emerge, in purest dress arrayed,
And chase from heaven night's envious shade,
That I once more may pleased survey,
And hail Melissa's natal day.

Of time and nature eldest born,
Emerge, thou rosy-fingered morn;
In order at the eastern gate
The hours to draw thy chariot wait;
Whilst Zephyr on his balmy wings,
Mild nature's fragrant tribute brings,
With odours sweet to strew thy way,
And grace the bland revolving day.

But, as thou lead'st the radiant sphere,
That gilds its birth and marks the year,
And as his stronger glories rise,
Diffused around the expanded skies,
Till clothed with beams serenely bright,
All heaven's vast concave flames with light;

So when, through life's protracted day,
Melissa still pursues her way,
Her virtues with thy splendour vie,
Increasing to the mental eye;
Though less conspicuous, not less dear,
Long may they Bion's prospect cheer;
So shall his heart no more repine,
Blessed with her rays, though robbed of thine.

## JAMES BEATTIE.

JAMES BEATTIE was the son of a small farmer and shopkeeper at Laurencekirk, county of Kincardine, where he was born October 25, 1735. His father died while he was a child, but an elder brother, seeing signs of talent in the boy, assisted him in procuring a good education; and in his fourteenth year he obtained a bursary or exhibition (always indicating some proficiency in Latin) in Marischal College, Aberdeen. His habits and views were scholastic, and four years afterwards, Beattie was appointed schoolmaster of the parish of Fordoun. He was now situated amidst interesting and romantic scenery, which increased his passion for nature and poetry. The scenes which he afterwards delineated in his *Minstrel* were, as Southey has justly remarked, those in which he had grown up, and the feelings and aspirations therein expressed were those of his own boyhood and youth. In 1758, he was elected usher of the grammar-school of Aberdeen; and in 1760, professor of moral philosophy and logic in Marischal College. About the same time, he published in London a collection of his poems, with some translations. One piece, *Retirement*, displays poetical feeling and taste; but the collection, as a whole, gave little indication of the *Minstrel*. The poems, without the translations, were reprinted in 1766, and a copy of verses on the Death of Churchill were added. The latter are mean and reprehensible in spirit. Beattie was a sincere lover of truth and virtue, but his ardour led him at times into intolerance, and he was too fond of courting the notice and approbation of the great. In 1770 the poet appeared as a metaphysician, by his *Essay on Truth*, in which good principles were advanced, though with an unphilosophical spirit, and in language which suffered greatly from comparison with that of his illustrious opponent, David Hume. Next year, Beattie appeared in his true character as a poet. The first part of the *Minstrel* was published, and was received with universal approbation. Honours flowed in on the fortunate author. He visited London, and was admitted to all its brilliant and distinguished circles. Goldsmith, Johnson, Garrick, and Reynolds were numbered among his friends. On a second visit in 1773, he had an interview with the king and queen, which resulted in a pension of £200 per annum. The university of Oxford conferred upon him the degree of LL.D., and Reynolds painted his portrait in an allegorical picture, in which Beattie was seen by the side of an angel pushing down Prejudice, Scepticism, and Folly! Need we wonder that poor Goldsmith was envious of his brother-poet? To the honour of Beattie, it must be recorded, that he declined entering the Church of England, in which preferment was promised him. The second part of the *Minstrel* was published in 1774. Domestic circumstances marred the felicity of Beattie's otherwise happy and prosperous lot. His wife—the daughter of Dr Dun, Aberdeen—became insane, and was obliged to be confined in an asylum. He had two sons, both amiable and accomplished youths. The eldest lived till he was twenty-two, and was associated with his father in the professorship: he died in 1790, and the afflicted parent soothed his grief by writing his life, and publishing some specimens of his composition in prose and verse. The second son died in 1796, aged eighteen; and the only consolation of the now lonely poet was, that he could not have borne to see their 'elegant minds mangled with madness'—an allusion to the hereditary insanity of their mother. By nature, Beattie was a man of quick and tender sensibilities. A fine landscape, or music—in which he was a proficient—affected him even to tears. He had a sort of hysterical dread of meeting with his metaphysical opponents, which was an unmanly weakness. Such an organisation, physical and moral, was ill fitted to insure happiness or fortitude in adversity. When his second son died, he said he had done with the world. He ceased to correspond with his friends, or to continue his studies. Shattered by a long train of nervous complaints, in April 1799 the poet had a stroke of palsy, and after different returns of the same malady, which excluded him from all society, he died on the 18th of August 1803. His *Life* was written by his attached friend, Sir William Forbes of Pitsligo, Baronet; it was published in 1805, and ranks high among the biographies of literary personages.

In the early training of his eldest and beloved son, Dr Beattie adopted an expedient of a romantic and interesting description. His object was to give him the first idea of a Supreme Being; and his method, as Dr Porteous, bishop of London, remarked, 'had all the imagination of Rousseau, without his folly and extravagance.'

### *Imparting to a Boy the First Idea of a Supreme Being.*

'He had,' says Beattie, 'reached his fifth (or sixth) year, knew the alphabet, and could read a little; but had received no particular information with respect to the author of his being, because I thought he could not yet understand such information, and because I had learned, from my own experience, that to be made to repeat words not understood, is extremely detrimental to the faculties of a young mind. In a corner of a little garden, without informing any person of the circumstance, I wrote in the mould, with my finger, the three initial letters of his name, and sowing garden cresses in the furrows, covered up the seed, and smoothed the ground. Ten days after, he came running to me, and with astonishment in his countenance, told me that his name was growing in the garden. I smiled at the report, and seemed inclined to disregard it; but he insisted on my going to see what had happened. "Yes," said I carelessly, on coming to the place; "I see it is so; but there is nothing in this worth notice; it is mere chance;" and I went away. He followed me, and taking hold of my coat, said with some earnestness: "It could not be mere chance, for that somebody must have contrived matters so as to produce it." I pretend not to give his words or my own, for I have forgotten both, but I give the substance of what passed between us in such language as we both understood. "So you think," I said, "that what appears so regular as the letters of your name cannot be by chance?" "Yes," said he with firmness, "I think so." "Look at yourself," I replied, "and consider your hands and fingers, your legs and feet, and other limbs; are they not regular in their appearance, and useful to you?" He said they were. "Came you then hither," said I, "by chance?" "No," he answered; "that cannot be; something must have made me." "And who is that something?" I asked. He said he did not know. (I took particular notice that he did not say, as Rousseau fancies a child in like circumstances would say, that his parents made him.) I had now gained the point I aimed at; and saw that his reason taught him—though he could not so express it—that what begins to be, must have a cause, and that what is formed with regularity, must have an intelligent cause. I therefore told him the name of the Great Being who made him and all the world, concerning whose adorable nature I gave him such information as I thought he could in some measure comprehend. The lesson affected him deeply, and he never forgot either it or the circumstance that introduced it.'

The *Minstrel*, on which Beattie's fame now rests, is a didactic poem, in the Spenserian stanza, designed to 'trace the progress of a poetical genius, born in a rude age, from the first dawning of fancy and reason till that period at which he may be supposed capable of appearing in the world as a minstrel.' The idea was suggested by Percy's preliminary Dissertation to his *Reliques*. The character of Edwin, the minstrel—in which Beattie embodied his own early feelings and poetical aspirations—is very finely drawn.

### *Opening of the Minstrel.*

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar;
Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime
Has felt the influence of malignant star,
And waged with Fortune an eternal war;
Checked by the scoff of Pride, by Envy's frown,
And Poverty's unconquerable bar,
In life's low vale remote has pined alone,
Then dropped into the grave, unpitied and unknown!

And yet the languor of inglorious days
Not equally oppressive is to all;
Him, who ne'er listened to the voice of praise,
The silence of neglect can ne'er appal.
There are, who, deaf to mad Ambition's call,
Would shrink to hear the obstreperous trump of Fame;
Supremely blest, if to their portion fall
Health, competence, and peace. Nor higher aim
Had he, whose simple tale these artless lines proclaim.

The rolls of fame I will not now explore;
Nor need I here describe, in learned lay,
How forth the Minstrel fared in days of yore,
Right glad of heart, though homely in array;

His waving locks and beard all hoary gray;
While from his bending shoulder, decent hung
His harp, the sole companion of his way,
Which to the whistling wind responsive rung:
And ever as he went some merry lay he sung.

Fret not thyself, thou glittering child of pride,
That a poor villager inspires my strain;
With thee let Pageantry and Power abide;
The gentle Muses haunt the sylvan reign;
Where through wild groves at eve the lonely swain
Enraptured roams, to gaze on Nature's charms.
They hate the sensual, and scorn the vain;
The parasite their influence never warms,
Nor him whose sordid soul the love of gold alarms.

Though richest hues the peacock's plumes adorn,
Yet horror screams from his discordant throat.
Rise, sons of harmony, and hail the morn,
While warbling larks on russet pinions float:
Or seek at noon the woodland scene remote,
Where the gray linnets carol from the hill,
O let them ne'er, with artificial note,
To please a tyrant, strain the little bill,
But sing what Heaven inspires, and wander where they will.

Liberal, not lavish, is kind Nature's hand;
Nor was perfection made for man below.
Yet all her schemes with nicest art are planned,
Good counteracting ill, and gladness woe.
With gold and gems if Chilian mountains glow,
If bleak and barren Scotia's hills arise;
There plague and poison, lust and rapine grow;
Here peaceful are the vales, and pure the skies,
And freedom fires the soul, and sparkles in the eyes.

Then grieve not thou, to whom the indulgent Muse
Vouchsafes a portion of celestial fire:
Nor blame the partial Fates, if they refuse
The imperial banquet and the rich attire.
Know thine own worth, and reverence the lyre.
Wilt thou debase the heart which God refined?
No; let thy heaven-taught soul to Heaven aspire,
To fancy, freedom, harmony, resigned;
Ambition's grovelling crew for ever left behind.

Canst thou forego the pure ethereal soul,
In each fine sense so exquisitely keen,
On the dull couch of Luxury to loll,
Stung with disease, and stupefied with spleen;
Fain to implore the aid of Flattery's screen,
Even from thyself thy loathsome heart to hide—
The mansion then no more of joy serene—
Where fear, distrust, malevolence abide,
And impotent desire, and disappointed pride?

O how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which Nature to her votary yields!
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields;
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven,
O how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven? . . .

There lived in Gothic days, as legends tell,
A shepherd swain, a man of low degree,
Whose sires, perchance, in Fairyland might dwell,
Sicilian groves, or vales of Arcady;
But he, I ween, was of the north countrie;
A nation famed for song, and beauty's charms;
Zealous, yet modest; innocent, though free;
Patient of toil; serene amidst alarms;
Inflexible in faith; invincible in arms.

The shepherd swain of whom I mention made,
On Scotia's mountains fed his little flock;
The sickle, scythe, or plough he never swayed;
An honest heart was almost all his stock;
His drink the living water from the rock:
The milky dams supplied his board, and lent
Their kindly fleece to baffle winter's shock;
And he, though oft with dust and sweat besprent,
Did guide and guard their wanderings, wheresoe'er they went.

### *Description of Edwin.*

And yet poor Edwin was no vulgar boy.
Deep thought oft seemed to fix his infant eye.
Dainties he heeded not, nor gaud, nor toy,
Save one short pipe of rudest minstrelsy;
Silent when glad; affectionate, though shy;
And now his look was most demurely sad,
And now he laughed aloud, yet none knew why.
The neighbours stared and sighed, yet blessed the lad;
Some deemed him wondrous wise, and some believed him mad.

But why should I his childish feats display?
Concourse, and noise, and toil he ever fled;
Nor cared to mingle in the clamorous fray
Of squabbling imps; but to the forest sped,
Or roamed at large the lonely mountain's head,
Or where the maze of some bewildered stream
To deep untrodden groves his footsteps led,
There would he wander wild, till Phœbus' beam,
Shot from the western cliff, released the weary team.

The exploit of strength, dexterity, or speed,
To him nor vanity nor joy could bring:
His heart, from cruel sport estranged, would bleed
To work the woe of any living thing,
By trap or net, by arrow or by sling;
These he detested; those he scorned to wield:
He wished to be the guardian, not the king,
Tyrant far less, or traitor of the field,
And sure the sylvan reign unbloody joy might yield.

Lo! where the stripling, rapt in wonder, roves
Beneath the precipice o'erhung with pine;
And sees on high, amidst the encircling groves,
From cliff to cliff the foaming torrents shine;
While waters, woods, and winds in concert join,
And echo swells the chorus to the skies.
Would Edwin this majestic scene resign
For aught the huntsman's puny craft supplies?
Ah, no! he better knows great Nature's charms to prize.

And oft he traced the uplands to survey,
When o'er the sky advanced the kindling dawn,
The crimson cloud, blue main, and mountain gray,
And lake, dim-gleaming on the smoky lawn:
Far to the west the long, long vale withdrawn,
Where twilight loves to linger for a while;
And now he faintly kens the bounding fawn,
And villager abroad at early toil:
But, lo! the sun appears, and heaven, earth, ocean smile.

And oft the craggy cliff he loved to climb,
When all in mist the world below was lost—
What dreadful pleasure there to stand sublime,
Like shipwrecked mariner on desert coast,
And view the enormous waste of vapour, tost
In billows, lengthening to the horizon round,
Now scooped in gulfs, with mountains now embossed!
And hear the voice of mirth and song rebound,
Flocks, herds, and waterfalls, along the hoar profound!

In truth he was a strange and wayward wight,
Fond of each gentle and each dreadful scene.
In darkness and in storm he found delight;
Nor less than when on ocean-wave serene,
The southern sun diffused his dazzling sheen.
Even sad vicissitude amused his soul;
And if a sigh would sometimes intervene,
And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,
A sigh, a tear, so sweet, he wished not to control.

### *Morning Landscape.*

Even now his eyes with smiles of rapture glow,
As on he wanders through the scenes of morn,
Where the fresh flowers in living lustre blow,
Where thousand pearls the dewy lawns adorn,
A thousand notes of joy in every breeze are borne.

But who the melodies of morn can tell?
The wild brook babbling down the mountain side;
The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;
The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
In the lone valley; echoing far and wide
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;
The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide;
The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottage-curs at early pilgrim bark;
Crowned with her pail the tripping milkmaid sings;
The whistling ploughman stalks afield; and, hark!
Down the rough slope the ponderous wagon rings;
Through rustling corn the hare astonished springs;
Slow tolls the village-clock the drowsy hour;
The partridge bursts away on whirring wings;
Deep mourns the turtle in sequestered bower,
And shrill lark carols clear from her aërial tower.

### *Life and Immortality.*

O ye wild groves, O where is now your bloom!—
The Muse interprets thus his tender thought—
Your flowers, your verdure, and your balmy gloom,
Of late so grateful in the hour of drought?
Why do the birds, that song and rapture brought
To all your bowers, their mansions now forsake?
Ah! why has fickle chance this ruin wrought?
For now the storm howls mournful through the brake,
And the dead foliage flies in many a shapeless flake.

Where now the rill, melodious, pure, and cool,
And meads, with life, and mirth, and beauty crowned?
Ah! see, the unsightly slime, and sluggish pool,
Have all the solitary vale embrowned;
Fled each fair form, and mute each melting sound,
The raven croaks forlorn on naked spray.
And hark! the river, bursting every mound,
Down the vale thunders, and with wasteful sway
Uproots the grove, and rolls the shattered rocks away.

Yet such the destiny of all on earth:
So flourishes and fades majestic man.
Fair is the bud his vernal morn brings forth,
And fostering gales a while the nursling fan.
O smile, ye heavens, serene; ye mildews wan,
Ye blighting whirlwinds, spare his balmy prime,
Nor lessen of his life the little span.
Borne on the swift, though silent wings of Time,
Old age comes on apace to ravage all the clime.

And be it so. Let those deplore their doom
Whose hope still grovels in this dark sojourn;
But lofty souls, who look beyond the tomb,
Can smile at Fate, and wonder how they mourn.
Shall Spring to these sad scenes no more return?
Is yonder wave the Sun's eternal bed?
Soon shall the orient with new lustre burn,
And Spring shall soon her vital influence shed,
Again attune the grove, again adorn the mead.

Shall I be left forgotten in the dust,
When Fate, relenting, lets the flower revive?
Shall Nature's voice, to man alone unjust,
Bid him, though doomed to perish, hope to live?
Is it for this fair Virtue oft must strive
With disappointment, penury, and pain?
No: Heaven's immortal Spring shall yet arrive,
And man's majestic beauty bloom again,
Bright through the eternal year of Love's triumphant reign.

### *Retirement.*

When in the crimson cloud of even
The lingering light decays,
And Hesper on the front of heaven
His glittering gem displays;
Deep in the silent vale, unseen,
Beside a lulling stream,
A pensive youth, of placid mien,
Indulged this tender theme:

'Ye cliffs, in hoary grandeur piled
High o'er the glimmering dale;
Ye woods, along whose windings wild
Murmurs the solemn gale:
Where Melancholy strays forlorn,
And Woe retires to weep,
What time the wan moon's yellow horn
Gleams on the western deep:

'To you, ye wastes, whose artless charms
Ne'er drew Ambition's eye,
'Scaped a tumultuous world's alarms,
To your retreats I fly.
Deep in your most sequestered bower
Let me at last recline,
Where Solitude, mild, modest power,
Leans on her ivied shrine. . . .

'Thy shades, thy silence now be mine,
Thy charms my only theme;
My haunt the hollow cliff, whose pine
Waves o'er the gloomy stream.
Whence the scared owl on pinions gray
Breaks from the rustling boughs,
And down the lone vale sails away
To more profound repose.

'Oh, while to thee the woodland pours
Its wildly warbling song,
And balmy from the bank of flowers
The zephyr breathes along;
Let no rude sound invade from far,
No vagrant foot be nigh,
No ray from Grandeur's gilded car
Flash on the startled eye.

'But if some pilgrim through the glade
Thy hallowed bowers explore,
O guard from harm his hoary head,
And listen to his lore;
For he of joys divine shall tell,
That wean from earthly woe,
And triumph o'er the mighty spell
That chains his heart below.

'For me, no more the path invites
Ambition loves to tread;
No more I climb those toilsome heights,
By guileful Hope misled;

Leaps my fond fluttering heart no more
To Mirth's enlivening strain;
For present pleasure soon is o'er,
And all the past is vain.'

### *The Hermit.*

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove:
'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
While his harp rung symphonious, a hermit began:
No more with himself or with nature at war,
He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man.

'Ah! why, all abandoned to darkness and woe,
Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall?
For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
And sorrow no longer thy bosom inthral:
But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay,
Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn;
O soothe him, whose pleasures like thine pass away:
Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

'Now gliding remote on the verge of the sky,
The moon half extinguished her crescent displays;
But lately I marked, when majestic on high
She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
The path that conducts thee to splendour again;
But man's faded glory what change shall renew?
Ah, fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

''Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more;
I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dew:
Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
Kind Nature the embryo blossom will save.
But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn—
O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave?

''Twas thus, by the glare of false science betrayed,
That leads, to bewilder; and dazzles, to blind;
My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to shade,
Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.
"O pity, great Father of Light," then I cried,
"Thy creature, who fain would not wander from thee;
Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride:
From doubt and from darkness thou only canst free!"

'And darkness and doubt are now flying away,
No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn.
So breaks on the traveller, faint, and astray,
The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
See Truth, Love, and Mercy in triumph descending,
And Nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!
On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are blending,
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.'

## WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

An admirable translation of the *Lusiad* of Camoens, the most distinguished poet of Portugal, was executed by **WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE**, himself a poet of taste and fancy, but of no great originality or energy. Mickle was son of the minister of Langholm, in Dumfriesshire, where he was born in 1734. He was engaged in trade in Edinburgh as conductor, and afterwards partner, of a brewery; but he failed in business, and in 1764 went to London, desirous of literary distinction. Lord Lyttelton noticed and encouraged his poetical efforts, and Mickle was buoyed up with dreams of patronage and celebrity. Two years of increasing destitution dispelled this vision, and the poet was glad to accept the situation of corrector of the Clarendon press at Oxford. Here he published *Pollio*, an elegy, and the *Concubine*, a moral poem in the manner of Spenser, which he afterwards reprinted with the title of *Syr Martyn*. Mickle adopted the obsolete phraseology of Spenser, which was too antiquated even for the age of the *Faery Queen*, and which Thomson had almost wholly discarded in his *Castle of Indolence*. The first stanza of this poem has been quoted by Sir Walter Scott—divested of its antique spelling—in illustration of a remark made by him, that Mickle, 'with a vein of great facility, united a power of verbal melody, which might have been envied by bards of much greater renown:'

Awake, ye west winds, through the lonely dale,
And Fancy to thy faery bower betake;
Even now, with balmy sweetness, breathes the gale,
Dimpling with downy wing the stilly lake;
Through the pale willows faltering whispers wake,
And Evening comes with locks bedropped with dew;
On Desmond's mouldering turrets slowly shake
The withered rye-grass and the harebell blue,
And ever and anon sweet Mulla's plaints renew.

Sir Walter adds, that Mickle, 'being a printer by profession, frequently put his lines into types without taking the trouble previously to put them into writing.' This is mentioned by none of the poet's biographers, and is improbable. The office of a corrector of the press is quite separate from the mechanical operations of the printer. Mickle's poem was highly successful—not the less, perhaps, because it was printed anonymously, and was ascribed to different authors—and it went through three editions. In 1771, he published the first canto of his great translation, which was completed in 1776; and being supported by a long list of subscribers, was highly advantageous both to his fame and fortune. In 1779, he went out to Portugal as secretary to Commodore Johnston, and was received with much distinction in Lisbon by the countrymen of Camoens. On the return of the expedition, Mickle was appointed joint-agent for the distribution of the prizes. His own share was considerable; and having received some money by his marriage with a lady whom he had known in his obscure sojourn at Oxford, the latter days of the poet were spent in ease and leisure. He died at Forest Hill, near Oxford, in 1788.

The most popular of Mickle's original poems is his ballad of *Cumnor Hall* which has attained additional celebrity by its having suggested to Sir Walter Scott the groundwork of his romance of *Kenilworth*.* The plot is interesting, and the versification easy and musical. Mickle assisted in Evans's *Collection of Old Ballads*—in which *Cumnor Hall* and other pieces of his first appeared; and though in this style of composition he did not copy the direct simplicity and unsophisticated ardour of the real old ballads, he had much of their tenderness and pathos. A still stronger proof of this is afforded by a Scottish song, *The Mariner's Wife*, but better known as *There's nae Luck about the House*, which was claimed by a poor schoolmistress, named Jean Adams, who died in the Town's Hospital, Glasgow, in 1765. It is probable that Jean Adams had written some song with the same burthen (‘There's nae luck about the house’), but the popular lyric referred to seems to have been the composition of Mickle. An imperfect, altered, and corrected copy was found among his manuscripts after his death; and his widow being applied to, confirmed the external evidence in his favour, by an express declaration that her husband had said the song was his own, and that he had explained to her the Scottish words. It is the fairest flower in his poetical chaplet. The delineation of humble matrimonial happiness and affection which the song presents, is almost unequalled. Beattie added a stanza to this song, containing a happy Epicurean fancy, elevated by the situation and the faithful love of the speaker—which Burns says is ‘worthy of the first poet’—

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* Sir Walter intended to have named his romance *Cumnor Hall*, but was persuaded—wisely, we think—by Mr Constable, his publisher, to adopt the title of *Kenilworth*.

> The present moment is our ain,
> The neist we never saw.

Mickle would have excelled in the Scottish dialect, and in portraying Scottish life, had he truly known his own strength, and trusted to the impulses of his heart instead of his ambition.

### *Cumnor Hall.*

The dews of summer night did fall,
The moon—sweet regent of the sky—
Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall,
And many an oak that grew thereby.

Now nought was heard beneath the skies—
The sounds of busy life were still—
Save an unhappy lady's sighs,
That issued from that lonely pile.

‘Leicester,’ she cried, ‘is this thy love
That thou so oft has sworn to me,
To leave me in this lonely grove,
Immured in shameful privity?

‘No more thou com'st, with lover's speed,
Thy once belovèd bride to see;
But be she alive, or be she dead,
I fear, stern Earl, 's the same to thee.

‘Not so the usage I received
When happy in my father's hall;
No faithless husband then me grieved,
No chilling fears did me appal.

‘I rose up with the cheerful morn,
No lark so blithe, no flower more gay;
And, like the bird that haunts the thorn,
So merrily sung the livelong day.

‘If that my beauty is but small,
Among court-ladies all despised,
Why didst thou rend it from that hall,
Where, scornful Earl, it well was prized?

‘And when you first to me made suit,
How fair I was, you oft would say!
And, proud of conquest, plucked the fruit,
Then left the blossom to decay.

‘Yes! now neglected and despised,
The rose is pale, the lily 's dead;
But he that once their charms so prized,
Is sure the cause those charms are fled.

‘For know, when sickening grief doth prey,
And tender love 's repaid with scorn,
The sweetest beauty will decay:
What floweret can endure the storm?

‘At court, I 'm told, is beauty's throne,
Where every lady 's passing rare,
That eastern flowers, that shame the sun,
Are not so glowing, not so fair.

‘Then, Earl, why didst thou leave the beds
Where roses and where lilies vie,
To seek a primrose, whose pale shades
Must sicken when those gauds are by?

‘'Mong rural beauties I was one;
Among the fields wild-flowers are fair;
Some country swain might me have won,
And thought my passing beauty rare.

‘But, Leicester—or I much am wrong—
It is not beauty lures thy vows;
Rather ambition's gilded crown
Makes thee forget thy humble spouse.

‘Then, Leicester, why, again I plead—
The injured surely may repine—
Why didst thou wed a country maid,
When some fair princess might be thine?

‘Why didst thou praise my humble charms,
And, oh! then leave them to decay?
Why didst thou win me to thy arms,
Then leave me to mourn the livelong day?

‘The village maidens of the plain
Salute me lowly as they go:
Envious they mark my silken train,
Nor think a countess can have woe.

‘The simple nymphs! they little know
How far more happy 's their estate;
To smile for joy, than sigh for woe;
To be content, than to be great.

‘How far less blest am I than them,
Daily to pine and waste with care!
Like the poor plant, that, from its stem
Divided, feels the chilling air.

‘Nor, cruel Earl! can I enjoy
The humble charms of solitude;
Your minions proud my peace destroy,
By sullen frowns, or pratings rude.

‘Last night, as sad I chanced to stray,
The village death-bell smote my ear;
They winked aside, and seemed to say:
“Countess, prepare—thy end is near.”

‘And now, while happy peasants sleep,
Here I sit lonely and forlorn;
No one to soothe me as I weep,
Save Philomel on yonder thorn.

‘My spirits flag, my hopes decay;
Still that dread death-bell smites my ear;
And many a body seems to say:
“Countess, prepare—thy end is near.”’

Thus sore and sad that lady grieved
In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear;
And many a heartfelt sigh she heaved,
And let fall many a bitter tear.

And ere the dawn of day appeared,
In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear,
Full many a piercing scream was heard,
And many a cry of mortal fear.

The death-bell thrice was heard to ring,
An aerial voice was heard to call,
And thrice the raven flapped his wing
Around the towers of Cumnor Hall.

The mastiff howled at village door,
The oaks were shattered on the green;
Woe was the hour, for never more
That hapless Countess e'er was seen.

And in that manor, now no more
Is cheerful feast or sprightly ball;
For ever since that dreary hour
Have spirits haunted Cumnor Hall.

The village maids, with fearful glance,
Avoid the ancient moss-grown wall;
Nor ever lead the merry dance
Among the groves of Cumnor Hall.

Full many a traveller has sighed,
And pensive wept the Countess' fall,
As wandering onwards they 're espied
The haunted towers of Cumnor Hall.

### *The Mariner's Wife, or 'There 's nae Luck about the House.'*

But are ye sure the news is true?
And are ye sure he 's weel?
Is this a time to think o' wark?
Ye jauds, fling by your wheel.
There 's nae luck about the house,
There 's nae luck at a',
There 's nae luck about the house,
When our gudeman's awa'.

Is this a time to think o' wark,
When Colin 's at the door?
Rax down my cloak—I 'll to the quay,
And see him come ashore.

Rise up and mak a clean fireside,
Put on the mickle pot;
Gie little Kate her cotton gown,*
And Jock his Sunday's coat.

And mak their shoon as black as slaes,
Their stockins white as snaw;
It 's a' to pleasure our gudeman—
He likes to see them braw.

There are twa hens into the crib,
Hae fed this month and mair,
Mak haste and thraw their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare.

Bring down to me my bigonet,
My bishop's satin gown,
For I maun tell the bailie's wife
That Colin 's come to town.

My Turkey slippers I 'll put on,
My stockins pearl blue—
It 's a' to pleasure our gudeman,
For he 's baith leal and true.

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his tongue;
His breath 's like caller air;
His very fit has music in 't
As he comes up the stair.

And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I 'm downright dizzy wi' the thought:
In troth I 'm like to greet.

In the author's manuscript, another verse is added:

If Colin 's weel, and weel content,
I hae nae mair to crave,
And gin I live to mak him sae,
I 'm blest aboon the lave.

The following is the addition made by Dr Beattie:

The cauld blasts of the winter wind
That thrillèd through my heart,
They 're a' blawn by; I hae him safe,
Till death we 'll never part.

But what puts parting in my head?
It may be far awa';
The present moment is our ain,
The neist we never saw.

### *The Spirit of the Cape.—From the 'Lusiad.'*

Now prosperous gales the bending canvas swelled;
From these rude shores our fearless course we held:
Beneath the glistening wave the god of day
Had now five times withdrawn the parting ray,
When o'er the prow a sudden darkness spread,
And slowly floating o'er the mast's tall head
A black cloud hovered; nor appeared from far
The moon's pale glimpse, nor faintly twinkling star;
So deep a gloom the lowering vapour cast,
Transfixed with awe the bravest stood aghast.
Meanwhile a hollow bursting roar resounds,
As when hoarse surges lash their rocky mounds;
Nor had the blackening wave, nor frowning heaven,
The wonted signs of gathering tempest given.
Amazed we stood—O thou, our fortune's guide,
Avert this omen, mighty God, I cried;
Or through forbidden climes adventurous strayed,
Have we the secrets of the deep surveyed,
Which these wide solitudes of seas and sky
Were doomed to hide from man's unhallowed eye?
Whate'er this prodigy, it threatens more
Than midnight tempest and the mingled roar,
When sea and sky combine to rock the marble shore.
I spoke, when rising through the darkened air,
Appalled, we saw a hideous phantom glare;
High and enormous o'er the flood he towered,
And thwart our way with sullen aspect lowered.
Unearthly paleness o'er his cheeks were spread,
Erect uprose his hairs of withered red;
Writhing to speak, his sable lips disclose,
Sharp and disjoined, his gnashing teeth's blue rows;
His haggard beard flowed quivering on the wind,
Revenge and horror in his mien combined;
His clouded front, by withering lightning scared,
The inward anguish of his soul declared.
His red eyes glowing from their dusky caves
Shot livid fires: far echoing o'er the waves
His voice resounded, as the caverned shore
With hollow groan repeats the tempest's roar.
Cold gliding horrors thrilled each hero's breast;
Our bristling hair and tottering knees confessed
Wild dread; the while with visage ghastly wan,
His black lips trembling, thus the fiend began:
'O you, the boldest of the nations, fired
By daring pride, by lust of fame inspired,
Who, scornful of the bowers of sweet repose,
Through these my waves advance your fearless prows,
Regardless of the lengthening watery way,
And all the storms that own my sovereign sway,

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* In the author's manuscript 'button gown.'

Who 'mid surrounding rocks and shelves explore
Where never hero braved my rage before;
Ye sons of Lusus, who, with eyes profane,
Have viewed the secrets of my awful reign,
Have passed the bounds which jealous Nature drew,
To veil her secret shrine from mortal view,
Hear from my lips what direful woes attend,
And bursting soon shall o'er your race descend.
'With every bounding keel that dares my rage,
Eternal war my rocks and storms shall wage;
The next proud fleet that through my dear domain,
With daring search shall hoist the streaming vane,
That gallant navy by my whirlwinds tossed,
And raging seas, shall perish on my coast.
Then he who first my secret, reign descried,
A naked corse wide floating o'er the tide
Shall drive. Unless my heart's full raptures fail,
O Lusus! oft shalt thou thy children wail;
Each year thy shipwrecked sons shalt thou deplore,
Each year thy sheeted masts shall strew my shore.'
He spoke, and deep a lengthened sigh he drew,
A doleful sound, and vanished from the view;
The frightened billows gave a rolling swell,
And distant far prolonged the dismal yell;
Faint and more faint the howling echoes die,
And the black cloud dispersing, leaves the sky.

## CHRISTOPHER ANSTEY.

CHRISTOPHER ANSTEY (1724–1805) was author of the *New Bath Guide*, a light satirical and humorous poem, original in design, and which set an example in this description of composition, that has since been followed in numerous instances, and with great success. Smollett, in his *Humphry Clinker*, published five years later, may be almost said to have reduced the *New Bath Guide* to prose. Many of the characters and situations are exactly the same as those of Anstey. The poem seldom rises above the tone of conversation, but is easy, sportive, and entertaining. The fashionable Fribbles of the day, the chat, scandal, and amusements of those attending the wells, and the canting hypocrisy of some sectarians, are depicted, sometimes with indelicacy, but always with force and liveliness. Mr Anstey was son of the Rev. Dr Anstey, rector of Brinkeley, in Cambridgeshire, a gentleman who possessed a considerable landed property, which the poet afterwards inherited. He was educated at Eton School, and elected to King's College, Cambridge, and in both places he distinguished himself as a classical scholar. In consequence of his refusal to deliver certain declamations, Anstey quarrelled with the heads of the university, and was denied the usual degree. In the epilogue to the *New Bath Guide*, he alludes to this circumstance:

Granta, sweet Granta, where studious of ease,
Seven years did I sleep, and then lost my degrees.

He then went into the army, and married Miss Calvert, sister to his friend John Calvert, Esq. of Allbury Hall, in Hertfordshire, through whose influence he was returned to parliament for the borough of Hertford. He was a frequent resident in the city of Bath, and a favourite in the fashionable and literary coteries of the place. In 1766 was published his celebrated poem, which instantly became popular. He wrote various other pieces—but while the *New Bath Guide* was 'the only thing in fashion,' and relished for its novel and original kind of humour, the other productions of Anstey were neglected by the public, and have never been revived. In the enjoyment of his paternal estate, the poet, however, was independent of the public support, and he took part in the sports of the field up to his eightieth year. While on a visit to his son-in-law, Mr Bosanquet, at Harnage, Wiltshire, he was taken ill, and died on the 3d of August 1805.

### *The Public Breakfast.*

Now my lord had the honour of coming down post,
To pay his respects to so famous a toast;
In hopes he her ladyship's favour might win,
By playing the part of a host at an inn.
I'm sure he's a person of great resolution,
Though delicate nerves, and a weak constitution;
For he carried us all to a place 'cross the river,
And vowed that the rooms were too hot for his liver:
He said it would greatly our pleasure promote,
If we all for Spring Gardens set out in a boat:
I never as yet could his reason explain,
Why we all sallied forth in the wind and the rain;
For sure such confusion was never yet known;
Here a cap and a hat, there a cardinal blown:
While his lordship, embroidered and powdered all o'er,
Was bowing, and handing the ladies ashore:
How the Misses did huddle, and scuddle, and run;
One would think to be wet must be very good fun;
For by waggling their tails, they all seemed to take pains
To moisten their pinions like ducks when it rains;
And 'twas pretty to see, how, like birds of a feather,
The people of quality flocked all together;
All pressing, addressing, caressing, and fond,
Just the same as those animals are in a pond:
You've read all their names in the news, I suppose,
But, for fear you have not, take the list as it goes:
There was Lady Greasewrister,
And Madam Van-Twister,
Her ladyship's sister:
Lord Cram, and Lord Vulture,
Sir Brandish O'Culter,
With Marshal Carouzer,
And old Lady Touzer,
And the great Hanoverian Baron Panzmowzer;
Besides many others who all in the rain went,
On purpose to honour this great entertainment:
The company made a most brilliant appearance,
And ate bread and butter with great perseverance:
All the chocolate too, that my lord set before 'em,
The ladies despatched with the utmost decorum.
Soft musical numbers were heard all around,
The horns and the clarions echoing sound.
Sweet were the strains, as odorous gales that blow
O'er fragrant banks, where pinks and roses grow.
The peer was quite ravished, while close to his side
Sat Lady Bunbutter, in beautiful pride!
Oft turning his eyes, he with rapture surveyed
All the powerful charms she so nobly displayed:
As when at the feast of the great Alexander,
Timotheus, the musical son of Thersander,
Breathed heavenly measures. . . . .
Oh! had I a voice that was stronger than steel
With twice fifty tongues to express what I feel,
And as many good mouths, yet I never could utter
All the speeches my lord made to Lady Bunbutter!
So polite all the time, that he ne'er touched a bit,
While she ate up his rolls and applauded his wit:
For they tell me that men of *true taste*, when they treat,
Should talk a great deal, but they never should eat:
And if that be the fashion, I never will give
Any grand entertainment as long as I live:
For I'm of opinion, 'tis proper to cheer
The stomach and bowels as well as the ear.

Nor me did the charming concerto of Abel
Regale like the breakfast I saw on the table:
I freely will own I the muffins preferred
To all the genteel conversation I heard.
E'en though I 'd the honour of sitting between
My Lady Stuff-damask and Peggy Moreen,
Who both flew to Bath in the nightly machine.
Cries Peggy: 'This place is enchantingly pretty;
We never can see such a thing in the city.
You may spend all your lifetime in Cateaton Street,
And never so civil a gentleman meet;
You may talk what you please; you may search London through;
You may go to Carlisle's, and to Almack's too;
And I 'll give you my head if you find such a host,
For coffee, tea, chocolate, butter, and toast:
How he welcomes at once all the world and his wife,
And how civil to folk he ne'er saw in his life!'
'These horns,' cries my lady, 'so tickle one's ear,
Lard! what would I give that Sir Simon was here!
To the next public breakfast Sir Simon shall go,
For I find here are folks one may venture to know:
Sir Simon would gladly his lordship attend,
And my lord would be pleased with so cheerful a friend.'
So when we had wasted more bread at a breakfast
Than the poor of our parish have ate for this week past,
I saw, all at once, a prodigious great throng
Come bustling, and rustling, and jostling along;
For his lordship was pleased that the company now
To my Lady Bunbutter should curtsy and bow;
And my lady was pleased too, and seemed vastly proud
At once to receive all the thanks of a crowd.
And when, like Chaldeans, we all had adored
This beautiful image set up by my lord,
Some few insignificant folk went away,
Just to follow the employments and calls of the day;
But those who knew better their time how to spend,
The fiddling and dancing all chose to attend.
Miss Clunch and Sir Toby performed a cotillon,
Just the same as our Susan and Bob the postilion;
All the while her mamma was expressing her joy,
That her daughter the morning so well could employ.
Now, why should the Muse, my dear mother, relate
The misfortunes that fall to the lot of the great?
As homeward we came—'tis with sorrow you 'll hear
What a dreadful disaster attended the peer;
For whether some envious god had decreed
That a Naiad should long to ennoble her breed;
Or whether his lordship was charmed to behold
His face in the stream, like Narcissus of old;
In handing old Lady Comefidget and daughter,
This obsequious lord tumbled into the water;
But a nymph of the flood brought him safe to the boat,
And I left all the ladies a-cleaning his coat.

## RICHARD JAGO.

The Rev. RICHARD JAGO (1715-1781), vicar of Snitterfield, near Stratford-on-Avon, was author of *Edgehill, a Poem* (1767); *Labour and Genius, or the Mill-Stream and the Cascade, a Fable* (1768); and other poetical pieces, all collected and published in one volume in 1784.

### *Absence.*

With leaden foot Time creeps along,
  While Delia is away;
With her, nor plaintive was the song,
  Nor tedious was the day.

Ah! envious power, reverse my doom,
  Now double thy career;
Strain every nerve, stretch every plume,
  And rest them when she 's here.

## CHRISTOPHER PITT—GILBERT WEST—MRS CARTER.

Two translators of this period have been admitted by Johnson into his gallery of English poets. The Rev. CHRISTOPHER PITT (1699-1748) published in 1725 *Vida's Art of Poetry, translated into English Verse;* and in 1740 he gave a complete English *Æneid.* He also imitated some of the satires and epistles of Horace. 'Pitt pleases the critics, and Dryden the people; Pitt is quoted, and Dryden read.' Such is the criticism of Johnson; but even the merit of being quoted can scarcely now be accorded to the lesser bard.—GILBERT WEST (1700?—1756) translated the Odes of Pindar (1749), prefixing to the work—which is still our standard version of Pindar—a good dissertation on the Olympic games. New editions of West's Pindar were published in 1753 and 1766. He wrote several pieces of original poetry, included in Dodsley's collection. One of these, *On the Abuse of Travelling*, a canto in imitation of Spenser (1739) is noticed by Gray in enthusiastic terms. West was also author of a prose work, *Observations on the Resurrection*, for which the university of Oxford conferred on him the degree of LL.D.; and Lyttelton addressed to him his treatise on St Paul. Pope left West a sum of £200, but payable only after the death of Martha Blount, and he did not live to receive it. By all his contemporaries, this accomplished and excellent man was warmly esteemed; and through the influence of Pitt, he enjoyed a competence in his latter days, having been appointed (1752) one of the clerks of the privy council, and under-treasurer of Chelsea Hospital.

In 1758 appeared *All the Works of Epictetus now Extant, translated from the Greek*, by ELIZABETH CARTER. This learned and pious lady, familiar to the readers of Boswell's Johnson, had previously (1738) translated Crousaz's *Examen of Pope's Essay on Man*, and Algarotti's *Explanation of the Newtonian Philosophy*. She also published a small collection of poems written by her before her twentieth year, and was a frequent correspondent of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Hence her early acquaintance with Johnson, who has commemorated the talents and virtues of his young friend in a Greek and a Latin epigram.[*] Mrs Carter lived to read and admire Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. She died in 1806, in the eighty-ninth year of her age. Her nephew, the Rev. Montagu Pennington, published *Memoirs of Mrs Carter* (1808), and *A Series of Letters between Mrs E. Carter and Miss Catherine Talbot* (1808). The correspondence has added to the reputation of Mrs Carter. Of her original poetry the best is an *Ode to Wisdom*, published by Richardson in his *Clarissa Harlowe*. It is in the stately Johnsonian style, and opens thus:

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[*] One of these, on Miss Carter gathering laurels in Pope's garden at Twickenham, is peculiarly happy:

Elysios Popi dum ludit læta per hortos,
  En avida lauros carpit Elisa manu,
Nil opus est furto. Lauros tibi, dulcis Elisa,
  Si neget optatas Popus, Apollo dabit.

In Pope's Elysian scenes Eliza roves,
And spoils with greedy hands his laurel groves;
A needless theft! A laurel wreath to thee,
Should Pope deny, Apollo would decree.

CROKER.

The solitary bird of night
Through the thick shades now wings his flight,
  And quits his time-shook tower,
Where, sheltered from the blaze of day,
In philosophic gloom he lay
  Beneath his ivy bower.

With joy I hear the solemn sound
Which midnight echoes waft around,
  And sighing gales repeat.
Favourite of Pallas! I attend,
And, faithful to thy summons, bend
  At wisdom's awful seat.

## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

### *Ad Amicos.*

By Richard West—the friend of Gray and Walpole. He was the only son of the Right Hon. R. West, Chancellor of Ireland. The following piece was written in West's twentieth year, and its amiable author died in his twenty-sixth year, 1742.

Yes, happy youths, on Camus' sedgy side,
You feel each joy that friendship can divide;
Each realm of science and of art explore,
And with the ancient blend the modern lore.
Studious alone to learn whate'er may tend
To raise the genius, or the heart to mend;
Now pleased along the cloistered walk you rove,
And trace the verdant mazes of the grove,
Where social oft, and oft alone, ye choose,
To catch the zephyr, and to court the muse.
Meantime at me—while all devoid of art
These lines give back the image of my heart—
At me the power that comes or soon or late,
Or aims, or seems to aim, the dart of fate;
From you remote, methinks, alone I stand,
Like some sad exile in a desert land;
Around no friends their lenient care to join
In mutual warmth, and mix their heart with mine.
Or real pains, or those which fancy raise,
For ever blot the sunshine of my days;
To sickness still, and still to grief a prey,
Health turns from me her rosy face away.
  Just Heaven! what sin ere life begins to bloom,
Devotes my head untimely to the tomb?
Did e'er this hand against a brother's life
Drug the dire bowl, or point the murderous knife?
Did e'er this tongue the slanderer's tale proclaim,
Or madly violate my Maker's name?
Did e'er this heart betray a friend or foe,
Or know a thought but all the world might know?
As yet just started from the lists of time,
My growing years have scarcely told their prime;
Useless, as yet, through life I've idly run,
No pleasures tasted, and few duties done.
Ah, who, e'er autumn's mellowing suns appear,
Would pluck the promise of the vernal year;
Or, ere the grapes their purple hue betray,
Tear the crude cluster from the mourning spray?
Stern power of fate, whose ebon sceptre rules
The Stygian deserts and Cimmerian pools,
Forbear, nor rashly smite my youthful heart,
A victim yet unworthy of thy dart;
Ah, stay till age shall blast my withering face,
Shake in my head, and falter in my pace;
Then aim the shaft, then meditate the blow,
And to the dead my willing shade shall go.
  How weak is man to reason's judging eye!
Born in this moment, in the next we die;
Part mortal clay, and part ethereal fire,
Too proud to creep, too humble to aspire.
In vain our plans of happiness we raise,
Pain is our lot, and patience is our praise;
Wealth, lineage, honours, conquest, or a throne,
Are what the wise would fear to call their own.
Health is at best a vain precarious thing,
And fair-faced youth is ever on the wing;
'Tis like the stream beside whose watery bed,
Some blooming plant exalts his flowery head;
Nursed by the wave the spreading branches rise,
Shade all the ground, and flourish to the skies;
The waves the while beneath in secret flow,
And undermine the hollow bank below;
Wide and more wide the waters urge their way,
Bare all the roots, and on their fibres prey.
Too late the plant bewails his foolish pride,
And sinks, untimely, in the whelming tide.
  But why repine? Does life deserve my sigh;
Few will lament my loss whene'er I die.
For those the wretches I despise or hate,
I neither envy nor regard their fate.
For me, whene'er all-conquering death shall spread
His wings around my unrepining head,
I care not; though this face be seen no more,
The world will pass as cheerful as before;
Bright as before the day-star will appear,
The fields as verdant, and the skies as clear;
Nor storms nor comets will my doom declare,
Nor signs on earth nor portents in the air;
Unknown and silent will depart my breath,
Nor nature e'er take notice of my death.
Yet some there are—ere spent my vital days—
Within whose breasts my tomb I wish to raise.
Loved in my life, lamented in my end,
Their praise would crown me as their precepts mend:
To them may these fond lines my name endear,
Not from the Poet, but the Friend sincere.

### *Elegy.*

By James Hammond (born 1710, died 1742). This seems to be almost the only tolerable specimen of the once admired and highly famed love-elegies of Hammond. This poet, nephew to Sir Robert Walpole, and a man of fortune, bestowed his affections on a Miss Dashwood, whose agreeable qualities and inexorable rejection of his suit inspired the poetry by which his name has been handed down to us. His verses are imitations of Tibullus—smooth, tame, and frigid. Miss Dashwood died unmarried in 1779. In the following elegy, Hammond imagines himself married to his mistress (Delia), and that, content with each other, they are retired to the country.

Let others boast their heaps of shining gold,
  And view their fields, with waving plenty crowned,
Whom neighbouring foes in constant terror hold,
  And trumpets break their slumbers, never sound:

While calmly poor, I trifle life away,
  Enjoy sweet leisure by my cheerful fire,
No wanton hope my quiet shall betray,
  But, cheaply blest, I'll scorn each vain desire.

With timely care I'll sow my little field,
  And plant my orchard with its master's hand,
Nor blush to spread the hay, the hook to wield,
  Or range my sheaves along the sunny land.

If late at dusk, while carelessly I roam,
  I meet a strolling kid, or bleating lamb,
Under my arm I'll bring the wanderer home,
  And not a little chide its thoughtless dam.

What joy to hear the tempest howl in vain,
  And clasp a fearful mistress to my breast?
Or, lulled to slumber by the beating rain,
  Secure and happy, sink at last to rest?

Or, if the sun in flaming Leo ride,
  By shady rivers indolently stray,
And with my Delia, walking side by side,
  Hear how they murmur as they glide away?

What joy to wind along the cool retreat,
  To stop and gaze on Delia as I go?
To mingle sweet discourse with kisses sweet,
  And teach my lovely scholar all I know?

Thus pleased at heart, and not with fancy's dream,
In silent happiness I rest unknown;
Content with what I am, not what I seem,
I live for Delia and myself alone.

Ah, foolish man, who thus of her possessed,
Could float and wander with ambition's wind,
And if his outward trappings spoke him blest,
Not heed the sickness of his conscious mind!

With her I scorn the idle breath of praise,
Nor trust to happiness that 's not our own;
The smile of fortune might suspicion raise,
But here I know that I am loved alone. . . .

Hers be the care of all my little train,
While I with tender indolence am blest,
The favourite subject of her gentle reign,
By love alone distinguished from the rest.

For her I 'll yoke my oxen to the plough,
In gloomy forests tend my lonely flock;
For her a goat-herd climb the mountain's brow,
And sleep extended on the naked rock:

Ah, what avails to press the stately bed,
And far from her 'midst tasteless grandeur weep,
By marble fountains lay the pensive head,
And, while they murmur, strive in vain to sleep?

Delia alone can please, and never tire,
Exceed the paint of thought in true delight;
With her, enjoyment wakens new desire,
And equal rapture glows through every night:

Beauty and worth in her alike contend,
To charm the fancy, and to fix the mind;
In her, my wife, my mistress, and my friend,
I taste the joys of sense and reason joined.

On her I 'll gaze, when others' loves are o'er,
And dying press her with my clay-cold hand—
Thou weep'st already, as I were no more,
Nor can that gentle breast the thought withstand.

Oh, when I die, my latest moments spare,
Nor let thy grief with sharper torments kill,
Wound not thy cheeks, nor hurt that flowing hair,
Though I am dead, my soul shall love thee still:

Oh, quit the room, oh, quit the deathful bed,
Or thou wilt die, so tender is thy heart;
Oh, leave me, Delia, ere thou see me dead,
These weeping friends will do thy mournful part:

Let them, extended on the decent bier,
Convey the corse in melancholy state,
Through all the village spread the tender tear,
While pitying maids our wondrous loves relate.

### *Song—Away! let nought to Love displeasing.*[*]

Away! let nought to love displeasing,
My Winifreda, move your care;
Let nought delay the heavenly blessing,
Nor squeamish pride nor gloomy fear.

What though no grants of royal donors,
With pompous titles grace our blood;
We 'll shine in more substantial honours,
And, to be noble, we'll be good.[†]

Our name while virtue thus we tender,
Will sweetly sound where'er 'tis spoke;
And all the great ones, they shall wonder
How they respect such little folk.

What though, from fortune's lavish bounty,
No mighty treasures we possess;
We 'll find, within our pittance, plenty,
And be content without excess.

Still shall each kind returning season
Sufficient for our wishes give;
For we will live a life of reason,
And that 's the only life to live.

Through youth and age, in love excelling,
We 'll hand in hand together tread;
Sweet-smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,
And babes, sweet smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures,
While round my knees they fondly clung!
To see them look their mother's features,
To hear them lisp their mother's tongue!

And when with envy Time transported,
Shall think to rob us of our joys;
You 'll in your girls again be courted,
And I 'll go wooing in my boys.

### *The Mystery of Life.*

By John Gambold, a bishop among the Moravian Brethren, who died in 1771.

So many years I 've seen the sun,
And called these eyes and hands my own,
A thousand little acts I 've done,
And childhood have, and manhood known:
O what is life! and this dull round
To tread, why was a spirit bound?

So many airy draughts and lines,
And warm excursions of the mind,
Have filled my soul with great designs,
While practice grovelled far behind:
O what is thought! and where withdraw
The glories which my fancy saw?

So many tender joys and woes
Have on my quivering soul had power;
Plain life with heightening passions rose,
The boast or burden of their hour:
O what is all we feel! why fled
Those pains and pleasures o'er my head?

So many human souls divine,
So at one interview displayed,
Some oft and freely mixed with mine,
In lasting bonds my heart have laid:
O what is friendship! why impressed
On my weak, wretched, dying breast?

So many wondrous gleams of light,
And gentle ardours from above,
Have made me sit, like seraph bright,
Some moments on a throne of love:
O what is virtue! why had I,
Who am so low, a taste so high?

Ere long, when sovereign wisdom wills,
My soul an unknown path shall tread,
And strangely leave, who strangely fills
This frame, and waft me to the dead:
O what is death! 'tis life's last shore,
Where vanities are vain no more;
Where all pursuits their goal obtain,
And life is all retouched again;
Where in their bright result shall rise
Thoughts, virtues, friendships, griefs, and joys.

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[*] This beautiful piece first appeared in a volume of Miscellaneous Poems, published by D. Lewis, 1726. It has been erroneously ascribed to John Gilbert Cooper (1723-1769), author of a volume of poems, and some prose works (including a Life of Socrates).

[†] This sentiment has been expressed in similar, but more pointed language by Mr Tennyson:

Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good:
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.
*Lady Clara Vere de Vere.*

### *The Beggar.*

By the Rev. T. Moss, who died in 1808, minister of Brierly Hill and of Trentham, Staffordshire. He published in 1769 a small collection of miscellaneous poems.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man !
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span ;
Oh ! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

These tattered clothes my poverty bespeak,
These hoary locks proclaim my lengthened years ;
And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek
Has been the channel to a stream of tears.

Yon house, erected on the rising ground,
With tempting aspect drew me from my road,
For plenty there a residence has found,
And grandeur a magnificent abode.

(Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor !)
Here craving for a morsel of their bread,
A pampered menial forced me from the door,
To seek a shelter in a humbler shed.

Oh ! take me to your hospitable dome,
Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold !
Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,
For I am poor, and miserably old.

Should I reveal the source of every grief,
If soft humanity e'er touched your breast,
Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,
And tears of pity could not be repressed.

Heaven sends misfortunes—why should we repine ?
'Tis Heaven has brought me to the state you see :
And your condition may be soon like mine,
The child of sorrow, and of misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot,
Then, like the lark, I sprightly hailed the morn ;
But ah ! oppression forced me from my cot ;
My cattle died, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter—once the comfort of my age !
Lured by a villain from her native home,
Is cast, abandoned, on the world's wide stage,
And doomed in scanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife—sweet soother of my care !
Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,
Fell—lingering fell, a victim to despair,
And left the world to wretchedness and me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man !
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span ;
Oh ! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

### *Song from 'The Shamrock' (Dublin, 1772).*

Belinda's sparkling eyes and wit
Do various passions raise ;
And, like the lightning, yield a bright,
But momentary blaze.

Eliza's milder, gentler sway,
Her conquests fairly won,
Shall last till life and time decay,
Eternal as the sun.

Thus the wild flood, with deafening roar,
Bursts dreadful from on high ;
But soon its empty rage is o'er,
And leaves the channel dry :
While the pure stream, which still and slow,
Its gentler current brings,
Through every change of time shall flow,
With unexhausted springs.

### *Lines.*

By Sir John Henry Moore (1756-1780).

Cease to blame my melancholy,
Though with sighs and folded arms
I muse with silence on her charms ;
Censure not—I know 'tis folly.

Yet these mournful thoughts possessing,
Such delights I find in grief,
That, could Heaven afford relief,
My fond heart would scorn the blessing.[*]

## SCOTTISH POETS.

Though most Scottish authors at this time—as Thomson, Mallet, &c.—composed in the English language, a few, stimulated by the success of Allan Ramsay, cultivated their native tongue. The best of these was Fergusson. The popularity of Ramsay's *Tea-table Miscellany* led to other collections and to new contributions to Scottish song, including *The Charmer*, by J. Yair, 1749-51. In 1776 appeared *Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs, Heroic Ballads*, &c. The editor of this collection was **David Herd** (1732-1810), a native of St Cyrus, in Kincardineshire, who was clerk to an accountant in Edinburgh. Sir Walter Scott calls Herd's collection 'the first classical collection of Scottish Songs and Ballads.' Above fifty pieces were written down from recitation, and thus preserved by the meritorious editor.

### WILLIAM HAMILTON.

**William Hamilton** of Bangour, a Scottish gentleman of education, rank, and accomplishments, was born of an ancient family in Ayrshire in 1704. He was the delight of the fashionable circles of his native country, and became early distinguished for his poetical talents. Struck, we may suppose, with the *romance* of the enterprise, Hamilton, in 1745, joined the standard of Prince Charles, and became the 'volunteer laureate' of the Jacobites, by celebrating the battle of Gladsmuir. On the discomfiture of the party, Hamilton succeeded in effecting his escape to France ; but having many friends and admirers among the royalists at home, a pardon was procured for the rebellious poet, and he was soon restored to his native country and his paternal estate. He did not, however, live long to enjoy his good-fortune. His health had always been delicate, and a pulmonary complaint forced him to seek the warmer climate of the continent. He gradually declined, and died at Lyon in 1754.

Hamilton's first and best strains were dedicated to lyrical poetry. Before he was twenty, he had assisted Allan Ramsay in his *Tea-table Miscellany*. In 1748, some person, unknown to him, collected and published his poems in Glasgow; but the first genuine and correct copy did not appear till after the author's death, in 1760, when a collection was made from his own manuscripts. The most attractive feature in his works is his pure English style, and a somewhat ornate poetical diction. He had more fancy than feeling, and in this respect his amatory songs resemble those of the courtier-poets of Charles II.'s court. Nor was he more sincere, if we may credit an anecdote related of him by Alexander Tytler in his life of Henry Home, Lord Kames. One of the ladies whom Hamilton annoyed by his perpetual compliments and solicitations, consulted Home how she should get rid of the poet, who, she was convinced, had no serious object in view. The philosopher advised her to dance with him, and shew him every mark of her kindness, as if she had resolved to favour his suit. The lady adopted the counsel, and the success of the experiment was complete. Hamilton wrote a serious poem, entitled *Contemplation*, and a national one on the Thistle, which is in blank verse:

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[*] These lines of the young poet seem to have suggested a similar piece by Samuel Rogers, entitled, 'To ......'

Go—you may call it madness, folly ;
You shall not chase my gloom away ;
There 's such a charm in melancholy,
I would not, if I could, be gay.

Oh, if you knew the pensive pleasure
That fills my bosom when I sigh,
You would not rob me of a treasure
Monarchs are too poor to buy.

How oft beneath
Its martial influence have Scotia's sons,
Through every age, with dauntless valour fought
On every hostile ground! While o'er their breast,
Companion to the silver star, blest type
Of fame, unsullied and superior deed,
Distinguished ornament! this native plant
Surrounds the sainted cross, with costly row
Of gems emblazed, and flame of radiant gold,
A sacred mark, their glory and their pride!

Professor Richardson of Glasgow—who wrote a critique on Hamilton in the *Lounger*—quotes the following as a favourable specimen of his poetical powers:

In everlasting blushes seen,
Such Pringle shines, of sprightly mien;
To her the power of love imparts,
Rich gift! the soft successful arts,
That best the lover's fire provoke,
The lively step, the mirthful joke,
The speaking glance, the amorous wile,
The sportful laugh, the winning smile.
*Her soul awakening every grace,*
*Is all abroad upon her face;*
In bloom of youth still to survive,
All charms are there, and all alive.

Others of his amatory strains are full of quaint conceits and exaggerated expression, without any trace of real passion. His ballad of *The Braes of Yarrow* is by far the finest of his effusions: it has real nature, tenderness, and pastoral simplicity. Having led to the composition of Wordsworth's three beautiful poems, *Yarrow Unvisited*, *Yarrow Visited*, and *Yarrow Revisited*, it has, moreover, some external importance in the records of British literature. The poet of the lakes has copied some of its lines and images. A complete collated edition of Hamilton's poems and songs, edited by James Paterson, was published in 1850.

### *The Braes of Yarrow.*

*A.* Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny bride;
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow!
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny bride,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

*B.* Where gat ye that bonny, bonny bride?
Where gat ye that winsome marrow?
*A.* I gat her where I darena weil be seen,
Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bonny, bonny bride;
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow!
Nor let thy heart lament to leave
Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

*B.* Why does she weep, thy bonny, bonny bride?
Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?
And why dare ye nae mair weil be seen,
Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

*A.* Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she weep,
Lang maun she weep with dool and sorrow,
And lang maun I nae mair weil be seen
Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

For she has tint her lover, lover dear,
Her lover dear, the cause of sorrow,
And I hae slain the comeliest swain
That e'er pu'd birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, red?
Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?
And why you melancholious weeds
Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow?

What 's yonder floats on the rueful, rueful flude?
What 's yonder floats? O dool and sorrow!
'Tis he, the comely swain I slew
Upon the doolful Braes of Yarrow.

Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in tears,
His wounds in tears with dool and sorrow,
And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds,
And lay him on the Braes of Yarrow.

Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,
Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow,
And weep around in waeful wise,
His helpless fate on the Braes of Yarrow.

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless shield,
My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,
The fatal spear that pierced his breast,
His comely breast, on the Braes of Yarrow.

Did I not warn thee not to lo'e,
And warn from fight? but to my sorrow;
O'er rashly bauld a stronger arm
Thou met'st, and fell on the Braes of Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows the grass,
Yellow on Yarrow's bank the gowan,
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowin'.

Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet, as sweet flows Tweed,
As green its grass, its gowan as yellow,
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
The apple frae the rock as mellow.

Fair was thy love, fair, fair indeed thy love;
In flowery bands thou him didst fetter;
Though he was fair and weil beloved again,
Than me he never lo'ed thee better.

Busk ye, then busk, my bonny, bonny bride;
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, and lo'e me on the banks of Tweed,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

*C.* How can I busk a bonny, bonny bride,
How can I busk a winsome marrow,
How lo'e him on the banks of Tweed,
That slew my love on the Braes of Yarrow.

O Yarrow fields! may never, never rain
  Nor dew thy tender blossoms cover,
For there was basely slain my love,
  My love, as he had not been a lover.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
  His purple vest, 'twas my ain sewing.
Ah! wretched me! I little, little ken'd
  He was in these to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white steed,
  Unheedful of my dool and sorrow,
But ere the to-fall of the night,
  He lay a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow.

Much I rejoiced that waeful, waeful day;
  I sang, my voice the woods returning,
But lang ere night, the spear was flown
  That slew my love, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous, barbarous father do,
  But with his cruel rage pursue me?
My lover's blood is on thy spear,
  How canst thou, barbarous man, then woo me?

My happy sisters may be, may be proud;
  With cruel and ungentle scoffin',
May bid me seek on Yarrow Braes
  My lover nailed in his coffin.

My brother Douglas may upbraid, upbraid,
  And strive with threatening words to move me,
My lover's blood is on thy spear,
  How canst thou ever bid me love thee?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of love,
  With bridal sheets my body cover,
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
  Let in the expected husband-lover.

But who the expected husband, husband is?
  His hands, methinks, are bathed in slaughter.
Ah me! what ghastly spectre 's yon,
  Comes, in his pale shroud, bleeding after?

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down;
  O lay his cold head on my pillow;
Take aff, take aff these bridal weeds,
  And crown my careful head with willow.

Pale though thou art, yet best, yet best beloved,
  O could my warmth to life restore thee!
Ye 'd lie all night between my breasts;
  No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale, pale, indeed, O lovely, lovely youth,
  Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,
And lie all night between my breasts;
  No youth shall ever lie there after.

*A.* Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride,
  Return and dry thy useless sorrow:
Thy lover heeds nought of thy sighs;
  He lies a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow.

## JOHN SKINNER.

Something of a national as well as a patriotic character may be claimed for the lively song of *Tullochgorum*, the composition of the Rev. JOHN SKINNER (1721–1807), who inspired some of the strains of Burns, and who delighted, in life as in his poetry, to diffuse feelings of kindliness and good-will among men. Mr Skinner officiated as Episcopal minister of Longside, Aberdeenshire, for sixty-five years. After the troubled period of the rebellion of 1745, when the Episcopal clergy of Scotland laboured under the charge of disaffection, Skinner was imprisoned six months for preaching to more than four persons! He died in his son's house at Aberdeen, having realised his wish of 'seeing once more his children's grandchildren, and peace upon Israel.' Besides *Tullochgorum*, and other songs, Skinner wrote an *Ecclesiastical History of Scotland*, and some theological treatises.

### *Tullochgorum.*

Come gie 's a sang, Montgomery cried,
And lay your disputes all aside;
What signifies 't for folks to chide
  For what 's been done before them?
Let Whig and Tory all agree,
Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,
Let Whig and Tory all agree
  To drop their Whigmegmorum.
Let Whig and Tory all agree
To spend this night with mirth and glee,
And cheerfu' sing alang wi' me
  The reel of Tullochgorum.

O, Tullochgorum 's my delight;
It gars us a' in ane unite;
And ony sumph that keeps up spite,
  In conscience I abhor him.
Blithe and merry we's be a',
Blithe and merry, blithe and merry,
Blithe and merry we's be a',
  And mak a cheerfu' quorum.
Blithe and merry we's be a',
As lang as we hae breath to draw,
And dance, till we be like to fa',
  The reel of Tullochgorum.

There need nae be sae great a phrase
Wi' dringing dull Italian lays;
I wadna gie our ain strathspeys
  For half a hundred score o' 'em.
They 're douff and dowie at the best,
Douff and dowie, douff and dowie,
They 're douff and dowie at the best,
  Wi' a' their variorum.
They 're douff and dowie at the best,
Their allegros, and a' the rest,
They canna please a Highland taste,
  Compared wi' Tullochgorum.

Let warldly minds themselves oppress
Wi' fear of want, and double cess,
And sullen sots themselves distress
  Wi' keeping up decorum.
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
  Like auld Philosophorum?
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,
And canna rise to shake a fit
  At the reel of Tullochgorum?

May choicest blessings still attend
Each honest-hearted, open friend;
And calm and quiet be his end,
  And a' that 's good watch o'er him!
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
May peace and plenty be his lot,
  And dainties, a great store o' 'em!
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Unstained by any vicious blot;
And may he never want a groat,
  That 's fond of Tullochgorum.

But for the discontented fool,
Who wants to be oppression's tool,
May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
And discontent devour him!
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
And nane say, Wae's me for 'im!
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
And a' the ills that come frae France,
Whae'er he be that winna dance
The reel of Tullochgorum!

### ROBERT CRAWFORD.

**Robert Crawford**, author of *The Bush aboon Traquair*, and the still finer lyric of *Tweedside*, was a cadet of the family of Crawford of Drumsoy. He assisted Allan Ramsay in his *Tea-table Miscellany*, and, according to information obtained by Burns, was drowned in coming from France in the year 1733, aged about thirty-eight. Crawford had genuine poetical fancy and expression. 'The true muse of native pastoral,' says Allan Cunningham, 'seeks not to adorn herself with unnatural ornaments; her spirit is in homely love and fireside joy; tender and simple, like the religion of the land, she utters nothing out of keeping with the character of her people and the aspect of the soil; and of this spirit, and of this feeling, Crawford is a large partaker.'

*The Bush aboon Traquair.*

Hear me, ye nymphs, and every swain,
I'll tell how Peggy grieves me;
Though thus I languish and complain,
Alas! she ne'er believes me.
My vows and sighs, like silent air,
Unheeded, never move her;
At the bonny Bush aboon Traquair,
'Twas there I first did love her.

That day she smiled and made me glad,
No maid seemed ever kinder;
I thought myself the luckiest lad,
So sweetly there to find her;
I tried to soothe my amorous flame,
In words that I thought tender;
If more there passed, I'm not to blame—
I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flees the plain,
The fields we then frequented;
If e'er we meet she shews disdain,
She looks as ne'er acquainted.
The bonny bush bloomed fair in May,
Its sweets I'll aye remember;
But now her frowns make it decay—
It fades as in December.

Ye rural powers, who hear my strains,
Why thus should Peggy grieve me?
O make her partner in my pains,
Then let her smiles relieve me:
If not, my love will turn despair,
My passion no more tender;
I'll leave the Bush aboon Traquair—
To lonely wilds I'll wander.

*Tweedside.*

What beauties does Flora disclose!
How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed!
Yet Mary's, still sweeter than those,
Both nature and fancy exceed.
No daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,
Not all the gay flowers of the field,
Not Tweed, gliding gently through those,
Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
The linnet, the lark, and the thrush;
The blackbird, and sweet cooing dove,
With music enchant every bush.
Come, let us go forth to the mead;
Let us see how the primroses spring;
We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
And love while the feathered folk sing.

How does my love pass the long day?
Does Mary not tend a few sheep?
Do they never carelessly stray
While happily she lies asleep?
Should Tweed's murmurs lull her to rest,
Kind nature indulging my bliss,
To ease the soft pains of my breast,
I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel;
No beauty with her may compare;
Love's graces around her do dwell;
She's fairest where thousands are fair.
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?
Oh, tell me at morn where they feed?
Shall I seek them on sweet-winding Tay?
Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed?

### LADY GRISELL BAILLIE.

A favourite Scottish song, *Were na my Heart licht I wad dee*, appeared in the *Orpheus Caledonius* about 1725, and was copied by Allan Ramsay into his *Tea Table Miscellany*. It was written by Lady **Grisell Home**, daughter of Sir Patrick Home, created Earl of Marchmont. She was born at Redbraes Castle, December 25, 1665; was married to George Baillie of Jerviswood in 1692, and died in London, December 6, 1746. The eldest daughter of Lady Grisell, namely, Lady Murray of Stanhope (whom Gay, in his poem entitled *Mr Pope's Welcome from Greece*, has celebrated as 'the sweet-tongued Murray'), wrote Memoirs of her parents, first published entire by Thomas Thomson, Deputy Clerk Register, Edinburgh, in 1822. This is a highly interesting and affecting biography, illustrating the profligacy and contempt of law and justice in the reigns of Charles II. and James II. We quote part of the narrative in which Lady Murray describes the sufferings of Lady Grisell and her father, Sir Patrick Home:

Her father thought it necessary to keep concealed; and soon found he had too good reason for so doing, parties being continually sent out in search of him, and often to his own house to the terror of all in it; though not from any fear for his safety, whom they imagined at a great distance from home; for no soul knew where he was, but my grandfather and my mother, except one man, a carpenter, named Jamie Winter, who used to work in the house. The frequent examinations and oaths put to servants, in order to make discoveries, were so strict they durst not run the risk of trusting any of them. By the assistance of this man, they got a bed and bed-clothes carried in the night to the burying-place—a vault under ground at Polwarth church, a mile from the house, where he was concealed a month, and had only for light an open slit at one end. She went every night by herself at midnight to carry him victuals and drink, and stayed with him as long as she could to get

> home before day. Often did they laugh heartily, in that doleful habitation, at different accidents that happened. She at that time had a terror for a churchyard, especially in the dark, as is not uncommon at her age, by idle nursery stories; but when engaged by concern for her father, she stumbled every night alone over the graves without fear of any kind entering her thoughts, but for soldiers and parties in search of him. The minister's house was near the church; the first night she went, his dogs kept such a barking as put her to the utmost fear of a discovery: my grandmother sent for the minister next day, and upon pretence of a mad dog, got him to hang all his dogs. There was also difficulty of getting victuals to carry to him, without the servants suspecting; the only way it was done was by stealing it off her plate at dinner into her lap. Her father liked sheep's head; and while the children were eating their broth, she had conveyed most of one into her lap; when her brother Sandy (the late Lord Marchmont) had done, he looked up with astonishment, and said: 'Mother, will you look at Grisell? while we have been eating our broth, she has ate up the whole sheep's head!' This occasioned so much mirth amongst them, that her father at night was greatly entertained by it, and desired Sandy might have a share of the next. His great comfort and constant entertainment—for he had no light to read by—was repeating Buchanan's Psalms, which he had by heart from beginning to end, and retained them to his dying day.
>
> As the gloomy habitation my grandfather was in, was not to be long endured but from necessity, they were contriving other places of safety for him; amongst others, particularly one under a bed which drew out in a ground floor, in a room of which my mother kept the key. She and the same man worked in the night, making a hole in the earth, after lifting the boards; which they did by scratching it up with their hands, not to make any noise, till she left not a nail upon her fingers; she helping the man to carry the earth, as they dug it, in a sheet on his back, out at the window into the garden. He then made a box at his own house, large enough for her father to lie in, with bed and bedclothes, and bored holes in the boards for air. When all this was finished, she thought herself the most secure, happy creature alive. When it had stood the trial for a month of no water coming into it, her father ventured home, having that to trust to. After being at home a week or two, one day the bed bounced to the top, the box being full of water. In her life she was never so struck, and had near dropped down, it being at that time their only refuge. Her father, with great composure, said to his wife and her, he saw they must tempt Providence no longer, and that it was fit and necessary for him to go off and leave them.

Accordingly, Sir Patrick left Scotland disguised, travelling on horseback, and passing for a surgeon. He reached London in safety, and from thence proceeded to France and Holland; he had been joined by his wife and family, and they remained three years and a half in Holland; their estate was forfeited; but on the abdication of James II. and the accession of the Prince of Orange to the throne of England, the exiles were restored to their country, their honours, and their patrimony. The faithful Grisell Home was married to her early love, George Baillie of Jerviswood, of whom she wrote in a book: 'The best of husbands, and delight of my life for forty-eight years, without one jar betwixt us.'

### *Were na my Heart licht.*

There was ance a May,[1] and she lo'ed na men ;
She biggit her bonny bower down i' yon glen,
But now she cries dool and well-a-day !
Come down the green gait, and come here away.

When bonny young Johnny cam ower the sea,
He said he saw naething sae lovely as me ;
He hecht[1] me baith rings and mony braw things ;
And werena my heart licht I wad dee.

He had a wee titty[2] that lo'ed na me,
Because I was twice as bonny as she ;
She raised such a pother 'twixt him and his mother,
That werena my heart licht I wad dee.

The day it was set, and the bridal to be :
The wife took a dwam,[3] and lay down to dee ;
She maned and she graned out o' dolour and pain,
Till he vowed he never wad see me again.

His kin was for ane of a higher degree,
Said, what had he to do wi' the like of me ?
Albeit I was bonny, I wasna for Johnny :
And werena my heart licht I wad dee.

They said I had neither cow nor calf,
Nor dribbles o' drink rins through the draff,[4]
Nor pickles o' meal rins through the mill-ee ;
And werena my heart licht I wad dee.

His titty she was baith wily and slee,
She spied me as I cam owre the lea ;
And then she cam in and made a loud din ;
Believe your ain een an he trow na me.

His bonnet stood aye fu' round on his brow ;*
His auld ane looked aye as weel as some's new ;
But now he lets 't wear ony gait it will hing,
And casts himself dowie upon the corn-bing.[5]

And now he gaes daunerin about the dykes,
And a' he dow dae is to hound the tykes ;
The live-lang nicht he ne'er steeks his ee,
And werena my heart licht I wad dee.

Were I young for thee as I hae been
We should hae been gallopin' down on yon green,
And linkin' it on yon lily-white lea ;
And wow ! gin I were but young for thee.

## SIR GILBERT ELLIOT.

SIR GILBERT ELLIOT (1722–1777), author of what Sir Walter Scott calls 'the beautiful pastoral song,' beginning

My sheep I neglected, I broke my sheep-hook,

was third baronet of Minto, and brother of Miss Jane Elliot. Sir Gilbert was educated for the Scottish bar; he was twenty years in parliament as member successively for the counties of Selkirk and Roxburgh, and was distinguished as a speaker. He was in 1763 appointed treasurer of the navy, and afterwards keeper of the Signet in Scotland. He died at Marseille, whither he had gone for the recovery of his health, in 1777. Mr Tytler of Woodhouselee says, that Sir Gilbert Elliot, who had been taught the German flute in France, was the first who introduced that instrument into Scotland, about the year 1725.

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[1] A maid.

[1] Offered or proffered.

[2] Sister.

[3] Took an ill turn, a sickness.

[4] Grains.

* This stanza and the concluding one, somewhat altered, were applied by Burns to himself in his latter days, when the Dumfries gentry held aloof from the poet. See Lockhart's *Life of Burns*.

[5] A heap of grain inclosed, or boarded off.

### *Amynta.*

My sheep I neglected, I broke my sheep-hook,
And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook;
No more for Amynta fresh garlands I wove;
For ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love.
Oh, what had my youth with ambition to do?
Why left I Amynta? Why broke I my vow?
Oh, give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,
And I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.

Through regions remote in vain do I rove,
And bid the wide ocean secure me from love!
O fool! to imagine that aught could subdue
A love so well-founded, a passion so true!

Alas! 'tis too late at thy fate to repine;
Poor shepherd, Amynta can never be thine:
Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain,
The moments neglected return not again.

## ALEXANDER ROSS.

ALEXANDER ROSS, a schoolmaster in Lochlee, in Angus, when nearly seventy years of age, in 1768, published at Aberdeen, by the advice of Dr Beattie, a volume entitled *Helenore, or the Fortunate Shepherdess, a Pastoral Tale in the Scottish Dialect, to which are added a few Songs by the Author.* Ross was a good descriptive poet, and some of his songs—as *Woo'd, and Married, and a', The Rock and the Wee Pickle Tow*—are still popular in Scotland. Being chiefly written in the Kincardineshire dialect—which differs in many expressions, and in pronunciation, from the Lowland Scotch of Burns—Ross is less known out of his native district than he ought to be. Beattie took a warm interest in the 'good-humoured, social, happy old man'—who was independent on £20 a year—and to promote the sale of his volume, he addressed a letter and a poetical epistle in praise of it to the *Aberdeen Journal.* The epistle is remarkable as Beattie's only attempt in Aberdeenshire Scotch; one verse of it is equal to Burns:

O bonny are our greensward hows,
Where through the birks the burnie rows,
And the bee bums, and the ox lows,
And saft winds rustle,
And shepherd lads on sunny knowes
Blaw the blithe whistle.

Ross died in 1784, at the age of eighty-six.

### *Woo'd, and Married, and a'.*

The bride cam out o' the byre,
And, oh, as she dighted her cheeks:
'Sirs, I 'm to be married the night,
And have neither blankets nor sheets;
Have neither blankets nor sheets,
Nor scarce a coverlet too;
The bride that has a' thing to borrow,
Has e'en right muckle ado.'
Woo'd, and married, and a',
Married, and woo'd, and a'!
And was she nae very weel off,
That was woo'd, and married, and a'?

Out spake the bride's father,
As he cam in frae the pleugh:
'Oh, haud your tongue, my dochter,
And ye 'se get gear eneugh;
The stirk stands i' the tether,
And our braw bawsint yaud,
Will carry ye hame your corn—
What wad ye be at, ye jaud?'

Out spake the bride's mither:
'What deil needs a' this pride?
I had nae a plack in my pouch
That night I was a bride;
My gown was linsey-woolsey,
And ne'er a sark ava;
And ye hae ribbons and buskins,
Mae than ane or twa.' . . .

Out spake the bride's brither,
As he cam in wi' the kye:
'Poor Willie wad ne'er hae ta'en ye,
Had he kent ye as weel as I;
For ye 're baith proud and saucy,
And no for a poor man's wife;
Gin I canna get a better,
I 'se ne'er tak ane i' my life.'

Out spake the bride's sister,
As she cam in frae the byre:
'O gin I were but married,
It 's a' that I desire;
But we poor folk maun live single,
And do the best that we can;
I dinna care what I should want,
If I could get but a man.'

## JOHN LOWE.

JOHN LOWE (1750–1798), a student of divinity, son of the gardener at Kenmore in Galloway, was author of the fine pathetic lyric, *Mary's Dream,* which he wrote on the death of a gentleman named Miller, a surgeon at sea, who was attached to a Miss M'Ghie, Airds. The poet was tutor in the family of the lady's father, and was betrothed to her sister. He emigrated to America, however, where he made an unhappy marriage, became dissipated, and died in great misery near Fredericksburgh.

### *Mary's Dream.*

The moon had climbed the highest hill
Which rises o'er the source of Dee,
And from the eastern summit shed
Her silver light on tower and tree;
When Mary laid her down to sleep,
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea,
When, soft and low, a voice was heard,
Saying: 'Mary, weep no more for me!'

She from her pillow gently raised
Her head, to ask who there might be,
And saw young Sandy shivering stand,
With visage pale, and hollow ee.
'O Mary dear, cold is my clay;
It lies beneath a stormy sea.
Far, far from thee I sleep in death;
So, Mary, weep no more for me!

'Three stormy nights and stormy days
We tossed upon the raging main;
And long we strove our bark to save,
But all our striving was in vain.
Even then, when horror chilled my blood,
My heart was filled with love for thee:
The storm is past, and I at rest;
So, Mary, weep no more for me!

'O maiden dear, thyself prepare;
We soon shall meet upon that shore,
Where love is free from doubt and care,
And thou and I shall part no more!'
Loud crowed the cock, the shadow fled,
No more of Sandy could she see;
But soft the passing spirit said:
'Sweet Mary, weep no more for me!'

### LADY ANNE BARNARD.

**Lady Anne Barnard** was authoress of *Auld Robin Gray*, one of the most perfect, tender, and affecting of all our ballads or tales of humble life. About the year 1771, Lady Anne composed the ballad to an ancient air. It instantly became popular, but the lady kept the secret of its authorship for the long period of fifty years, when, in 1823, she acknowledged it in a letter to Sir Walter Scott, accompanying the disclosure with a full account of the circumstances under which it was written. At the same time, Lady Anne sent two continuations to the ballad, which like all other continuations—*Don Quixote*, perhaps, excepted—are greatly inferior to the original. Indeed, the tale of sorrow is so complete in all its parts, that no additions could be made without marring its simplicity or its pathos. Lady Anne was daughter of James Lindsay, fifth Earl of Balcarres; she was born 8th December 1750, married in 1793 to Mr Andrew Barnard, son of the bishop of Limerick, and afterwards secretary, under Lord Macartney, to the colony at the Cape of Good Hope. She died, without issue, on the 6th of May 1825.

### *Auld Robin Gray.*

When the sheep are in the fauld, when the kye's come hame,
And a' the weary warld to rest are gane,
The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my ee,
Unkent by my guidman, wha sleeps sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride,
But saving ae crown-piece he had naething beside;
To make the crown a pound my Jamie gaed to sea,
And the crown and the pound—they were baith for me.

He hadna been gane a twelvemonth and a day,
When my father brake his arm and the cow was stown away;
My mither she fell sick—my Jamie was at sea,
And auld Robin Gray came a-courting me.

My father couldna wark—my mother couldna spin—
I toiled day and night, but their bread I couldna win;
Auld Rob maintained them baith, and, wi' tears in his ee,
Said: 'Jeanie, O for their sakes, will ye no marry me?'

My heart it said na, and I looked for Jamie back,
But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a wrack,
His ship was a wrack—why didna Jamie die,
Or why am I spared to cry wae is me?

My father urged me sair—my mither didna speak,
But she looked in my face till my heart was like to break;
They gied him my hand—my heart was in the sea—
And so Robin Gray he was guidman to me.

I hadna been his wife a week but only four,
When, mournfu' as I sat on the stane at my door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist, for I couldna think it he,
Till he said: 'I 'm come hame, love, to marry thee!'

Oh, sair sair did we greet, and mickle say of a',
I gied him ae kiss, and bade him gang awa'—
I wish that I were dead, but I 'm na like to die,
For, though my heart is broken, I 'm but young, wae is me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena much to spin,
I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin,
But I 'll do my best a gude wife to be,
For, oh! Robin Gray, he is kind to me.

### MISS JANE ELLIOT AND MRS COCKBURN.

Two national ballads, bearing the name of *The Flowers of the Forest*, continue to divide the favour of all lovers of song, and both are the composition of ladies. In minute observation of domestic life, traits of character and manners, and the softer language of the heart, ladies have often excelled the 'lords of the creation.' The first copy of verses, bewailing the losses sustained at Flodden, was written by Miss Jane Elliot of Minto (1727–1805), daughter of Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto. The second song, which appears to be on the same subject, but was in reality occasioned by the bankruptcy of a number of gentlemen in Selkirkshire, is by Alicia Rutherford of Fernilie, who was afterwards married to Mr Patrick Cockburn, advocate, and died in Edinburgh in 1794. We agree with Allan Cunningham in preferring Miss Elliot's song; but both are beautiful, and in singing, the second is the most effective. Sir Walter Scott has noticed how happily the manner of the ancient minstrels is imitated by Miss Elliot.

### *The Flowers of the Forest; by Miss Jane Elliot.*

I 've heard the lilting at our yowe-milking,
Lasses a-lilting before the dawn of day;
But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At buchts, in the morning, nae blithe lads are scorning,
The lasses are lonely, and dowie, and wae;
Nae daffin', nae gabbin', but sighing and sabbing,
Ilk ane lifts her leglin and hies her away.

In hairst, at the shearing, nae youths now are jeering,
The bandsters[1] are lyart,[2] and runkled, and gray;
At fair, or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At e'en, at the gloaming, nae swankies are roaming,
'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play,
But ilk ane sits drearie, lamenting her dearie—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

Dool and wae for the order, sent our lads to the Border!
The English, for ance, by guile wan the day;
The Flowers of the Forest, that foucht aye the foremost,
The prime o' our land, are cauld in the clay.

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[1] One who binds sheaves after reapers in the harvest-field.
[2] Gray-haired.

We hear nae mair lilting at our yowe-milking,
Women and bairns are heartless and wae;
Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

### *The Flowers of the Forest; by Mrs Cockburn.*

I've seen the smiling
Of Fortune beguiling;
I've felt all its favours, and found its decay:
Sweet was its blessing,
Kind its caressing;
But now 'tis fled—fled far away.

I've seen the forest,
Adornèd the foremost
With flowers of the fairest most pleasant and gay;
Sae bonny was their blooming!
Their scent the air perfuming!
But now they are withered and weeded away.

I've seen the morning
With gold the hills adorning,
And loud tempest storming before the mid-day;
I've seen Tweed's silver streams,
Shining in the sunny beams,
Grow drumly and dark as he rowed on his way.

Oh fickle Fortune,
Why this cruel sporting?
Oh, why still perplex us, poor sons of a day?
Nae mair your smiles can cheer me,
Nae mair your frowns can fear me;
For the Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

## ROBERT FERGUSSON.

ROBERT FERGUSSON was the poet of Scottish city-life, or rather the laureate of Edinburgh. A happy talent in portraying the peculiarities of local manners, a keen perception of the ludicrous, a vein of original comic humour, and language at once copious and expressive, distinguish him as a poet. He had not the invention or picturesque fancy of Allan Ramsay, nor the energy and passion of Burns. His mind was a light warm soil, that threw up early its native products, sown by chance or little exertion; but it had not strength and tenacity to nurture any great or valuable production. A few short years, however, comprised his span of literature and of life; and criticism would be ill employed in scrutinising with severity the occasional poems of a youth of twenty-three, written from momentary feelings and impulses, amidst professional drudgery or midnight dissipation. Fergusson was born in Edinburgh on the 17th of October 1751. His father, who was an accountant in the British Linen Company's Bank, died early; but the poet received a university education, having obtained a bursary in St Andrews, where he continued from his thirteenth to his seventeenth year. On quitting college, he seems to have been truly 'unfitted with an aim,' and he was glad to take employment as a copying-clerk in a lawyer's office. In this mechanical and irksome duty his days were spent. His evenings were devoted to the tavern, where, over 'cauler oysters,' with ale or whisky, the choice spirits of Edinburgh used to assemble. Fergusson had dangerous qualifications for such a life. His conversational powers were of a very superior description, and he could adapt them at will to humour, pathos, or sarcasm, as the occasion might require. He was well educated, had a fund of youthful gaiety, and sung Scottish songs with taste and effect. To these qualifications he soon added the reputation of a poet. Ruddiman's *Weekly Magazine* had been commenced in 1768, and was the chosen receptacle for the floating literature of that period in Scotland, particularly in Edinburgh. During the last two years of his life, Fergusson was a constant contributor to this miscellany, and in 1773 he collected and published his pieces in one volume. It was well received by the public. His dissipations, however, were always on the increase. His tavern-life and boon-companions were hastening him on to a premature and painful death. His reason first gave way, and his widowed mother being unable to maintain him at home, he was sent to an asylum for the insane. The religious impressions of his youth returned at times to overwhelm him with dread, but his gentle and affectionate nature was easily soothed by the attentions of his relatives and friends. His recovery was anticipated, but after about two months' confinement, he died in his cell on the 16th of October 1774. His remains were interred in the Canongate churchyard, where they lay unnoticed for many years, till Burns erected a simple stone to mark the poet's grave. The heartlessness of convivial friendships is well known: they literally 'wither and die in a day.' It is related, however, that a youthful companion of Fergusson, named Burnet, having gone to the East Indies, and made some money, invited over the poet, sending at the same time a draft for £100 to defray his expenses. This instance of generosity came too late: the poor poet had died before the letter arrived.

Fergusson may be considered the poetical progenitor of Burns. Meeting with his poems in his youth, the latter 'strung his lyre anew,' and copied the style and subjects of his youthful prototype. The resemblance, however, was only temporary and incidental. Burns had a manner of his own, and though he sometimes condescended, like Shakspeare, to work after inferior models, all that was rich and valuable in the composition was original and unborrowed. He had an excessive admiration for the writings of Fergusson, and even preferred them to those of Ramsay, an opinion in which few will concur. The *forte* of Fergusson lay, as we have stated, in his representations of town-life. *The King's Birthday*, *The Sitting of the Session*, *Leith Races*, &c. are all excellent. Still better is his feeling description of the importance of *Guid Braid Claith*, and his *Address to the Tron Kirk Bell*. In these we have a current of humorous observations, poetical fancy, and genuine idiomatic Scottish expression. *The Farmer's Ingle* suggested the *Cotter's Saturday Night* of Burns, and it is as faithful in its descriptions, though of a humbler class. Burns added passion, sentiment, and patriotism to the subject: Fergusson's is a mere sketch, an inventory of a farmhouse, unless we except the concluding stanza, which speaks to the heart:

Peace to the husbandman, and a' his tribe,
Whase care fells a' our wants frae year to year!
Lang may his sock and cou'ter turn the glebe,
And banks of corn bend down wi' laded ear!

May Scotia's simmers aye look gay and green;
Her yellow hairsts frae scowry blasts decreed!
May a' her tenants sit fu' snug and bien,
Frae the hard grip o' ails and poortith freed—
And a lang lasting train o' peacefu' hours succeed!

In one department—lyrical poetry, whence Burns draws so much of his glory—Fergusson does not seem, though a singer, to have made any efforts to excel. In English poetry he utterly failed; and if we consider him in reference to his countrymen, Falconer or Logan—he received the same education as the latter—his inferior rank as a general poet will be apparent.

### *Braid Claith.*

Ye wha are fain to hae your name
Wrote i' the bonny book o' fame,
Let merit nae pretension claim
To laurelled wreath,
But hap ye weel, baith back and wame,
In guid braid claith.

He that some ells o' this may fa',
And slae-black hat on pow like snaw,
Bids bauld to bear the gree awa',
Wi' a' this graith,
When bienly clad wi' shell fu' braw,
O' guid braid claith.

Waesucks for him wha has nae feck o't!
For he's a gowk they're sure to geck at;
A chiel that ne'er will be respeckit
While he draws breath,
Till his four quarters are bedeckit
Wi' guid braid claith.

On Sabbath-days the barber spark,
When he has done wi' scrapin' wark,
Wi' siller broachie in his sark,
Gangs trigly, faith!
Or to the Meadows, or the Park,
In guid braid claith.

Weel might ye trow, to see them there,
That they to shave your haffits bare,
Or curl and sleek a pickle hair,
Would be right laith,
When pacin' wi' a gawsy air
In guid braid claith.

If ony mettled stirrah grien
For favour frae a lady's een,
He maunna care for bein' seen
Before he sheath
His body in a scabbard clean
O' guid braid claith.

For, gin he come wi' coat threadbare,
A fig for him she winna care,
But crook her bonny mou fou sair,
And scauld him baith:
Wooers should aye their travel spare,
Without braid claith.

Braid claith lends fouk an unco heeze;
Maks mony kail-worms butterflees;
Gies mony a doctor his degrees,
For little skaith:
In short, you may be what you please,
Wi' guid braid claith.

For though ye had as wise a snout on,
As Shakspeare or Sir Isaac Newton,
Your judgment fouk would hae a doubt on,
I'll tak my aith,
Till they could see ye wi' a suit on
O' guid braid claith.

### *Cauler Water.*

When father Adie first pat spade in
The bony yard o' ancient Eden,
His amry had nae liquor laid in
To fire his mou;
Nor did he thole his wife's upbraidin',
For bein' fou.

A cauler burn o' siller sheen,
Ran cannily out-owre the green;
And when our gutcher's drouth had been
To bide right sair,
He loutit down, and drank bedeen
A dainty skair.

His bairns had a', before the flood,
A langer tack o' flesh and blood,
And on mair pithy shanks they stood
Than Noah's line,
Wha still hae been a feckless brood,
Wi' drinkin' wine.

The fuddlin' bardies, now-a-days,
Rin maukin-mad in Bacchus' praise;
And limp and stoiter through their lays
Anacreontic,
While each his sea of wine displays
As big's the Pontic.

My Muse will no gang far frae hame,
Or scour a' airths to hound for fame;
In troth, the jillet ye might blame
For thinkin' on't,
When eithly she can find the theme
O' *aquafont.*

This is the name that doctors use,
Their patients' noddles to confuse;
Wi' simples clad in terms abstruse,
They labour still
In kittle words to gar you roose
Their want o' skill.

But we'll hae nae sic clitter-clatter;
And, briefly to expound the matter,
It shall be ca'd guid cauler water;
Than whilk, I trow,
Few drugs in doctors' shops are better
For me or you.

Though joints be stiff as ony rung,
Your pith wi' pain be sairly dung,
Be you in cauler water flung
Out-owre the lugs,
'Twill mak you souple, swack, and young,
Withouten drugs.

Though colic or the heart-scad tease us;
Or ony inward dwaam should seize us;
It masters a' sic fell diseases
That would ye spulzie,
And brings them to a canny crisis
Wi' little tulzie.

Were't no for it, the bonny lasses
Wad glower nae mair in keekin'-glasses;
And soon tyne dint o' a' the graces
That aft conveen
In gleefu' looks, and bonny faces,
To catch our een.

The fairest, then, might die a maid,
And Cupid quit his shootin' trade;
For wha, through clarty masquerade,
Could then discover
Whether the features under shade
Were worth a lover?

As simmer rains brings simmer flowers,
And leaves to cleed the birken bowers,
Sae beauty gets by cauler showers
Sae rich a bloom,
As for estate, or heavy dowers,
Aft stands in room.

What maks Auld Reekie's dames sae fair?
It canna be the halesome air;
But cauler burn, beyond compare,
The best o' ony,
That gars them a' sic graces skair,
And blink sae bonny.

On May-day, in a fairy ring,
We've seen them round St Anthon's spring,[1]
Frae grass the cauler dew-draps wring
To weet their een,
And water, clear as crystal spring,
To synd them clean.

O may they still pursue the way
To look sae feat, sae clean, sae gae!
Then shall their beauties glance like May;
And, like her, be
The goddess of the vocal spray,
The Muse and me.

### *A Sunday in Edinburgh.—From 'Auld Reekie.'*

On Sunday, here, an altered scene
O' men and manners meets our een.
Ane wad maist trow, some people chose
To change their faces wi' their clo'es,
And fain wad gar ilk neibour think
They thirst for guidness as for drink;
But there's an unco dearth o' grace,
That has nae mansion but the face,
And never can obtain a part
In benmost corner o' the heart.
Why should religion mak us sad
If good frae virtue's to be had?
Na: rather gleefu' turn your face,
Forsake hypocrisy, grimace;
And never hae it understood
You fleg mankind frae being good.
In afternoon, a' brawly buskit,
The joes and lasses lo'e to frisk it.
Some tak a great delight to place
The modest bon-grace ower the face;
Though you may see, if so inclined,
The turning o' the leg behind.
Now, Comely-Garden and the Park
Refresh them, after forenoon's wark:
Newhaven, Leith, or Canonmills,
Supply them in their Sunday's gills;
Where writers aften spend their pence,
To stock their heads wi' drink and sense.
While danderin' cits delight to stray
To Castle-hill or public way,
Where they nae other purpose mean,
Than that fool cause o' being seen,
Let me to Arthur's Seat pursue,
Where bonny pastures meet the view,
And mony a wild-lorn scene accrues,
Befitting Willie Shakspeare's muse.
If Fancy there would join the thrang,
The desert rocks and hills amang,
To echoes we should lilt and play,
And gie to mirth the livelang day.
Or should some cankered biting shower
The day and a' her sweets deflower,
To Holyroodhouse let me stray,
And gie to musing a' the day;
Lamenting what auld Scotland knew,
Bien days for ever frae her view.
O Hamilton, for shame! the Muse
Would pay to thee her couthy vows,
Gin ye wad tent the humble strain,
And gie's our dignity again!
For, oh, wae's me! the thistle springs
In domicile o' ancient kings,
Without a patriot to regret
Our palace and our ancient state.

## DRAMATISTS.

The tragic drama of this period bore the impress of the French school, in which cold correctness or turgid declamation was more regarded than the natural delineation of character and the fire of genius. One improvement was the complete separation of tragedy and comedy. Otway and Southerne had marred the effect of some of their most pathetic and impressive dramas, by the introduction of farcical and licentious scenes and characters, but they were the last who committed this incongruity. Public taste had become more critical, aided perhaps by the papers of Addison in the *Spectator*, and by other essayists, as well as by the more general diffusion of literature and knowledge. Fashion and interest combined to draw forth dramatic talent. A writer for the stage, it has been justly remarked, like the public orator, has the gratification of 'witnessing his own triumphs; of seeing in the plaudits, tears, or smiles of delighted spectators, the strongest testimony to his own powers.' The publication of his play may also insure him the fame and profit of authorship. If successful on the stage, the remuneration was then considerable. Authors were generally allowed the profits of three nights' performances; and Goldsmith, we find, thus derived between four and five hundred pounds by *She Stoops to Conquer*. The genius of Garrick may also be considered as lending fresh attraction and popularity to the stage. Authors were ambitious of fame as well as profit by the exertions of an actor so well fitted to portray the various passions and emotions of human nature, and who partially succeeded in recalling the English taste to the genius of Shakspeare.

One of the most successful and conspicuous of the tragic dramatists was the author of the *Night Thoughts*, who, before he entered the church, produced three tragedies, all having one peculiarity, that they ended in suicide. *The Revenge*, still a popular acting play, contains, amidst some rant and hyperbole, passages of strong passion and eloquent declamation. Like *Othello*, *The Revenge* is founded on jealousy, and the principal character, Zanga, is a Moor. The latter, son of the Moorish king Abdallah, is taken prisoner after a conquest by the Spaniards, in which his father fell, and is condemned to servitude by Don Alonzo. In revenge, he sows the seeds of jealousy in the mind of his conqueror, Alonzo, and glories in the ruin of his victim:

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[1] St Anthony's Well, a beautiful small spring on Arthur's Seat, near Edinburgh. Thither it was long the practice of young Edinburgh maidens to resort on May-day.

> Thou seest a prince, whose father thou hast slain,
> Whose native country thou hast laid in blood,
> Whose sacred person, oh! thou hast profaned,
> Whose reign extinguished—what was left to me,
> So highly born? No kingdom but revenge;
> No treasure but thy torture and thy groans.
> If men should ask who brought thee to thy end,
> Tell them the Moor, and they will not despise thee.
> If cold white mortals censure this great deed,
> Warn them they judge not of superior beings,
> Souls made of fire, and children of the sun,
> With whom revenge is virtue.

Dr Johnson's tragedy of *Irene* was performed in 1749, but met with little success, and has never since been revived. It is cold and stately, containing some admirable sentiments and maxims of morality, but destitute of elegance, simplicity, and pathos. At the conclusion of the piece, the heroine was to be strangled upon the stage, after speaking two lines with the bowstring round her neck. The audience cried out 'Murder! murder!' and compelled the actress to go off the stage alive, in defiance of the author. An English audience could not, as one of Johnson's friends remarked, bear to witness a strangling scene on the stage, though a dramatic poet may stab or slay by hundreds. The following passage in *Irene* was loudly applauded:

> To-morrow!
> That fatal mistress of the young, the lazy,
> The coward and the fool, condemned to lose
> A useless life in waiting for to-morrow—
> To gaze with longing eyes upon to-morrow,
> Till interposing death destroys the prospect!
> Strange! that this general fraud from day to day
> Should fill the world with wretches undetected.
> The soldier labouring through a winter's march,
> Still sees to-morrow dressed in robes of triumph;
> Still to the lover's long-expecting arms
> To-morrow brings the visionary bride.
> But thou, too old to bear another cheat,
> Learn that the present hour alone is man's.

Five tragedies were produced by Thomson betwixt the year 1729 and the period of his death: these were *Sophonisba*, *Agamemnon*, *Edward and Eleonora*, *Tancred and Sigismunda*, and *Coriolanus*. None of them can be considered as worthy of the author of the *Seasons*: they exhibit the defects of his style without its virtues. He wanted the plastic powers of the dramatist; and though he could declaim forcibly on the moral virtues, and against corruption and oppression, he could not draw characters or invent scenes to lead captive the feelings and imagination.

Mallet was the author of three tragedies—*Eurydice* (1731), *Mustapha* (1739), and *Elvira* (1763). *Mustapha*, as a party play, directed against Walpole, was successful, and had a run of fourteen nights. Besides these, Mallet was associated with Thomson in the composition of *Alfred*, a mask, acted at Cliefden before the Prince of Wales in 1740. Another mask, *Britannia*, was produced by Mallet in 1755.

Glover, the author of *Leonidas*, produced in 1754 a tragedy, *Boadicea*, which was brought on the stage by Garrick, but without success. In this play, Davies, the biographer of Garrick, relates that Glover 'preserved a custom of the Druids, who enjoined the persons who drank their poison to turn their faces towards the wind, in order to facilitate the operation of the potion!'

Two tragedies of a similar kind, but more animated in expression, were produced—*Gustavus Vasa*, by Henry Brooke, author of *The Fool of Quality*, a popular novel; and *Barbarossa*, by Dr Brown, an able miscellaneous writer. The acting of Garrick mainly contributed to the success of the latter, which had a great run. The sentiment at the conclusion of *Barbarossa* is finely expressed:

> Heaven but tries our virtue by affliction,
> And oft the cloud which wraps the present hour
> Serves but to brighten all our future days.

Aaron Hill translated some of Voltaire's tragedies with frigid accuracy, and they were performed with success. In 1753, *The Gamester*, an affecting domestic tragedy, was produced. Though wanting the merit of ornamented poetical language and blank verse, the vivid picture drawn by the author—Edward Moore—of the evils of gambling, ending in despair and suicide, and the dramatic art evinced in the characters and incidents, drew loud applause. *The Gamester* is still a popular play.

Of a more intellectual and scholar-like cast were the two dramas of Mason, *Elfrida* and *Caractacus*. They were brought on the stage by Colman—which Southey considers to have been a bold experiment in those days of sickly tragedy—and were well received. They are now known as dramatic poems, not as acting plays. The most natural and affecting of all the tragic productions of the day was the *Douglas* of Home, founded on the old ballad of *Gil Morrice*, which Percy has preserved in his *Reliques*. *Douglas* was rejected by Garrick, and was first performed in Edinburgh in 1756. Next year Lord Bute procured its representation at Covent Garden, where it drew tears and applause as copiously as in Edinburgh. The plot of this drama is pathetic and interesting. The dialogue is sometimes flat and prosaic, but other parts are written with the liquid softness and moral beauty of Heywood or Dekker. Thus, on the wars of England and Scotland, we have these fine lines:

> Gallant in strife, and noble in their ire,
> The battle is their pastime. They go forth
> Gay in the morning, as to summer sport:
> When evening comes, the glory of the morn,
> The youthful warrior, is a clod of clay.

Maternal affection is well depicted under novel and striking circumstances—the accidental discovery of a lost child—'My beautiful! my brave!'—and Henry Mackenzie, the 'Man of Feeling,' considered that the chief scene between Lady Randolph and Old Norval, in which the preservation and existence of Douglas are described, had no equal in modern, and scarcely a superior in the ancient drama. Douglas himself, the young hero, 'enthusiastic, romantic, desirous of honour, careless of life, and every other advantage when glory lay in the balance,' is beautifully drawn, and formed the school-boy model of most of the Scottish youth 'sixty years since.' As a specimen of the style and diction of Home, we subjoin part of the discovery scene. Lord Randolph is attacked by four men, and rescued by young

Douglas. An old man is found in the woods, and is taken up as one of the assassins, some rich jewels being also in his possession.

### *Discovery of her Son by Lady Randolph.*

PRISONER—LADY RANDOLPH—ANNA, her maid.

*Lady Randolph.* Account for these; thine own they cannot be:
For these, I say; be steadfast to the truth;
Detected falsehood is most certain death.
[*Anna removes the servants and returns.*
*Prisoner.* Alas! I am sore beset; let never man,
For sake of lucre, sin against his soul!
Eternal justice is in this most just!
I, guiltless now, must former guilt reveal.
*Lady R.* O Anna, hear!—Once more I charge thee speak
The truth direct; for these to me foretell
And certify a part of thy narration;
With which, if the remainder tallies not,
An instant and a dreadful death abides thee.
*Pris.* Then, thus adjured, I'll speak to you as just
As if you were the minister of heaven,
Sent down to search the secret sins of men.
Some eighteen years ago, I rented land
Of brave Sir Malcolm, then Balarmo's lord;
But falling to decay, his servants seized
All that I had, and then turned me and mine—
Four helpless infants and their weeping mother—
Out to the mercy of the winter winds.
A little hovel by the river's side
Received us: there hard labour, and the skill
In fishing, which was formerly my sport,
Supported life. Whilst thus we poorly lived,
One stormy night, as I remember well,
The wind and rain beat hard upon our roof;
Red came the river down, and loud and oft
The angry spirit of the water shrieked.
At the dead hour of night was heard the cry
Of one in jeopardy. I rose, and ran
To where the circling eddy of a pool,
Beneath the ford, used oft to bring within
My reach whatever floating thing the stream
Had caught. The voice was ceased; the person lost:
But, looking sad and earnest on the waters,
By the moon's light I saw, whirled round and round,
A basket; soon I drew it to the bank,
And nestled curious there an infant lay.
*Lady R.* Was he alive?
*Pris.* He was.
*Lady R.* Inhuman that thou art!
How couldst thou kill what waves and tempests spared?
*Pris.* I was not so inhuman.
*Lady R.* Didst thou not?
*Anna.* My noble mistress, you are moved too much:
This man has not the aspect of stern murder;
Let him go on, and you, I hope, will hear
Good tidings of your kinsman's long lost child.
*Pris.* The needy man who has known better days,
One whom distress has spited at the world,
Is he whom tempting fiends would pitch upon
To do such deeds as make the prosperous men
Lift up their hands, and wonder who could do them;
And such a man was I; a man declined,
Who saw no end of black adversity;
Yet, for the wealth of kingdoms, I would not
Have touched that infant with a hand of harm.
*Lady R.* Ha! dost thou say so? Then perhaps he lives!
*Pris.* Not many days ago he was alive.
*Lady R.* O God of heaven! Did he then die so lately?
*Pris.* I did not say he died; I hope he lives.
Not many days ago these eyes beheld
Him, flourishing in youth, and health, and beauty.
*Lady R.* Where is he now?
*Pris.* Alas! I know not where.
*Lady R.* O fate! I fear thee still. Thou riddler, speak
Direct and clear, else I will search thy soul.
*Anna.* Permit me, ever honoured! keen impatience,
Though hard to be restrained, defeats itself.—
Pursue thy story with a faithful tongue,
To the last hour that thou didst keep the child.
*Pris.* Fear not my faith, though I must speak my shame.
Within the cradle where the infant lay
Was stowed a mighty store of gold and jewels;
Tempted by which, we did resolve to hide,
From all the world, this wonderful event,
And like a peasant breed the noble child.
That none might mark the change of our estate,
We left the country, travelled to the north,
Bought flocks and herds, and gradually brought forth
Our secret wealth. But God's all-seeing eye
Beheld our avarice, and smote us sore;
For one by one all our own children died,
And he, the stranger, sole remained the heir
Of what indeed was his. Fain then would I,
Who with a father's fondness loved the boy,
Have trusted him, now in the dawn of youth,
With his own secret; but my anxious wife,
Foreboding evil, never would consent.
Meanwhile the stripling grew in years and beauty;
And, as we oft observed, he bore himself
Not as the offspring of our cottage blood,
For nature will break out: mild with the mild,
But with the froward he was fierce as fire,
And night and day he talked of war and arms.
I set myself against his warlike bent;
But all in vain; for when a desperate band
Of robbers from the savage mountains came——
*Lady R.* Eternal Providence! What is thy name?
*Pris.* My name is Norval; and my name he bears.
*Lady R.* 'Tis he, 'tis he himself! It is my son!
O sovereign mercy! 'Twas my child I saw!
No wonder, Anna, that my bosom burned.
*Anna.* Just are your transports: ne'er was woman's heart
Proved with such fierce extremes. High-fated dame!
But yet remember that you are beheld
By servile eyes; your gestures may be seen
Impassioned, strange; perhaps your words o'erheard.
*Lady R.* Well dost thou counsel, Anna; Heaven bestow
On me that wisdom which my state requires!
*Anna.* The moments of deliberation pass,
And soon you must resolve. This useful man
Must be dismissed in safety, ere my lord
Shall with his brave deliverer return.
*Pris.* If I, amidst astonishment and fear,
Have of your words and gestures rightly judged,
Thou art the daughter of my ancient master;
The child I rescued from the flood is thine.
*Lady R.* With thee dissimulation now were vain.
I am indeed the daughter of Sir Malcolm;
The child thou rescuedst from the flood is mine.
*Pris.* Blest be the hour that made me a poor man!
My poverty hath saved my master's house.
*Lady R.* Thy words surprise me; sure thou dost not feign!
The tear stands in thine eye: such love from thee
Sir Malcolm's house deserved not, if aright
Thou told'st the story of thy own distress.
*Pris.* Sir Malcolm of our barons was the flower;
The fastest friend, the best, the kindest master;
But ah! he knew not of my sad estate.
After that battle, where his gallant son,
Your own brave brother, fell, the good old lord
Grew desperate and reckless of the world;

And never, as he erst was wont, went forth
To overlook the conduct of his servants.
By them I was thrust out, and them I blame;
May Heaven so judge me as I judged my master,
And God so love me as I love his race!
*Lady R.* His race shall yet reward thee. On thy faith
Depends the fate of thy loved master's house.
Rememberest thou a little lonely hut,
That like a holy hermitage appears
Among the cliffs of Carron?
*Pris.* I remember
The cottage of the cliffs.
*Lady R.* 'Tis that I mean;
There dwells a man of venerable age,
Who in my father's service spent his youth:
Tell him I sent thee, and with him remain,
Till I shall call upon thee to declare,
Before the king and nobles, what thou now
To me hast told. No more but this, and thou
Shalt live in honour all thy future days;
Thy son so long shall call thee father still,
And all the land shall bless the man who saved
The son of Douglas, and Sir Malcolm's heir.

JOHN HOME, author of *Douglas*, was by birth connected with the family of the Earl of Home; his father was town-clerk of Leith, where the poet was born in 1722. He entered the church, and succeeded Blair, author of *The Grave*, as minister of Athelstaneford. Previous to this, however, he had taken up arms as a volunteer in 1745 against the Chevalier, and after the defeat at Falkirk, was imprisoned in the old castle of Doune, whence he effected his escape, with some of his associates, by cutting their blankets into shreds, and letting themselves down on the ground. The romantic poet soon found the church as severe and tyrannical as the army of Charles Edward. So violent a storm was raised by the fact that a Presbyterian minister had written a play, that Home was forced to succumb to the presbytery, and resign his living. Lord Bute rewarded him with the sinecure office of conservator of Scots privileges at Campvere, and on the accession of George III. in 1760, when the influence of Bute was paramount, the poet received a pension of £300 per annum. He wrote various other tragedies, which soon passed into oblivion; but with an income of about £600 per annum, with an easy, cheerful, and benevolent disposition, and enjoying the friendship of David Hume, Blair, Robertson, and all the most distinguished for rank or talents, John Home's life glided on in happy tranquillity. He survived all his literary associates, and died in 1808, aged eighty-six.

We subjoin some fragments from the tragic dramas mentioned above:

### *Against the Crusades.*

I here attend him
In expeditions which I ne'er approved,
In holy wars. Your pardon, reverend father,
I must declare I think such wars the fruit
Of idle courage, or mistaken zeal;
Sometimes of rapine, and religious rage,
To every mischief prompt. . . .
Sure I am, 'tis madness,
Inhuman madness, thus from half the world
To drain its blood and treasure, to neglect
Each art of peace, each care of government;
And all for what? By spreading desolation,
Rapine, and slaughter o'er the other half,
To gain a conquest we can never hold.
I venerate this land. Those sacred hills,
Those vales, those cities, trod by saints and prophets,
By God himself, the scenes of heavenly wonders,
Inspire me with a certain awful joy.
But the same God, my friend, pervades, sustains,
Surrounds, and fills this universal frame;
And every land, where spreads his vital presence,
His all-enlivening breath, to me is holy.
Excuse me, Theald, if I go too far:
I meant alone to say, I think these wars
A kind of persecution. And when that—
That most absurd and cruel of all vices,
Is once begun, where shall it find an end?
Each in its turn, or has or claims a right
To wield its dagger, to return its furies,
And first or last they fall upon ourselves.

THOMSON's *Edward and Eleonora.*

### *Love.*

Why should we kill the best of passions, Love?
It aids the hero, bids Ambition rise
To nobler heights, inspires immortal deeds,
Even softens brutes, and adds a grace to Virtue.

THOMSON's *Sophonisba.*

### *Miscalculations of Old Men.*

Those old men, those plodding grave state pedants,
Forget the course of youth; their crooked prudence,
To baseness verging still, forgets to take
Into their fine-spun schemes the generous heart,
That, through the cobweb system bursting, lays
Their labours waste.

THOMSON's *Tancred and Sigismunda.*

### *Awfulness of a Scene of Pagan Rites.*

This is the secret centre of the isle:
Here, Romans, pause, and let the eye of wonder
Gaze on the solemn scene; behold yon oak,
How stern he frowns, and with his broad brown arms
Chills the pale plain beneath him: mark yon altar,
The dark stream brawling round its rugged base;
These cliffs, these yawning caverns, this wide circus,
Skirted with unhewn stone; they awe my soul,
As if the very genius of the place
Himself appeared, and with terrific tread
Stalked through his drear domain. And yet, my friends,
If shapes like his be but the fancy's coinage,
Surely there is a hidden power that reigns
'Mid the lone majesty of untamed nature,
Controlling sober reason; tell me else,
Why do these haunts of barbarous superstition
O'ercome me thus? I scorn them; yet they awe me.

MASON's *Caractacus.*

### *Forgiveness.*

So prone to error is our mortal frame,
Time could not step without a trace of horror,
If wary nature on the human heart,
Amid its wild variety of passions,
Had not impressed a soft and yielding sense,
That when offences give resentment birth,
The kindly dews of penitence may raise
The seeds of mutual mercy and forgiveness.

GLOVER's *Boadicea.*

## GEORGE COLMAN—ARTHUR MURPHY—HUGH KELLY.

GEORGE COLMAN (1733–1794), manager of Covent Garden Theatre, was an excellent comic writer, and produced above thirty pieces, a few of which deservedly keep possession of the stage.

His *Jealous Wife*, founded on Fielding's *Tom Jones*, has some highly effective scenes and well-drawn characters. It was produced in 1761; five years afterwards, Colman joined with Garrick and brought out *The Clandestine Marriage*, in which the character of an aged beau affecting gaiety and youth is strikingly personified in Lord Ogleby. Colman translated the comedies of Terence (1764) and Horace's *Art of Poetry* (1783). He also wrote some excellent light humorous essays.—**ARTHUR MURPHY** (1727-1805), a voluminous and miscellaneous writer, added comedies as well as tragedies to the stage, and his *Way to Keep Him* is still occasionally performed.—**HUGH KELLY** (1739-1777), an Irish dramatic poet and a scurrilous newspaper writer, surprised the public by producing, in 1768, a comedy, *False Delicacy*, which had remarkable success both on the fortunes and character of the author; the profits of his first third night realised £150—the largest sum of money he had ever before seen—'and from a low, petulant, absurd, and ill-bred censurer,' says Davies, 'Kelly was transformed to the humane, affable, good-natured, well-bred man.'

## RICHARD CUMBERLAND—OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

The marked success of Kelly's sentimental style gave the tone to a much abler dramatist, **RICHARD CUMBERLAND** (1732-1811), who, after two or three unsuccessful pieces, in 1771 brought out *The West Indian*, one of the best stage-plays which English comedy can yet boast. The plot, incidents, and characters—including the first draught of an Irish gentleman which the theatre had witnessed—are all well sustained. Other dramas of Cumberland, as *The Wheel of Fortune*, *The Fashionable Lover*, &c. were also acted with applause, though now too stiff and sentimental for our audiences.—**GOLDSMITH** thought that Cumberland had carried the refinement of comedy to excess, and he set himself to correct the fault. His first dramatic performance, *The Good-natured Man*, presents one of the happiest of his delineations in the character of Croaker; but as a whole, the play wants point and sprightliness. His second drama, *She Stoops to Conquer*, performed in 1773, has all the requisites for interesting and amusing an audience; and Johnson said, 'he knew of no comedy for many years that had answered so much the great end of comedy—making an audience merry.' The plot turns on what may be termed a farcical incident—two parties mistaking a gentleman's house for an inn. Such an adventure, however, is said to have occurred to Goldsmith himself. He was returning to school after the holidays on a borrowed hack, and being overtaken by night in the streets of Ardagh, he inquired with a lofty confident air—having a guinea in his pocket—for the best house of entertainment in the town. A wag pointed to the house of the squire, a Mr Featherston, and Goldsmith entering, ordered supper and a bottle of wine, with a hot cake for breakfast in the morning! 'It was not till he had despatched this latter meal, and was looking at his guinea with pathetic aspect of farewell, that the truth was told him by the good-natured squire.'—(*Forster's Life.*) This was a good foundation for a series of comic mistakes. But the excellent discrimination of character, and the humour and vivacity of the dialogue throughout the play, render this piece one of the richest contributions which has been made to modern comedy. The native pleasantry and originality of Goldsmith were never more happily displayed, and his success, as Davies records, 'revived fancy, wit, gaiety, humour, incident, and character, in the place of sentiment and moral preachment.'

### *A Deception.—From 'She Stoops to Conquer.'*

LANDLORD of the 'Three Jolly Pigeons' and TONY LUMPKIN.

*Landlord.* There be two gentlemen in a post-chaise at the door. They 've lost their way upo' the forest, and they are talking something about Mr Hardcastle.

*Tony.* As sure as can be, one of them must be the gentleman that 's coming down to court my sister. Do they seem to be Londoners?

*Land.* I believe they may. They look woundily like Frenchmen.

*Tony.* Then desire them to step this way, and I 'll set them right in a twinkling. [*Exit Landlord.*] Gentlemen, as they mayn't be good enough company for you, step down for a moment, and I 'll be with you in the squeezing of a lemon. [*Exeunt Mob from the Alehouse.*] Father-in-law has been calling me a whelp and hound this half-year. Now, if I pleased, I could be so revenged upon the old grumbletonian. But then I am afraid—afraid of what? I shall soon be worth fifteen hundred a year, and let him frighten me out of that if he can.

Enter LANDLORD, conducting MARLOW and HASTINGS.

*Marlow.* What a tedious uncomfortable day have we had of it! We were told it was but forty miles across the country, and we have come above threescore. . . .

*Tony.* No offence, gentlemen; but I am told you have been inquiring for one Mr Hardcastle in these parts. Do you know what part of the country you are in?

*Hast.* Not in the least, sir; but should thank you for information.

*Tony.* Nor the way you came?

*Hast.* No, sir; but if you can inform us——

*Tony.* Why, gentlemen, if you know neither the road you are going, nor where you are, nor the road you came, the first thing I have to inform you is that—you have lost your way.

*Mar.* We wanted no ghost to tell us that.

*Tony.* Pray, gentlemen, may I be so bold as to ask the place from whence you came?

*Mar.* That 's not necessary towards directing us where we are to go.

*Tony.* No offence; but question for question is all fair, you know. Pray, gentlemen, is not this same Hardcastle a cross-grained, old-fashioned, whimsical fellow, with an ugly face, a daughter, and a pretty son?

*Hast.* We have not seen the gentleman; but he has the family you mention.

*Tony.* The daughter, a tall, trapesing, trolloping, talkative may-pole; the son, a pretty, well-bred, agreeable youth, that everybody is fond of.

*Mar.* Our information differs in this: the daughter is said to be well-bred and beautiful; the son, an awkward booby, reared up and spoiled at his mother's apron-string.

*Tony.* He-he-hem. Then, gentlemen, all I have to tell you is, that you won't reach Mr Hardcastle's house this night, I believe.

*Hast.* Unfortunate!

*Tony.* It 's a long, dark, boggy, dangerous way. Stingo, tell the gentlemen the way to Mr Hardcastle's [*winking at the Landlord*]—Mr Hardcastle's of Quagmire-marsh. You understand me?

*Land.* Master Hardcastle's! Lack-a-daisy, my masters, you 're come a deadly deal wrong. When you came to the bottom of the hill, you should have crossed down Squash-lane.

*Mar.* Cross down Squash-lane!

*Land.* Then you were to keep straight forward till you came to four roads.

*Mar.* Come to where four roads meet?

*Tony.* Ay; but you must be sure to take only one of them.

*Mar.* O, sir! you're facetious.

*Tony.* Then, keeping to the right, you are to go sideways till you come upon Crack-skull Common; there you must look sharp for the track of the wheel, and go forward till you come to Farmer Murrain's barn. Coming to the farmer's barn, you are to turn to the right, and then to the left, and then to the right about again, till you find out the old mill——

*Mar.* Zounds, man! we could as soon find out the longitude!

*Hast.* What's to be done, Marlow?

*Mar.* This house promises but a poor reception; though perhaps the landlord can accommodate us.

*Land.* Alack, master! we have but one spare bed in the whole house.

*Tony.* And to my knowledge, that's taken up by three lodgers already. [*After a pause, in which the rest seem disconcerted.*] I have hit it: don't you think, Stingo, our landlady would accommodate the gentlemen by the fireside with—three chairs and a bolster?

*Hast.* I hate sleeping by the fireside.

*Mar.* And I detest your three chairs and a bolster.

*Tony.* You do, do you? Then let me see—what if you go on a mile further to the Buck's Head, the old Buck's Head on the hill, one of the best inns in the whole county.

*Hast.* O ho! so we have escaped an adventure for this night, however.

*Land.* [*Apart to Tony.*] Sure you bean't sending them to your father's as an inn, be you?

*Tony.* Mum! you fool, you; let them find that out. [*To them.*] You have only to keep on straight forward till you come to a large old house by the roadside: you'll see a pair of large horns over the door; that's the sign. Drive up the yard, and call stoutly about you.

*Hast.* Sir, we are obliged to you. The servants can't miss the way?

*Tony.* No, no: but I tell you, though, the landlord is rich, and going to leave off business; so he wants to be thought a gentleman, saving your presence, he, he, he! He'll be for giving you his company; and, ecod! if you mind him, he'll persuade you that his mother was an alderman, and his aunt a justice of the peace.

*Land.* A troublesome old blade, to be sure; but a keeps as good wines and beds as any in the whole country.

*Mar.* Well, if he supplies us with these, we shall want no further connection. We are to turn to the right, did you say?

*Tony.* No, no, straight forward. I'll just step myself and shew you a piece of the way. [*To the Landlord.*] Mum! [*Exeunt.*

### [*Arrival at the Supposed Inn.*]

Enter MARLOW and HASTINGS.

*Hast.* After the disappointments of the day, welcome once more, Charles, to the comforts of a clean room and a good fire. Upon my word, a very well-looking house; antique, but creditable. . . .

Enter HARDCASTLE.

*Hardcastle.* Gentlemen, once more you are heartily welcome. Which is Mr Marlow? [*Mar. advances.*] Sir, you're heartily welcome. It's not my way, you see, to receive my friends with my back to the fire. I like to give them a hearty reception, in the old style, at my gate; I like to see their horses and trunks taken care of.

*Mar.* [*Aside.*] He has got our names from the servants already. [*To Hard.*] We approve your caution and hospitality, sir. [*To Hast.*] I have been thinking, George, of changing our travelling-dresses in the morning; I am grown confoundedly ashamed of mine.

*Hard.* I beg, Mr Marlow, you'll use no ceremony in this house.

*Hast.* I fancy, Charles, you're right: the first blow is half the battle. I intend opening the campaign with the white and gold.

*Hard.* Mr Marlow—Mr Hastings—gentlemen—pray be under no restraint in this house. This is Liberty-hall, gentlemen; you may do just as you please here.

*Mar.* Yet, George, if we open the campaign too fiercely at first, we may want ammunition before it is over. I think to reserve the embroidery to secure a retreat.

*Hard.* Your talking of a retreat, Mr Marlow, puts me in mind of the Duke of Marlborough when we went to besiege Denain. He first summoned the garrison——

*Mar.* Don't you think the *ventre d'or* waistcoat will do with the plain brown?

*Hard.* He first summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men——

*Hast.* I think not: brown and yellow mix but very poorly.

*Hard.* I say, gentlemen, as I was telling you, he summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men——

*Mar.* The girls like finery.

*Hard.* Which might consist of about five thousand men, well appointed with stores, ammunition, and other implements of war. Now, says the Duke of Marlborough to George Brooks, that stood next to him—you must have heard of George Brooks—I'll pawn my dukedom, says he, but I take that garrison without spilling a drop of blood. So——

*Mar.* What? My good friend, if you give us a glass of punch in the meantime; it would help us to carry on the siege with vigour.

*Hard.* Punch, sir!—This is the most unaccountable kind of modesty I ever met with. [*Aside.*

*Mar.* Yes, sir, punch. A glass of warm punch after our journey will be comfortable.

Enter SERVANT with a tankard.

This is Liberty-hall, you know.

*Hard.* Here's a cup, sir.

*Mar.* So this fellow, in his Liberty-hall, will only let us have just what he pleases. [*Aside to Hast.*

*Hard.* [*Taking the cup.*] I hope you'll find it to your mind. I have prepared it with my own hands, and I believe you'll own the ingredients are tolerable. Will you be so good as to pledge me, sir? Here, Mr Marlow, here is to our better acquaintance. [*Drinks.*

*Mar.* A very impudent fellow this; but he's a character, and I'll humour him a little. [*Aside.*] Sir, my service to you. [*Drinks.*

*Hast.* I see this fellow wants to give us his company, and forgets that he's an innkeeper before he has learned to be a gentleman. [*Aside.*

*Mar.* From the excellence of your cup, my old friend, I suppose you have a good deal of business in this part of the country. Warm work now and then at elections, I suppose.

*Hard.* No, sir; I have long given that work over. Since our betters have hit upon the expedient of electing each other, there's no business 'for us that sell ale.'

*Hast.* So, you have no turn for politics, I find.

*Hard.* Not in the least. There was a time indeed, I fretted myself about the mistakes of government, like other people; but finding myself every day grow more angry, and the government growing no better, I left it to mend itself. Since that, I no more trouble my head about who's in or who's out than I do about Hyder Ally, or Ally Cawn, than about Ally Croaker. Sir, my service to you.

*Hast.* So that, with eating above stairs and drinking below, with receiving your friends within and amusing them without, you lead a good, pleasant, bustling life of it.

*Hard.* I do stir about a good deal, that's certain. Half the differences of the parish are adjusted in this very parlour.

*Mar.* [*After drinking.*] And you have an argument in your cup, old gentleman, better than any in Westminster Hall.

*Hard.* Ay, young gentleman, that, and a little philosophy.

*Mar.* Well, this is the first time I ever heard of an innkeeper's philosophy. [*Aside.*

*Hast.* So, then, like an experienced general, you attack them on every quarter. If you find their reason manageable, you attack them with your philosophy; if you find they have no reason, you attack them with this. Here's your health, my philosopher. [*Drinks.*

*Hard.* Good, very good; thank you; ha! ha! ha! Your generalship puts me in mind of Prince Eugene when he fought the Turks at the battle of Belgrade. You shall hear.

*Mar.* Instead of the battle of Belgrade, I think it's almost time to talk about supper. What has your philosophy got in the house for supper?

*Hard.* For supper, sir? Was ever such a request to a man in his own house? [*Aside.*

*Mar.* Yes, sir; supper, sir; I begin to feel an appetite. I shall make devilish work to-night in the larder, I promise you.

*Hard.* Such a brazen dog sure never my eyes beheld. [*Aside.*] Why really, sir, as for supper, I can't well tell. My Dorothy and the cookmaid settle these things between them. I leave these kind of things entirely to them.

*Mar.* You do, do you?

*Hard.* Entirely. By the by, I believe they are in actual consultation upon what's for supper this moment in the kitchen.

*Mar.* Then I beg they'll admit me as one of their privy-council. It's a way I have got. When I travel, I always choose to regulate my own supper. Let the cook be called. No offence, I hope, sir.

*Hard.* O no, sir, none in the least: yet, I don't know how, our Bridget, the cookmaid, is not very communicative upon these occasions. Should we send for her, she might scold us all out of the house.

*Hast.* Let's see the list of the larder, then. I always match my appetite to my bill of fare.

*Mar.* [*To Hardcastle, who looks at them with surprise.*] Sir, he's very right, and it's my way too.

*Hard.* Sir, you have a right to command here. Here, Roger, bring us the bill of fare for to-night's supper: I believe it's drawn out. Your manner, Mr Hastings, puts me in mind of my uncle, Colonel Wallop. It was a saying of his that no man was sure of his supper till he had eaten it.

[*Servant brings in the bill of fare, and exit.*

*Hast.* All upon the high ropes! His uncle a colonel! We shall soon hear of his mother being a justice of peace. [*Aside.*] But let's hear the bill of fare.

*Mar.* [*Perusing.*] What's here? For the first course; for the second course; for the dessert. The devil, sir! Do you think we have brought down the whole Joiners' Company, or the Corporation of Bedford, to eat up such a supper? Two or three little things, clean and comfortable, will do.

*Hast.* But let's hear it.

*Mar.* [*Reading.*] For the first course: at the top, a pig and pruin sauce.

*Hast.* Confound your pig, I say.

*Mar.* And confound your pruin sauce, say I.

*Hard.* And yet, gentlemen, to men that are hungry, pig with pruin sauce is very good eating.

*Mar.* At the bottom a calf's tongue and brains.

*Hast.* Let your brains be knocked out, my good sir; I don't like them.

*Mar.* Or you may clap them on a plate by themselves.

*Hard.* Their impudence confounds me. [*Aside.*] Gentlemen, you are my guests, make what alterations you please. Is there anything else you wish to retrench or alter, gentlemen?

*Mar.* Item: a pork-pie, a boiled rabbit and sausages, a florentine, a shaking-pudding, and a dish of tiff—taff—taffety cream.

*Hast.* Confound your made dishes! I shall be as much at a loss in this house as at a green and yellow dinner at the French ambassador's table. I'm for plain eating.

*Hard.* I'm sorry, gentlemen, that I have nothing you like; but if there be anything you have a particular fancy to——

*Mar.* Why, really, sir, your bill of fare is so exquisite, that any one part of it is full as good as another. Send us what you please. So much for supper: and now to see that our beds are aired, and properly taken care of.

*Hard.* I entreat you'll leave all that to me. You shall not stir a step.

*Mar.* Leave that to you! I protest, sir, you must excuse me; I always look to these things myself.

*Hard.* I must insist, sir, you'll make yourself easy on that head.

*Mar.* You see I'm resolved on it. A very troublesome fellow, as ever I met with. [*Aside.*

*Hard.* Well, sir, I'm resolved at least to attend you. This may be modern modesty, but I never saw anything look so like old-fashioned impudence. [*Aside.*

[*Exeunt Mar. and Hard.*

In the reign of George II. the witty and artificial comedies of Vanbrugh and Farquhar began to lose their ground, partly on account of their licentiousness, and partly in consequence of the demand for new pieces, necessary to keep up the interest of the theatres. A taste for more natural portraiture and language began to prevail. Among the first of the plays in which this improvement was seen, was the *Suspicious Husband* of Dr Hoadly (1706–1757), son of the bishop, and author of several works in prose and verse. In the *Suspicious Husband* (1747) there is a slight dash of the license of Farquhar, but its leading character, Ranger, is still a favourite.

This period may be said to have given birth to the well-known species of sub-comedy entitled the *Farce*—a kind of entertainment more peculiarly English than comedy itself, and in which the literature of our country is rich.

### HENRY CAREY.

Several farces and musical pieces once popular on the stage, were written by HENRY CAREY (died in 1743), an illegitimate son of George Saville, Marquis of Halifax. His *Chrononhotonthologos*, 1734, and *The Dragon of Wantley*, 1737, were long theatrical favourites, and some of his songs (especially what may be called his classical lyric of *Sally in our Alley**) are still admired and sung. Both the words and melody are by Carey.

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* Carey says the occasion of his ballad was this: 'A shoemaker's apprentice making holiday with his sweetheart, treated her with a sight of Bedlam, the puppet-shows, the flying chairs, and all the elegancies of Moorfields: from whence proceeding to the Farthing Piehouse, he gave her a collation of buns, cheese-cakes, gammon of bacon, stuffed beef, and bottled ale; through all which scenes the author dodged them (charmed with the simplicity of their courtship), from whence he drew this little sketch of nature.' The song, he adds, made its way into the polite world, and was more than once mentioned with approbation by 'the divine Addison.'

### *Sally in our Alley.*

Of all the girls that are so smart,
There 's none like pretty Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
There is no lady in the land
Is half so sweet as Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets,
And through the streets does cry 'em:
Her mother she sells laces long,
To such as please to buy 'em:
But sure such folks could ne'er beget
So sweet a girl as Sally!
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work
(I love her so sincerely),
My master comes like any Turk,
And bangs me most severely:
But let him bang his belly full,
I 'll bear it all for Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that 's in the week,
I dearly love but one day,
And that 's the day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday.
For then I 'm dressed all in my best,
To walk abroad with Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,
And often am I blamed,
Because I leave him in the lurch
As soon as text is named:
I leave the church in sermon time,
And slink away to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again,
O then I shall have money;
I 'll hoard it up and box it all,
I 'll give it to my honey:
I would it were ten thousand pounds,
I 'd give it all to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbours all
Make game of me and Sally;
And (but for her) I 'd better be
A slave, and row a galley:
But when my seven long years are out,
O then I 'll marry Sally,
O then we 'll wed, and then we 'll bed,
But not in our alley.

From Henry Carey, as Lord Macaulay has remarked, 'descended that Edmund Kean, who in our time transformed himself so marvellously into Shylock, Iago, and Othello.'

## DAVID GARRICK—HENRY FIELDING—CHARLES MACKLIN—JAMES TOWNLEY.

The greatest of all English actors, eminent alike in tragedy and in comedy, **David Garrick** (1716–1779) was also author of some slight dramatic pieces. Garrick was a native of Lichfield, and a pupil of Dr Johnson, with whom he came to London to push his fortune. He entered himself a student of Lincoln's Inn, but receiving a legacy of £1000 from an uncle who had been in the wine-trade in Lisbon, he commenced business, in partnership with an elder brother, as wine-merchant of London and Lichfield. A passion for the stage led him to attempt the character of Richard III. 19th October 1741, and his success was so decided that he adopted the profession of an actor. His merits quickly raised him to the head of his profession. As the manager of one of the principal theatres for a long course of years, he banished from the stage many plays which had an immoral tendency; and his personal character, though marked by excessive vanity and other foibles, gave a dignity and respectability to the profession of an actor. As an author he was more lively and various than vigorous or original. He wrote some epigrams, and even ventured on an ode or two; he succeeded in the composition of some dramatic pieces, and the adaptation of others to the stage. His principal plays are *The Lying Valet* and *Miss in her Teens*, which are still favourites. But, unquestionably, the chief strength of Garrick lay in his powers as an actor, by which he gave a popularity and importance to the drama that it had not possessed since its palmy days in the reigns of Elizabeth and James. Sheridan honoured his memory with a florid sentimental monody, in which he invoked the 'gentle muse' to 'guard his laurelled shrine'—

> And with soft sighs disperse the irreverent dust
> Which time may strew upon his sacred bust.

**Fielding** was another distinguished writer in this walk, though of all his pieces only one, *Tom Thumb*, has been able to keep possession of the stage. He threw off these light plays to meet the demands of the town for amusement, and parry his own clamorous necessities, and they generally have the appearance of much haste. *Love-à-la-Mode*, by **Charles Macklin** (1760), presented a humorous satire on the Scottish character, which was followed up by his more sarcastic comedy of *The Man of the World.* Macklin was an actor by profession, remarkable for his personation of Shylock after he was ninety years of age; and his dramatic pieces are lively and entertaining. He survived till 1797, when he is said to have attained to the extraordinary age of 107. The Rev. **James Townley** (1715–1778), master of Merchant Taylors' School, was author of *High Life below Stairs*, a happy burlesque on the extravagance and affectation of servants in aping the manners of their masters, and which had the effect, by a well-timed exposure, of correcting abuses in the domestic establishments of the opulent classes.

But by far the greatest of this class of dramatists was **Samuel Foote** (*circa* 1720–1777). He was born at Truro, in Cornwall, of a good family, and studied at Worcester College, Oxford; but squandering away his fortune, he became an actor and dramatic writer. In powers of mimicry, and in broad humour, Foote has had few equals. Johnson, though he disliked the man for his easy morals and his making the burlesquing of private characters a profession, was forced to admit his amazing powers and the fascination of his conversation. It was in 1747 that Foote commenced his new entertainments in the Haymarket Theatre, in which he was himself the sole performer, and which proved highly attractive, in consequence of the humorous and whimsical portraits of character which they presented, many of these being transcripts or caricatures of persons well known. *The Diversions of the Morning*, *The Auction of Pictures*, and *The Englishman in Paris*, were the names of some of these pieces. Of the regular farces of Foote, which were somewhat later in production, *The Minor*—an unjustifiable attack upon the Methodists—was the most successful. It was followed by *The Mayor of Garratt*, a coarse but humorous sketch, including two characters—Major Sturgeon, the city militia officer, and Jerry Sneak—which can never be completely obsolete. His plays are twenty in number, and he boasted, at the close of his life, that he had added sixteen decidedly new characters to the English stage.

### *Tuft-hunting.—From 'The Lame Lover.'*

CHARLOTTE and SERJEANT CIRCUIT.

*Charlotte.* Sir, I have other proofs of your hero's vanity not inferior to that I have mentioned.

*Serjeant.* Cite them.

*Char.* The paltry ambition of levying and following titles.

*Serj.* Titles! I don't understand you.

*Char.* I mean the poverty of fastening in public upon men of distinction, for no other reason but because of their rank; adhering to Sir John till the baronet is superseded by my lord; quitting the puny peer for an earl; and sacrificing all three to a duke.

*Serj.* Keeping good company!—a laudable ambition!

*Char.* True, sir, if the virtues that procured the father a peerage could with that be entailed on the son.

*Serj.* Have a care, hussy; there are severe laws against speaking evil of dignities.

*Char.* Sir!

*Serj.* Scandalum magnatum is a statute must not be trifled with: why, you are not one of those vulgar sluts that think a man the worse for being a lord?

*Char.* No, sir; I am contented with only not thinking him the better.

*Serj.* For all this, I believe, hussy, a right honourable proposal would soon make you alter your mind.

*Char.* Not unless the proposer had other qualities than what he possesses by patent. Besides, sir, you know Sir Luke is a devotee to the bottle.

*Serj.* Not a whit the less honest for that.

*Char.* It occasions one evil at least; that when under its influence, he generally reveals all, sometimes more than he knows.

*Serj.* Proofs of an open temper, you baggage; but come, come, all these are but trifling objections.

*Char.* You mean, sir, they prove the object a trifle.

*Serj.* Why, you pert jade, do you play on my words? I say Sir Luke is——

*Char.* Nobody.

*Serj.* Nobody! how the deuce do you make that out? He is neither a person attainted nor outlawed, may in any of his majesty's courts sue or be sued, appear by attorney or in propriâ personâ, can acquire, buy, procure, purchase, possess, and inherit, not only personalities, such as goods and chattels, but even realities, as all lands, tenements, and hereditaments, whatsoever and wheresoever.

*Char.* But, sir——

*Serj.* Nay, further, child, he may sell, give, bestow, bequeath, devise, demise, lease, or to farm let, ditto lands, or to any person whomsoever—and——

*Char.* Without doubt, sir; but there are, notwithstanding, in this town a great number of nobodies, not described by Lord Coke.

SIR LUKE LIMP makes his appearance, and after a short dialogue, enter a Servant, and delivers a card to SIR LUKE.

*Sir Luke.* [*Reads*] 'Sir Gregory Goose desires the honour of Sir Luke Limp's company to dine. An answer is desired.' Gadso! a little unlucky; I have been engaged for these three weeks.

*Serj.* What! I find Sir Gregory is returned for the corporation of Fleecem.

*Sir Luke.* Is he so? Oh, oh! that alters the case. George, give my compliments to Sir Gregory, and I'll certainly come and dine there. Order Joe to run to Alderman Inkle's in Threadneedle Street; sorry can't wait upon him, but confined to bed two days with the new influenza. [*Exit Servant.*

*Char.* You make light, Sir Luke, of these sort of engagements.

*Sir Luke.* What can a man do? These fellows—when one has the misfortune to meet them—take scandalous advantage: when will you do me the honour, pray, Sir Luke, to take a bit of mutton with me? Do you name the day? They are as bad as a beggar who attacks your coach at the mounting of a hill; there is no getting rid of them without a penny to one, and a promise to t' other.

*Serj.* True; and then for such a time too—three weeks! I wonder they expect folks to remember. It is like a retainer in Michaelmas term for the summer assizes.

*Sir Luke.* Not but upon these occasions no man in England is more punctual than——

Enter a SERVANT, who gives SIR LUKE a letter.

From whom?

*Serv.* Earl of Brentford. The servant waits for an answer.

*Sir Luke.* Answer! By your leave, Mr Serjeant and Charlotte. [*Reads*] 'Taste for music—Mons. Duport—fail—dinner upon table at five.' Gadso! I hope Sir Gregory's servant an't gone.

*Serv.* Immediately upon receiving the answer.

*Sir Luke.* Run after him as fast as you can—tell him quite in despair—recollect an engagement that can't in nature be missed, and return in an instant.

[*Exit Servant.*

*Char.* You see, sir, the knight must give way for my lord.

*Sir Luke.* No, faith, it is not that, my dear Charlotte; you saw that was quite an extempore business. No, hang it, no, it is not for the title; but, to tell you the truth, Brentford has more wit than any man in the world: it is that makes me fond of his house.

*Char.* By the choice of his company he gives an unanswerable instance of that.

*Sir Luke.* You are right, my dear girl. But now to give you a proof of his wit; you know Brentford's finances are a little out of repair, which procures him some visits that he would very gladly excuse.

*Serj.* What need he fear? His person is sacred; for by the tenth of William and Mary——

*Sir Luke.* He knows that well enough; but for all that——

*Serj.* Indeed, by a late act of his own house—which does them infinite honour—his goods or chattels may be——

*Sir Luke.* Seized upon when they can find them; but he lives in ready furnished lodgings, and hires his coach by the month.

*Serj.* Nay, if the sheriff return 'non inventus.'

*Sir Luke.* A plague o' your law; you make me lose sight of my story. One morning a Welsh coachmaker came with his bill to my lord, whose name was unluckily Lloyd. My lord had the man up. You are called, I think, Mr Lloyd? At your lordship's service, my lord. What, Lloyd with an L! It was with an L, indeed, my lord. Because in your part of the world I have heard that Lloyd and Flloyd were synonymous, the very same names. Very often indeed, my lord. But you always spell yours with an L? Always. That, Mr Lloyd, is a little unlucky; for you must know I am now paying my debts alphabetically, and in four or five years you might have come in with an F; but I am afraid I can give you no hopes for your L. Ha, ha, ha!

Enter a SERVANT.

*Serv.* There was no overtaking the servant.

*Sir Luke.* That is unlucky: tell my lord I'll attend him. I'll call on Sir Gregory myself. [*Exit Serv.*

*Serj.* Why, you won't leave us, Sir Luke?

*Sir Luke.* Pardon, dear Serjeant and Charlotte; have a thousand things to do for half a million of people, positively; promised to procure a husband for Lady Cicely Sulky, and match a coach-horse for Brigadier Whip; after that, must run into the city to borrow a thousand for young At-all at Almack's; send a Cheshire cheese by the stage to Sir Timothy Tankard in Suffolk; and get at the Heralds' Office a coat-of-arms to clap on the coach of Billy Bengal, a nabob newly arrived; so you see I have not a moment to lose.

*Serj.* True, true.

*Sir Luke.* At your toilet to-morrow you may—— [*Enter a Servant abruptly, and runs against Sir Luke.*] Can't you see where you are running, you rascal?

*Serv.* Sir, his grace the Duke of——

*Sir Luke.* Grace! Where is he? Where——

*Serv.* In his coach at the door. If you an't better engaged, would be glad of your company to go into the city, and take a dinner at Dolly's.

*Sir Luke.* In his own coach, did you say?

*Serv.* Yes, sir.

*Sir Luke.* With the coronets—or——

*Serv.* I believe so.

*Sir Luke.* There's no resisting of that. Bid Joe run to Sir Gregory Goose's.

*Serv.* He is already gone to Alderman Inkle's.

*Sir Luke.* Then do you step to the knight—hey!—no—you must go to my lord's—hold, hold, no—I have it—step first to Sir Greg's, then pop in at Lord Brentford's just as the company are going to dinner.

*Serv.* What shall I say to Sir Gregory?

*Sir Luke.* Anything—what I told you before.

*Serv.* And what to my lord?

*Sir Luke.* What!—Why, tell him that my uncle from Epsom—no—that won't do, for he knows I don't care a farthing for him—hey! Why, tell him—hold, I have it. Tell him that as I was going into my chair to obey his commands, I was arrested by a couple of bailiffs, forced into a hackney-coach, and carried into the Pied Bull in the Borough; I beg ten thousand pardons for making his grace wait, but his grace knows my misfor——

[*Exeunt Sir Luke and Serv.*

*Char.* Well, sir, what d'ye think of the proofs? I flatter myself I have pretty well established my case.

*Serj.* Why, hussy, you have hit upon points; but then they are but trifling flaws; they don't vitiate the title; that stands unimpeached.

The popularity of *The Beggar's Opera* being partly owing to the excellent music which accompanied the piece, we find in this period a number of comic operas, in which songs and dialogues alternate. *The Devil to Pay*, by C. COFFEY (died 1745), was long a favourite, chiefly for the female character, Nell, which made the fortune of several actresses; and among the best pieces of this description are those by ISAAC BICKERSTAFF (1735-1787), whose operas, *The Padlock*, *Love in a Village*, *Lionel Clarissa*, &c. present a pleasing union of lyrical pieces with dramatic incident and dialogue.

## ESSAYISTS.

An attempt was made at this period to revive the style of periodical literature, which had proved so successful in the hands of Addison and Steele. After the cessation of the *Guardian*, there was a long interval, during which periodical writing was chiefly confined to politics. An effort was made to connect it again with literature by Dr Johnson, who published the first paper of the *Rambler* on the 20th of March 1750, and it was continued twice a week, without interruption, till the 14th of March 1752. Johnson received only four contributions, one from Richardson the novelist, during the whole course of the publication, and, consequently, the work bore the stamp of but one mind, and that mind cast in a peculiar mould. The light graces and genialities of Steele were wanting, and sketches of the fashions and frivolities of the times, which had contributed so much to the popularity of the former essayists, found no place in the grave and gloomy pages of the *Rambler*. The serious and somewhat pedantic style of the work was ill calculated for general readers, and it was no favourite with the public. Johnson, when he collected these essays, revised and corrected them with great care, but even then they appeared heavy and cumbrous; his attempts at humour were not happy, and the female characters introduced were all, as Garrick remarked, Johnsons in petticoats. They all speak the same measured lofty style, and resemble figures in sculpture rather than real life. The author's use of hard words was a common complaint; but it is somewhat curious to find, among the words objected to in the *Rambler*, *resuscitation*, *narcotic*, *fatuity*, and *germination*, which have now become of daily use, and carry with them no appearance of pedantry. The turgid style of Johnson, however, often rose into passages of grandeur and beauty; his imagery is striking and original, and his inculcation of moral and religious duty was earnest and impressive. Goldsmith declared that a system of morals might be drawn from these essays. No other English writer of that day could have moralised in such a dignified strain as in the following passages:

### *On Useful Knowledge and Kindness.*

To lessen that disdain with which scholars are inclined to look on the common business of the world, and the unwillingness with which they condescend to learn what is not to be found in any system of philosophy, it may be necessary to consider, that though admiration is excited by abstruse researches and remote discoveries, yet pleasure is not given, nor affection conciliated, but by softer accomplishments, and qualities more easily communicable to those about us. He that can only converse upon questions about which only a small part of mankind has knowledge sufficient to make them curious, must loose his days in unsocial silence, and live in the crowd of life without a companion. He that can only be useful on great occasions may die without exercising his abilities, and stand a helpless spectator of a thousand vexations which fret away happiness, and which nothing is required to remove but a little dexterity of conduct and readiness of expedients.

No degree of knowledge attainable by man is able to set him above the want of hourly assistance, or to extinguish the desire of fond endearments and tender officiousness; and, therefore, no one should think it unnecessary to learn those arts by which friendship may be gained. Kindness is preserved by a constant reciprocation of benefits or interchange of pleasures; but such benefits only can be bestowed as others are capable to receive, and such pleasures only imparted as others are qualified to enjoy.

By this descent from the pinnacles of art, no honour will be lost; for the condescensions of learning are always overpaid by gratitude. An elevated genius employed in little things, appears, to use the simile of Longinus, like the sun in his evening declination; he remits his splendour, but retains his magnitude, and pleases more though he dazzles less.

### *On Revenge.*

A wise man will make haste to forgive, because he knows the true value of time, and will not suffer it to pass away in unnecessary pain. He that willingly suffers the corrosions of inveterate hatred, and gives up his days and nights to the gloom and malice and perturbations of stratagem, cannot surely be said to consult his ease. Resentment is a union of sorrow with malignity: a combination of a passion which all endeavour to avoid, with a passion which all concur to detest. The man who retires to meditate mischief, and to exasperate his own rage—whose thoughts are employed only on means of distress and contrivances of ruin—whose mind never pauses from the remembrance of his own sufferings, but to indulge some hope of enjoying the calamities of another—may justly be numbered among the most miserable of human beings, among those who are guilty without reward, who have neither the gladness of prosperity nor the calm of innocence.

Whoever considers the weakness both of himself and others, will not long want persuasives to forgiveness. We know not to what degree of malignity any injury is to be imputed; or how much its guilt, if we were to inspect the mind of him that committed it, would be extenuated by mistake, precipitance, or negligence; we cannot be certain how much more we feel than was intended to be inflicted, or how much we increase the mischief to ourselves by voluntary aggravations. We may charge to design the effects of accident; we may think the blow violent only because we have made ourselves delicate and tender; we are on every side in danger of error and of guilt, which we are certain to avoid only by speedy forgiveness.

From this pacific and harmless temper, thus propitious to others and ourselves, to domestic tranquillity and to social happiness, no man is withheld but by pride, by the fear of being insulted by his adversary, or despised by the world. It may be laid down as an unfailing and universal axiom, that 'all pride is abject and mean.' It is always an ignorant, lazy, or cowardly acquiescence in a false appearance of excellence, and proceeds not from consciousness of our attainments, but insensibility of our wants.

Nothing can be great which is not right. Nothing which reason condemns can be suitable to the dignity of the human mind. To be driven by external motives from the path which our own heart approves, to give way to anything but conviction, to suffer the opinion of others to rule our choice or overpower our resolves, is to submit tamely to the lowest and most ignominious slavery, and to resign the right of directing our own lives.

The utmost excellence at which humanity can arrive is a constant and determinate pursuit of virtue without regard to present dangers or advantages; a continual reference of every action to the divine will; a habitual appeal to everlasting justice; and an unvaried elevation of the intellectual eye to the reward which perseverance only can obtain. But that pride which many, who presume to boast of generous sentiments, allow to regulate their measures, has nothing nobler in view than the approbation of men; of beings whose superiority we are under no obligation to acknowledge, and who, when we have courted them with the utmost assiduity, can confer no valuable or permanent reward; of beings who ignorantly judge of what they do not understand, or partially determine what they have never examined; and whose sentence is therefore of no weight, till it has received the ratification of our own conscience.

He that can descend to bribe suffrages like these at the price of his innocence—he that can suffer the delight of such acclamations to withhold his attention from the commands of the universal sovereign—has little reason to congratulate himself upon the greatness of his mind; whenever he awakes to seriousness and reflection, he must become despicable in his own eyes, and shrink with shame from the remembrance of his cowardice and folly.

Of him that hopes to be forgiven, it is indispensably required that he forgive. It is therefore superfluous to urge any other motive. On this great duty eternity is suspended; and to him that refuses to practise it, the throne of mercy is inaccessible, and the Saviour of the world has been born in vain.

A still finer specimen of Johnson's style is afforded in an essay on

### *Retirement from the World.*

On him that appears to pass through things temporal with no other care than not to lose finally the things eternal, I look with such veneration as inclines me to approve his conduct in the whole, without a minute examination of its parts; yet I could never forbear to wish, that while Vice is every day multiplying seducements, and stalking forth with more hardened effrontery, Virtue would not withdraw the influence of her presence, or forbear to assert her natural dignity by open and undaunted perseverance in the right. Piety practised in solitude, like the flower that blooms in the desert, may give its fragrance to the winds of heaven, and delight those unbodied spirits that survey the works of God and the actions of men; but it bestows no assistance upon earthly beings, and, however free from taints of impurity, yet wants the sacred splendour of beneficence.

These sentences shew the stately artificial style of Johnson, which, when supported by elevated sentiment or pointed morality, as in the foregoing extracts, appears to great advantage, but is unsuited to ordinary topics of life and conversation. Hence, he shines more in his colloquial displays, as recorded by Boswell, where much of this extraneous pomp was left off, while all the point and vigour of his understanding, and his powers of wit and imagination, were retained. He is in fact, as Burke first remarked, a greater man in the pages of his biographer than in his own works. The intellectual gladiator of the club evinced a more powerful, ready, and various mind than he could embody in his deliberate writings in the closet. Goldsmith was directly the reverse: he could argue best, as he said, with the pen in his hand.

The *Adventurer*, by Dr Hawkesworth, succeeded the *Rambler*, and was published twice a week from 1752 to 1754. JOHN HAWKESWORTH (1715-1773) rose from being a watchmaker to considerable literary eminence by his talents and learning. He was employed to write the narrative of Captain Cook's discoveries in the Pacific Ocean, by which he realised a large sum of money, and he made an excellent translation of *Telemachus*. With the aid of Dr Johnson, Warton, and others, he carried on the *Adventurer* with considerable success.

It was more various than the *Rambler*—more in the style of light reading. Hawkesworth, however, was an imitator of Johnson, and the conclusion of the *Adventurer* has the Johnsonian swell and cast of imagination :

'The hour is hastening in which whatever praise or censure I have acquired by these compositions, if they are remembered at all, will be remembered with equal indifference, and the tenor of them only will afford me comfort. Time, who is impatient to date my last paper, will shortly moulder the hand that is now writing it in the dust, and still this breast that now throbs at the reflection : but let not this be read as something that relates only to another; for a few years only can divide the eye that is now reading from the hand that has written. This awful truth, however obvious, and however reiterated, is yet frequently forgotten ; for surely, if we did not lose our remembrance, or at least our sensibility, that view would always predominate in our lives which alone can afford us comfort when we die.'

The *World* was the next periodical of this class. It was edited by Dr Moore, author of the tragedy of the *Gamester*, and other works, and was distinguished by contributions from Horace Walpole, Lord Lyttleton, Soame Jenyns, and the Earl of Chesterfield. The *World* has the merit of being very readable : its contents are more lively than any of its predecessors, and it is a better picture of the times. It was published weekly, from January 1753 to December 1756, and reached a sale of 2500 a week.

Another weekly miscellany of the same kind, the *Connoisseur*, was commenced by George Colman and Bonnel Thornton—two professed wits, who wrote in unison, so that, as they state, 'almost every single paper is the joint product of both.' Cowper the poet contributed a few essays to the *Connoisseur*, short but lively, and in that easy style which marks his correspondence. One of them is on the subject of 'Conversation,' and he afterwards extended it into an admirable poem. From another we give an extract which seems like a leaf from the note-book of Washington Irving :

### *The Country Church.*

It is a difficult matter to decide which is looked upon as the greatest man in a country church—the parson or his clerk. The latter is most certainly held in higher veneration, when the former happens to be only a poor curate, who rides post every Sabbath from village to village, and mounts and dismounts at the church-door. The clerk's office is not only to tag the prayers with an amen, or usher in the sermon with a stave; but he is also the universal father to give away the brides, and the standing godfather to all the new-born bantlings. But in many places there is a still greater man belonging to the church than either the parson or the clerk himself. The person I mean is the squire, who, like the king, may be styled head of the church in his own parish. If the benefice be in his own gift, the vicar is his creature, and of consequence entirely at his devotion; or if the care of the church be left to a curate, the Sunday fees of roast-beef and plum-pudding, and a liberty to shoot in the manor, will bring him as much under the squire's command as his dogs and horses. For this reason, the bell is often kept tolling and the people waiting in the churchyard an hour longer than the usual time ; nor must the service begin till the squire has strutted up the aisle, and seated himself in the great pew in the chancel. The length of the sermon is also measured by the will of the squire, as formerly by the hour-glass ; and I know one parish where the preacher has always the complaisance to conclude his discourse, however abruptly, the minute that the squire gives the signal by rising up after his nap.

The *Connoisseur* was in existence from January 1754 to September 1756.

In April 1758, Johnson—who thought there was 'no matter' in the *Connoisseur*, and who had a very poor opinion of the *World*—entered again into this arena of light literature, and commenced his *Idler*. The example of his more mercurial predecessors had some effect on the moralist, for the *Idler* is more gay and spirited than the *Rambler*. It lived through 103 numbers, twelve of which were contributed by his friends Thomas Warton, Langton, and Sir Joshua Reynolds. The *Idler* was the last experiment on the public taste in England of periodical essays published separately. In the *Bee* (a miscellany which existed only through eight weekly numbers in 1759), the *Busy Body*, the *Lady's Magazine*, the *Town and Country Magazine*, and other monthly miscellanies, essays were given along with other contributions.

## OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

The *Citizen of the World*, by GOLDSMITH, was published in a collected shape in 1762, and his *Essays* in 1765. The former were at first, as they appeared in Newbery's *Public Ledger*, entitled 'Chinese Letters,' being written in the character of a Chinese philosopher giving his impressions of England and the English. As a light and genial satirist, a sportive yet tender and insinuating moralist, and as an observer of men and manners, we have no hesitation in placing Goldsmith far above Johnson. His chaste humour, poetical fancy, and admirable style, render these essays a mine of lively observation and pleasant satire, happy imagery, and pure English. The story of the Old Soldier, Beau Tibbs, the Reverie at the Boar's Head Tavern, and the Strolling Player, are in the finest vein of story-telling; while the Eastern apologue, Asem, an Eastern Tale, and Alcander and Septimius, are tinged with the light of true poetry and imagination. Where the author speaks of actual life, and the 'fashion of our estate,' we see the workings of experience and a finely meditative mind. The *History of Animated Nature*, is imbued with the same graces of composition. Goldsmith was no naturalist, strictly speaking, but his descriptions are often vivid and beautiful, and his history is well calculated to awaken a love of nature and a study of its various phenomena. There is no exaggeration in the statement made by Johnson in his epitaph, that whatever Goldsmith touched he adorned.

### *Beau Tibbs.*

Though naturally pensive, yet I am fond of gay company, and take every opportunity of thus dismissing the mind from duty. From this motive I am often found in the centre of a crowd; and wherever pleasure is to be sold, am always a purchaser. In these places, without being marked by any, I win in whatever goes forward, work my passions into a similitude of frivolous earnestness, shout as they shout, and condemn as they happen to disapprove. A mind thus sunk for a while below its natural standard, is qualified for stronger flights, as those first retire who would spring forward with greater vigour.

Attracted by the serenity of the evening, my friend and I lately went to gaze upon the company in one of the public walks near the city. Here we sauntered together for some time, either praising the beauty of such as were handsome, or the dresses of such as had nothing else to recommend them. We had gone thus deliberately forward for some time, when stopping on a sudden, my friend caught me by the elbow, and led me out of the public walk: I could perceive by the quickness of his pace, and by his frequently looking behind, that he was attempting to avoid somebody who followed; we now turned to the right, then to the left; as we went forward he still went faster, but in vain; the person whom he attempted to escape, hunted us through every doubling, and gained upon us each moment; so that at last, we fairly stood still, resolving to face what we could not avoid.

Our pursuer soon came up, and joined us with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance. 'My dear Drybone,' cries he, shaking my friend's hand, 'where have you been hiding this half-century? Positively I had fancied you were gone down to cultivate matrimony and your estate in the country.' During the reply, I had an opportunity of surveying the appearance of our new companion; his hat was pinched up with peculiar smartness; his looks were pale, thin, and sharp; round his neck he wore a broad black riband, and in his bosom a buckle studded with glass; his coat was trimmed with tarnished twist; he wore by his side a sword with a black hilt; and his stockings of silk, though newly washed, were grown yellow by long service. I was so much engaged with the peculiarity of his dress, that I attended only to the latter part of my friend's reply, in which he complimented Mr Tibbs on the taste of his clothes, and the bloom on his countenance. 'Pshaw, pshaw, Will,' cried the figure, 'no more of that, if you love me; you know I hate flattery, on my soul I do; and yet to be sure, an intimacy with the great will improve one's appearance, and a course of venison will fatten; and yet, faith, I despise the great as much as you do; but there are a great many honest fellows among them, and we must not quarrel with one half because the other wants weeding. If they were all such as my Lord Muddler, one of the most good-natured creatures that ever squeezed a lemon, I should myself be among the number of their admirers. I was yesterday to dine at the Duchess of Piccadilly's; my lord was there. "Ned," says he to me, "Ned," says he, "I'll hold gold to silver I can tell where you were poaching last night." "Poaching, my lord," said I, "faith, you have missed already; for I stayed at home and let the girls poach for me." That's my way; I take a fine woman as some animals do their prey; stand still, and swoop, they fall into my mouth.'

'Ah, Tibbs, thou art a happy fellow,' cried my companion, with looks of infinite pity. 'I hope your fortune is as much improved as your understanding in such company?' 'Improved!' replied the other, 'you shall know, but let it go no farther—a great secret—five hundred a year to begin with. My lord's word of honour for it—his lordship took me down in his own chariot yesterday, and we had a *tête-à-tête* dinner in the country; where we talked of nothing else.' 'I fancy you forget, sir,' cried I, 'you told us but this moment of your dining yesterday in town!' 'Did I say so?' replied he coolly, 'to be sure, if I said so, it was so—dined in town; egad, now I do remember I did dine in town, but I dined in the country too; for you must know, my boys, I eat two dinners. By the by, I am grown nice in my eating. I'll tell you a pleasant affair about that. We were a select party of us to dine at Lady Grogram's, an affected piece, but let it go no further—a secret. Well, there happened to be no assafœtida in the sauce to turkey, upon which, says I, "I'll hold a thousand guineas, and say done first, that"—— But dear Drybone, you are an honest creature, lend me half-a-crown for a minute or two, or so, just till—but hark'e, ask me for it the next time we meet, as it may be twenty to one but I forget to pay you.'

When he left us, our conversation naturally turned upon so extraordinary a character. 'His very dress,' cries my friend, 'is not less extraordinary than his conduct. If you meet him this day you find him in rags; if the next, in embroidery. With those persons of distinction, of whom he talks so familiarly, he has scarcely a coffee-house acquaintance. However, both for the interests of society, and perhaps for his own, Heaven has made him poor; and while all the world perceives his wants, he fancies them concealed from every eye. An agreeable companion, because he understands flattery, and all must be pleased with the first part of his conversation, though all are sure of its ending with a demand on their purse. While his youth countenances the levity of his conduct, he may thus earn a precarious subsistence; but when age comes on, the gravity of which is incompatible with buffoonery, then will he find himself forsaken by all; condemned in the decline of life to hang upon some rich family whom he once despised, there to undergo all the ingenuity of studied contempt, to be employed only as a spy upon the servants, or a bugbear to fright the children into obedience. Adieu.

### *Beau Tibbs continued.*

I am apt to fancy I have contracted a new acquaintance whom it will be no easy matter to shake off. My little beau of yesterday overtook me again in one of the public walks, and slapping me on the shoulder saluted me with an air of the most perfect familiarity. His dress was the same as usual, except that he had more powder in his hair, wore a dirtier shirt, a pair of Temple spectacles, and his hat under his arm.

As I knew him to be a harmless, amusing little thing, I could not return his smiles with any degree of severity; so we walked forward on terms of the utmost intimacy, and in a few minutes discussed all the usual topics preliminary to particular conversation.

The oddities that marked his character, however, soon began to appear; he bowed to several well-dressed persons, who, by their manner of returning the compliment, appeared perfect strangers. At intervals he drew out a pocket-book, seeming to take memorandums before all the company, with much importance and assiduity. In this manner he led me through the length of the whole walk, fretting at his absurdities, and fancying myself laughed at not less than him by every spectator.

When we were got to the end of the procession, 'Hang me,' said he, with an air of vivacity, 'I never saw the Park so thin in my life before; there's no company at all to-day. Not a single face to be seen.' 'No company!' interrupted I peevishly; 'no company where there's such a crowd! why, man, there's too much. What are the thousands that have been laughing at us but company?' 'La, my dear!' returned he, with the utmost good-humour, 'you seem immensely chagrined: but, hang me, when the world laughs at me, I laugh at all the world, and so we are even. My Lord Trip, Bill Squash the Creolian, and I sometimes make a party at being ridiculous; and so we say and do a thousand things for the joke. But I see you are grave, and if you are for a fine grave sentimental companion, you shall dine with me and my wife to-day; I must insist on't. I'll introduce you to Mrs Tibbs, a lady of as elegant qualifications as any in nature; she was bred, but that's between ourselves, under the inspection of the Countess of All-night. A charming body of voice; but no more of that, she will give us a song. You shall see my little girl, too, Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Tibbs, a sweet pretty creature; I design her for my Lord Drumstick's eldest son, but that's in friendship, let it go no further; she's but six years old, and yet she walks a minuet, and plays on the guitar immensely already. I intend she shall be as perfect as possible in every accomplishment. In the first place I'll make her a scholar: I'll teach her Greek myself, and learn that language purposely to instruct her; but let that be a secret.'

Thus saying, without waiting for a reply, he took me by the arm, and hauled me along. We passed through many dark alleys and winding ways; for, from some motives to me unknown, he seemed to have a particular aversion to every street. At last, however, we got to the door of a dismal-looking house in the outlets of the town, where he informed me he chose to reside for the benefit of the air.

We entered the lower door, which ever seemed to lie most hospitably open; and I began to ascend an old and creaking staircase, when, as he mounted to shew me the way, he demanded whether I delighted in prospects, to which answering in the affirmative, 'Then,' says he, 'I shall shew you one of the most charming in the world out of my windows; we shall see the ships sailing, and the whole country for twenty miles round, tip-top quite high. My Lord Swamp would give ten thousand pounds for such a one; but, as I sometimes pleasantly tell him, I always like to keep my prospects at home, that my friends may see me the oftener.'

By this time, we were arrived as high as the stairs would permit us to ascend, till we came to what he was facetiously pleased to call the first-floor down the chimney, and knocking at the door, a voice from within demanded: 'Who's there?' My conductor answered that it was he. But this not satisfying the querist, the voice again repeated the demand; to which he answered louder than before; and now the door was opened by an old woman with cautious reluctance.

When we were got in, he welcomed me to his house with great ceremony, and, turning to the old woman, asked where was her lady? 'Good troth,' replied she, in a peculiar dialect, 'she's washing your two shirts at the next door, because they have taken an oath against lending out the tub any longer.' 'My two shirts!' cries he, in a tone that faltered with confusion, 'what does the idiot mean?' 'I ken what I mean well enough,' replied the other; 'she's washing your two shirts next door, because'—— 'Fire and fury! no more of thy stupid exclamations,' cried he. 'Go and inform her we have got company. Were that Scotch hag to be for ever in the family, she would never learn politeness, nor forget that absurd poisonous accent of hers, or testify the smallest specimen of breeding or high life; and yet, it is very surprising too, as I had her from a parliament man, a friend of mine, from the Highlands, one of the politest men in the world; but that's a secret.'

We waited for some time for Mrs Tibbs's arrival, during which interval I had a full opportunity of surveying the chamber and all its furniture; which consisted of four chairs with old wrought bottoms, that he assured me were his wife's embroidery, a square table that had once been japanned, a cradle in one corner, a lumbering cabinet in the other; a broken shepherdess, and a mandarin without a head, were stuck over the chimney; and round the walls, several paltry unframed pictures, which he observed were all his own drawing. 'What do you think, sir, of that head in a corner, done in the manner of Grisoni? There's the true keeping in it; it's my own face, and though there happens to be no likeness, a countess offered me a hundred for its fellow: I refused her, for, hang it, that would be mechanical, you know.'

The wife at last made her appearance, at once a slattern and a coquette; much emaciated, but still carrying the remains of beauty. She made twenty apologies for being seen in such odious dishabille, but hoped to be excused, as she had staid out all night at the gardens with the countess, who was excessively fond of the horns. 'And, indeed, my dear,' added she, turning to her husband, 'his lordship drank your health in a bumper.' 'Poor Jack,' cries he, 'a dear good-natured creature; I know he loves me; but I hope, my dear, you have given orders for dinner. You need make no great preparations neither; there are but three of us; something elegant, and little will do; a turbot, an ortolan, or a'—— 'Or what do you think, my dear,' interrupts the wife, 'of a nice pretty bit of ox-cheek, piping hot, and dressed with a little of my own sauce.' 'The very thing,' replies he, 'it will eat best with some smart bottled beer; but be sure to let's have the sauce his grace was so fond of. I hate your immense loads of meat; that is country all over; extreme disgusting to those who are in the least acquainted with high life.'

By this time my curiosity began to abate, and my appetite to increase; the company of fools may at first make us smile, but at last never fails to render us melancholy. I therefore pretended to recollect a prior engagement, and after having shewn my respect to the house, according to the fashion of the English, by giving the old servant a piece of money at the door, I took my leave. Mr Tibbs assured me that dinner, if I staid, would be ready at least in less than two hours.

### *On the Increased Love of Life with Age.*

Age, that lessens the enjoyment of life, increases our desire of living. Those dangers which, in the vigour of youth, we had learned to despise, assume new terrors as we grow old. Our caution increasing as our years increase, fear becomes at last the prevailing passion of the mind, and the small remainder of life is taken up in useless efforts to keep off our end, or provide for a continued existence.

Strange contradiction in our nature, and to which even the wise are liable! If I should judge of that part of life which lies before me by that which I have already seen, the prospect is hideous. Experience tells me that my past enjoyments have brought no real felicity, and sensation assures me that those I have felt are stronger than those which are yet to come. Yet experience and sensation in vain persuade; hope, more powerful than either, dresses out the distant prospect in fancied beauty; some happiness in long perspective, still beckons me to pursue; and, like a losing gamester, every new disappointment increases my ardour to continue the game.

Whence, then, is this increased love of life, which grows upon us with our years? whence comes it, that we thus make greater efforts to preserve our existence at a period when it becomes scarce worth the keeping? Is it that nature, attentive to the preservation of mankind, increases our wishes to live, while she lessens our enjoyments; and, as she robs the senses of every pleasure, equips imagination in the spoil? Life would be insupportable to an old man who, loaded with infirmities, feared death no more than when in the vigour of manhood; the numberless calamities of decaying nature, and the consciousness of surviving every pleasure, would at once induce him, with his own hand, to terminate the scene of misery; but happily the contempt of death forsakes him at a time when it could only be prejudicial, and life acquires an imaginary value in proportion as its real value is no more.

Chinvang the Chaste, ascending the throne of China, commanded that all who were unjustly detained in prison during the preceding reigns should be set free. Among the number who came to thank their deliverer on this occasion there appeared a majestic old man, who, falling at the emperor's feet, addressed him as follows: 'Great father of China, behold a wretch, now eighty-five years old, who was shut up in a dungeon at the age of twenty-two. I was imprisoned, though a stranger to crime, or without being even confronted by my accusers. I have now lived in solitude and darkness for more than fifty years, and am grown familiar with distress. As yet, dazzled with the splendour of that sun to which you have restored me, I have been wandering the streets to find out some friend that would assist, or relieve, or remember me; but my friends, my family, and relations are all dead, and I am forgotten. Permit me, then, O Chinvang, to wear out the wretched remains of life in my former prison; the walls of my dungeon are to me more pleasing than the most splendid palace: I have not long to live, and shall be unhappy except I spend the rest of my days where my youth was passed—in that prison from whence you were pleased to release me.'

The old man's passion for confinement is similar to that we all have for life. We are habituated to the prison, we look round with discontent, are displeased with the abode, and yet the length of our captivity only increases our fondness for the cell. The trees we have planted, the houses we have built, or the posterity we have begotten, all serve to bind us closer to earth, and imbitter our parting. Life sues the young like a new acquaintance; the companion, as yet unexhausted, is at once instructive and amusing; its company pleases, yet for all this it is but little regarded. To us, who are declined in years, life appears like an old friend; its jests have been anticipated in former conversation; it has no new story to make us smile, no new improvement with which to surprise, yet still we love it; destitute of every enjoyment, still we love it; husband the wasting treasure with increasing frugality, and feel all the poignancy of anguish in the fatal separation.

Sir Philip Mordaunt was young, beautiful, sincere, brave, an Englishman. He had a complete fortune of his own, and the love of the king his master, which was equivalent to riches. Life opened all her treasures before him, and promised a long succession of future happiness. He came, tasted of the entertainment, but was disgusted even at the beginning. He professed an aversion to living, was tired of walking round the same circle; had tried every enjoyment, and found them all grow weaker at every repetition. 'If life be in youth so displeasing,' cried he to himself, 'what will it appear when age comes on? if it be at present indifferent, sure it will then be execrable.' This thought imbittered every reflection; till at last, with all the serenity of perverted reason, he ended the debate with a pistol! Had this self-deluded man been apprised that existence grows more desirable to us the longer we exist, he would have then faced old age without shrinking; he would have boldly dared to live, and served that society by his future assiduity which he basely injured by his desertion.

### *A General Election* (*about* 1760).

The English are at present employed in celebrating a feast which becomes general every seventh year; the parliament of the nation being then dissolved, and another appointed to be chosen. This solemnity falls infinitely short of our [Chinese] feast of the lanterns, in magnificence and splendour; it is also surpassed by others of the east in unanimity and pure devotion; but no festival in the world can compare with it for eating. Their eating, indeed, amazes me; had I five hundred heads, and were each head furnished with brains, yet would they all be insufficient to compute the number of cows, pigs, geese, and turkeys, which upon this occasion die for the good of their country.

To say the truth, eating seems to make a grand ingredient in all English parties of zeal, business, or amusement. When a church is to be built, or an hospital endowed, the directors assemble, and instead of consulting upon it, they eat upon it, by which means the business goes forward with success. When the poor are to be relieved, the officers appointed to dole out public charity assemble and eat upon it: nor has it ever been known that they filled the bellies of the poor till they had previously satisfied their own. But in the election of magistrates, the people seem to exceed all bounds; the merits of a candidate are often measured by the number of his treats; his constituents assemble, eat upon him, and lend their applause, not to his integrity or sense, but to the quantities of his beef and brandy.

And yet I could forgive this people their plentiful meals on this occasion, as it is extremely natural for every man to eat a great deal when he gets it for nothing; but what amazes me is, that all this good living no way contributes to improve their good-humour. On the contrary, they seem to lose their temper as they lose their appetites; every morsel they swallow, and every glass they pour down, serves to increase their animosity. Many an honest man, before as harmless as a tame rabbit, when loaded with a single election dinner, has become more dangerous than a charged culverin. Upon one of these occasions I have actually seen a bloody-minded man-milliner sally forth at the head of a mob, determined to face a desperate pastry-cook, who was general of the opposite party.

But you must not suppose they are without a pretext for thus beating each other. On the contrary, no man here is so uncivilised as to beat his neighbour without producing very sufficient reasons. One candidate, for instance, treats with gin, a spirit of their own manufacture; another always drinks brandy imported from abroad. Brandy is a wholesome liquor; gin a liquor wholly their own. This then furnishes an obvious cause of quarrel, whether it be most reasonable to get drunk with gin, or get drunk with brandy? The mob meet upon the debate; fight themselves sober; and then draw off to get drunk again, and charge for another encounter. So that the English may now properly be said to be engaged in war; since, while they are subduing their enemies abroad, they are breaking each other's heads at home.

## NOVELISTS.

The decline of the tragic drama was accompanied by a similar decline of the heroic romances, both being in some measure the creation of an imaginative and chivalrous spirit. As France had been the country in which the early romance, metrical or prosaic, flourished in greatest strength, it was from the same nation that the second class of prose fictions, the heroic romances, also took its rise. The heroes were no longer Arthur or Charlemagne, but a sort of pastoral lovers, like the characters of Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*, who blended modern with chivalrous manners, and talked in a style of conventional propriety and decorum. This spurious offspring of romance was begun in the seventeenth century by an author named Honore d'Urfé, who was followed by Gomberville, Calprenede, and Madame Scudery. D'Urfé had, episodically, and under borrowed names, given an account of the gallantries of Henri IV.'s court, which rendered his style more piquant and attractive; but generally, this species of composition was harmless and insipid, and its productions of intolerable length. The *Grand Cyrus* filled ten volumes! Admired as they were in their own day, the heroic romances could not long escape being burlesqued. The poet Scarron, about the time of our Commonwealth, attempted this in a work which he entitled the *Comique Roman*, or *Comic Romance*, which detailed a long series of adventures, as low as those of Cyrus were elevated, and in a style of wit and drollery of which there is hardly any other example. This work, though designed only as a ludicrous travesty of the romantic tales, became the first of a class of its own, and found followers in England long before we had any writers of the pure novel. Mrs Aphra Behn amused the public during the reign of Charles II. by writing tales of personal adventure similar to those of Scarron, but loosely constructed. She was followed by Mrs Manley, whose works are equally personal and equally licentious. Other models were presented in the early part of the century by the French novelist Le Sage, whose *Gil Blas* and *Devil on Two Sticks*, imitating in their turn the fictions of certain Spanish writers, consist of humorous and satirical pictures of modern manners, connected by a series of adventures. In England, the first pictures of real life in prose fiction were given by Defoe, who, in his graphic details, and personal adventures, all impressed with the strongest appearance of truth or probability, has never, in his own walk, been excelled. That walk, however, was limited; of genuine humour or variety of character he had no conception; and he paid little attention to the arrangement of his plot. The gradual improvement in the tone and manners of society, the complicated relations of life, the growing contrast between town and country manners, and all the artificial distinctions that crowd in with commerce, wealth, and luxury, banished the heroic romance, and gave rise to the novel, in which the passion of love still maintained its place, but was surrounded by events and characters, such as are witnessed in ordinary life, under various aspects and modifications. The three great founders of this improved species of composition—this new theatre of living and breathing characters—were Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett, who even yet, after the lapse of more than a century, have had no superiors.

## SAMUEL RICHARDSON.

SAMUEL RICHARDSON was born in Derbyshire in 1689, and was the son of a joiner, who could not afford to give his son more than the ordinary elements of education. In his seventeenth year, he was put apprentice to a printer in London, served seven years, and was afterwards five or six years a compositor and corrector of the press. He then set up for himself in a court in Fleet Street, whence he removed to Salisbury Court. He became master of an extensive business, and printer of the Journals of the House of Commons. In 1754 he was chosen master of the Stationers' Company, and in 1760 he purchased a moiety of the patent of printer to the king, which greatly increased his emoluments. He was a prosperous and liberal man—mild in his manners and dispositions—and seems to have had only one marked foible—excessive vanity. From a very early period of his life, Richardson was a fluent letter-writer; at thirteen he was the confidant of three young women, whose love-correspondence he carried on without any one knowing that he was secretary to the others. Two London publishers having urged him, when he was above the age of fifty, to write them a book of familiar letters on the useful concerns of life, he set about the composition of his *Pamela*, as a warning to young people, and with a hope that it would 'turn them into a course of reading different from the pomp and parade of romance writing.' The work as first published in two volumes was written in two months, and published in 1740, with such success, that five editions were exhausted in the course of one year. 'It requires a reader,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'to be in some degree acquainted with the huge folios of inanity over which our ancestors yawned themselves to sleep, ere he can estimate the delight they must have experienced from this unexpected return to truth and nature.' *Pamela* became the rage of the town; ladies carried the volumes with them to Ranelagh Gardens, and held them up to one another in triumph. Pope praised the novel as likely to do more good than twenty volumes of sermons; and Dr Sherlock recommended it from the pulpit! A second part of *Pamela* was added in 1742, but, like all such continuations, it was greatly inferior to the first, and was quite superfluous as regards the story. In 1748 appeared, in eight volumes, Richardson's second and greatest work, the *History of Clarissa Harlowe;* and in 1753, in six volumes, his novel, designed to represent the *beau-idéal* of a gentleman and Christian, the *History of Sir Charles Grandison.* The almost unexampled success and popularity of Richardson's life and writings were to himself disturbed and clouded by nervous attacks, which rendered him delicate and feeble in health. He was flattered and soothed by a number of female friends, in whose society he spent most of his time, and after reaching the goodly age of seventy-two, he died on the 4th of July 1761.

The works of Richardson are all pictures of the heart. No man understood human nature better, or could draw with greater distinctness the minute shades of feeling and sentiment, or the final results of our passions. He wrote his novels, it is said, in his back-shop, in the intervals of business; and must have derived exquisite pleasure from the moral anatomy in which he was silently engaged—conducting his characters through the scenes of his ideal world, and giving expression to all the feelings, motives, and impulses of which our nature is susceptible. He was happiest in female characters. Much of his time had been spent with the gentler sex, and his own retired habits and nervous sensibility approximated to feminine softness. He well repaid the sex for all their attentions by his character of Clarissa, one of the noblest tributes ever paid to female virtue and honour. The moral elevation of this heroine, the saintly purity which she preserves amidst scenes of the deepest depravity and the most seductive gaiety, and the never-failing sweetness and benevolence of her temper, render Clarissa one of the brightest triumphs of the whole range of imaginative literature. Perhaps the climax of her distress is too overwhelming—too oppressive to the feelings—but it is a healthy sorrow. We see the full radiance of virtue; and no reader ever rose from the perusal of those tragic scenes without feeling his moral nature renovated, and his detestation of vice increased.

*Pamela* is a work of much humbler pretensions than *Clarissa Harlowe:* it is like the *Domestic Tragedy* of Lillo compared with *Lear* or *Macbeth.* A simple country-girl, whom her master attempts to seduce, and afterwards marries, can be no very dignified heroine. But the excellences of Richardson are strikingly apparent in this his first novel. His power of circumstantial painting is evinced in the multitude of small details which he brings to bear on his story—the very wardrobe of poor *Pamela*, her gown of sad-coloured stuff, and her round-eared caps—her various attempts at escape, and the conveyance of her letters—the hateful character of Mrs Jewkes, and the fluctuating passions of her master, before the better part of his nature obtains the ascendency—these are all touched with the hand of a master. The seductive scenes are too highly coloured for modern taste, and *Pamela* is deficient in natural dignity; she is too calculating, too tame and submissive; but while engaged with the tale, we think only of her general innocence and artlessness; of her sad trials and afflictions, down to her last confinement, when she hid her papers in the rose-bush in the garden, and sat by the side of the pond in utter despair, half-meditating suicide. The elevation of this innocent and lovely young creature to be the bride of her master is an act of justice; but after all, we feel she was too good for him, and wish she had effected her escape, and been afterwards united to some great and wealthy nobleman who had never condescended to oppress the poor and unfortunate. The moral of the tale would also have been improved by some such termination. Esquire B—— should have been mortified, and waiting-maids taught not to tolerate liberties from their young masters, because, like Pamela, they may rise to obtain their hand in marriage.

*Sir Charles Grandison* is inferior in general interest, as well as truth, to either of Richardson's other novels. The 'good man' and perfect gentleman, perplexed by the love of two ladies whom he regarded with equal affection, is an anomaly in nature with which we cannot sympathise. The hero of *Clarissa*, Lovelace, being a splendid and accomplished, a gay and smiling villain, Richardson wished to make Sir Charles in all respects the very opposite: he has given him too little passion and too much perfection for frail humanity. In this novel, however, is one of the most powerful of all our author's delineations—the madness of Clementina. Shakspeare himself has scarcely drawn a more affecting or harrowing picture of high-souled suffering and blighting calamity. The same accumulation of details as in *Clarissa*, all tending to heighten the effect and produce the catastrophe, hurry on the reader with breathless anxiety, till he has learned the last sad event, and is plunged in unavailing grief. This is no exaggerated account of the sensations produced by Richardson's pathetic scenes. He is one of the most powerful and tragic of novelists; and that he is so, in spite of much tediousness of description, much repetition and prolixity of narrative, is the best testimony to his art and genius. The extreme length of our author's novels, the epistolary style in which they are all written, and the number of minute and apparently unimportant circumstances with which they abound, added to the more energetic character of our subsequent literature, have tended to cast Richardson's novels into the shade. Even Lord Byron could not, he said, read *Clarissa*. We admit that it requires some resolution to get through a fictitious work of eight volumes; but having once begun, most readers will find it difficult to leave off the perusal of these works. They are eminently original, which is always a powerful recommendation. They shew an intimate acquaintance with the human heart, and an absolute command over the passions; they are, in fact, romances of the heart, embellished by sentiment, and as such possess a deep and enchaining interest, and a power of exciting virtuous emotions, which blind us to blemishes in style and composition, and to those errors in taste and manners (partly characteristic of the past century) which are more easily ridiculed than avoided in works so voluminous, confined to domestic portraiture.

The elaborate and minute details by which Richardson produces his dramatic scenes and pathetic incidents, render it difficult to make a quotation suited to our space, that shall convey any idea of his peculiar style. We venture, however, on one short extract:

### *First Appearance of Pamela and her Master in Church after Marriage.*

Yesterday (Sunday) we set out, attended by John, Abraham, Benjamin, and Isaac, in fine new liveries in the best chariot, which had been new cleaned and lined, and new-harnessed; so that it looked like a quite new one. But I had no arms to quarter with my dear lord and master's, though he jocularly, upon my taking notice of my obscurity, said that he had a good mind to have the olive-branch, which would allude to his hopes, quartered for mine. I was dressed in the suit I mentioned, of white, flowered with silver, and a rich head, and the diamond necklace, ear-rings, &c. I also mentioned before. And my dear sir, in a fine laced silk waistcoat, of blue paduasoy, and his coat a pearl-coloured fine cloth, with gold buttons and button-holes, and lined with white silk; and he looked charmingly indeed. I said I was too fine, and would have laid aside some of the jewels: but he said it would be thought a slight to me from him, as his wife; and though, as I apprehended, it might be that people would talk as it was, yet he had rather they should say anything, than that I was not put upon an equal foot, as his wife, with any lady he might have married.

It seems the neighbouring gentry had expected us, and there was a great congregation, for (against my wish) we were a little of the latest; so that, as we walked up the church to his seat, we had abundance of gazers and whisperers. But my dear master behaved with so intrepid an air, and was so cheerful and complaisant to me, that he did credit to his kind choice, instead of shewing as if he was ashamed of it; and as I was resolved to busy my mind entirely with the duties of the day, my intentness on that occasion, and my thankfulness to God for his unspeakable mercies to me, so took up my thoughts, that I was much less concerned than I should otherwise have been at the gazings and whisperings of the ladies and gentlemen, as well as the rest of the congregation, whose eyes were all turned to our seat.

When the sermon was ended, we staid the longer because the church should be pretty empty; but we found great numbers at the church-doors, and in the church porch; and I had the pleasure of hearing many commendations, as well of my person as my dress and behaviour, and not one reflection or mark of disrespect. Mr Martin, who is single, Mr Chambers, Mr Arthur, and Mr Brooks, with their families, were all there; and the four gentlemen came up to us before we went into the chariot, and in a very kind and respectful manner, complimented us both; and Mrs Arthur and Mrs Brooks were so kind as to wish me joy. And Mrs Brooks said: 'You sent Mr Brooks, madam, home t'other day quite charmed with a manner which you have convinced a thousand persons this day is natural to you.' 'You do me great honour, madam,' replied I; 'such a good lady's approbation must make me too sensible of my happiness.' My dear master handed me into the chariot, and stood talking with Sir Thomas Atkyns at the door of it (who was making him abundance of compliments, and is a very ceremonious gentleman, a little too extreme in that way), and I believe to familiarise me to the gazers, which concerned me a little; for I was dashed to hear the praises of the country-people, and to see how they crowded about the chariot. Several poor people begged my charity; and I beckoned John with my fan, and said: 'Divide in the further church-porch that money to the poor, and let them come to-morrow morning to me, and I will give them something more if they don't importune me now.' So I gave him all the silver I had, which happened to be between twenty and thirty shillings; and this drew away from me their clamorous prayers for charity.

Mr Martin came up to me on the other side of the chariot, and leaned on the very door, while my master was talking to Sir Thomas, from whom he could not get away, and said: 'By all that 's good, you have charmed the whole congregation. Not a soul but is full of your praises. My neighbour knew, better than anybody could tell him, how to choose for himself. Why,' said he, 'the Dean himself looked more upon you than his book!' 'O sir,' said I, 'you are very encouraging to a weak mind.' 'I vow,' said he, 'I say no more than is truth. I 'd marry to-morrow if I was sure of meeting with a person of but one-half of the merit you have. You are,' continued he—'and it is not my way to praise too much—an ornament to your sex, an honour to your spouse, and a credit to religion. Everybody is saying so,' added he, 'for you have by your piety edified the whole church.'

As he had done speaking, the Dean himself complimented me, that the behaviour of so worthy a lady would be very edifying to his congregation, and encouraging to himself. 'Sir,' said I, 'you are very kind: I hope I shall not behave unworthy of the good instructions I shall have the pleasure to receive from so worthy a divine.' He bowed and went on.

Sir Thomas then applied to me, my master stepping into the chariot, and said: 'I beg pardon, madam, for detaining your good spouse from you. But I have been saying he is the happiest man in the world.' I bowed to him; but I could have wished him further, to make me sit so in the notice of every one: which, for all I could do, dashed me not a little.

Mr Martin said to my master: 'If you 'll come to church every Sunday with your charming lady, I will never absent myself, and she 'll give a good example to all the neighbourhood.' 'O my dear sir,' said I to my master, 'you know not how much I am obliged to good Mr Martin: he has by his kind expression made me dare to look up with pleasure and gratitude.' Said my dear master: 'My dear love, I am very much obliged, as well as you, to my good friend Mr Martin.' And he said to him: 'We will constantly go to church, and to every other place where we can have the pleasure of seeing Mr Martin.' Mr Martin said: 'Gad, sir, you are a happy man, and I think your lady's example has made you more polite and handsome too, than I ever knew you before, though we never thought you unpolite neither.' And so he bowed, and went to his own chariot; and as we drove away, the people kindly blessed us, and called us a charming pair.

## ROBERT PALTOCK.

Southey has acknowledged that he took the idea of his Glendoveers, those winged celestial agents in the *Curse of Kehama*—

> The loveliest race of all of heavenly birth,
> Hovering with gentle motion o'er the earth—

from the neglected story of *Peter Wilkins*. The author of this story was long unknown; but in 1835, at a sale by auction of books and manuscripts which had belonged to Dodsley the publisher, the original agreement for the copyright of the work was found. The writer, it appears, was 'ROBERT PALTOCK or PULTOCK of Clement's Inn, Gentleman;' and he had disposed of his tale for £20, with twelve copies of the work, and a set of the first impressions of the engravings that were to accompany it. The tale is dedicated to Elizabeth, Countess of Northumberland—an amiable and accomplished lady, to whom Percy inscribed his *Reliques*, and Goldsmith the first printed copy of his *Edwin and Angelina*. The dates of the different editions are 1750, 1751, 1783, 1784. To the countess, Paltock had been indebted for some personal favour—'a late instance of benignity;' and it was after the pattern of her virtues, he says, that he drew the mind of his heroine Youwarkee. Nothing more is known of Paltock.* He was most probably a bachelor—a solitary bencher—for had he left descendants, some one of the number would have been proud to claim the relationship. Having delivered his 'wild and wondrous tale' to the world, he retired into modest and unbroken obscurity. The title of Paltock's story may serve for an index to its nature and incidents: *The Life and Adventures of Peter Wilkins, a Cornish Man: relating particularly his Shipwreck near the South Pole; his wonderful Passage through a subterraneous Cavern into a kind of New World; his there meeting with a Gawrey, or Flying Woman, whose Life he preserved, and afterwards married her; his extraordinary Conveyance to the Country of Glumms and Gawreys, or Men and Women that fly: likewise a Description of this strange Country, with the Law, Customs, and Manners of its Inhabitants, and the Author's remarkable Transactions among them: taken from his own Mouth on his Passage to England from off Cape Horn in America, in the Ship Hector; with an Introduction giving an Account of the Surprising Manner of his coming on Board that Vessel, and his Death on his landing at Plymouth in the year* 1739; *by R. S., a Passenger in the Hector.* The initials, 'R. S.' may either have been designed to remind the reader of Gulliver's *cousin*, Richard Sympson—who stands sponsor for the redoubted Captain Lemuel—or inserted by an oversight of the author, who signs his proper initials, R. P., to the dedication and introduction. The name of the hero, and the first conception of the story, would seem to have been suggested by Bishop Wilkins's *Discovery of a New World*, in which there are speculations on the possibility of a man being able to fly by the application of wings to his body. Having taken up this idea of a flying human race, Paltock modelled his story on that of *Robinson Crusoe*, making his hero a shipwrecked voyager cast upon a solitary shore, of which he was for a time the sole inhabitant. The same virtues of fortitude, resignation, and patient ingenuity are assigned to both, with a depth and purity of religious feeling in the case of Peter Wilkins which was rare at that time in works of fiction. The literal, minute, matter-of-fact style of Defoe is copied with success; but except in his description of the flying heroine, Paltock is inferior to the old master. At least one-half of the tale is felt to be tedious and uninteresting. Its principal charm consists in the lonely situation and adventures of the hero, struggling with misfortunes and cut off from society, and

* He is supposed, however, to be author of another work, *Memoirs of the Life of Parnese, a Spanish Lady*, &c. *Translated from the Spanish MS. by R. P. Gent.* London, 1751.

in the original and beautiful conception of the flying woman, who comes, endowed with all feminine graces and tenderness, to share his solitude and affection. When Wilkins describes the flying nation, their family alliances, laws, customs, and mechanical works, the romance disappears, and we see only a poor imitation of the style or manner of Swift. The language of this new race is also singularly inharmonious. The name of the country, Nosmnbdsgrsutt, is unpronounceable, and *glumm* and *gawrey*, man and woman, have nothing to recommend their adoption. The flying apparatus is termed a *graundee*, and a flight is a *swangean*. The *locale* of Wilkins's romance is a grassy plain by the side of a lake, surrounded by a woody amphitheatre, behind which rises a huge naked rock, that towers up to a great height. In this retreat he constructs a grotto, and with fruits and fish subsists pleasantly during the summer. Winter approaches, and strange voices are heard. He sallies out one evening, and finds a beautiful woman near his door. This is Youwarkee, the heroine. She had been engaged with a party of young people of the flying nation, resident on the other side of the great rock, chasing and pursuing one another, when falling among the branches of a tree, her *graundee* became useless, and she sank to the ground stunned and senseless. The *graundee*, with its variety of ribs, drapery, and membrane, is described at length; but we may take the more poetical miniature sketch of it given by Leigh Hunt in his work *The Seer:* 'A peacock, with his plumage displayed, full of "rainbows and starry eyes," is a fine object, but think of a lovely woman, set in front of an ethereal shell, and wafted about like a Venus. This is perhaps the best general idea that can be given of Peter Wilkins's bride. In the first edition of the work, there is an engraved explanation of the wings, or rather drapery, for such it was when at rest. It might be called a natural webbed silk. We are to picture to ourselves a nymph in a vest of the finest texture, and most delicate carnation. On a sudden, this drapery parts in two, and flies back, stretched from head to foot behind the figure like an oval fan or umbrella; and the lady is in front of it, preparing to sweep blushing away from us, and "winnow the buxom air."' The picture is poetical and suggestive, though in working it up, the author of the story introduces homely enough materials.

### *Peter Wilkins and his Flying Bride.*

I passed the summer—though I had never yet seen the sun's body—very much to my satisfaction, partly in the work I have been describing—for I had taken two more of the beast-fish, and had a great quantity of oil from them—partly in building me a chimney in my ante-chamber, of mud and earth burnt on my own hearth into a sort of brick; in making a window at one end of the above-said chamber, to let in what little light would come through the trees, when I did not choose to open my door; in moulding an earthen lamp for my oil; and, finally, in providing and laying in stores, fresh and salt—for I had now cured and dried many more fish—against winter. These, I say, were my summer employments at home, intermixed with many agreeable excursions. But now the winter coming on, and the days growing very short, or indeed, there being no day, properly speaking, but a kind of twilight, I kept mostly in my habitation.

An indifferent person would now be apt to ask, what would this man desire more than he had? To this I answer, that I was contented while my condition was such as I have been describing; but a little while after the darkness or twilight came on, I frequently heard voices, sometimes a few only at a time, as it seemed, and then again in great numbers.

In the height of my distress, I had recourse to prayer, with no small benefit; begging that if it pleased not the Almighty Power to remove the object of my fears, at least to resolve my doubts about them, and to render them rather helpful than hurtful to me. I hereupon, as I always did on such occasions, found myself much more placid and easy, and began to hope the best, till I had almost persuaded myself that I was out of danger; and then laying myself down, I rested very sweetly till I was awakened by the impulse of the following dream.

Methought I was in Cornwall, at my wife's aunt's; and inquiring after her and my children, the old gentlewoman informed me both my wife and children had been dead some time, and that my wife, before her departure, desired her—that is, her aunt—immediately upon my arrival to tell me she was only gone to the lake, where I should be sure to see her, and be happy with her ever after. I then, as I fancied, ran to the lake to find her. In my passage she stopped me, crying: 'Whither so fast, Peter? I am your wife, your Patty.' Methought I did not know her, she was so altered; but observing her voice, and looking more wistfully at her, she appeared to me as the most beautiful creature I ever beheld. I then went to seize her in my arms, but the hurry of my spirits awakened me. . . .

I then heard a sort of shriek, and a rustle near the door of my apartment, all which together seemed very terrible. But I, having before determined to see what and who it was, resolutely opened my door and leaped out. I saw nobody; all was quite silent, and nothing that I could perceive but my own fears a-moving. I went then softly to the corner of the building, and there, looking down by the glimmer of my lamp, which stood in the window, I saw something in human shape lying at my feet. I gave the word: 'Who 's there?' Still no one answered. My heart was ready to force a way through my side. I was for a while fixed to the earth like a statue. At length recovering, I stepped in, fetched my lamp, and returning, saw the very beautiful face my Patty appeared under in my dream; and not considering that it was only a dream, I verily thought I had my Patty before me, but she seemed to be stone dead. Upon viewing her other parts, for I had never yet removed my eyes from her face, I found she had a sort of brown chaplet, like lace, round her head, under and about which her hair was tucked up and twined; and she seemed to me to be clothed in a thin hair-coloured silk garment, which, upon trying to raise her, I found to be quite warm, and therefore hoped there was life in the body it contained. I then took her into my arms, and treading a step backwards with her, I put out my lamp; however, having her in my arms, I conveyed her through the doorway, in the dark, into my grotto. . . .

I thought I saw her eyes stir a little. I then set the lamp further off, for fear of offending them if she should look up; and warming the last glass I had reserved of my Madeira, I carried it to her, but she never stirred. I now supposed the fall had absolutely killed her, and was prodigiously grieved, when laying my hand on her breast, I perceived the fountain of life had some motion. This gave me infinite pleasure; so, not despairing, I dipped my finger in the wine, and moistened her lips with it two or three times, and I imagined they opened a little. Upon this I bethought me, and taking a tea-spoon, I gently poured a few drops of the wine by that means into her mouth. Finding she swallowed it, I poured in another spoonful, and another, till I brought her to herself so well as to be able to sit up.

I then spoke to her, and asked divers questions, as if she had really been Patty, and understood me; in return of which, she uttered a language I had no idea of, though, in the most musical tone, and with the sweetest accent I ever heard. It grieved me I could not understand her. However, thinking she might like to be upon her feet, I went to lift her off the bed, when she felt to my touch in the oddest manner imaginable; for while in one respect it was as though she had been cased in whalebone, it was at the same time as soft and warm as if she had been naked.

You may imagine we stared heartily at each other, and I doubted not but she wondered as much as I by what means we came so near each other. I offered her everything in my grotto which I thought might please her, some of which she gratefully received, as appeared by her looks and behaviour. But she avoided my lamp, and always placed her back toward it. I observing that, and ascribing it to her modesty in my company, let her have her will, and took care to set it in such a position myself as seemed agreeable to her, though it deprived me of a prospect I very much admired.

After we had sat a good while, now and then, I may say, chattering to one another, she got up and took a turn or two about the room. When I saw her in that attitude, her grace and motion perfectly charmed me, and her shape was incomparable. . . .

I treated her for some time with all the respect imaginable, and never suffered her to do the least part of my work. It was very inconvenient to both of us only to know each other's meaning by signs; but I could not be otherwise than pleased to see that she endeavoured all in her power to learn to talk like me. Indeed I was not behindhand with her in that respect, striving all I could to imitate her. What I all the while wondered at was, she never shewed the least disquiet at her confinement; for I kept my door shut at first, through fear of losing her, thinking she would have taken an opportunity to run away from me, for little did I then think she could fly.

After my new love had been with me a fortnight, finding my water run low, I was greatly troubled at the thought of quitting her any time to go for more; and having hinted it to her, with seeming uneasiness, she could not for a while fathom my meaning; but when she saw me much confused, she came at length, by the many signs I made, to imagine it was my concern for her which made me so; whereupon she expressively enough signified I might be easy, for she did not fear anything happening to her in my absence. On this, as well as I could declare my meaning, I entreated her not to go away before my return. As soon as she understood what I signified to her by actions, she sat down with her arms across, leaning her head against the wall, to assure me she would not stir.

I took my boat, net, and water-cask as usual, desirous of bringing her home a fresh fish-dinner, and succeeded so well as to catch enough for several good meals, and to spare. What remained I salted, and found she liked that better than the fresh, after a few days' salting. As my salt grew very low, though I had been as sparing of it as possible, I now resolved to try making some; and the next summer I effected it.

Thus we spent the remainder of the winter together, till the days began to be light enough for me to walk abroad a little in the middle of them; for I was now under no apprehensions of her leaving me, as she had before this time had so many opportunities of doing so, but never once attempted it. I did not even then know that the covering she wore was not the work of art but the work of nature, for I really took it for silk, though it must be premised, that I had never seen it by any other light than of my lamp. Indeed, the modesty of her carriage, and sweetness of her behaviour to me, had struck into me a dread of offending her.

When the weather cleared up a little, by the lengthening of daylight, I took courage one afternoon to invite her to walk with me to the lake; but she sweetly excused herself from it, whilst there was such a frightful glare of light as she said;[*] but, looking out at the door, told me if I would not go out of the wood, she would accompany me, so we agreed to take a turn only there. I first went myself over the stile of the door, and thinking it rather too high for her, I took her in my arms, and lifted her over. But even when I had her in this manner, I knew not what to make of her clothing, it sat so true and close; but seeing her by a steadier and truer light in the grove, though a heavy gloomy one, than my lamp had afforded, I begged she would let me know of what silk or other composition her garment was made. She smiled, and asked me if mine was not the same under my jacket. 'No, lady,' says I, 'I have nothing but my skin under my clothes.' 'Why, what do you mean?' replies she, somewhat tartly; 'but, indeed, I was afraid something was the matter, by that nasty covering you wear, that you might not be seen. Are you not a glumm?' (a man). 'Yes,' says I, 'fair creature.' (Here, though you may conceive she spoke part English, part her own tongue, and I the same, as we best understood each other, yet I shall give you our discourse, word for word, in plain English.) 'Then,' says she, 'I am afraid you must have been a very bad man, and have been crashee,[†] which I should be very sorry to hear.' I told her I believed we were none of us so good as we might be, but I hoped my faults had not at most exceeded other men's; but I had suffered abundance of hardships in my time, and that at last Providence having settled me in this spot, from whence I had no prospect of ever departing, it was none of the least of its mercies to bring to my knowledge and company the most exquisite piece of all his works in her, which I should acknowledge as long as I lived. . . .

'Sir,' says she, 'pray, answer me first how you came here?' 'Madam,' replied I, 'will you please to take a walk to the verge of the wood, and I will shew you the very passage?' 'Sir,' says she, 'I perfectly know the range of the rocks all round, and by the least description, without going to see them, can tell from which you descended.' 'In truth,' said I, 'most charming lady, I descended from no rock at all: nor would I, for a thousand worlds, attempt what could not be accomplished but by my destruction.' 'Sir,' says she, in some anger, 'it is false, and you impose upon me.' 'I declare to you,' says I, 'madam, what I tell you is strictly true; I never was near the summit of any of the surrounding rocks, or anything like it; but as you are not far from the verge of the wood, be so good as to step a little further, and I will shew you my entrance in hither.' 'Well,' says she, 'now this odious dazzle of light is lessened, I do not care if I do go with you.'

When we came far enough to see the bridge, 'There, madam,' says I, 'there is my entrance, where the sea pours into this lake from yonder cavern.' . . . We arrived at the lake, and going to my wet-dock, 'Now, madam,' says I, 'pray satisfy yourself whether I spake true or no.' She looked at my boat, but could not yet frame a proper notion of it. Says I: 'Madam, in this very boat I sailed from the main ocean through that cavern into this lake; and shall at last think myself the happiest of all men, if you continue with me, love me, and credit me; and I promise you I will never deceive you, but think my life happily spent in your service.' I found she was hardly content yet to believe what I told her of my boat to be true, until I stepped into it, and pushing from the shore, took my oars in my hand, and sailed along the lake by her as she walked on the shore. At last, she seemed so well reconciled to me and my boat, that she desired I would take her in. I immediately did so, and we sailed a

[*] In the regions of the flying people, it is always twilight.

[†] Slit. Criminals, in the flying regions, are punished by having their wings slit, thus rendering them unable to fly.

good way, and as we returned to my dock, I described to her how I procured the water we drank, and brought it to shore in that vessel.

'Well,' says she, 'I have sailed, as you call it, many a mile in my lifetime, but never in such a thing as this. I own it will serve very well where one has a great many things to carry from place to place; but to be labouring thus at an oar, when one intends pleasure in sailing, is, in my mind, a most ridiculous piece of slavery.' 'Why, pray, madam, how would you have me sail? for getting into the boat only will not carry us this way or that, without using some force.' 'But,' says she, 'pray, where did you get this boat, as you call it?' 'O madam,' says I, 'that is too long and fatal a story to begin upon now; this boat was made many thousand miles from hence, among a people coal-black, a quite different sort from us; and when I first had it, I little thought of seeing this country; but I will make a faithful relation of all to you when we come home.'

As we talked, and walked by the lake, she made a little run before me, and sprang into it. Perceiving this, I cried out; whereupon she merrily called on me to follow her. The light was then so dim as prevented my having more than a confused sight of her, when she jumped in; and looking earnestly after her, I could discern nothing more than a small boat on the water, which skimmed along at so great a rate that I almost lost sight of it presently: but running along the shore, for fear of losing her, I met her gravely walking to meet me, and then had entirely lost sight of the boat upon the lake. 'This,' says she, accosting me with a smile, 'is my way of sailing, which, I perceive, by the fright you were in, you are altogether unacquainted with; and as you tell me you came from so many thousand miles off, it is possible you may be made differently from me; but surely we are the part of the creation which has had most care bestowed upon it; and I suspect from all your discourse, to which I have been very attentive, it is possible you may no more be able to fly than to sail as I do.' 'No, charming creature,' says I, 'that I cannot, I will assure you.' She then, stepping to the edge of the lake, for the advantage of a descent before her, sprang up into the air, and away she went, further than my eyes could follow her.

I was quite astonished. So, says I, then all is over, all a delusion which I have so long been in, a mere phantom! better had it been for me never to have seen her, than thus to lose her again! I had but very little time for reflection; for in about ten minutes after she had left me in this mixture of grief and amazement, she alighted just by me on her feet.

Her return, as she plainly saw, filled me with a transport not to be concealed, and which, as she afterwards told me, was very agreeable to her. Indeed, I was some moments in such an agitation of mind, from these unparalleled incidents, that I was like one thunderstruck; but coming presently to myself, and clasping her in my arms, with as much love and passion as I was capable of expressing, 'Are you returned again, kind angel,' said I, 'to bless a wretch who can only be happy in adoring you? Can it be that you, who have so many advantages over me, should quit all the pleasures that nature has formed you for, and all your friends and relations, to take an asylum in my arms? But I here make you a tender of all I am able to bestow, my love and constancy.' 'Come, come,' says she, 'no more raptures; I find you are a worthier man than I thought I had reason to take you for; and I beg your pardon for my distrust whilst I was ignorant of your imperfections; but now, I verily believe all you have said is true; and I promise you, as you have seemed so much to delight in me, I will never quit you till death or other as fatal accident shall part us. But we will now, if you choose, go home, for I know you have been some time uneasy in this gloom, though agreeable to me. For, giving my eyes the pleasure of looking eagerly on you, it conceals my blushes from your sight.'

In this manner, exchanging mutual endearments and soft speeches, hand in hand, we arrived at the grotto.

## HENRY FIELDING.

Coleridge has said, that to 'take up Fielding after Richardson is like emerging from a sick-room heated by stoves into an open lawn on a breezy day in May.' We have felt the agreeableness of the transition: from excited sensibilities and overpowering pathos, to light humour, lively description, and keen yet sportive satire, must always be a pleasant change. The feeling, however, does not derogate from the power of Richardson as a novelist. The same sensation may be experienced by turning from Lear to Falstaff, from tragedy to comedy. The feelings cannot remain in a state of constant tension, but seek relief in variety. Perhaps Richardson stretches them too violently and too continuously; his portraits are in classes, full charged with the peculiarities of their master. Fielding has a broader canvas, more light than shade, a clear and genial atmosphere, and groups of characters finely and naturally diversified. Johnson considered him barren compared with Richardson, because Johnson loved strong moral painting, and had little sympathy for wit that was not strictly allied to virtue. Richardson, too, was a pious respectable man, for whom the critic entertained great regard, and to whom he was under obligations. Fielding was a thoughtless man of fashion—a rake who had dissipated his fortune, and passed from high to low life without dignity or respect; and who had commenced author without any higher motive than to make money, and confer amusement. Ample success crowned him in the latter department! The inimitable character of Parson Adams, the humour of roadside adventures and ale-house dialogues, Towwouse and his termagant wife, Parson Trulliber, Squire Western, the faithful Partridge, and a host of ludicrous and witty scenes, and characters, and situations, all rise up at the very mention of the name of Fielding! If Richardson 'made the passions move at the command of virtue,' Fielding bends them at will to mirth and enjoyment. He is the prince of novelists—holding the novel to include wit, love, satire, humour, observation, genuine pictures of human nature without romance, and the most perfect art in the arrangement of his plot and incidents.

**Henry Fielding** was of high birth: his father—a grandson of the Earl of Denbigh—was a general in the army, and his mother the daughter of a judge. He was born at Sharpham Park, Somersetshire, April 22, 1707. The general had a large family, and was a bad economist, and Henry was early familiar with embarrassments. He was educated at Eton, and afterwards studied the law for two years at Leyden. In his twentieth year his studies were stopped, 'money-bound,' as a kindred genius, Sheridan, used to say, and the youth returned to England, and commenced writing for the stage. His first play, *Love in Several Masks*, was brought out in February 1727-8. In the course of five years he wrote seventeen dramatic pieces, only one of which, the burlesque entitled *Tom Thumb*, can be said to have kept possession of the stage. His father promised him

£200 per annum, but this, the son remarked, 'any one might pay who would!' He obtained £1500 by his marriage with Miss Cradock, a lady of great beauty and worth, who resided in Salisbury, and he retired with his wife to the country. His mother had left him a small estate at East Stour, Dorsetshire; but there Fielding's hospitality and extravagance—a large retinue of servants in yellow liveries, entertainments, hounds and horses—soon devoured his little patrimony and wife's fortune. In the following year (1736) he took the Haymarket Theatre, and engaged a dramatic company. This project failed, and in 1737 he entered himself as a student in the Middle Temple. He was called to the bar in June 1740. His practice, however, was insufficient for the support of his family, and he continued to write pieces for the stage, and pamphlets to suit the topics of the day. In politics he was an anti-Jacobite, and a steady supporter of the Hanoverian succession. In 1742 appeared his novel of *Joseph Andrews*, which at once stamped him as a master, uniting to genuine English humour the spirit of Cervantes and the mock-heroic of Scarron. There was a wicked wit in the choice of his subject. To ridicule Richardson's *Pamela*, Fielding made his hero a brother of that renowned and popular lady; he quizzed Gammer Andrews and his wife, the rustic parents of Pamela; and in contrast to the style of Richardson's work, he made his hero and his friend, Parson Adams, models of virtue and excellence, and his leading female characters (Lady Booby and Mrs Slipslop) quite the reverse. Lady Booby is eager to marry her footman, who resists all her blandishments as his sister Pamela had resisted Mr B. Even Pamela is brought down from her high standing of moral perfection, and is represented as Mrs Booby, with the airs of an upstart, whom the parson is compelled to reprove for laughing in church. Richardson's vanity was deeply wounded by this insult, and he never forgave the desecration of his favourite production. The ridicule was certainly unjustifiable; but, as Sir Walter Scott has remarked, 'how can we wish that undone without which Parson Adams would not have existed?' The burlesque portion of the work would not have caused its extensive and abiding popularity. It heightened its humour, and may have contributed at first to the number of its readers; but *Joseph Andrews* possessed strong and original claims to public favour, and has found countless admirers among persons who know nothing of *Pamela*. Setting aside some ephemeral essays and light pieces, Fielding, in the following year (1743), brought out three volumes of *Miscellanies*, which included *A Journey from this World to the Next*, and *The History of Jonathan Wild*. A vein of keen satire runs through the latter; but the hero and his companions are such callous rogues, and unsentimental ruffians, that we cannot take pleasure in their dexterity and success. The ordinary of Newgate, who administers consolation to Wild before his execution, is the best character in the novel. The ordinary preferred a bowl of punch to any other liquor, as it is nowhere spoken against in Scripture; and his ghostly admonitions to the malefactor are in harmony with this predilection. In 1749, Fielding was appointed one of the justices of Westminster and Middlesex, for which he was indebted to the services of Lyttleton. He was an active magistrate; but the office of a trading justice, paid by fees, was as unworthy the genius of Fielding as that of an exciseman was unsuited to Burns. It appears, from a statement made by himself, that this appointment did not bring him in, 'of the dirtiest money upon earth,' £300 a year. In the midst of his official drudgery and too frequent dissipations, our author produced *Tom Jones*, unquestionably the first of English novels. He received £600 for the copyright, and such was its success that Millar the publisher presented £100 more to the author. In 1751 appeared *Amelia*, for which he received £1000. Johnson was a great admirer of this novel, and read it through without stopping. Its domestic scenes moved him more deeply than heroic or ambitious adventures; but the conjugal tenderness and affection of Amelia are but ill requited by the conduct of Booth, her husband, who has the vices without the palliation of youth possessed by Tom Jones, independently of his ties as a husband and father. The character of Amelia was drawn for Fielding's wife, even down to the accident which disfigured her beauty; and the frailties of Booth are said to have shadowed forth some of the author's own backslidings and experiences. The lady whose amiable qualities he delighted to recount, and whom he passionately loved, died while they struggled on in their worldly difficulties. He was almost broken-hearted for her loss, and found no relief, it is said, but in weeping, in concert with her servant-maid, 'for the angel they mutually regretted.' This made the maid his habitual confidential associate; and in process of time he began to think he could not give his children a tenderer mother, or secure for himself a more faithful housekeeper and nurse. The maid accordingly became mistress of his household, and her conduct as his wife fully justified his good opinion. If there is little of romance, there is sound sense, affection, and gratitude in this step of Fielding, but it is probable the noble families to whom he was allied might regard it as a stain on his escutcheon. *Amelia* was the last work of fiction that Fielding gave to the world. His last public act was an undertaking to extirpate several gangs of thieves and highwaymen that then infested London. The government employed him in this somewhat perilous enterprise, placing a sum of £600 at his disposal, and he was completely successful. The vigour and sagacity of his mind still remained, but Fielding was paying, by a premature old age and decrepitude, for the follies and excesses of his youth. A complication of disorders weighed down his latter days, the most formidable of which was dropsy. As a last resource he was advised to try the effect of a milder climate, and departed for Lisbon in the spring of 1754. Nothing can be more touching than the description he has given in his posthumous work, *A Voyage to Lisbon*, of this parting scene:

'*Wednesday, June* 26, 1754.—On this day the most melancholy sun I had ever beheld arose, and found me awake at my house at Fordhook. By the light of this sun I was, in my own opinion, last to behold and take leave of some of those creatures on whom I doted with a mother-like fondness, guided by nature and passion, and uncured and unhardened by all the doctrine of that philosophical school where I had learned to bear pains and to despise death.

'In this situation, as I could not conquer nature, I submitted entirely to her, and she made as great a fool of me as she had ever done of any woman whatsoever: under pretence of giving me leave to enjoy, she drew me into suffer, the company of my little ones during eight hours; and I doubt whether in that time I did not undergo more than in all my distemper.

'At twelve precisely my coach was at the door, which was no sooner told me, than I kissed my children round, and went into it with some little resolution. My wife, who behaved more like a heroine and philosopher, though at the same time the tenderest mother in the world, and my eldest daughter, followed me; some friends went with us, and others here took their leave; and I heard my behaviour applauded, with many murmurs and praises to which I well knew I had no title; as all other such philosophers may, if they have any modesty, confess on the like occasions.'

The great novelist reached Lisbon, and resided in that genial climate for about two months. His health, however, gradually declined, and he died on the 8th of October 1754. It is pleasing to record that his family, about which he evinced so much tender solicitude in his last days, were sheltered from want by his brother and a private friend, Ralph Allen, Esq. whose character for worth and benevolence he had drawn in Allworthy, in *Tom Jones*.

Let humble Allen, with an awkward shame,
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.
POPE.

The English factory at Lisbon erected a monument over his remains. A new tomb was erected to him in 1830.

The irregularities of Fielding's life—however dearly he may have paid for fame—contributed to his riches as an author. He had surveyed human nature in various aspects, and experienced its storms and sunshine. His kinswoman, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, assigns to him an enviable vivacity of temperament, though it is at the expense of his morality. 'His happy constitution,' she says, 'even when he had, with great pains, half demolished it, made him forget every evil when he was before a venison-pasty, or over a flask of champagne; and I am persuaded he has known more happy moments than any prince upon earth. His natural spirits gave him rapture with his cook-maid, and cheerfulness when he was starving in a garret.' Fielding's experience as a Middlesex justice was unfavourable to his personal respectability; but it must also have brought him into contact with scenes and characters well fitted for his graphic delineations. On the other hand, his birth and education as a gentleman, and his brief trial of the life of a rural squire, immersed in sports and pleasure, furnished materials for a Squire Western, an Allworthy, and other country characters, down to black George the gamekeeper; while, as a man of wit and fashion on the town, and a gay dramatist, he must have known various prototypes of Lord Fellamar and his other city portraits. The profligacy of Lady Bellaston, and the meanness of Tom Jones in accepting support from such a source, are, we hope, circumstances which have rarely occurred even in the fashionable life of that period. The tone of morality is never very high in Fielding, but the case we have cited is his lowest descent.

Though written amidst discouraging circumstances and irksome duties, *Tom Jones* bears no marks of haste. The author committed some errors as to time and place, but his fable is constructed with historical exactness and precision, and is a finished model of the comic romance. Byron has styled Fielding 'the prose Homer of human nature.' 'Since the days of Homer,' says Dr Beattie, 'the world has not seen a more artful epic fable. The characters and adventures are wonderfully diversified; yet the circumstances are all so natural, and rise so easily from one another, and co-operate with so much regularity in bringing on, even while they seem to retard the catastrophe, that the curiosity of the reader is always kept awake, and, instead of flagging, grows more and more impatient as the story advances, till at last it becomes downright anxiety. And when we get to the end, and look back on the whole contrivance, we are amazed to find that of so many incidents there should be so few superfluous; that in such a variety of fiction there should be so great a probability, and that so complex a tale should be so perspicuously conducted, and with perfect unity of design.' The only digression from the main story which is felt to be tedious is the episode of the Man of the Hill. In *Don Quixote* and *Gil Blas* we are reconciled to such interpolations by the air of romance which pervades the whole, and which seems indigenous to the soil of Spain. In Cervantes, too, these digressions are sometimes highly poetical and striking tales. But in the plain lifelike scenes of *Tom Jones*—English life in the eighteenth century, in the county of Somerset—such a tedious 'hermit of the vale' is felt to be an unnatural incumbrance. Fielding had little of the poetical or imaginative faculty. His study lay in real life and everyday scenes, which he depicted with a truth and freshness, a buoyancy and vigour, and such an exuberance of practical knowledge, easy satire, and lively fancy, that in his own department he stands unrivalled. Others have had bolder invention, a higher cast of thought, more poetical imagery, and profounder passion (for Fielding has little pathos or sentiment); but in the perfect nature of his characters, especially in low life, and in the perfect skill with which he combined and wrought up his comic powers, seasoning the whole with wit and wisdom, the ripened fruit of genius and wide experience, this great English author is still unapproached.

A passage from Fielding or Smollett can convey no more idea of the work from which it is taken, or the manner of the author, than a single stone or brick would of the architecture of a house. We are tempted, however, to extract the account of Partridge's impressions on first visiting a playhouse, when he witnessed the representation of *Hamlet*. The faithful attendant of Tom Jones was half-barber and half-schoolmaster, shrewd, yet simple as a child.

### *Partridge at the Theatre.*

In the first row, then, of the first gallery, did Mr Jones, Mrs Miller, her youngest daughter, and Partridge, take their places. Partridge immediately declared it was the finest place he had ever been in. When the first music was played, he said: 'It was a wonder how so many fiddlers could play at one time without putting one another out.' While the fellow was lighting the upper candles, he cried out to Mrs Miller: 'Look, look, madam; the very picture of the man in the end of the common-prayer book, before the gunpowder treason service.' Nor could he help observing, with a sigh, when all the candles were lighted: 'That here were candles enough burnt in one night to keep an honest poor family for a whole twelvemonth.'

As soon as the play, which was *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*, began, Partridge was all attention, nor did he break silence till the entrance of the ghost; upon which he asked Jones: 'What man that was in the strange dress; something,' said he, 'like what I have seen in a picture. Sure it is not armour, is it?' Jones answered: 'That is the ghost.' To which Partridge replied, with a smile: 'Persuade me to that, sir, if you can. Though I can't say I ever actually saw a ghost in my life, yet I am certain I should know one if I saw him better than that comes to. No, no, sir; ghosts don't appear in such dresses as that neither.' In this mistake, which caused much laughter in the neighbourhood of Partridge, he was suffered to continue till the scene between the ghost and Hamlet, when Partridge gave that credit to Mr Garrick which he had denied to Jones, and fell into so violent a trembling that his knees knocked against each other. Jones asked him what was the matter, and whether he was afraid of the warrior upon the stage. 'O la! sir,' said he, 'I perceive now it is what you told me. I am not afraid of anything, for I know it is but a play; and if it was really a ghost, it could do one no harm at such a distance, and in so much company; and yet if I was frightened, I am not the only person.' 'Why, who,' cries Jones, 'dost thou take to be such a coward here besides thyself?' 'Nay, you may call me coward if you will; but if that little man there upon the stage is not frightened, I never saw any man frightened in my life. Ay, ay; go along with you! Ay, to be sure! Who's fool, then? Will you? Lud have mercy upon such foolhardiness! Whatever happens, it is good enough for you. Follow you! I'd follow the devil as soon. Nay, perhaps it is the devil—for they say he can put on what likeness he pleases. Oh! here he is again. No further! No, you have gone far enough already; further than I'd have gone for all the king's dominions.' Jones offered to speak, but Partridge cried: 'Hush, hush, dear sir; don't you hear him?' And during the whole speech of the ghost, he sat with his eyes fixed partly on the ghost, and partly on Hamlet, and with his mouth open; the same passions which succeeded each other in Hamlet succeeding likewise in him.

When the scene was over, Jones said: 'Why, Partridge, you exceed my expectations. You enjoy the play more than I conceived possible.' 'Nay, sir,' answered Partridge, 'if you are not afraid of the devil, I can't help it; but, to be sure, it is natural to be surprised at such things, though I know there is nothing in them: not that it was the ghost that surprised me neither; for I should have known that to have been only a man in a strange dress; but when I saw the little man so frightened himself, it was that which took hold of me.' 'And dost thou imagine then, Partridge,' cries Jones, 'that he was really frightened?' 'Nay, sir,' said Partridge, 'did not you yourself observe afterwards, when he found it was his own father's spirit, and how he was murdered in the garden, how his fear forsook him by degrees, and he was struck dumb with sorrow, as it were, just as I should have been had it been my own case. But hush! O la! what noise is that? There he is again. Well, to be certain, though I know there is nothing at all in it, I am glad I am not down yonder where those men are.' Then turning his eyes again upon Hamlet: 'Ay, you may draw your sword; what signifies a sword against the power of the devil?'

During the second act, Partridge made very few remarks. He greatly admired the fineness of the dresses; nor could he help observing upon the king's countenance. 'Well,' said he, 'how people may be deceived by faces? *Nulla fides fronti* is, I find, a true saying. Who would think, by looking in the king's face, that he had ever committed a murder?' He then inquired after the ghost; but Jones, who intended he should be surprised, gave him no other satisfaction than 'that he might possibly see him again soon, and in a flash of fire.'

Partridge sat in fearful expectation of this; and now, when the ghost made his next appearance, Partridge cried out: 'There, sir, now; what say you now? is he frightened now or no? As much frightened as you think me, and, to be sure, nobody can help some fears, I would not be in so bad a condition as—what's his name?—Squire Hamlet is there, for all the world. Bless me! what's become of the spirit? As I am a living soul, I thought I saw him sink into the earth.' 'Indeed you saw right,' answered Jones. 'Well, well,' cries Partridge, 'I know it is only a play; and besides, if there was anything in all this, Madam Miller would not laugh so; for, as to you, sir, you would not be afraid, I believe, if the devil was here in person. There, there; ay, no wonder you are in such a passion; shake the vile wicked wretch to pieces. If she was my own mother, I should serve her so. To be sure all duty to a mother is forfeited by such wicked doings. Ay, go about your business; I hate the sight of you.'

Our critic was now pretty silent till the play which Hamlet introduces before the king. This he did not at first understand, till Jones explained it to him; but he no sooner entered into the spirit of it, than he began to bless himself that he had never committed murder. Then turning to Mrs Miller, he asked her: 'If she did not imagine the king looked as if he was touched; though he is,' said he, 'a good actor, and doth all he can to hide it. Well, I would not have so much to answer for as that wicked man there hath, to sit upon a much higher chair than he sits upon. No wonder he ran away; for your sake I'll never trust an innocent face again.'

The grave-digging scene next engaged the attention of Partridge, who expressed much surprise at the number of skulls thrown upon the stage. To which Jones answered: 'That it was one of the most famous burial-places about town.' 'No wonder, then,' cries Partridge, 'that the place is haunted. But I never saw in my life a worse grave-digger. I had a sexton when I was clerk that should have dug three graves while he is digging one. The fellow handles a spade as if it was the first time he had ever had one in his hand. Ay, ay, you may sing. You had rather sing than work, I believe.' Upon Hamlet's taking up the skull, he cried out: 'Well! it is strange to see how fearless some men are: I never could bring myself to touch anything belonging to a dead man on any account. He seemed frightened enough too at the ghost, I thought. *Nemo omnibus horis sapit.*'

Little more worth remembering occurred during the play; at the end of which Jones asked him which of the players he had liked best. To this he answered, with some appearance of indignation at the question: 'The king, without doubt.' 'Indeed, Mr Partridge,' says Mrs Miller, 'you are not of the same opinion with the town; for they are all agreed that Hamlet is acted by the best player who ever was on the stage.' 'He the best player!' cries Partridge, with a contemptuous sneer; 'why, I could act as well as he myself. I am sure if I had seen a ghost, I should have looked in the very same manner, and done just as he did. And then, to be sure, in that scene, as you called it, between him and his mother, where you told me he acted so fine, why, Lord help me! any man—that is, any good man—that had such a mother, would have done exactly the same. I know you are only joking with me; but, indeed, madam, though I was never at a play in London, yet I have seen acting before in the country; and the king for my money; he speaks all his words distinctly, half as loud again as the other. Anybody may see he is an actor.'

Thus ended the adventure at the playhouse, where Partridge had afforded great mirth, not only to Jones and Mrs Miller, but to all who sat within hearing, who were more attentive to what he said than to anything that passed on the stage. He durst not go to bed all that night for fear of the ghost; and for many nights after, sweated two or three hours before he went to sleep with the same apprehensions, and waked several times in great horrors, crying out: 'Lord have mercy upon us! there it is.'

### *Philosophy and Christianity.*

Being now provided with all the necessaries of life, I betook myself once again to study, and that with a more ordinate application than I had ever done formerly. The books which now employed my time solely were those, as well ancient as modern, which treat of true philosophy, a word which is by many thought to be the subject only of farce and ridicule. I now read over the works of Aristotle and Plato, with the rest of those inestimable treasures which ancient Greece hath bequeathed to the world.

To this I added another study, compared to which all the philosophy taught by the wisest heathens is little better than a dream, and is indeed as full of vanity as the silliest jester ever pleased to represent it. This is that divine wisdom which is alone to be found in the Holy Scriptures: for those impart to us the knowledge and assurance of things much more worthy our attention, than all which this world can offer to our acceptance; of things which heaven itself hath condescended to reveal to us, and to the smallest knowledge of which the highest human wit unassisted could never ascend. I began now to think all the time I had spent with the best heathen writers was little more than labour lost; for however pleasant and delightful their lessons may be, or however adequate to the right regulation of our conduct with respect to this world only, yet, when compared with the glory revealed in Scripture, their highest documents will appear as trifling, and of as little consequence as the rules by which children regulate their childish little games and pastime. True it is, that philosophy makes us wiser, but Christianity makes us better men. Philosophy elevates and steels the mind, Christianity softens and sweetens it. The former makes us the objects of human admiration, the latter of divine love. That insures us a temporal, but this an eternal happiness.

I had spent about four years in the most delightful manner to myself, totally given up to contemplation, and entirely unembarrassed with the affairs of the world, when I lost the best of fathers, and one whom I so entirely loved, that my grief at his loss exceeds all description. I now abandoned my books, and gave myself up for a whole month to the efforts of melancholy and despair. Time, however, the best physician of the mind, at length brought me relief. I then betook myself again to my former studies, which I may say perfected my cure: for philosophy and religion may be called the exercises of the mind, and when this is disordered, they are as wholesome as exercise can be to a distempered body. They do indeed produce similar effects with exercise: for they strengthen and confirm the mind; till man becomes, in the noble strain of Horace,

Fortis, et in seipso totus teres atque rotundus,
Externi ne quid valeat per læve morari:
In quem manca ruit semper Fortuna.

[Firm in himself who on himself relies:
Polished and round who runs his proper course,
And breaks misfortune with superior force.
FRANCIS.]

A sister of the eminent novelist, SARAH FIELDING (1714-1768), was also distinguished in literature. She was the author of the novel of *David Simple*, a work not unworthy the sister of Henry Fielding; also another tale, *The Cry*; and she translated from the Greek the *Memorabilia* of Xenophon. Some other works of less importance proceeded from the pen of this accomplished woman.

## TOBIAS GEORGE SMOLLETT.

Six years after the publication of *Joseph Andrews*, and before *Tom Jones* had been produced, a third novelist had taken the field, different in many respects from either Richardson or Fielding, but, like them, devoted to that class of fictitious composition founded on truth and nature. We have previously noticed the circumstances of Smollett's life. A young unfriended Scotsman, he went to London eager for distinction as a dramatic writer. In this his failure was more signal than the want of success which had attended Fielding's theatrical productions. Smollett, however, was of a dauntless intrepid spirit, and when he again resumed his pen, his efforts were crowned with the most gratifying success. He had adopted Le Sage as his model, but his characters, his scenes, his opinions, and prejudices were all decidedly British. The novels of Smollett were produced in the following order: 1748, *Roderick Random*; 1751, *Peregrine Pickle*; 1754, *Ferdinand Count Fathom*; 1762, *Sir Launcelot Greaves*; 1771, *The Expedition of Humphry Clinker*. From the date of his first to that of his latest production, Smollett had improved in taste and judgment; but his powers of invention, his native humour, and his knowledge of life and character, are as conspicuous in *Roderick Random* as in any of his works. His Tom Bowling is his most perfect sea-character, though in *Peregrine Pickle* he has preserved the same general features, with additional colouring, and a greater variety of ludicrous incidents. The adventures of Roderick are such as might naturally have occurred to any young Scotsman of the day in quest of fortune. Scene follows scene with astonishing rapidity: at one time his hero basks in prosperity, in another he is plunged in utter destitution. He is led into different countries, whose national peculiarities are described, and into society of various descriptions, with wits, sharpers, courtiers, courtesans, and men of all grades. In this tour of the world and of human life, the reader is amazed at the careless profusion, the inexhaustible humour, of an author who pours out his materials with such prodigality and facility. The patient skill and taste of Fielding are nowhere found in Smollett; there is no elaboration of character; no careful preparation of incidents; no unity of design. Roderick Random is hurried on without any fixed or definite purpose; he is the child of impulse; and though there is a dash of generosity and good-humour in his character, he is equally conspicuous for reckless libertinism and mischief—more prone to selfishness and revenge than to friendship or gratitude. There is an inherent and radical meanness in his conduct toward his humble friend Strap, with whom he begins life, and to whom he is so much indebted both in purse and person. Tom Jones is always kind and liberal to his attendant Partridge, but Strap is bullied and fleeced by Roderick Random; disowned or despised as suits the interest or passion of the moment; and at last, contrary to all notions of Scotch spirit and morality, his faithful services and unswerving attachment are rewarded by his receiving and accepting the hand of a prostitute, and an eleemosynary provision less than the sacrifices he had made, or what a careful Scot might attain to by honest independent exertion. The imperfect moral sense thus manifested by Smollett is also evinced by the coarse and licentious passages which disfigure the novel. Making all allowance for the manners of the times, this grossness is indefensible; and we must regret that our author had not a higher and more chivalrous estimate of the female character. In this he was inferior to Richardson, who studied and reverenced the purity of the female heart, and to Fielding, whose tastes and early position in society preserved him from some of the grosser faults of his rival novelist. The charm of *Roderick Random*, then, consists not in plot or well-sustained characters—admirable as is the sketch of Tom Bowling—but in its broad humour and comic incidents, which, even when most farcical, seldom appear improbable, and are never tiresome.

*Peregrine Pickle* is formed of the same materials, cast in a larger mould. The hero is equally unscrupulous with Roderick Random—perhaps more deliberately profligate—as in the attempted seduction of Amanda, and in his treatment of Emilia—but the comic powers of the author are more widely and variously displayed. They seem like clouds

For ever flushing round a summer sky.

All is change, brilliancy, heaped-up plenty, and unlimited power—the rich coin and mintage of genius. The want of decent drapery is unfortunately too apparent. Smollett never had much regard for the proprieties of life—those 'minor morals,' as Goldsmith has happily termed them—but where shall we find a more attractive gallery of portraits, or a series of more laughable incidents? Prominent in the group is the one-eyed naval veteran, Commodore Trunnion, a humorist in Smollett's happiest manner. His keeping garrison in his house as on board ship, making his servants sleep in hammocks and turn out to watch, is a characteristic though overcharged trait of the old naval commander. The circumstances of his marriage, when he proceeded to church on a hunter, which he *steered* according to the compass, instead of keeping the road, and his detention while he tacked about rather than go 'right in the wind's eye,' are equally ludicrous. Lieutenant Hatchway, and Pipes the boatswain, are foils to the eccentric commodore; but the taciturnity of Pipes, and his ingenuity in the affair of the love-letter, are good distinctive features of his own. The humours of the poet, painter, and physician, when Pickle pursues his mischievous frolics and gallantries in France, are also admirable specimens of laughable caricature. In London the adventures are not so amusing. Peregrine richly merited his confinement in the Fleet by his brutal conduct; while Cadwallader, the misanthrope, is more tedious than Fielding's Man of the Hill. The *Memoirs of a Lady of Quality*—though a true tale, for inserting which Smollett was bribed by a sum of money—are disgraceful without being interesting. On the whole, the vices and virtues of Smollett's style are equally seen in *Peregrine Pickle*, and seen in full perspective.

*Ferdinand Count Fathom* is more of a romance with little of national character or manners. The portraiture of a complete villain, proceeding step by step to rob his benefactors and pillage mankind, cannot be considered instructive or entertaining. The first atrocities of Ferdinand, and his intrigue with his female associate Teresa, are coarse and disgusting. When he extends his operations, and flies at higher game, the chase becomes more animated. His adventures at gambling-tables and hotels, and his exploits as a physician, afford scope for the author's satirical genius. But the most powerful passages in the novel are those which recount Ferdinand's seduction of Celinda, the story of Monimia, and the description of the tempest in the forest, from which he took shelter in a robber's hut. In this lonely dwelling, the gang being absent, Fathom was relieved by a withered beldame, who conveyed him to a rude apartment to sleep in. Here he found the dead body of a man still warm, who had been lately stabbed and concealed beneath some straw, and the account of his sensations during the night, the horrid device by which he saved his life (lifting up the dead body, and putting it in his own place in the bed), and his escape, guided by the old hag, whom he compelled to accompany him through the forest, are related with the intensity and power of a tragic poet. There is a vein of poetical imagination, also, in the means by which Fathom accomplishes the ruin of Celinda, working on her superstitious fears and timidity by placing an Æolian harp, then almost an unknown instrument, in the casement of a window adjoining her bedroom. 'The strings,' says Smollett, with poetical inflation, 'no sooner felt the impression of the balmy zephyr, than they began to pour forth a stream of melody, more ravishingly delightful than the song of Philomel, the warbling brook, and all the concert of the wood.' The remorse of Celinda is depicted with equal tenderness. 'The seeds of virtue,' remarks the novelist, 'are seldom destroyed at once. Even amidst the rank productions of vice, they re-germinate to a sort of imperfect vegetation, like some scattered hyacinths shooting up among the weeds of a ruined garden, that testify the former culture and amenity of the soil.' In descriptions of this kind, Smollett evinces a grace and pathos which Fielding did not possess. We trace the mind of the poet in such conceptions, and in the language in which they are expressed. Few readers of *Peregrine Pickle* can forget the allusion, so beautiful and pathetic, to the Scottish Jacobites at Boulogne, 'exiled from their native homes in consequence of their adherence to an unfortunate and ruined cause,' who went daily to the sea-side in order to indulge their longing eyes with a prospect of the white cliffs of Albion, which they could never more approach.

*Sir Launcelot Greaves* is a sort of travesty of *Don Quixote*, in which the absurdity of the idea is relieved by the humour of some of the characters and conversations. Butler's Presbyterian knight going 'a-colonelling,' as a redresser of wrongs in merry England, is ridiculous enough; but the chivalry of Sir Launcelot and his attendant, Captain Crowe, outrages all sense and probability. Seeing that his strength lay in humorous exaggeration, Smollett sought for scenes of broad mirth. He fails as often as he succeeds in this work, and an author of such strong original powers should have been above playing Pantaloon even to Cervantes.

*Humphry Clinker* is the most easy, natural, and delightful of all the novels of Smollett. His love of boyish mischief, tricks, and frolics had not wholly burnt out, for we have several such undignified pranks in this work; but the narrative is replete with grave, caustic, and humorous observation, and possesses throughout a tone of manly feeling and benevolence, and fine discrimination of character. Matthew Bramble is Smollett himself grown old, somewhat cynical by experience of the world, but vastly improved in taste. He may have caught the idea, as he took some of the incidents of the family tour, from Anstey's *New Bath Guide;* but the staple of the work is emphatically his own. In the light sketching of scenery, the quick succession of incidents, the romance of Lismahago's adventures among the American Indians, and the humour of the serving-men and maids, he seems to come into closer competition with Le Sage or Cervantes than in any of his other works. The conversion of Humphry may have been suggested by Anstey, but the bad spelling of Tabitha and Mrs Winifred Jenkins is an original device of Smollett, which aids in the subordinate effects of the domestic drama. Lismahago's love of disputation, his jealous sense of honour, and his national pride—characteristics of a poor Scottish officer, whose wealth and dignity lay in his sword—seem also purely original and are highly diverting. The old lieutenant, as Matthew Bramble says, is like a crab-apple in a hedge, which we are tempted to eat for its flavour, even while repelled by its austerity. The descriptions of rural scenery, society, and manners in England and Scotland, given under different aspects by the different letter-writers, are clear and sparkling—full of fancy and sound sense.

### *The Death of Commodore Trunnion.*

About four o'clock in the morning our hero [Peregrine Pickle] arrived at the garrison [Commodore Trunnion's house was fitted up as a fortress, with ditch, drawbridge, and courtyard with artillery], where he found his generous uncle in extremity, supported in bed by Julia on one side and Lieutenant Hatchway on the other, whilst Mr Jolter administered spiritual consolation, and between whiles comforted Mrs Trunnion, who, with her maid, sat by the fire, weeping with great decorum: the physician having just taken the last fee, and retired after pronouncing the fatal prognostic.

Though the Commodore's speech was interrupted by a violent hiccup, he still retained the use of his senses; and when Peregrine approached, stretched out his hand, with manifest signs of satisfaction. The young gentleman, whose heart overflowed with gratitude and affection, could not behold such a spectacle unmoved; so that the Commodore perceiving his disorder, made a last effort of strength, and consoled him in these words: 'Swab the spray from your bowsprit, my good lad, and coil up your spirits. You must not let the toplifts of your heart give way because you see me ready to go down at these years. Many a better man has foundered before he has made half my way; thof I trust, by the mercy of God, I shall be sure in port, in a most blessed riding; for my good friend Jolter hath overhauled the journal of my sins, and by the observation he hath taken of the state of my soul, I hope I shall happily conclude my voyage, and be brought up in the latitude of heaven. Here has been a doctor that wanted to stow me choke full of physic; but when a man's hour is come, what signifies his taking his departure with a 'pothecary's shop in his hold? These fellows come alongside dying men, like the messengers of the Admiralty with sailing orders; but I told him as how I could slip my cable without his direction or assistance, and so he hauled off in dudgeon. This cursed hiccup makes such a ripple in the current of my speech that mayhap you don't understand what I say. Now, while the sucker of my windpipe will go, I would willingly mention a few things which I hope you will set down in the log-book of your remembrance when I am stiff, d' ye see. There's your aunt sitting whimpering by the fire; I desire you will keep her tight, warm, and easy in her old age: she's an honest heart in her own way, and, thof she goes a little crank and humoursome by being often overstowed with Nantz and religion, she has been a faithful shipmate to me. Jack Hatchway, you know the trim of her as well as e'er a man in England, and I believe she has a kindness for you, whereby if you two grapple in the way of matrimony when I am gone, I do suppose that my godson, for love of me, will allow you to live in the garrison all the days of your life. I need not talk of Pipes, because I know you'll do for him without any recommendation; the fellow has sailed with me in many a hard gale, and I 'll warrant him as stout a seaman as ever set face to the weather. But I hope you 'll take care of the rest of the crew, and not disrate them after I am dead in favour of new followers. . . . Shun going to law as you would shun the devil, and look upon all attorneys as devouring sharks or ravenous fish of prey. As soon as the breath is out of my body, let minute guns be fired, till I am safe underground. I would also be buried in the red jacket I had on when I boarded and took the *Renummy*. Let my pistols, cutlass, and pocket-compass be laid in the coffin along with me. Let me be carried to the grave by my own men, rigged in the black caps and white shirts which my barge's crew were wont to wear; and they must keep a good look-out that none of your pilfering rascallions may come and heave me up again for the lucre of what they can get, until the carcass is belayed by a tombstone. As for the motto or what you call it, I leave that to you and Mr Jolter, who are scholars, but I do desire that it may not be engraved in the Greek or Latin lingos, and much less in the French, which I abominate, but in plain English, that when the angel comes to pipe all hands at the great day, he may know that I am a British man, and speak to me in my mother-tongue. And now, I have no more to say, but God in heaven have mercy upon my soul, and send you all fair weather wheresoever you are bound.' . . .

His last moments, however, were not so near as they imagined. He began to doze, and enjoyed small intervals of ease till next day in the afternoon; during which remissions he was heard to pour forth many pious ejaculations, expressing his hope that for all the heavy cargo of his sins, he should be able to surmount the puttock-shrouds of despair, and get aloft to the cross-trees of God's good favour. At last his voice sunk so low as not to be distinguished; and having lain about an hour almost without any perceptible sign of life, he gave up the ghost with a groan.

### *Epitaph on Commodore Trunnion, composed by Lieutenant Hatchway.*

Here lies, foundered in a fathom and a half, the shell of Hawser Trunnion, formerly commander of a squadron in his Majesty's service, who broached to at 5 P.M. Oct. 1. in the year of his age threescore and nineteen. He kept his guns always loaded, and his tackle ready manned, and never showed his poop to the enemy, except when he took her in tow; but his shot being expended, his match burnt out, and his upper works decayed, he was sunk by Death's superior weight of metal. Nevertheless he will be weighed again at the Great Day, his rigging refitted, and his timbers repaired, and, with one broadside, make his adversary strike in his turn.

### *Feast in the Manner of the Ancients.*

From *Peregrine Pickle.*

Our young gentleman, by his insinuating behaviour, acquired the full confidence of the doctor, who invited him to an entertainment, which he intended to prepare in the manner of the ancients. Pickle, struck with this idea, eagerly embraced the proposal, which he honoured with many encomiums, as a plan in all respects worthy of his genius and apprehension; and the day was appointed at some distance of time, that the treater might have leisure to compose certain pickles and confections, which were not to be found among the culinary preparations of these degenerate days.

With a view of rendering the physician's taste more conspicuous, and extracting from it the more diversion, Peregrine proposed that some foreigners should partake of the banquet; and the task being left to his care and discretion, he actually bespoke the company of a French marquis, an Italian count, and a German baron, whom he knew to be egregious coxcombs, and therefore more likely to enhance the joy of the entertainment.

Accordingly, the hour being arrived, he conducted them to the hotel where the physician lodged, after having regaled their expectations with an elegant meal in the genuine old Roman taste; and they were received by Mr Pallet, who did the honours of the house while his friend superintended the cook below. By this communicative painter, the guests understood that the doctor had met with numerous difficulties in the execution of his design; that no fewer than five cooks had been dismissed, because they could not prevail upon their own consciences to obey his directions in things that were contrary to the present practice of their art, &c. . . . A servant, coming into the room, announced dinner; and the entertainer led the way into another apartment, where they found a long table, or rather two boards joined together, and furnished with a variety of dishes, the steams of which had such evident effect upon the nerves of the company, that the marquis made frightful grimaces, under pretence of taking snuff; the Italian's eyes watered, the German's visage underwent several distortions of feature; our hero found means to exclude the odour from his sense of smelling by breathing only through his mouth; and the poor painter, running into another room, plugged his nostrils with tobacco. The doctor himself, who was the only person then present whose organs were not discomposed, pointing to a couple of couches placed on each side of the table, told his guests that he was sorry he could not procure the exact triclinia of the ancients, which were somewhat different from these conveniences, and desired they would have the goodness to repose themselves without ceremony, each in his respective couchette, while he and his friend Mr Pallet would place themselves upright at the ends, that they might have the pleasure of serving those that lay along. This disposition, of which the strangers had no previous idea, disconcerted and perplexed them in a most ridiculous manner; the marquis and baron stood bowing to each other on pretence of disputing the lower seat, but, in reality, with a view of profiting by the example of each other, for neither of them understood the manner in which they were to loll; and Peregrine, who enjoyed their confusion, handed the count to the other side, where, with the most mischievous politeness, he insisted upon his taking possession of the upper place.

In this disagreeable and ludicrous suspense, they continued acting a pantomime of gesticulations, until the doctor earnestly entreated them to waive all compliment and form, lest the dinner should be spoiled before the ceremonial could be adjusted. . . . Every one settled according to the arrangement already described, the doctor graciously undertook to give some account of the dishes as they occurred, that the company might be directed in their choice; and, with an air of infinite satisfaction, thus began: 'This here, gentlemen, is a boiled goose, served up in a sauce composed of pepper, lovage, coriander, mint, rue, anchovies, and oil! I wish, for your sakes, gentlemen, it was one of the geese of Ferrara, so much celebrated among the ancients for the magnitude of their livers, one of which is said to have weighed upwards of two pounds; with this food, exquisite as it was, did the tyrant Heliogabalus regale his hounds. But I beg pardon; I had almost forgot the soup, which I hear is so necessary an article at all tables in France. At each end there are dishes of the salacacabia of the Romans; one is made of parsley, pennyroyal, cheese, pine-tops, honey, vinegar, brine, eggs, cucumbers, onions, and hen-livers; the other is much the same as the soup-maigre of this country. Then there is a loin of boiled veal with fennel and caraway seed, on a pottage composed of pickle, oil, honey, and flour, and a curious hashis of the lights, liver, and blood of a hare, together with a dish of roasted pigeons. Monsieur le Baron, shall I help you to a plate of this soup?' The German, who did not at all disapprove of the ingredients, assented to the proposal, and seemed to relish the composition; while the marquis, being asked by the painter which of the silly-kickabys he chose, was, in consequence of his desire, accommodated with a portion of the soup-maigre; and the count, in lieu of spoon-meat, of which he said he was no great admirer, supplied himself with a pigeon, therein conforming to the choice of our young gentleman, whose example he determined to follow through the whole course of the entertainment.

The Frenchman having swallowed the first spoonful, made a full pause; his throat swelled as if an egg had stuck in his gullet, his eyes rolled, and his mouth underwent a series of involuntary contractions and dilatations. Pallet, who looked steadfastly at this connoisseur, with a view of consulting his taste before he himself would venture upon the soup, began to be disturbed at these emotions, and observed, with some concern, that the poor gentleman seemed to be going into a fit; when Peregrine assured him that these were symptoms of ecstasy, and, for further confirmation, asked the marquis how he found the soup. It was with infinite difficulty that his complaisance could so far master his disgust as to enable him to answer: 'Altogether excellent, upon my honour!' And the painter, being certified of his approbation, lifted the spoon to his mouth without scruple; but far from justifying the eulogium of his taster, when this precious composition diffused itself upon his palate, he seemed to be deprived of all sense and motion, and sat like the leaden statue of some river-god, with the liquor flowing out at both sides of the mouth.

The doctor, alarmed at this indecent phenomenon, earnestly inquired into the cause of it; and when Pallet recovered his recollection, and swore that he would rather swallow porridge made of burning brimstone than such an infernal mess as that which he had tasted, the physician, in his own vindication, assured the company that, except the usual ingredients, he had mixed nothing in the soup but some sal-ammoniac, instead of the ancient nitrum, which could not now be procured; and appealed to the marquis whether such a succedaneum was not an improvement on the whole. The unfortunate petit-maître, driven to the extremity of his condescension, acknowledged it to be a masterly refinement; and deeming himself obliged, in point of honour, to evince his sentiments by his practice, forced a few more mouthfuls of this disagreeable potion down his throat, till his stomach was so much offended that he was compelled to start up of a sudden, and in the hurry of his elevation overturned his plate into the bosom of the baron. The emergency of his occasions would not permit him to stay and make apologies for this abrupt behaviour, so that he flew into another apartment, where Pickle found him puking and crossing himself with great devotion; and a chair at his desire being brought to the door, he slipped into it more dead than alive, conjuring his friend Pickle to make his peace with the company, and in particular excuse him to the baron, on account of the violent fit of illness with which he had been seized. It was not without reason that he employed a mediator; for when our hero returned to the dining-room, the German had got up, and was under the hands of his own lackey, who wiped the grease from a rich embroidered waistcoat, while he, almost frantic with his misfortune, stamped upon the ground, and in high Dutch cursed the unlucky banquet, and the impertinent entertainer, who all this time, with great deliberation, consoled him for the disaster, by assuring him that the damage might be repaired with some oil of turpentine and a hot iron. Peregrine, who could scarce refrain from laughing in his face, appeased his indignation by telling him how much the whole company, and especially the marquis, was mortified at the accident; and the unhappy salacacabia being removed, the places were filled with two pies, one of dormice liquored with syrup of white poppies, which the doctor had substituted in the room of toasted poppy-seed, formerly eaten with honey as a dessert; and the other composed of a hock of pork baked in honey.

Pallet, hearing the first of these dishes described, lifted up his hands and eyes, and with signs of loathing and amazement, pronounced: 'A pie made of dormice and syrup of poppies: Lord in heaven! what beastly fellows those Romans were!' His friend checked him for his irreverent exclamation with a severe look, and recommended the veal, of which he himself cheerfully ate with such encomiums to the company that the baron resolved to imitate his example, after having called for a bumper of Burgundy, which the physician, for his sake, wished to have been the true wine of Falernum. The painter, seeing nothing else upon the table which he would venture to touch, made a merit of necessity, and had recourse to the veal also; although he could not help saying, that he would not give one slice of the roast-beef of Old England for all the dainties of a Roman emperor's table. But all the doctor's invitations and assurances could not prevail upon his guests to honour the hashis and the goose; and that course was succeeded by another, in which he told them were divers of those dishes which among the ancients had obtained the appellation of *politeles* or magnificent. 'That which smokes in the middle,' said he, 'is a sow's stomach, filled with a composition of minced pork, hog's brains, eggs, pepper, cloves, garlic, aniseed, rue, ginger, oil, wine, and pickle. On the right-hand side are the teats and belly of a sow, just farrowed, fried with sweet wine, oil, flour, lovage, and pepper. On the left is a fricassee of snails, fed or rather purged with milk. At that end, next Mr Pallet, are fritters of pompions, lovage, origanum, and oil; and here are a couple of pullets, roasted and stuffed in the manner of Apicius.'

The painter, who had by wry faces testified his abhorrence of the sow's stomach, which he compared to a bagpipe, and the snails which had undergone purgation, no sooner heard him mention the roasted pullets, than he eagerly solicited a wing of the fowl; upon which the doctor desired he would take the trouble of cutting them up, and accordingly sent them round, while Mr Pallet tucked the tablecloth under his chin, and brandished his knife and fork with singular address; but scarce were they set down before him, when the tears ran down his cheeks, and he called aloud, in a manifest disorder: 'Zounds! this is the essence of a whole bed of garlic!' That he might not, however, disappoint or disgrace the entertainer, he applied his instruments to one of the birds; and when he opened up the cavity, was assaulted by such an irruption of intolerable smells, that, without staying to disengage himself from the cloth, he sprung away with an exclamation of 'Lord Jesus!' and involved the whole table in havoc, ruin, and confusion.

Before Pickle could accomplish his escape he was sauced with a syrup of the dormice pie, which went to pieces in the general wreck: and as for the Italian count, he was overwhelmed by the sow's stomach, which, bursting in the fall, discharged its contents upon his leg and thigh, and scalded him so miserably that he shrieked with anguish, and grinned with a most ghastly and horrible aspect.

The baron, who sat secure without the vortex of this tumult, was not at all displeased at seeing his companions involved in such a calamity as that which he had already shared; but the doctor was confounded with shame and vexation. After having prescribed an application of oil to the count's leg, he expressed his sorrow for the misadventure, which he openly ascribed to want of taste and prudence in the painter, who did not think proper to return and make an apology in person; and protested that there was nothing in the fowls which could give offence to a sensible nose, the stuffing being a mixture of pepper, lovage, and asafœtida, and the sauce consisting of wine and herring-pickle, which he had used instead of the celebrated garum of the Romans; that famous pickle having been prepared sometimes of the scombri, which were a sort of tunny-fish, and sometimes of the silurus, or shad-fish; nay, he observed, that there was a third kind called garum hœmation, made of the guts, gills, and blood of the thynnus.

The physician, finding it would be impracticable to re-establish the order of the banquet by presenting again the dishes which had been discomposed, ordered everything to be removed, a clean cloth to be laid, and the dessert to be brought in.

Meanwhile he regretted his incapacity to give them a specimen of the alieus or fish-meals of the ancients; such as the jus diabaton, the conger-eel, which, in Galen's opinion, is hard of digestion; the cornuta or gurnard, described by Pliny in his *Natural History*, who says the horns of many of them were a foot and a half in length; the mullet and lamprey, that were in the highest estimation of old, of which last Julius Cæsar borrowed six thousand for one triumphal supper. He observed that the manner of dressing them was described by Horace, in the account he gives of the entertainment to which Mæcenas was invited by the epicure Nasiedenus,

> Affertur squillas inter muræna natantes, &c.;

and told them, that they were commonly eaten with the *thus Syriacum*, a certain anodyne and astringent seed, which qualified the purgative nature of the fish. Finally, this learned physician gave them to understand, that though this was reckoned a luxurious dish in the zenith of the Roman taste, it was by no means comparable in point of expense to some preparations in vogue about the time of that absurd voluptuary Heliogabalus, who ordered the brains of six hundred ostriches to be compounded in one mess.

By this time the dessert appeared, and the company were not a little rejoiced to see plain olives in salt and water; but what the master of the feast valued himself upon, was a sort of jelly, which he affirmed to be preferable to the hypotrimma of Hesychius, being a mixture of vinegar, pickle, and honey, boiled to a proper consistence, and candied asafœtida, which he asserted, in contradiction to Aumelbergius and Lister, was no other than the laser Syriacum, so precious as to be sold among the ancients to the weight of a silver penny. The gentlemen took his word for the excellency of this gum, but contented themselves with the olives, which gave such an agreeable relish to the wine that they seemed very well disposed to console themselves for the disgraces they had endured; and Pickle, unwilling to lose the least circumstance of entertainment that could be enjoyed in their company, went in quest of the painter, who remained in his penitentials in another apartment, and could not be persuaded to re-enter the banqueting-room until Peregrine undertook to procure his pardon from those whom he had injured. Having assured him of this indulgence, our young gentleman led him in like a criminal, bowing on all hands with an air of humility and contrition; and particularly addressing himself to the count, to whom he swore in English he had no intent to affront man, woman, or child, but was fain to make the best of his way, that he might not give the honourable company cause of offence by obeying the dictates of nature in their presence.

When Pickle interpreted this apology to the Italian, Pallet was forgiven in very polite terms, and even received into favour by his friend the doctor in consequence of our hero's intercession; so that all the guests forgot their chagrin, and paid their respects so piously to the bottle, that in a short time the champagne produced very evident effects in the behaviour of all present.

### LAURENCE STERNE.

Next in order of time and genius to Fielding and Smollett, and not inferior in conception of rich eccentric comic character, or in witty illustration, was the author of *Tristram Shandy*. Sterne was a great humorist, a master of pathos, and a singularly original novelist, though at the same time a daring plagiarist. My Uncle Toby, Mr Shandy, Corporal Trim, and Dr Slop, will go down to posterity with the kindred creations of Rabelais and Cervantes. This idol of his own day is now, however, but little read by the great mass of readers of fiction; except perhaps in passages of pure sentiment or description. His broad humour is not relished, his oddities have lost the gloss of novelty, his indecencies startle the prudish and correct. The readers of this busy age will not hunt for his beauties amidst the blank and marbled leaves, the pages of no meaning, the quaint erudition stolen from old folios, the abrupt transitions and discursive flights in which his Shakspearian touches of character and his gems of fancy, wisdom, and feeling lie imbedded. His polished diction has even an air of false glitter, yet it is the weapon of a master—of one who can stir the heart to tears as well as laughter. The want of simplicity and decency is his great fault. His whim and caprice, which he partly imitated from Rabelais, and partly assumed for effect, come in sometimes with intrusive awkwardness to mar the touches of true genius, and the kindlings of enthusiasm. He took as much pains to spoil his own natural powers by affectation, as Lady Mary says Fielding did to destroy his fine constitution.

The life of LAURENCE STERNE was as little in keeping as his writings. A clergyman, he was profane and licentious; a sentimentalist, who had with his pen, tears for all animate and inanimate nature, he was selfish and reckless in his conduct. Had he kept to his living in the country, he would have been a better and wiser man. 'He degenerated in London,' says his friend David Garrick, 'like an ill-transplanted shrub: the incense of the great spoiled his head, and their ragouts his stomach. He grew sickly and proud—an invalid in body and mind.' Laurence Sterne was the great grandson of Dr Richard Sterne, archbishop of York. His father—one of a numerous family—entered the army as an ensign in the 34th Regiment, with which he served in Flanders, and was present at the sieges of Lisle and Douay. The mother of the novelist was Agnes Hebert, widow of a captain of good family. 'Her father-in-law,' says Sterne, 'was a noted sutler in Flanders in Queen Anne's wars, where my father married his wife's daughter (*N.B.*—He was in debt to him).' The family thus characteristically mentioned was from Clonmel in Ireland, and to Clonmel, at the close of the war, Ensign Sterne and his wife repaired after leaving Dunkirk. In the barracks at Clonmel Laurence was born, November 24, 1713. His father was again called to active service, and Laurence was familiar with soldiers and a soldier's life until he had reached his tenth year. He had a generous cousin, Squire Sterne of Elvingston, and this gentleman placed the boy at school at Halifax, and afterwards at Jesus College, Cambridge. Having entered into holy orders, Laurence obtained by the interest of another relative, his uncle Dr Jaques Sterne, the vicarage of Sutton, in Yorkshire, and shortly afterwards a prebendal stall in York Cathedral. Sterne then married a Yorkshire lady, and received from a friend of his wife's the living of Stillington, close to Sutton. For about twenty years the fortunate churchman continued happy in the country, reading, painting, fiddling, and shooting. He has been accused of neglecting his poor widowed mother, who had set up a school in Ireland, and run in debt on account of an extravagant daughter. She would have rotted in a jail, Horace Walpole says, if the parents of her scholars had not raised a subscription for her; and Walpole adds: 'Her own son had too much sentiment to have any feeling: a dead ass was more important to him than a living mother.' The latest biographer of Sterne argues that, because others took part in the benevolent work of relieving the widow, it must not be assumed that her son was wanting. One would have been glad, however, to find some proof of active sympathy on the part of the gay clerical son; but his best apology, perhaps, is that he was generally in debt himself, and had not resolution to shake off extravagant tastes and habits. In 1759, the first two volumes of *Tristram Shandy* were published in York, and their author instantly became famous. He visited London, and 'the odd Yorkshire parson was received as a sort of Tristram in the flesh. With those who had no chance of coming in contact with him, the book received additional piquancy from the knowledge that the strange author was among them—fluttering here and there, fêted, courted, and caressed.'[*] Lord Falconbridge conferred on him the curacy of Coxwould (about twenty miles from Sutton); the imperious Warburton, bishop of Gloucester, presented him with a purse of gold; Reynolds painted his portrait; Dodsley offered him £650 for a second edition, and two more volumes of *Tristram;* in society he boasted of being engaged fourteen dinners deep! Two more volumes of the novel were ready in 1761, and other two in 1762. These contained the story of Le Fevre, which was copied into almost every journal in the kingdom. Sterne now set off on a tour to France, which enriched the subsequent volumes of *Tristram* with his exquisite sketches of peasants and vine-dressers, the muleteer, the abbess and Margarita, Maria at Moulines—not forgetting the poor ass with his heavy panniers at Lyon. In 1765, appeared vols. vii. and viii. and in 1767, vol. ix. Previous to the conclusion of the novel, Sterne published six small volumes of *Sermons*—two in 1760, and four in 1766. In 1768 appeared his *Sentimental Journey through France and Italy*, which he intended to continue in two more volumes. The work was published on the 27th of February 1768. Sterne had gone from Coxwould to London to superintend the publication. He was in wretched health, and about three weeks afterwards (March 18) he died in his lodgings in Bond Street. There was nobody but a hired nurse in attendance. He had wished to die in an inn, where the few cold offices he might want could be purchased with a few guineas, and paid to him with an undisturbed but punctual attention. His wish was realised almost to the letter. A party of noblemen and gentlemen were dining at Clifford Street in the neighbourhood, and they sent a footman to inquire after the invalid. The mistress told the man to go up to the nurse. 'I went into the room,' he says, 'and he was just a-dying. I waited ten minutes; but in five he said, "Now is it come!" He put up his hand, as if to stop a blow, and died in a minute.'[*] The body was interred in a new burying-ground attached to St George's, Hanover Square; but was taken up two nights afterwards by a party of resurrectionists, and sent to the Professor of Anatomy at Cambridge. A gentleman present at the dissection told Malone that he recognised Sterne's face the moment he saw the body. Although Sterne had made large sums of money by his works (his *Sermons* and *Sentimental Journey* were published by subscription, besides which he had the copyright), he left £1100 of debt. His effects sold for £400, and a collection of £800 was made for his widow and daughter in York during the race-week. The widow had a small estate worth £40 per annum. His daughter Lydia (to whom he was tenderly attached) in 1775 published her father's correspondence, which she ought never to have permitted to see the light, as it is discreditable to his name and memory.

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[*] *The Life of Sterne*, by Percy Fitzgerald (London, 1864).

In Yorkshire, before he had attained celebrity, Sterne spent much of his time at Skelton Hall, the residence of JOHN HALL STEVENSON (1718–1785), a writer of satirical and humorous poetry, possessed of lively talents, but over-convivial in his habits, and licentious in his writings and conversation. Stevenson wrote *Crazy Tales*, *Fables for Grown Gentlemen*, *Lyric Epistles*, &c.; but his chief claim to remembrance is that he was the original of Sterne's Eugenius in *Tristram Shandy*, and the chosen friend and associate of the witty novelist. In the library at Skelton Hall there was a collection of old French authors, from whom Sterne derived part of the quaint lore that figures in his works. His chief plagiarisms, however, were derived from Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, which he plundered with an audacity almost without a parallel. Even when condemning such literary dishonesty, Sterne was eminently dishonest. Burton has the following figurative passage: 'As apothecaries, we make new mixtures, every day pour out of one vessel into another; and as the Romans robbed all the cities in the world to set out their bad-sited Rome, we skim the cream of other men's wits, pick the choice flowers of their tilled gardens to set out our own sterile plots. We weave the same web, still twist the same rope again and again.' Sterne follows: 'Shall we for ever make new books, as apothecaries make new medicines, by pouring only out of one vessel into another? Are we for ever to be twisting and untwisting the same rope—for ever in the same track—for ever at the same pace?' Scores of such thefts might be cited from Burton, Bishop Hall, Donne, &c. Luckily for Sterne, his plagiarisms were not detected until after his death.[*] He died in the blaze of his fame, as an original eccentric author—the wittiest and most popular of boon-companions and novelists. His influence on the literature of his age was also considerable.

No one reads Sterne for the story: his great work is but a bundle of episodes and digressions, strung together without any attempt at order. The reader must 'give up the reins of his imagination into his author's hand—be pleased he knows not why, and cares not wherefore.' Through the whole novel, however, over its mists and absurdities, shines his little family band of friends and relatives—that inimitable group of originals and humorists—which stand out from the canvas with the force and distinctness of reality. This distinctness and separate identity is a proof of what Coleridge has termed the peculiar power of Sterne, of seizing on and bringing forward those points on which every man is a humorist, and of the masterly manner in which he has brought out the characteristics of two beings of the most opposite natures—the elder Shandy and Toby—and surrounded them with a group of followers, sketched with equal life and individuality; in the Corporal, the obstetric Dr Slop; Yorick, the lively and careless parson; the Widow Wadman, and Susannah. During the intervals of the publication of *Tristram*, Sterne ventured before the public, as we have stated, with some volumes of *Sermons*, his own comic figure, from the painting by Reynolds, at the head of them. The *Sermons*, according to the opinion of Gray the poet, shew a strong imagination and a sensible heart; 'but,' he adds, 'you see the author often tottering on the verge of laughter, and ready to throw his periwig in the face of the audience.' The affected pauses and abrupt transitions which disfigure *Tristram* are not banished from the *Sermons*, but there is, of course, more connection and coherency in the subject. The *Sentimental Journey* is also more regular than *Tristram* in its plan and details; but, beautiful as some of its descriptions are, we want the oddities of Shandy, and the ever-pleasing good-nature and simplicity of Uncle Toby. Sterne himself is the only character. The pathetic passages are rather overstrained, but still finely conceived, and often expressed in his most felicitous manner. That 'gentle spirit of sweetest humour, who erst did sit upon the easy pen of his beloved Cervantes, turning the twilight of his prison into noonday brightness,' was seldom absent long from the invocations of his English imitator, even when he mounted his wildest hobby, and dabbled in the mire of sensuality.

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[*] *The Life of a Footman, or the Travels of James Macdonald*, 1790.

[*] The detection was first made by a Manchester physician, DR JOHN FERRIAR (1764-1815), who, in 1798, published his *Illustrations of Sterne*. Dr Ferriar was also the author of an *Essay on Apparitions*, and some medical treatises.

Of the sentimental style of Sterne—his humour is either too subtle or too broad to be compressed within our limits—a few specimens are added.

### *The Story of Le Fevre.—From 'Tristram Shandy.'*

It was some time in the summer of that year in which Dendermond was taken by the allies, which was about seven years before my father came into the country, and about as many after the time that my uncle Toby and Trim had privately decamped from my father's house in town, in order to lay some of the finest sieges to some of the finest fortified cities in Europe, when my uncle Toby was one evening getting his supper, with Trim sitting behind him at a small sideboard. I say sitting, for in consideration of the corporal's lame knee, which sometimes gave him exquisite pain, when my uncle Toby dined or supped alone, he would never suffer the corporal to stand; and the poor fellow's veneration for his master was such, that, with a proper artillery, my uncle Toby could have taken Dendermond itself with less trouble than he was able to gain this point over him; for many a time, when my uncle Toby supposed the corporal's leg was at rest, he would look back and detect him standing behind him with the most dutiful respect. This bred more little squabbles betwixt them than all other causes for five-and-twenty years together; but this is neither here nor there—why do I mention it? Ask my pen—it governs me—I govern not it.

He was one evening sitting thus at his supper, when the landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour with an empty phial in his hand, to beg a glass or two of sack. 'Tis for a poor gentleman—I think of the army,' said the landlord, 'who has been taken ill at my house four days ago, and has never held up his head since, or had a desire to taste anything, till just now, that he has a fancy for a glass of sack and a thin toast. "I think," says he, taking his hand from his forehead, "it would comfort me." If I could neither beg, borrow, nor buy such a thing,' added the landlord, 'I would almost steal it for the poor gentleman, he is so ill. I hope in God he will still mend,' continued he; 'we are all of us concerned for him.'

'Thou art a good-natured soul, I will answer for thee,' cried my uncle Toby; 'and thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of sack thyself; and take a couple of bottles with my service, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more if they will do him good.'

'Though I am persuaded,' said my uncle Toby, as the landlord shut the door, 'he is a very compassionate fellow, Trim, yet I cannot help entertaining a high opinion of his guest too: there must be something more than common in him that in so short a time should win so much upon the affections of his host.' 'And of his whole family,' added the corporal; 'for they are all concerned for him.' 'Step after him,' said my uncle Toby; 'do, Trim; and ask if he knows his name.'

'I have quite forgot it, truly,' said the landlord, coming back into the parlour with the corporal; 'but I can ask his son again.' 'Has he a son with him, then?' said my uncle Toby. 'A boy,' replied the landlord, 'of about eleven or twelve years of age; but the poor creature has tasted almost as little as his father; he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day. He has not stirred from the bedside these two days.'

My uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thrust his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account; and Trim, without being ordered, took it away, without saying one word, and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco.

'Stay in the room a little,' said my uncle Toby. 'Trim!' said my uncle Toby, after he lighted his pipe, and smoked about a dozen whiffs. Trim came in front of his master, and made his bow. My uncle Toby smoked on, and said no more. 'Corporal!' said my uncle Toby. The corporal made his bow. My uncle Toby proceeded no further, but finished his pipe.

'Trim,' said my uncle Toby, 'I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myself up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a visit to this poor gentleman.' 'Your honour's roquelaure,' replied the corporal, 'has not once been had on since the night before your honour received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St Nicholas. And besides, it is so cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaure, and what with the weather, 'twill be enough to give your honour your death, and bring on your honour's torment in your groin.' 'I fear so,' replied my uncle Toby; 'but I am not at rest in my mind, Trim, since the account the landlord has given me. I wish I had not known so much of this affair,' added my uncle Toby, 'or that I had known more of it. How shall we manage it?' 'Leave it, an't please your honour, to me,' quoth the corporal. 'I'll take my hat and stick, and go to the house and reconnoitre, and act accordingly; and I will bring your honour a full account in an hour.' 'Thou shalt go, Trim,' said my uncle Toby; 'and here's a shilling for thee to drink with his servant.' 'I shall get it all out of him,' said the corporal, shutting the door.

My uncle Toby filled his second pipe; and had it not been that he now and then wandered from the point, with considering whether it was not full as well to have the curtain of the tenaille a straight line as a crooked one, he might be said to have thought of nothing else but poor Le Fevre and his boy the whole time he smoked it.

It was not till my uncle Toby had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe that Corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account. 'I despaired at first,' said the corporal, 'of being able to bring back your honour any kind of intelligence concerning the poor sick lieutenant.' 'Is he in the army, then?' said my uncle Toby. 'He is,' said the corporal. 'And in what regiment?' said my uncle Toby. 'I'll tell your honour,' replied the corporal, 'everything straightforwards as I learned it.' 'Then, Trim, I'll fill another pipe,' said my uncle Toby, 'and not interrupt thee till thou hast done; so sit down at thy ease, Trim, in the window-seat, and begin thy story again.' The corporal made his old bow, which generally spoke as plain as a bow could speak it—Your honour is good. And having done that, he sat down, as he was ordered; and began the story to my uncle Toby over again in pretty near the same words.

'I despaired at first,' said the corporal, 'of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour about the lieutenant and his son; for when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing everything which was proper to be asked'—('That's a right distinction, Trim,' said my uncle Toby)—'I was answered, an' please your honour, that he had no servant with him; that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which, upon finding himself unable to proceed—to join, I suppose, the regiment—he had dismissed the morning after he came. "If I get better, my dear," said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man, "we can hire horses from hence." "But, alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence," said the landlady to me; "for I heard the death-watch all night long: and when he dies, the youth his son will certainly die with him; for he is broken-hearted already."

'I was hearing this account,' continued the corporal, 'when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of. "But I will do it for my father myself," said the youth. "Pray, let me save you the trouble, young gentleman," said I, taking up a fork for the purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down upon by the fire whilst I did it. "I believe, sir," said he, very modestly, "I can please him best myself." "I am sure," said I, "his honour will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier." The youth took hold of my hand, and instantly burst into tears.' 'Poor youth!' said my uncle Toby; 'he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the name of a soldier, Trim, sounded in his ears like the name of a friend; I wish I had him here.'

'I never, in the longest march,' said the corporal, 'had so great a mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company. What could be the matter with me, an' please your honour?' 'Nothing in the world, Trim,' said my uncle Toby, blowing his nose, 'but that thou art a good-natured fellow.'

'When I gave him the toast,' continued the corporal, 'I thought it was proper to tell him I was Captain Shandy's servant, and that your honour, though a stranger, was extremely concerned for his father; and that, if there was anything in your house or cellar'—('And thou mightst have added my purse too,' said my uncle Toby)—'he was heartily welcome to it. He made a very low bow, which was meant to your honour; but no answer, for his heart was full; so he went up stairs with the toast. "I warrant you, my dear," said I, as I opened the kitchen door, "your father will be well again." Mr Yorick's curate was smoking a pipe by the kitchen fire, but said not a word, good or bad, to comfort the youth. I thought it wrong,' added the corporal. 'I think so too,' said my uncle Toby.

'When the lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast, he felt himself a little revived, and sent down into the kitchen to let me know that in about ten minutes he should be glad if I would step up stairs. "I believe," said the landlord, "he is going to say his prayers, for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bedside, and as I shut the door, I saw his son take up a cushion."

'"I thought," said the curate, "that you gentlemen of the army, Mr Trim, never said your prayers at all." "I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night," said the landlady, "very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it." "Are you sure of it?" replied the curate. "A soldier, an' please your reverence," said I, "prays as often of his own accord as a parson; and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honour too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world."' ''Twas well said of thee, Trim,' said my uncle Toby. '"But when a soldier," said I, "an' please your reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches up to his knees in cold water, or engaged," said I, "for months together, in long and dangerous marches; harassed, perhaps, in his rear to-day; harassing others to-morrow; detached here; countermanded there; resting this night out upon his arms; beat up in his shirt the next; benumbed in his joints; perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on; must say his prayers *how* and *when* he can. I believe," said I—for I was piqued,' quoth the corporal, 'for the reputation of the army—"I believe, an' please your reverence," said I, "that when a soldier gets time to pray, he prays as heartily as a parson, though not with all his fuss and hypocrisy."' 'Thou shouldst not have said that, Trim,' said my uncle Toby; 'for God only knows who is a hypocrite and who is not. At the great and general review of us all, corporal, at the day of judgment, and not till then, it will be seen who has done their duties in this world, and who has not; and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly.' 'I hope we shall,' said Trim. 'It is in the Scripture,' said my uncle Toby; "and I will shew it thee to-morrow. In the meantime we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort,' said my uncle Toby, 'that God Almighty is so good and just a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it, it will never be inquired into whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one.' 'I hope not,' said the corporal. 'But go on, Trim,' said my uncle Toby, 'with thy story.'

'When I went up,' continued the corporal, 'into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes, he was lying in his bed with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beside it. The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion, upon which I supposed he had been kneeling; the book was laid upon the bed; and as he rose, in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the same time. "Let it remain there, my dear," said the lieutenant.

'He did not offer to speak to me till I had walked up close to his bedside. "If you are Captain Shandy's servant," said he, "you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courtesy to me." If he was of Levens's, said the lieutenant. I told him your honour was. "Then," said he, "I served three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him; but 'tis most likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me. You will tell him, however, that the person his good-nature has laid under obligations to him is one Le Fevre, a lieutenant in Angus's. But he knows me not," said he, a second time, musing. "Possibly he may my story," added he. "Pray, tell the captain I was the ensign at Breda whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket-shot as she lay in my arms in my tent." "I remember the story, an't please your honour," said I, "very well." "Do you so?" said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief; "then well may I." In saying this, he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black ribbon about his neck, and kissed it twice. "Here, Billy," said he. The boy flew across the room to the bedside, and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kissed it too; then kissed his father, and sat down upon the bed and wept.'

'I wish,' said my uncle Toby, with a deep sigh—'I wish, Trim, I was asleep.' 'Your honour,' replied the corporal, 'is too much concerned. Shall I pour your honour out a glass of sack to your pipe?' 'Do, Trim,' said my uncle Toby.

'I remember,' said my uncle Toby, sighing again, 'the story of the ensign and his wife, with a circumstance his modesty omitted; and particularly well that he, as well as she, upon some account or other, I forget what, was universally pitied by the whole regiment; but finish the story thou art upon.' ''Tis finished already,' said the corporal, 'for I could stay no longer; so wished his honour a good night.

'Thou hast left this matter short,' said my uncle Toby to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed; 'and I will tell thee in what, Trim. In the first place, when thou mad'st an offer of my services to Le Fevre—as sickness and travelling are both expensive, and thou knowest he was but a poor lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself out of his pay—that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse; because, had he stood in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself.' 'Your honour knows,' said the corporal, 'I had no orders.' 'True,' quoth my uncle Toby; 'thou didst very right, Trim, as a soldier, but certainly very wrong as a man.

'In the second place, for which, indeed, thou hast the same excuse,' continued my uncle Toby, 'when thou offeredst him whatever was in my house, thou shouldst have offered him my house too. A sick brother-officer should have the best quarters, Trim; and if we had him with us, we could tend and look to him. Thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim; and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs. In a fortnight or three weeks,' added my uncle Toby smiling,' he might march.' 'He will never march, an' please your honour, in this world,' said the corporal. 'He will march,' said my uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed with one shoe off. 'An' please your honour,' said the corporal, 'he will never march, but to his grave.' 'He shall march,' cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch —'he shall march to his regiment.' 'He cannot stand it,' said the corporal. 'He shall be supported,' said my uncle Toby. 'He'll drop at last,' said the corporal; 'and what will become of his boy?' 'He shall not drop,' said my uncle Toby firmly. 'A-well-o'-day, do what we can for him,' said Trim, maintaining his point, 'the poor soul will die.' 'He shall not die, by G—,' cried my uncle Toby. The Accusing Spirit, which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in; and the Recording Angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

My uncle Toby went to his bureau; put his purse into his breeches pocket; and having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a physician, he went to bed and fell asleep.

The sun looked bright the morning after to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's and his afflicted son's. The hand of death pressed heavy upon his eyelids, and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle, when my uncle Toby, who had rose up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology, sat himself down upon the chair by the bedside, and independently of all modes and customs, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother-officer would have done it, and asked him how he did—how he had rested in the night—what was his complaint—where was his pain—and what he could do to help him. And without giving him time to answer any one of the inquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him. 'You shall go home directly, Le Fevre,' said my uncle Toby, 'to my house, and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter; and we'll have an apothecary, and the corporal shall be your nurse, and I'll be your servant, Le Fevre.'

There was a frankness in my uncle Toby—not the effect of familiarity, but the cause of it—which let you at once into his soul, and shewed you the goodness of his nature; to this there was something in his looks, and voice, and manner superadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him; so that before my uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, had the son insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him. The blood and spirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart, rallied back; the film forsook his eyes for a moment; he looked up wishfully in my uncle Toby's face, then cast a look upon his boy, and that ligament, fine as it was, was never broken. Nature instantly ebbed again; the film returned to its place; the pulse fluttered—stopped—went on—throbbed—stopped again—moved—stopped. Shall I go on? No.

### *The Starling—Captivity.*

From the *Sentimental Journey.*

And as for the Bastile, the terror is in the word. Make the most of it you can, said I to myself, the Bastile is but another word for a tower, and a tower is but another word for a house you can't get out of. Mercy on the gouty! for they are in it twice a year; but with nine livres a day, and pen, and ink, and paper, and patience, albeit a man can't get out, he may do very well within, at least for a month or six weeks; at the end of which, if he is a harmless fellow, his innocence appears, and he comes out a better and wiser man than he went in.

I had some occasion—I forget what—to step into the court-yard as I settled this account; and remember I walked down-stairs in no small triumph with the conceit of my reasoning. Beshrew the sombre pencil, said I vauntingly, for I envy not its powers, which paints the evils of life with so hard and deadly a colouring. The mind sits terrified at the objects she has magnified herself and blackened: reduce them to their proper size and hue, she overlooks them. ''Tis true,' said I, correcting the proposition, 'the Bastile is not an evil to be despised; but strip it of its towers, fill up the fosse, unbarricade the doors, call it simply a confinement, and suppose 'tis some tyrant of a distemper and not of a man which holds you in it, the evil vanishes, and you bear the other half without complaint.' I was interrupted in the heyday of this soliloquy with a voice which I took to be of a child, which complained 'it could not get out.' I looked up and down the passage, and seeing neither man, woman, nor child, I went out without further attention. In my return back through the passage, I heard the same words repeated twice over; and looking up, I saw it was a starling hung in a little cage; 'I can't get out, I can't get out,' said the starling. I stood looking at the bird; and to every person who came through the passage, it ran fluttering to the side towards which they approached it, with the same lamentation of its captivity: 'I can't get out,' said the starling. 'God help thee!' said I, 'but I'll let thee out, cost what it will;' so I turned about the cage to get the door. It was twisted and double-twisted so fast with wire, there was no getting it open without pulling the cage to pieces. I took both hands to it. The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and thrusting his head through the trellis, pressed his breast against it as if impatient. 'I fear, poor creature,' said I, 'I cannot set thee at liberty.' 'No,' said the starling, 'I can't get out; I can't get out,' said the starling. I vow I never had my affections more tenderly awakened; or do I remember an incident in my life where the dissipated spirits, to which my reason had been a bubble, were so suddenly called home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet so true in tune to nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my systematic reasonings upon the Bastile; and I heavily walked up-stairs, unsaying every word I had said in going down them.

'Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery,' said I, 'still thou art a bitter draught; and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account. 'Tis thou, thrice sweet and gracious goddess,' addressing myself to Liberty, 'whom all in public or in private worship, whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till nature herself shall change; no tint of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chemic power turn thy sceptre into iron; with thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled. Gracious Heaven!' cried I, kneeling down upon the last step but one in my ascent, 'grant me but health, thou great bestower of it, and give me but this fair goddess as my companion, and shower down thy mitres, if it seem good unto thy divine providence, upon those heads which are aching for them.'

The bird in his cage pursued me into my room. I sat down close to my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination. I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures born to no inheritance but slavery; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of sad groups in it did but distract me, I took a single captive, and having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture. I beheld his body half-wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish; in thirty years the western breeze had not once fanned his blood; he had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time, nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice; his children—but here my heart began to bleed, and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait. He was sitting upon the ground upon a little straw, in the furthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed: a little calendar of small sticks lay at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there; he had one of these little sticks in his hand, and with a rusty nail he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door, then cast it down, shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle. He gave a deep sigh: I saw the iron enter into his soul. I burst into tears: I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.

### *A French Peasant's Supper.*

The family consisted of an old gray-headed man and his wife, with five or six sons and sons-in-law and their several wives, and a joyous genealogy out of them. They were all sitting down together to their lentil-soup; a large wheaten loaf was in the middle of the table; and a flagon of wine at each end of it promised joy through the stages of the repast; 'twas a feast of love. The old man rose up to meet me, and with a respectful cordiality would have me sit down at the table; my heart was set down the moment I entered the room, so I sat down at once like a son of the family; and to invest myself in the character as speedily as I could, I instantly borrowed the old man's knife, and taking up the loaf, cut myself a hearty luncheon; and as I did it, I saw a testimony in every eye, not only of an honest welcome, but of a welcome mixed with thanks that I had not seemed to doubt it. Was it this, or tell me, Nature, what else it was, that made this morsel so sweet; and to what magic I owe it, that the draught I took of their flagon was so delicious with it, that they remain upon my palate to this hour? If the supper was to my taste, the grace which followed it was much more so.

When supper was over, the old man gave a knock upon the table with the haft of his knife, to bid them prepare for the dance. The moment the signal was given, the women and girls ran all together into a back-apartment to tie up their hair, and the young men to the door to wash their faces and change their sabots; and in three minutes every soul was ready, upon a little esplanade before the house, to begin. The old man and his wife came out last, and placing me betwixt them, sat down upon a sofa of turf by the door. The old man had some fifty years ago been no mean performer upon the vielle; and at the age he was then of, touched it well enough for the purpose. His wife sung now and then a little to the tune, then intermitted, and joined her old man again as their children and grandchildren danced before them.

It was not till the middle of the second dance, when, for some pauses in the movement, wherein they all seemed to look up, I fancied I could distinguish an elevation of spirit different from that which is the cause or the effect of simple jollity. In a word, I thought I beheld Religion mixing in the dance; but as I had never seen her so engaged, I should have looked upon it now as one of the illusions of an imagination which is eternally misleading me, had not the old man, as soon as the dance ended, said that this was their constant way; and that all his life long he had made it a rule, after supper was over, to call out his family to dance and rejoice; believing, he said, that a cheerful and contented mind was the best sort of thanks to Heaven that an illiterate peasant could pay. Or a learned prelate either, said I.

## CHARLES JOHNSTONE.

In 1760, the *Adventures of a Guinea*, by Charles Johnstone, amused the town by its sketches of contemporary satire. A second edition was published the same year, and a third in 1761, when the author considerably augmented the work. Johnstone published other novels, which are now utterly forgotten. He went to India in 1782, and was a proprietor of one of the Bengal newspapers. He died in 1800. As Dr Johnson—to whom the manuscript was shewn by the bookseller—advised the publication of the *Adventures of a Guinea*, and as it experienced considerable success, the novel may be presumed to have possessed superior merit. It exhibits a variety of incidents, related in the style of Le Sage and Smollett, but the satirical portraits are overcharged, and the author, like Juvenal, was too fond of lashing and exaggerating the vices of his age.

## HORACE WALPOLE.

In 1764, HORACE WALPOLE revived the Gothic romance in his interesting little story, the *Castle of Otranto*, which he at first published anonymously, as a work found in the library of an ancient Catholic family in the north of England, and printed at Naples in the black-letter in 1529. 'I wished it to be believed ancient,' he said, 'and almost everybody was imposed upon.' The tale was so well received by the public, that a second edition was soon called for, to which the author prefixed his name. Though designed to blend the two kinds of romance—the ancient, in which all was imagination and improbability, and the modern, in which nature is copied, the peculiar taste of Walpole, who loved to 'gaze on Gothic toys through Gothic glass,' and the nature of his subject, led him to give the preponderance to the antique. The ancient romances have nothing more incredible than a sword which required a hundred men to lift it; a helmet, that by its own weight forces a passage through a court-yard into an arched vault, big enough for a man to go through: a picture that walks out of its frame, or a skeleton's ghost in a hermit's cowl. Where Walpole has improved on the incredible and mysterious, is in his dialogues and style, which are pure and dramatic in effect, and in the more delicate and picturesque tone which he has given to chivalrous manners. Walpole was the third son of the Whig minister, Sir Robert Walpole; was born in 1717, became fourth Earl of Orford 1791, and died in 1797; having not only outlived most of his illustrious contemporaries, but recorded their weaknesses and failings, their private history and peculiarities, in his unrivalled correspondence.

## CLARA REEVE.

An early admiration of Horace Walpole's romance, the *Castle of Otranto*, induced MISS CLARA REEVE (1725-1803) to imitate it in a Gothic story, entitled the *Old English Baron*, which was published in 1777. In some respects, the lady has the advantage of Walpole; her supernatural machinery is better managed, so as to produce mysteriousness and effect; but her style has not the point or elegance of that of her prototype. Miss Reeve wrote several other novels, but they have failed to keep possession of public favour, and the fame of the author rests on her *Old English Baron*, which is now generally printed along with the *Castle of Otranto*.

### OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

In the spring of 1766 came out a tale of about equal dimensions with Walpole's Gothic story, but as different in its nature as an English cottage or villa, with its honeysuckle hedge, wall-roses, neat garden, and general air of beauty and comfort, is from a gloomy feudal tower, with its dark walls, moat, and drawbridge. We allude to Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*. The first edition was published on the 27th of March, a second was called for in June, and a third in August of the same year. What reader could be insensible to the charms of a work so full of kindliness, benevolence, taste, and genius? By that species of mental chemistry which he understood as well as Sterne, Goldsmith extracted the essence of character, separating from it what was trite and worthless, and presenting in incredibly small space a finished representation, bland, humorous, simple, absurd, or elevated. Among the incidental remarks in the volume, for example, are some on the state of the criminal law of England, which shew how completely Goldsmith had anticipated and directed—in better language than any senator has since employed on the subject—all that parliament has effected in the reformation of our criminal code. These short, philosophical, and critical dissertations always arise naturally out of the progress of the tale. The character of the vicar gives the chief interest to the family group, though the peculiarities of Mrs Primrose, as her boasted skill in housewifery, her motherly vanity and desire to appear *genteel*, are finely brought out, and reproduced in her daughters. The vicar's support of the Whistonian theory as to marriage, that it was unlawful for a priest of the Church of England, after the death of his first wife, to take a second, to illustrate which he had his wife's epitaph written and placed over the chimney-piece, is a touch of humour and individuality that has never been excelled. Another weakness of the worthy vicar was the literary vanity which, notwithstanding his real learning, led him to be imposed upon by Jenkinson in the affair of the cosmogony; but these drawbacks only serve to endear him more closely to his readers; and when distress falls upon the virtuous household, the noble fortitude and resignation of the principal sufferer, and the efficacy of his example, form one of the most affecting and even sublime moral pictures. The numberless little traits of character, pathetic and lively incidents, and sketches of manners—as the family of the Flamboroughs, the quiet pedantry and simplicity of Moses, with his bargain of the shagreen spectacles; the family picture, in which Mrs Primrose was painted as Venus, and the vicar, in gown and band, presenting to her his books on the Whistonian controversy, and which picture, when completed, was too large for the house, and like Robinson Crusoe's long-boat, could not be removed—all mark the perfect art as well as nature of this domestic novel. That Goldsmith derived many of his incidents from actual occurrences, which he had witnessed, is generally admitted. The story of George Primrose, particularly his going to Amsterdam to teach the Dutchmen English, without recollecting that he should first know something of Dutch himself, seems an exact transcript of the author's early adventures and blundering simplicity. Though Goldsmith carefully corrected the language of his miniature romance in the different editions, he did not meddle with the incidents, so that some improbabilities remain. These, however, have no effect on the reader in diminishing for a moment the interest of the work. Goethe read a translation of the *Vicar of Wakefield* in his twenty-fifth year—'just at the critical moment of mental development'—and ever afterwards acknowledged his obligation to the wise and genial story.

### HENRY BROOKE.

In the same year with the *Vicar of Wakefield*, the first two volumes of a domestic novel, ultimately extended to five volumes, the *Fool of Quality*, were published by a countryman of Goldsmith's, HENRY BROOKE (1706–1783), who was the author of several dramatic pieces, and of a poem on *Universal Beauty*, which anticipated the style of Darwin's *Botanic Garden*. The poetry and prose of Brooke have both fallen into obscurity, but his novel was popular in its day, and contains several pleasing and instructive sketches, chiefly designed for the young. Several social questions of importance are discussed by Brooke with great ability, and in an enlightened spirit. He was an extensive miscellaneous writer—a man of public spirit and benevolent character. In the early part of his career he had been the friend of Swift, Pope, Chesterfield, and other eminent contemporaries. His daughter, CHARLOTTE BROOKE, published in 1789 a volume of *Reliques of Irish Poetry*, and a collection of her father's works, four volumes, 1792.

### HENRY MACKENZIE.

The most successful imitator of Sterne in sentiment, pathos, and style; his superior in taste and delicacy, but greatly inferior to him in originality, force, and humour, was HENRY MACKENZIE (1745–1831), long the ornament of the literary circles of Edinburgh. Mr Mackenzie was the son of Dr Joshua Mackenzie, a respectable physician. He was educated at the High School and university of Edinburgh, and afterwards studied the law in his native city. The legal department selected by Mackenzie was the business of the Exchequer Court, and to improve himself in this he went to London in 1765, and studied the English Exchequer practice. Returning to Edinburgh, he mixed in its literary circles, which then numbered the great names of Hume, Robertson, Adam Smith, Blair, &c. In 1771 appeared his novel, the *Man of Feeling*, which was followed by the *Man of the World*, and *Julia de Roubigné*. He was the principal contributor to the *Mirror* and *Lounger*, and he wrote some dramatic pieces, which were brought out at Edinburgh with but indifferent success. Mackenzie supported the government of Mr Pitt with some pamphlets written with great acuteness and discrimination. In real life the novelist was shrewd and practical: he had early exhausted his vein of romance, and was an active man of business. In 1804 the government appointed him to the office of comptroller of taxes for Scotland, which entailed upon him considerable labour and drudgery, but was highly lucrative. In this situation, with a numerous family—Mr Mackenzie had married Miss Penuel Grant, daughter of Sir Ludovic Grant, of Grant—enjoying the society of his friends and his favourite sports of the field, writing occasionally on subjects of taste and literature—for, he said, 'the old stump would still occasionally send forth a few green shoots'—the Man of Feeling lived to the advanced age of eighty-six.

The first novel of Mackenzie is the best of his works, unless we except some of his short contributions to the *Mirror* and *Lounger* (as the tale of La Roche), which fully supported his fame. There is no regular story in the *Man of Feeling;* but the character of Harley, his purity of mind, and his bashfulness, caused by excessive delicacy, interest the reader, though it is very unlike real life. His adventures in London, the talk of club and park frequenters, his visit to bedlam, and his relief of the old soldier, Atkins, and his daughter, are partly formed on the affected sentimental style of the inferior romances, but evince a facility in moral and pathetic painting that was then only surpassed by Richardson. His humour is chaste and natural. The *Man of the World* has less of the discursive manner of Sterne, but the character of Sir Thomas Sindall—the Lovelace of the novel—seems forced and unnatural. His plots against the family of Annesly, and his attempted seduction of Lucy—shew a deliberate villainy and disregard of public opinion, which, considering his rank and position in the world, appears improbable. His death-bed sensibility and penitence are undoubtedly out of keeping with the rest of his character. The adventures of young Annesly among the Indians are interesting and romantic, and are described with much spirit; his narrative, indeed, is one of the freest and boldest of Mackenzie's sketches. *Julia de Roubigné* is still more melancholy than the *Man of the World.* It has no gorgeous descriptions or imaginative splendour to relieve the misery and desolation which overtake a group of innocent beings, whom for their virtues the reader would wish to see happy. It is worthy of remark that in this novel Mackenzie was one of the first to denounce the system of slave-labour in the West Indies.

### *Negro Servitude.*

I have often been tempted to doubt whether there is not an error in the whole plan of negro servitude; and whether whites or creoles born in the West Indies, or perhaps cattle, after the manner of European husbandry, would not do the business better and cheaper than the slaves do. The money which the latter cost at first, the sickness—often owing to despondency of mind—to which they are liable after their arrival, and the proportion that die in consequence of it, make the machine, if it may be so called, of a plantation extremely expensive in its operations. In the list of slaves belonging to a wealthy planter, it would astonish you to see the number unfit for service, pining under disease, a burden on their master. I am only talking as a merchant; but as a man—good Heavens! when I think of the many thousands of my fellow-creatures groaning under servitude and misery!—great God! hast thou peopled those regions of thy world for the purpose of casting out their inhabitants to chains and torture? No; thou gavest them a land teeming with good things, and lightedst up thy sun to bring forth spontaneous plenty; but the refinements of man, ever at war with thy works, have changed this scene of profusion and luxuriance into a theatre of rapine, of slavery, and of murder!

Forgive the warmth of this apostrophe! Here it would not be understood; even my uncle, whose heart is far from a hard one, would smile at my romance, and tell me that things must be so. Habit, the tyrant of nature and of reason, is deaf to the voice of either; here she stifles humanity and debases the species—for the master of slaves has seldom the soul of a man.

### *Harley sets out on his Journey—The Beggar and his Dog.*

He had taken leave of his aunt on the eve of his intended departure; but the good lady's affection for her nephew interrupted her sleep, and early as it was, next morning when Harley came down-stairs to set out, he found her in the parlour with a tear on her cheek, and her candle-cup in her hand. She knew enough of physic to prescribe against going abroad of a morning with an empty stomach. She gave her blessing with the draught; her instructions she had delivered the night before. They consisted mostly of negatives; for London, in her idea, was so replete with temptations, that it needed the whole armour of her friendly cautions to repel their attacks.

Peter stood at the door. We have mentioned this faithful fellow formerly. Harley's father had taken him up an orphan, and saved him from being cast on the parish; and he had ever since remained in the service of him and of his son., Harley shook him by the hand as he passed, smiling, as if he had said: 'I will not weep.' He sprung hastily into the chaise that waited for him; Peter folded up the step. 'My dear master,' said he, shaking the solitary lock that hung on either side of his head, 'I have been told as how London is a sad place.' He was choked with the thought, and his benediction could not be heard. But it shall be heard, honest Peter! where these tears will add to its energy.

In a few hours Harley reached the inn where he proposed breakfasting; but the fulness of his heart would not suffer him to eat a morsel. He walked out on the road, and gaining a little height, stood gazing on the quarter he had left. He looked for his wonted prospect, his fields, his woods, and his hills; they were lost in the distant clouds! He pencilled them on the clouds, and bade them farewell with a sigh!

He sat down on a large stone to take out a little pebble from his shoe, when he saw, at some distance, a beggar approaching him. He had on a loose sort of coat, mended with different-coloured rags, amongst which the blue and the russet were the predominant. He had a short knotty stick in his hand, and on the top of it was stuck a ram's horn; his knees—though he was no pilgrim—had worn the stuff of his breeches; he wore no shoes, and his stockings had entirely lost that part of them which should have covered his feet and ankles. In his face, however, was the plump appearance of good-humour: he walked a good round pace, and a crook-legged dog trotted at his heels.

'Our delicacies,' said Harley to himself, 'are fantastic: they are not in nature! that beggar walks over the sharpest of these stones barefooted, while I have lost the most delightful dream in the world from the smallest of them happening to get into my shoe.' The beggar had by this time come up, and, pulling off a piece of hat, asked charity of Harley; the dog began to beg too. It was impossible to resist both; and, in truth, the want of shoes and stockings had made both unnecessary, for Harley had destined sixpence for him before. The beggar, on receiving it, poured forth blessings without number; and, with a sort of smile on his countenance, said to Harley, 'that if he wanted his fortune told'—— Harley turned his eye briskly on the beggar: it was an unpromising look for the subject of a prediction, and silenced the prophet immediately. 'I would much rather learn,' said Harley, 'what it is in your power to tell me: your trade must be an entertaining one: sit down on this stone, and let me know something of your profession; I have often thought of turning fortune-teller for a week or two myself.'

'Master,' replied the beggar, 'I like your frankness much; God knows I had the humour of plain-dealing in me from a child; but there is no doing with it in this world; we must live as we can, and lying is, as you call it, my profession: but I was in some sort forced to the trade, for I dealt once in telling truth. I was a labourer, sir, and gained as much as to make me live: I never laid by, indeed; for I was reckoned a piece of a wag, and your wags, I take it, are seldom rich, Mr Harley.' 'So,' said Harley, 'you seem to know me.' 'Ay, there are few folks in the country that I don't know something of; how should I tell fortunes else?' 'True; but to go on with your story: you were a labourer, you say, and a wag; your industry, I suppose, you left with your old trade; but your humour you preserve to be of use to you in your new.'

'What signifies sadness, sir? a man grows lean on't: but I was brought to my idleness by degrees; first I could not work, and it went against my stomach to work ever after. I was seized with a jail-fever at the time of the assizes being in the county where I lived; for I was always curious to get acquainted with the felons, because they are commonly fellows of much mirth and little thought, qualities I had ever an esteem for. In the height of this fever, Mr Harley, the house where I lay took fire, and burnt to the ground; I was carried out in that condition, and lay all the rest of my illness in a barn. I got the better of my disease, however, but I was so weak that I spat blood whenever I attempted to work. I had no relation living that I knew of, and I never kept a friend above a week when I was able to joke; I seldom remained above six months in a parish, so that I might have died before I had found a settlement in any: thus I was forced to beg my bread, and a sorry trade I found it, Mr Harley. I told all my misfortunes truly, but they were seldom believed; and the few who gave me a halfpenny as they passed, did it with a shake of the head, and an injunction not to trouble them with a long story. In short, I found that people do not care to give alms without some security for their money; a wooden leg or a withered arm is a sort of draft upon Heaven for those who choose to have their money placed to account there; so I changed my plan, and, instead of telling my own misfortunes, began to prophesy happiness to others. This I found by much the better way: folks will always listen when the tale is their own; and of many who say they do not believe in fortune-telling, I have known few on whom it had not a very sensible effect. I pick up the names of their acquaintance; amours and little squabbles are easily gleaned among servants and neighbours; and indeed people themselves are the best intelligencers in the world for our purpose; they dare not puzzle us for their own sakes, for every one is anxious to hear what they wish to believe; and they who repeat it, to laugh at it when they have done, are generally more serious than their hearers are apt to imagine. With a tolerable good memory and some share of cunning, with the help of walking a-nights over heaths and churchyards, with this, and shewing the tricks of that there dog, whom I stole from the sergeant of a marching regiment—and, by the way, he can steal too upon occasion—I make shift to pick up a livelihood. My trade, indeed, is none of the honestest; yet people are not much cheated neither, who give a few halfpence for a prospect of happiness, which I have heard some persons say is all a man can arrive at in this world. But I must bid you good-day, sir; for I have three miles to walk before noon, to inform some boarding-school young ladies whether their husbands are to be peers of the realm or captains in the army; a question which I promised to answer them by that time.'

Harley had drawn a shilling from his pocket: but Virtue bade him consider on whom he was going to bestow it. Virtue held back his arm; but a milder form, a younger sister of Virtue's, not so severe as Virtue, nor so serious as Pity, smiled upon him: his fingers lost their compression; nor did Virtue offer to catch the money as it fell. It had no sooner reached the ground, than the watchful cur—a trick he had been taught—snapped it up; and, contrary to the most approved method of stewardship, delivered it immediately into the hands of his master.

### *The Death of Harley.*

Harley was one of those few friends whom the malevolence of fortune had yet left me; I could not, therefore, but be sensibly concerned for his present indisposition; there seldom passed a day on which I did not make inquiry about him.

The physician who attended him had informed me the evening before, that he thought him considerably better than he had been for some time past. I called next morning to be confirmed in a piece of intelligence so welcome to me.

When I entered his apartment, I found him sitting on a couch, leaning on his hand, with his eye turned upwards in the attitude of thoughtful inspiration. His look had always an open benignity, which commanded esteem; there was now something more—a gentle triumph in it. . . .

'There are some remembrances,' said Harley, 'which rise involuntarily on my heart, and make me almost wish to live. I have been blessed with a few friends who redeem my opinion of mankind. I recollect with the tenderest emotion the scenes of pleasure I have passed among them; but we shall meet again, my friend, never to be separated. There are some feelings which perhaps are too tender to be suffered by the world. The world is in general selfish, interested, and unthinking, and throws the imputation of romance or melancholy on every temper more susceptible than its own. I cannot think but in those regions which I contemplate, if there is anything of mortality left about us, that these feelings will subsist; they are called—perhaps they are—weaknesses here; but there may be some better modifications of them in heaven, which may deserve the name of virtues.' He sighed as he spoke these last words. He had scarcely finished them when the door opened, and his aunt appeared leading in Miss Walton. 'My dear,' says she, 'here is Miss Walton, who has been so kind as to come and inquire for you herself.' I could observe a transient glow upon his face. He rose from his seat. 'If to know Miss Walton's goodness,' said he, 'be a title to deserve it, I have some claim.' She begged him to resume his seat, and placed herself on the sofa beside him. I took my leave. Mrs Margery accompanied me to the door. He was left with Miss Walton alone. She inquired anxiously about his health. 'I believe,' said he, 'from the accounts which my physicians unwillingly give me, that they have no great hopes of my recovery.' She started as he spoke; but recollecting herself immediately, endeavoured to flatter him into a belief that his apprehensions were groundless. 'I know,' said he, 'that it is usual with persons at my time of life to have these hopes which your kindness suggests, but I would not wish to be deceived. To meet death as becomes a man is a privilege bestowed on few. I would endeavour to make it mine; nor do I think that I can ever be better prepared for it than now; it is that chiefly which determines the fitness of its approach.' 'Those sentiments,' answered Miss Walton, 'are just; but your good sense, Mr Harley, will own that life has its proper value. As the province of virtue, life is ennobled; as such, it is to be desired. To virtue has the Supreme Director of all things assigned rewards enough even here to fix its attachment.'

The subject began to overpower her. Harley lifted his eyes from the ground: 'There are,' said he, in a very low voice, 'there are attachments, Miss Walton.' His glance met hers. They both betrayed a confusion, and were both instantly withdrawn. He paused some moments: 'I am in such a state as calls for sincerity, let that also excuse it—it is perhaps the last time we shall ever meet. I feel something particularly solemn in the acknowledgment, yet my heart swells to make it, awed as it is by a sense of my presumption, by a sense of your perfections.' He paused again. 'Let it not offend you to know their power over one so unworthy. It will, I believe, soon cease to beat, even with that feeling which it shall lose the latest. To love Miss Walton could not be a crime; if to declare it is one, the expiation will be made.' Her tears were now flowing without control. 'Let me entreat you,' said she, 'to have better hopes. Let not life be so indifferent to you, if my wishes can put any value on it. I will not pretend to misunderstand you—I know your worth—I have known it long—I have esteemed it. What would you have me say? I have loved it as it deserved.' He seized her hand, a languid colour reddened his cheek, a smile brightened faintly in his eye. As he gazed on her it grew dim, it fixed, it closed. He sighed, and fell back on his seat. Miss Walton screamed at the sight. His aunt and the servants rushed into the room. They found them lying motionless together. His physician happened to call at that instant. Every art was tried to recover them. With Miss Walton they succeeded, but Harley was gone for ever! . . .

He had hinted that he should like to be buried in a certain spot near the grave of his mother. This is a weakness, but it is universally incident to humanity; it is at least a memorial for those who survive. For some, indeed, a slender memorial will serve; and the soft affections, when they are busy that way, will build their structures were it but on the paring of a nail.

He was buried in the place he had desired. It was shaded by an old tree, the only one in the churchyard, in which was a cavity worn by time. I have sat with him in it, and counted the tombs. The last time we passed there, methought he looked wistfully on the tree; there was a branch of it that bent towards us, waving in the wind; he waved his hand, as if he mimicked its motion. There was something predictive in his look! perhaps it is foolish to remark it, but there are times and places when I am a child at those things.

I sometimes visit his grave; I sit in the hollow of the tree. It is worth a thousand homilies; every noble feeling rises within me! Every beat of my heart awakens a virtue; but it will make you hate the world. No; there is such an air of gentleness around that I can hate nothing; but as to the world, I pity the men of it.

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## HISTORIANS.

A spirit of philosophical inquiry and reflection, united to the graces of literary composition, can hardly be said to have been presented by any English historian before the appearance of that illustrious triumvirate—Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon. The early annalists of Britain recorded mere fables and superstitions, with a slight admixture of truth. The classic pen of Buchanan was guided by party rancour, undignified by research. Even Milton, when he set himself to compose a history of his native country, included the fables of Geoffrey of Monmouth. The history of the Long Parliament by May is a valuable fragment, and the works of Clarendon and Burnet are interesting though prejudiced pictures of the times. A taste for our national annals soon began to call for more extensive compilations; and in 1706 a *Complete History of England* was published, containing a collection of various works previous to the time of Charles I. and a continuation by White Kennet, bishop of Peterborough. M. Rapin, a French Protestant (1661–1725), who had come over to England with the Prince of Orange, and resided here several years, seems to have been interested in our affairs; for, on retiring to the Hague, he there composed a voluminous history of England, in French, which was speedily translated, and enjoyed great popularity. The work of Rapin is still considered valuable, and it possesses a property which no English author has yet been able to confer on a similar narration, that of impartiality; but it wants literary attractions. A more laborious, exact, and original historian appeared in THOMAS CARTE (1686–1754), who meditated a complete domestic or civil history of England, for which he had made large collections, encouraged by public subscriptions. His work was projected in 1743, and four years afterwards the first volume appeared. Unfortunately, Carte made allusion to a case, which he said had *come under his own observation*, of a person who had been cured of the king's-evil by the Pretender, then in exile in France; and this Jacobite sally proved the ruin of his work. Subscribers withdrew their names, and the historian was 'left forlorn and abandoned amid his extensive collections.' A second and third volume, however, were published by the indefatigable collector, and a fourth, which he left incomplete, was published after his death. Carte was author also of a *Life of the Duke of Ormond*, remarkable for the fulness of its information, but disfigured by his Jacobite predilections.

The *Roman History* by NATHANIEL HOOKE (*circa* 1690–1763) also belongs to this period. It commences with the building of Rome, and is continued to the downfall of the commonwealth. Hooke was patronised by Pope—to whom he dedicated his first volume—and he produced a useful work, which still maintains its place. The first volume of this history was published in 1733, but the publication was not completed till 1771. Hooke wrote an *Account of the Conduct of the Dowager Duchess of Marborough*, usually termed an 'Apology,' for which the duchess is said to have given him £5000.

### DR CONYERS MIDDLETON.

In 1741, DR CONYERS MIDDLETON (1683-1750), an English clergyman, and librarian of the public library at Cambridge, produced his historical *Life of Cicero*, in two volumes. Reviewing the whole of the celebrated orator's public career, and the principal transactions of his times—mixing up questions of philosophy, government, and politics with the details of biography, Middleton compiled a highly interesting work, full of varied and important information, and written with great care and taste. An admiration of the rounded style and flowing periods of Cicero seems to have produced in his biographer a desire to attain to similar excellence; and perhaps no author, prior to Johnson's great works, wrote English with the same careful finish and sustained dignity. The graces of Addison were wanting, but certainly no historical writings of the day were at all comparable to Middleton's memoir. One or two sentences from his summary of Cicero's character (of which Middleton was almost an idolater) will exemplify the author's style:

### *Character of Cicero.*

He (Cicero) made a just distinction between bearing what we cannot help, and approving what we ought to condemn; and submitted, therefore, yet never consented to those usurpations; and when he was forced to comply with them, did it always with a reluctance that he expresses very keenly in his letters to his friends. But whenever that force was removed, and he was at liberty to pursue his principles and act without control, as in his consulship, in his province, and after Cæsar's death—the only periods of his life in which he was truly master of himself—there we see him shining out in his genuine character of an excellent citizen, a great magistrate, a glorious patriot; there we could see the man who could declare of himself with truth, in an appeal to Atticus as to the best witness of his conscience, that he had always done the greatest services to his country when it was in his power; or when it was not, had never harboured a thought of it but what was divine. If we must needs compare him, therefore, with Cato, as some writers affect to do, it is certain that if Cato's virtue seem more splendid in theory, Cicero's will be found superior in practice; the one was romantic, the other was natural; the one drawn from the refinements of the schools, the other from nature and social life; the one always unsuccessful, often hurtful; the other always beneficial, often salutary to the republic.

To conclude: Cicero's death, though violent, cannot be called untimely, but was the proper end of such a life; which must also have been rendered less glorious if it had owed its preservation to Antony. It was, therefore, not only what he expected, but, in the circumstances to which he was reduced, what he seems even to have wished. For he, who before had been timid in dangers, and desponding in distress, yet, from the time of Cæsar's death, roused by the desperate state of the republic, assumed the fortitude of a hero; discarded all fear; despised all danger; and when he could not free his country from a tyranny, provoked the tyrants to take that life which he no longer cared to preserve. Thus, like a great actor on the stage, he reserved himself, as it were, for the last act; and after he had played his part with dignity, resolved to finish it with glory.

## LORD HERVEY.

So recently as 1848, appeared, edited from the original manuscript by Mr John Wilson Croker, *Memoirs of the Reign of George II. from his Accession to the Death of Queen Caroline*—from 1727 to 1737—by JOHN, LORD HERVEY. This work is a valuable addition to our history of the Georgian period. It abounds in minute details drawn from personal observation; the characters are well painted and discriminated, and the style is plain, vigorous, and concise. Lord Hervey is well known as the Sporus of Pope, the husband of the beautiful Mary Lepell, celebrated by the poets, and as a supple politician, though a good parliamentary debater. He was successively vice-chamberlain and lord privy seal, and a great favourite with Queen Caroline, which enabled him to become so thoroughly acquainted with the interior of the court. All the vices, coarseness, and dullness of that court he has described at length, and in some respects a more humiliating or disgusting picture has never been thrown open to the public gaze. Besides his *Memoirs*, Lord Hervey wrote occasional verses, and joined with Lady Mary Wortley Montagu in endeavouring vainly to repel the envenomed shafts of Pope. He was a man of talent and energy, though contending with wretched health, drinking asses' milk, and rouging his countenance to conceal his ghastly appearance—all which personal infirmities, Pope mercilessly turned against him; but of moral or religious principle, or public honour, Hervey appears to have been wholly destitute. A few weeks before his death, we find him writing thus characteristically to Lady Mary: 'The last stages of an infirm life are filthy roads, and, like all other roads, I find the further one goes from the capital, the more tedious the miles grow, and the more rough and disagreeable the way. I know of no turnpikes, to mend them; medicine pretends to be such, but doctors who have the management of it, like the commissioners for most other turnpikes, seldom execute what they undertake; they only put the toll of the poor cheated passenger in their pockets, and leave every jolt at least as bad as they found it, if not worse.' He died in 1743, aged forty-seven. Lady Hervey survived till 1768. A volume of her Letters was published in 1821, and does honour to her acuteness and literary acquirements.

### *Personal Traits of George II. and Queen Caroline.*

Many ingredients concurred to form this reluctance in his majesty to bestowing. One was that, taking all his notions from a German measure, he thought every man who served him in England overpaid; another was, that while employments were vacant he saved the salary; but the most prevalent of all was his never having the least inclination to oblige. I do not believe there ever lived a man to whose temper benevolence was so absolutely a stranger. It was a sensation that, I dare say, never accompanied any one act of his power; so that whatever good he did was either extorted from him, or was the adventitious effect of some self-interested act of policy: consequently, if any seeming favour he conferred ever obliged the receiver, it must have been because the man on whom it fell was ignorant of the motives from which the giver bestowed. I remember Sir Robert Walpole saying once, in speaking to me of the king, that to talk with him of compassion, consideration of past services, charity, and bounty, was making use of words that with him had no meaning. . . . I once heard him say he would much sooner forgive anybody that had murdered a man, than anybody that cut down one of his oaks; because an oak was so much longer growing to a useful size than a man, and consequently, one loss would be sooner supplied than the other: and one evening, after a horse had run away, and killed himself against an iron spike, poor Lady Suffolk saying it was very lucky the man who was upon him had received no hurt, his majesty snapped her very short, and said: 'Yes, I am very lucky, truly: pray, where is the luck? I have lost a good horse, and I have got a booby of a groom still to keep.' . . . The queen, by long studying and long experience of his temper, knew how to instil her own sentiments—whilst she affected to receive his majesty's; she could appear convinced whilst she was controverting, and obedient whilst she was ruling; and by this means her dexterity and address made it impossible for anybody to persuade him what was truly his case—that whilst she was seemingly on every occasion giving up her opinion and her will to his, she was always in reality turning his opinion and bending his will to hers. She managed this deified image as the heathen priests used to do the oracles of old, when, kneeling and prostrate before the altars of a pageant god, they received with the greatest devotion and reverence those directions in public which they had before instilled and regulated in private. And as these idols consequently were only propitious to the favourites of the augurers, so nobody who had not tampered with our chief *priestess* ever received a favourable answer from our god: storms and thunder greeted every votary that entered the temple without her protection—calms and sunshine those who obtained it. The king himself was so little sensible of this being his case, that one day, enumerating the people who had governed this country in other reigns, he said Charles I. was governed by his wife, Charles II. by his mistresses, King James by his priests, King William by his men, and Queen Anne by her women—favourites. His father, he added, had been governed by anybody that could get at him. And at the end of this compendious history of our great and wise monarchs, with a significant, satisfied, triumphant air, he turned about, smiling, to one of his auditors, and asked him: 'And who do they say governs now?' Whether this is a true or a false story of the king, I know not, but it was currently reported and generally believed. . . . She was at least seven or eight hours *tête-à-tête* with the king every day, during which time she was generally saying what she did not think, assenting to what she did not believe, and praising what she did not approve; for they were seldom of the same opinion, and he too fond of his own for her ever at first to dare to controvert it ('*Consilii quamvis egregii quod ipse non afferret inimicus*'—'An enemy to any counsel, however excellent, which he himself had not suggested.'—*Tacitus*). She used to give him her opinion as jugglers do a card, by changing it imperceptibly, and making him believe he held the same with that he first pitched upon. But that which made these *tête-à-têtes* seem heaviest was that he neither liked reading nor being read to—unless it was to sleep: she was forced, like a spider, to spin out of her own bowels all the conversation with which the fly was taken. However, to all this she submitted, for the sake of power, and for the reputation of having it; for the vanity of being thought to possess what she desired was equal to the pleasure of the possession itself. But, either for the appearance or the reality, she knew it was absolutely necessary to have interest in her husband, as she was sensible that interest was the measure by which people would always judge of her power. Her every thought, word, and act therefore tended and was calculated to preserve her influence there; to him she sacrificed her time, for him she mortified her inclination; she looked, spake, and breathed but for him, like a weathercock to every capricious blast of his uncertain temper, and governed him—if such influence so gained can bear the name of government—by being as great a slave to him thus ruled as any other wife could be to a man who ruled her. For all the tedious hours she spent, then, in watching him whilst he slept, or the heavier task of entertaining him whilst he was awake, her single consolation was in reflecting she had power, and that people in coffee-houses and *ruelles* were saying she governed this country, without knowing how dear the government of it cost her.

### DAVID HUME.

Relying on the valuable collections of Carte; animated by a strong love of literary fame, which he avowed to be his ruling passion; desirous also of combating the popular prejudices in favour of Elizabeth and against the Stuarts; and master of a style singularly fascinating, simple, and graceful, the celebrated DAVID HUME left his philosophical studies to embark in historical composition. This eminent person was a native of Scotland, born of a good family, being the second son of Joseph Home—the historian first spelt the name Hume—laird of Ninewells, near Dunse, in Berwickshire. David was born in Edinburgh on the 26th of April 1711. After attending the university of Edinburgh, his friends were anxious that he should commence his study of the law, but a love of literature rendered him averse to this profession. An attempt was then made to establish him in business, and he was placed in a mercantile house in Bristol. This employment was found equally uncongenial, and Hume removed to France, where he passed three years in literary study and retirement, living with the utmost frugality and care on the small allowance made him by his family. He returned in 1737 to publish his first philosophical work, the *Treatise on Human Nature*, which appeared in January 1739, and which he acknowledges 'fell dead-born from the press.' A third part appeared in 1740; and in 1742 he produced two volumes, entitled *Essays, Moral and Philosophical*. Some of these miscellaneous productions are remarkable for research and discrimination, and for elegance of style. In 1745, he undertook the charge of the Marquis of Annandale, a young nobleman of deranged mind; and in this humiliating employment the philosopher continued about a twelvemonth. He next made an unsuccessful attempt to be appointed professor of moral philosophy in his native university, after which he fortunately obtained the situation of secretary to Lieutenant-general St Clair, who was first appointed to the command of an expedition against Canada, and afterwards ambassador to the courts of Vienna and Turin. In the latter, Hume enjoyed congenial and refined society. While at Turin he cast anew, as he says, the first part of his *Treatise on Human Nature*, and it was published in London under the title of an *Inquiry concerning Human Understanding*. In this work he promulgated the theory of association, which excited much admiration for its simplicity and beauty. In 1751 he produced his *Inquiry concerning the Principles of Morals*, which he considered as incomparably his best work; and in the following year, having removed to Edinburgh, he published there his *Political Discourses*, the only work of Hume's which was at first successful. At this time, with a view to the promotion of his studies, he assumed gratuitously the office of librarian to the Faculty of Advocates, and struck into the path of historical writing. In 1754 appeared the first volume of his *History of Great Britain*, containing the reigns of James I. and Charles I. It was assailed by the Whigs with unusual bitterness, and Hume was so disappointed, partly from the attacks on him, and partly because of the slow sale of the work, that he intended retiring to France, changing his name, and never more returning to his native country. The breaking out of the war with France prevented this step, but we suspect the complacency of Hume and his love of Scotland would otherwise have frustrated his intention. A second volume of the history was published, with more success, in 1757; a third and fourth in 1759; and the last two in 1762. The work became highly popular; edition followed edition; and by universal consent, Hume was placed at the head of English historians. In 1763 he accompanied the Earl of Hertford on his embassy to Paris, where he was received with marked distinction. In 1766 he returned to Scotland, but was induced next year to accept the situation of under-secretary of state, which he held for two years. With a revenue of £1000 a year—which he considered opulence—the historian retired to his native city, where he continued to reside, in habits of intimacy with his literary friends, till his death, on the 25th of August 1776. His easy good-humoured disposition, his literary fame, his extensive knowledge, and respectable rank in society, rendered his company always agreeable and interesting, even to those who were most decidedly opposed to the tone of scepticism which pervades all his writings. His opinions were never obtruded on his friends: he threw out dogmas for the learned, not food for the multitude.

The *History* of Hume is not a work of high authority, but it is one of the most easy, elegant, and interesting narratives in the language. He was constantly subjecting it to revision in point of style, but was content to take his authorities at second-hand. The striking parts of his subject are related with a picturesque and dramatic force; and his dissertations on the state of parties and the tendency of particular events, are remarkable for the philosophical tone in which they are conceived and written. He was too indolent to be exact; too indifferent to sympathise heartily with any political party; too sceptical on matters of religion to appreciate justly the full force of religious principles in directing the course of public events. An enemy to all turbulence and enthusiasm, he naturally leaned to the side of settled government, even when it was united to arbitrary power; and though he could 'shed a generous tear for the fate of Charles I. and the Earl of Strafford,' the struggles of his poor countrymen for conscience' sake against the tyranny of the Stuarts, excited with him no other feelings than those of ridicule or contempt. He could even forget the merits and exaggerate the faults of the accomplished and chivalrous Raleigh, to shelter the sordid injustice of a weak and contemptible sovereign. No hatred of oppression burns through his pages. The careless epicurean repose of the philosopher was not disturbed by any visions of liberty, or any ardent aspirations for the improvement of mankind. Yet Hume was not a slavish worshipper of power. In his personal character he was liberal and independent: 'he had early in life,' says Sir James Mackintosh, 'conceived an antipathy to the Calvinistic divines, and his temperament led him at all times to regard with disgust and derision that religious enthusiasm or bigotry with which the spirit of English freedom was, in his opinion, inseparably associated.' A love of paradox undoubtedly led to his formation of the theory that the English government was purely despotic and absolute before the accession of the Stuarts. A love of effect, no less than his constitutional indolence, may have betrayed the historian into inconsistencies, and prompted some of his exaggeration and high colouring relative to the unfortunate Charles I. his trial and execution. Thus, in one page we are informed that 'the height of all iniquity and fanatical extravagance yet remained—the public trial and execution of the sovereign.' Three pages further on, the historian remarks: 'The pomp, the dignity, the ceremony of this transaction, corresponded to the greatest conception that is suggested in the annals of humankind; the delegates of a great people sitting in judgment upon their supreme magistrate, and trying him for his misgovernment and breach of trust.' With similar inconsistency, he in one part admits, and in another denies, that Charles was insincere in dealing with his opponents. To illustrate his theory of the sudden elevation of Cromwell into importance, the historian states that about the meeting of parliament in 1640, the name of Oliver is not to be found oftener than twice upon any committee, whereas the journals of the House of Commons shew that, before the time specified, Cromwell was in forty-five committees, and twelve special messages to the Lords. Careless as to facts of this kind—hundreds of which errors have been pointed out—we must look at the general character of Hume's *History;* at its clear and admirable narrative; the philosophic composure and dignity of its style; the sagacity with which the views of conflicting sects and parties are estimated and developed; the large admissions which the author makes to his opponents; and the high importance he everywhere assigns to the cultivation of letters, and the interests of learning and literature. Judged by this elevated standard, the work of Hume must ever be regarded as an honour to British literature. It differs as widely from the previous annals and compilations as a finished portrait by Reynolds differs from the rude draughts of a country artist. The latter may be the more faithful external likeness, but is wanting in all that gives grace and sentiment, sweetness or loftiness, to the general composition.

Ample information as to the life and character and studies of Hume was given to the world in the *Life and Correspondence of David Hume,* two volumes, 1846, by John Hill Burton, advocate, author of the *History of Scotland.*

### *The Middle Ages—Progress of Freedom.*

Those who cast their eye on the general revolutions of society, will find that, as almost all improvements of the human mind had reached nearly to their state of perfection about the age of Augustus, there was a sensible decline from that point or period; and men thenceforth gradually relapsed into ignorance and barbarism. The unlimited extent of the Roman empire, and the consequent despotism of its monarchs, extinguished all emulation, debased the generous spirits of men, and depressed the noble flame by which all the refined arts must be cherished and enlivened. The military government which soon succeeded, rendered even the lives and properties of men insecure and precarious; and proved destructive to those vulgar and more necessary arts of agriculture, manufactures, and commerce; and in the end, to the military art and genius itself, by which alone the immense fabric of the empire could be supported. The irruption of the barbarous nations which soon followed, overwhelmed all human knowledge, which was already far in its decline; and men sunk every age deeper into ignorance, stupidity, and superstition; till the light of ancient science and history had very nearly suffered a total extinction in all the European nations.

But there is a point of depression as well as of exaltation, from which human affairs naturally return in a contrary direction, and beyond which they seldom pass, either in their advancement or decline. The period in which the people of Christendom were the lowest sunk in ignorance, and consequently in disorders of every kind, may justly be fixed at the eleventh century, about the age of William the Conqueror; and from that era the sun of science, beginning to reascend, threw out many gleams of light, which preceded the full morning when letters were revived in the fifteenth century. The Danes and other northern people who had so long infested all the coasts, and even the inland parts of Europe, by their depredations, having now learned the arts of tillage and agriculture, found a certain subsistence at home, and were no longer tempted to desert their industry in order to seek a precarious livelihood by rapine and by the plunder of their neighbours. The feudal governments also, among the more southern nations, were reduced to a kind of system; and though that strange species of civil polity was ill fitted to insure either liberty or tranquillity, it was preferable to the universal license and disorder which had everywhere preceded it.

It may appear strange that the progress of the arts, which seems, among the Greeks and Romans, to have daily increased the number of slaves, should in later times have proved so general a source of liberty; but this difference in the events proceeded from a great difference in the circumstances which attended those institutions. The ancient barons, obliged to maintain themselves continually in a military posture, and little emulous of eloquence or splendour, employed not their villeins as domestic servants, much less as manufacturers; but composed their retinue of freemen, whose military spirit rendered the chieftain formidable to his neighbours, and who were ready to attend him in every warlike enterprise. The villeins were entirely occupied in the cultivation of their master's land, and paid their rents either in corn and cattle, and other produce of the farm, or in servile offices, which they performed about the baron's family, and upon the farms which he retained in his own possession. In proportion as agriculture improved and money increased, it was found that these services, though extremely burdensome to the villein, were of little advantage to the master; and that the produce of a large estate could be much more conveniently disposed of by the peasants themselves who raised it, than by the landlord or his bailiff who were formerly accustomed to receive it. A commutation was therefore made of rents for services, and of money-rents for those in kind; and as men, in a subsequent age, discovered that farms were better cultivated where the farmer enjoyed a security in his possession, the practice of granting leases to the peasant began to prevail, which entirely broke the bonds of servitude, already much relaxed from the former practices. After this manner villenage went gradually into disuse throughout the more civilised parts of Europe: the interest of the master as well as that of the slave concurred in this alteration. The latest laws which we find in England for enforcing or regulating this species of servitude, were enacted in the reign of Henry VII. And though the ancient statutes on this head remain unrepealed by parliament, it appears that, before the end of Elizabeth, the distinction of villein and freeman was totally though insensibly abolished, and that no person remained in the state to whom the former laws could be applied.

Thus *personal* freedom became almost general in Europe; an advantage which paved the way for the increase of *political* or *civil* liberty, and which, even where it was not attended with this salutary effect, served to give the members of the community some of the most considerable advantages of it.

### *State of Parties at the Reformation in England.*

The friends of the Reformation asserted that nothing could be more absurd than to conceal, in an unknown tongue, the word of God itself, and thus to counteract the will of Heaven, which, for the purpose of universal salvation, had published that salutary doctrine to all nations; that if this practice were not very absurd, the artifice at least was very gross, and proved a consciousness that the glosses and traditions of the clergy stood in direct opposition to the original text dictated by Supreme intelligence; that it was now necessary for the people, so long abused by interested pretensions, to see with their own eyes, and to examine whether the claims of the ecclesiastics were founded on that charter which was on all hands acknowledged to be derived from Heaven; and that, as a spirit of research and curiosity was happily revived, and men were now obliged to make a choice among the contending doctrines of different sects, the proper materials for decision, and, above all, the Holy Scriptures, should be set before them; and the revealed will of God, which the change of language had somewhat obscured, be again by their means revealed to mankind.

The favourers of the ancient religion maintained, on the other hand, that the pretence of making the people see with their own eyes was a mere cheat, and was itself a very gross artifice, by which the new preachers hoped to obtain the guidance of them, and to seduce them from those pastors whom the laws of ancient establishments, whom Heaven itself, had appointed for their spiritual direction; that the people were, by their ignorance, their stupidity, their necessary avocations, totally unqualified to choose their own principles; and it was a mockery to set materials before them of which they could not possibly make any proper use; that even in the affairs of common life, and in their temporal concerns, which lay more within the compass of human reason, the laws had in a great measure deprived them of the right of private judgment, and had, happily for their own and the public interest, regulated their conduct and behaviour; that theological questions were placed far beyond the sphere of vulgar comprehension; and ecclesiastics themselves, though assisted by all the advantages of education, erudition, and an assiduous study of the science, could not be fully assured of a just decision, except by the promise made them in Scripture, that God would be ever present with his church, and that the gates of hell should not prevail against her; that the gross errors adopted by the wisest heathens prove how unfit men were to grope their own way through this profound darkness; nor would the Scriptures, if trusted to every man's judgment, be able to remedy, on the contrary, they would much augment those fatal illusions; that Sacred Writ itself was involved in so much obscurity, gave rise to so many difficulties, contained so many appearing contradictions, that it was the most dangerous weapon that could be intrusted into the hands of the ignorant and giddy multitude; that the poetical style in which a great part of it was composed, at the same time that it occasioned uncertainty in the sense by its multiplied tropes and figures, was sufficient to kindle the zeal of fanaticism, and thereby throw civil society into the most furious combustion; that a thousand sects must arise, which would pretend, each of them, to derive its tenets from the Scriptures; and would be able, by specious arguments, to seduce silly women and ignorant mechanics into a belief of the most monstrous principles; and that if ever this disorder, dangerous to the magistrate himself, received a remedy, it must be from the tacit acquiescence of the people in some new authority; and it was evidently better, without further contest or inquiry, to adhere peaceably to ancient, and therefore the more secure, establishments.

### *Character of Queen Elizabeth.*

The council being assembled, sent the keeper, admiral, and secretary to know her [the queen's] will with regard to her successor. She answered with a faint voice that as she had held a regal sceptre, she desired no other than a royal successor. Cecil requesting her to explain herself more particularly, she subjoined that she would have a king to succeed her; and who should that be but her nearest kinsman, the king of Scots? Being then advised by the archbishop of Canterbury to fix her thoughts upon God, she replied that she did so, nor did her mind in the least wander from Him. Her voice soon after left her; her senses failed; she fell into a lethargic slumber, which continued some hours, and she expired gently, without further struggle or convulsion (March 24, 1603), in the seventieth year of her age, and forty-fifth of her reign.

So dark a cloud overcast the evening of that day, which had shone out with a mighty lustre in the eyes of all Europe! There are few great personages in history who have been more exposed to the calumny of enemies and the adulation of friends than Queen Elizabeth; and yet there is scarcely any whose reputation has been more certainly determined by the unanimous consent of posterity. The unusual length of her administration, and the strong features of her character, were able to overcome all prejudices; and obliging her detractors to abate much of their invectives, and her admirers somewhat of their panegyrics, have at last, in spite of political factions, and what is more, of religious animosities, produced a uniform judgment with regard to her conduct. Her vigour, her constancy, her magnanimity, her penetration, vigilance, and address, are allowed to merit the highest praises, and appear not to have been surpassed by any person that ever filled a throne: a conduct less rigorous, less imperious, more sincere, more indulgent to her people, would have been requisite to form a perfect character. By the force of her mind she controlled all her more active and stronger qualities, and prevented them from running into excess: her heroism was exempt from temerity, her frugality from avarice, her friendship from partiality, her active temper from turbulency and a vain ambition: she guarded not herself with equal care or equal success from lesser infirmities—the rivalship of beauty, the desire of admiration, the jealousy of love, and the sallies of anger.

Her singular talents for government were founded equally on her temper and on her capacity. Endowed with a great command over herself, she soon obtained an uncontrolled ascendant over her people; and while she merited all their esteem by her real virtues, she also engaged their affections by her pretended ones. Few sovereigns of England succeeded to the throne in more difficult circumstances; and none ever conducted the government with such uniform success and felicity. Though unacquainted with the practice of toleration—the true secret for managing religious factions—she preserved her people, by her superior prudence, from those confusions in which theological controversy had involved all the neighbouring nations: and though her enemies were the most powerful princes of Europe, the most active, the most enterprising, the least scrupulous, she was able by her vigour to make deep impressions on their states; her own greatness meanwhile remained untouched and unimpaired.

The wise ministers and brave warriors who flourished under her reign, share the praise of her success; but instead of lessening the applause due to her, they make great addition to it. They owed, all of them, their advancement to her choice; they were supported by her constancy, and with all their abilities they were never able to acquire any undue ascendant over her. In her family, in her court, in her kingdom, she remained equally mistress: the force of the tender passions was great over her, but the force of her mind was still superior; and the combat which her victory visibly cost her, serves only to display the firmness of her resolution, and the loftiness of her ambitious sentiments.

The fame of this princess, though it has surmounted the prejudices both of faction and bigotry, yet lies still exposed to another prejudice, which is more durable because more natural, and which, according to the different views in which we survey her, is capable either of exalting beyond measure or diminishing the lustre of her character. This prejudice is founded on the consideration of her sex. When we contemplate her as a woman, we are apt to be struck with the highest admiration of her great qualities and extensive capacity; but we are also apt to require some more softness of disposition, some greater lenity of temper, some of those amiable weaknesses by which her sex is distinguished. But the true method of estimating her merit is to lay aside all these considerations, and consider her merely as a rational being placed in authority, and intrusted with the government of mankind. We may find it difficult to reconcile our fancy to her as a wife or a mistress; but her qualities as a sovereign, though with some considerable exceptions, are the object of undisputed applause and approbation.

## DR WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

DR WILLIAM ROBERTSON was born at Borthwick, county of Edinburgh, September 19, 1721. His father was a clergyman, minister of Borthwick, and afterwards of the Greyfriars Church, Edinburgh: the son was also educated for the church. In 1743 he was appointed minister of Gladsmuir, in Haddingtonshire, whence he removed, in 1758, to be incumbent of Lady Yester's parish in Edinburgh. He had distinguished himself by his talents in the General Assembly; but it was not till 1759 that he became known as a historian. In that year he published his *History of Scotland during the Reigns of Queen Mary and of King James VI. till his Accession to the Crown of England*, for the copyright of which he received £600. No first work was ever more successful. The author was congratulated by all who were illustrious for their rank or talents. He was appointed chaplain of Stirling Castle; in two years afterwards, he was nominated one of his majesty's chaplains in ordinary for Scotland; and he was successively made principal of the university of Edinburgh, and historiographer for Scotland, with a salary of £200 per annum. Stimulated by such success, as well as by a love of composition, Dr Robertson continued his studies, and in 1769 he produced his *History of the Reign of Charles V.* in three volumes, quarto, for which he received from the booksellers the princely sum of £4500. It was equally well received with his former work. In 1777 he published his *History of America*, and in 1791 his *Historical Disquisition on Ancient India*, a slight work, to which he had been led by Major Rennel's *Memoirs of a Map of Hindostan*. For many years Dr Robertson was leader of the moderate party in the Church of Scotland, in which capacity he is said to have evinced in the General Assembly a readiness and eloquence in debate which his friend Gibbon might have envied in the House of Commons. After a gradual decay of his powers, this accomplished historian died on the 11th of June 1793, in the seventy-second year of his age.

The *History of Scotland* possesses the interest and something of the character of a memoir of Mary, Queen of Scots. This unfortunate princess forms the attraction of the work; and though Robertson is not among the number of her indiscriminate admirers and apologists, he labours—with more of the art of the writer to produce a romantic and interesting narrative, than with the zeal of the philosopher to establish truth—to awaken the sympathies of the reader strongly in her behalf. The luminous historical views and retrospects in which this historian excels, were indicated in his introductory chapter on Scottish history, prior to the birth of Mary. Though a brief and rapid summary, this chapter is finely written, and is remarkable equally for elegance and perspicuity. The style of Robertson seems to have surprised his contemporaries; and Horace Walpole, in a letter to the author, expresses the feeling with his usual point and vivacity. 'Before I read your *History*, I should probably have been glad to dictate to you, and (I will venture to say it—it satirises nobody but myself) should have thought I did honour to an obscure Scotch clergyman by directing his studies by my superior lights and abilities. How you have saved me, sir, from making a ridiculous figure, by making so great a one yourself! But could I suspect that a man I believe much younger, and whose dialect I scarce understood, and who came to me with all the diffidence and modesty of a very middling author, and who I was told had passed his life in a small living near Edinburgh—could I then suspect that he had not only written what all the world now allows the best modern history, but that he had written it in the purest English, and with as much seeming knowledge of men and courts as if he had passed all his life in important embassies?' This is delicate though somewhat overstrained flattery. Two of the quarto volumes of Hume's *History* had then been published, and his inimitable essays were also before the world, shewing that in mere style a Scotchman could carry off the palm for ease and elegance. Robertson is more uniform and measured than Hume. He has few salient points, and no careless beauties. His style is a full and equable stream, that rolls everywhere the same, without lapsing into irregularity, or overflowing its prescribed course. It wants spirit and variety. Of grandeur or dignity there is no deficiency; and when the subject awakens a train of lofty or philosophical ideas, the manner of the historian is in fine accordance with his matter. When he sums up the character of a sovereign, or traces the progress of society and the influence of laws and government, we recognise the mind and language of a master in historical composition. The artificial graces of his style are also finely displayed in scenes of tenderness and pathos, or in picturesque description. His account of the beauty and sufferings of Mary, or of the voyage of Columbus, when the first glimpses of the new world broke upon the adventurers, possesses almost enough of imagination to rank it with poetry. The whole of the *History of America* is indeed full of the strongest interest. The discovery of so vast a portion of the globe, the luxuriance of its soil, the primitive manners of its natives, the pomp, magnificence, and cruelty of its conquerors, all form a series of historical pictures and images that powerfully affect the mind. No history of America can ever supplant the work of Robertson, for his materials are so well arranged, his information so varied, his philosophical reflections so just and striking, and his narrative so graceful, that nothing could be added but mere details destitute of any great interest. His *History of the Reign of Charles V.* wants this natural romance, but the knowledge displayed by the historian, and the enlarged and liberal spirit of his philosophical inquiries, are scarcely less worthy of commendation. The first volume, which describes the state of Europe previous to the sixteenth century, contains the result of much study and research, expressed in language often eloquent, and generally pleasing and harmonious. If the 'pomp and strut' which Cowper the poet imputes to Robertson be sometimes apparent in the orderly succession of well-balanced and equally flowing periods, it must be acknowledged that there is also much real dignity and power, springing from the true elevation of intellectual and moral character.

### *Character of Mary, Queen of Scots.*

To all the charms of beauty and the utmost elegance of external form, she added those accomplishments which render their impression irresistible. Polite, affable, insinuating, sprightly, and capable of speaking and of writing with equal ease and dignity. Sudden, however, and violent in all her attachments, because her heart was warm and unsuspicious. Impatient of contradiction, because she had been accustomed from her infancy to be treated as a queen. No stranger, on some occasions, to dissimulation, which, in that perfidious court where she received her education, was reckoned among the necessary arts of government. Not insensible of flattery, or unconscious of that pleasure with which almost every woman beholds the influence of her own beauty. Formed with the qualities which we love, not with the talents that we admire, she was an agreeable woman rather than an illustrious queen. The vivacity of her spirit, not sufficiently tempered with sound judgment, and the warmth of her heart, which was not at all times under the restraint of discretion, betrayed her both into errors and into crimes. To say that she was always unfortunate will not account for that long and almost uninterrupted succession of calamities which befell her: we must likewise add that she was often imprudent. Her passion for Darnley was rash, youthful, and excessive. And though the sudden transition to the opposite extreme was the natural effect of her ill-requited love, and of his ingratitude, insolence, and brutality, yet neither these nor Bothwell's artful address and important services can justify her attachment to that nobleman. Even the manners of the age, licentious as they were, are no apology for this unhappy passion; nor can they induce us to look on that tragical and infamous scene which followed upon it with less abhorrence. Humanity will draw a veil over this part of her character which it cannot approve, and may, perhaps, prompt some to impute her actions to her situation more than to her dispositions, and to lament the unhappiness of the former rather than accuse the perverseness of the latter. Mary's sufferings exceed, both in degree and in duration, those tragical distresses which fancy has feigned to excite sorrow and commiseration: and while we survey them, we are apt altogether to forget her frailties; we think of her faults with less indignation, and approve of our tears as if they were shed for a person who had attained much nearer to pure virtue.

With regard to the queen's person, a circumstance not to be omitted in writing the history of a female reign, all contemporary authors agree in ascribing to Mary the utmost beauty of countenance and elegance of shape of which the human form is capable. Her hair was black, though, according to the fashion of that age she frequently wore borrowed locks, and of different colours. Her eyes were a dark gray, her complexion was exquisitely fine, and her hands and arms remarkably delicate, both as to shape and colour. Her stature was of a height that rose to the majestic. She danced, she walked, and rode with equal grace. Her taste for music was just, and she both sung and played upon the lute with uncommon skill. Towards the end of her life she began to grow fat, and her long confinement, and the coldness of the houses in which she had been imprisoned, brought on a rheumatism, which deprived her of the use of her limbs. 'No man,' says Brantome, 'ever beheld her person without admiration and love, or will read her history without sorrow.'

### *Martin Luther.—From the 'History of Charles V.'*

While appearances of danger daily increased, and the tempest which had been so long a-gathering was ready to break forth in all its violence against the Protestant church, Luther was saved, by a seasonable death, from feeling or beholding its destructive rage. Having gone, though in a declining state of health, and during a rigorous season, to his native city of Eysleben, in order to compose, by his authority, a dissension among the counts of Mansfield, he was seized with a violent inflammation in his stomach, which in a few days put an end to his life, in the sixty-third year of his age. As he was raised up by Providence to be the author of one of the greatest and most interesting revolutions recorded in history, there is not any person, perhaps, whose character has been drawn with such opposite colours. In his own age, one party, struck with horror and inflamed with rage, when they saw with what a daring hand he overturned everything which they held to be sacred, or valued as beneficial, imputed to him not only all the defects and vices of a man, but the qualities of a demon. The other, warmed with the admiration and gratitude which they thought he merited as the restorer of light and liberty to the Christian Church, ascribed to him perfections above the condition of humanity, and viewed all his actions with a veneration bordering on that which should be paid only to those who are guided by the immediate inspiration of Heaven. It is his own conduct, not the undistinguishing censure or the exaggerated praise of his contemporaries, that ought to regulate the opinions of the present age concerning him. Zeal for what he regarded as truth, undaunted intrepidity to maintain his own system, abilities, both natural and acquired, to defend his principles, and unwearied industry in propagating them, are virtues which shine so conspicuously in every part of his behaviour, that even his enemies must allow him to have possessed them in an eminent degree. To these may be added, with equal justice, such purity and even austerity of manners as became one who assumed the character of a reformer; such sanctity of life as suited the doctrine which he delivered; and such perfect disinterestedness as affords no slight presumption of his sincerity. Superior to all selfish considerations, a stranger to the elegancies of life, and despising its pleasures, he left the honours and emoluments of the church to his disciples, remaining satisfied himself in his original state of professor in the university, and pastor of the town of Wittemberg, with the moderate appointments annexed to these offices. His extraordinary qualities were alloyed with no inconsiderable mixture of human frailty and human passions. These, however, were of such a nature, that they cannot be imputed to malevolence or corruption of heart, but seem to have taken their rise from the same source with many of his virtues. His mind, forcible and vehement in all its operations, roused by great objects, or agitated by violent passions, broke out, on many occasions, with an impetuosity which astonishes men of feebler spirits, or such as are placed in a more tranquil situation. By carrying some praiseworthy dispositions to excess, he bordered sometimes on what was culpable, and was often betrayed into actions which exposed him to censure. His confidence that his own opinions were well founded, approached to arrogance; his courage in asserting them, to rashness; his firmness in adhering to them, to obstinacy; and his zeal in confuting his adversaries, to rage and scurrility. Accustomed himself to consider everything as subordinate to truth, he expected the same deference for it from other men; and without making any allowances for their timidity or prejudices, he poured forth against such as disappointed him, in this particular, a torrent of invective mingled with contempt. Regardless of any distinction of rank or character when his doctrines were attacked, he chastised all his adversaries indiscriminately with the same rough hand; neither the royal dignity of Henry VIII. nor the eminent learning and abilities of Erasmus, screened them from the same gross abuse with which he treated Tetzel or Eccius.

But these indecencies, of which Luther was guilty, must not be imputed wholly to the violence of his temper. They ought to be charged in part on the manners of the age. Among a rude people, unacquainted with those maxims which, by putting continual restraint on the passions of individuals, have polished society and rendered it agreeable, disputes of every kind were managed with heat, and strong emotions were uttered in their natural language without reserve or delicacy. At the same time, the works of learned men were all composed in Latin, and they were not only authorised, by the example of eminent writers in that language, to use their antagonists with the most illiberal scurrility; but in a dead tongue, indecencies of every kind appear less shocking than in a living language, whose idioms and phrases seem gross because they are familiar.

In passing judgment upon the characters of men, we ought to try them by the principles and maxims of their own age, not by those of another; for although virtue and vice are at all times the same, manners and customs vary continually. Some parts of Luther's behaviour, which appear to us most culpable, gave no disgust to his contemporaries. It was even by some of those qualities, which we are now apt to blame, that he was fitted for accomplishing the great work which he undertook. To rouse mankind, when sunk in ignorance or superstition, and to encounter the rage of bigotry armed with power, required the utmost vehemence of zeal, as well as a temper daring to excess. A gentle call would neither have reached nor have excited those to whom it was addressed. A spirit more amiable, but less vigorous than Luther's would have shrunk back from the dangers which he braved and surmounted.

### *Discovery of America.*

Next morning, being Friday, the third day of August, in the year 1492, Columbus set sail, a little before sunrise, in presence of a vast crowd of spectators, who sent up their supplications to Heaven for the prosperous issue of the voyage, which they wished rather than expected. Columbus steered directly for the Canary Islands, and arrived there without any occurrence that would have deserved notice on any other occasion. But in a voyage of such expectation and importance, every circumstance was the object of attention. . . .

Upon the 1st of October they were, according to the admiral's reckoning, seven hundred and seventy leagues to the west of the Canaries; but, lest his men should be intimidated by the prodigious length of the navigation, he gave out that they had proceeded only five hundred and eighty-four leagues; and, fortunately for Columbus, neither his own pilot nor those of the other ships had skill sufficient to correct this error and discover the deceit. They had now been above three weeks at sea; they had proceeded far beyond what former navigators had attempted or deemed possible; all their prognostics of discovery, drawn from the flight of birds and other circumstances, had proved fallacious; the appearances of land, with which their own credulity or the artifice of their commander had from time to time flattered and amused them, had been altogether illusive, and their prospect of success seemed now to be as distant as ever. These reflections occurred often to men who had no other object or occupation than to reason and discourse concerning the intention and circumstances of their expedition. They made impression at first upon the ignorant and timid, and extending by degrees to such as were better informed or more resolute, the contagion spread at length from ship to ship. From secret whispers or murmurings they proceeded to open cabals and public complaints. They taxed their sovereign with inconsiderate credulity, in paying such regard to the vain promises and rash conjectures of an indigent foreigner, as to hazard the lives of so many of her own subjects in prosecuting a chimerical scheme. They affirmed that they had fully performed their duty by venturing so far in an unknown and hopeless course, and could incur no blame for refusing to follow any longer a desperate adventurer to certain destruction. . . .

Columbus was fully sensible of his perilous situation. He had observed, with great uneasiness, the fatal operation of ignorance and of fear in producing disaffection among his crew, and saw that it was now ready to burst out into open mutiny. He retained, however, perfect presence of mind. He affected to seem ignorant of their machinations. Notwithstanding the agitation and solicitude of his own mind, he appeared with a cheerful countenance, like a man satisfied with the progress he had made, and confident of success. Sometimes he employed all the arts of insinuation to soothe his men. Sometimes he endeavoured to work upon their ambition or avarice by magnificent descriptions of the fame and wealth which they were about to acquire. On other occasions he assumed a tone of authority, and threatened them with vengeance from their sovereign if, by their dastardly behaviour, they should defeat this noble effort to promote the glory of God, and to exalt the Spanish name above that of every other nation. Even with seditious sailors, the words of a man whom they had been accustomed to reverence, were weighty and persuasive, and not only restrained them from those violent excesses which they meditated, but prevailed with them to accompany their admiral for some time longer.

As they proceeded, the indications of approaching land seemed to be more certain, and excited hope in proportion. The birds began to appear in flocks, making towards the south-west. Columbus, in imitation of the Portuguese navigators, who had been guided in several of their discoveries by the motion of birds, altered his course from due west towards that quarter whither they pointed their flight. But, after holding on for several days in this new direction, without any better success than formerly, having seen no object during thirty days but the sea and the sky, the hopes of his companions subsided faster than they had risen; their fears revived with additional force; impatience, rage, and despair appeared in every countenance. All sense of subordination was lost. The officers, who had hitherto concurred with Columbus in opinion, and supported his authority, now took part with the private men; they assembled tumultuously on the deck, expostulated with their commander, mingled threats with their expostulations, and required him instantly to tack about and return to Europe. Columbus perceived that it would be of no avail to have recourse to any of his former arts, which, having been tried so often, had lost their effect; and that it was impossible to rekindle any zeal for the success of the expedition among men in whose breasts fear had extinguished every generous sentiment. He saw that it was no less vain to think of employing either gentle or severe measures to quell a mutiny so general and so violent. It was necessary, on all these accounts, to soothe passions which he could no longer command, and to give way to a torrent too impetuous to be checked. He promised solemnly to his men that he would comply with their request, provided they would accompany him and obey his command for three days longer, and if, during that time, land were not discovered, he would then abandon the enterprise, and direct his course towards Spain.

Enraged as the sailors were, and impatient to turn their faces again towards their native country, this proposition did not appear to them unreasonable; nor did Columbus hazard much in confining himself to a term so short. The presages of discovering land were now so numerous and promising that he deemed them infallible. For some days the sounding-line reached the bottom, and the soil which it brought up indicated land to be at no great distance. The flocks of birds increased, and were composed not only of sea-fowl, but of such land-birds as could not be supposed to fly far from the shore. The crew of the *Pinta* observed a cane floating, which seemed to have been newly cut, and likewise a piece of timber artificially carved. The sailors aboard the *Nigna* took up the branch of a tree with red berries perfectly fresh. The clouds around the setting sun assumed a new appearance; the air was more mild and warm, and during night the wind became unequal and variable. From all these symptoms, Columbus was so confident of being near land, that on the evening of the eleventh of October, after public prayers for success, he ordered the sails to be furled, and the ships to lie to, keeping strict watch lest they should be driven ashore in the night. During this interval of suspense and expectation, no man shut his eyes, all kept upon deck, gazing intently towards that quarter where they expected to discover the land, which had so long been the object of their wishes.

About two hours before midnight, Columbus, standing on the forecastle, observed a light at a distance, and privately pointed it out to Pedro Guttierez, a page of the queen's wardrobe. Guttierez perceived it, and calling to Salcedo, comptroller of the fleet, all three saw it in motion, as if it were carried from place to place. A little after midnight, the joyful sound of 'Land! Land!' was heard from the *Pinta*, which kept always ahead of the other ships. But having been so often deceived by fallacious appearances, every man was now become slow of belief, and waited in all the anguish of uncertainty and impatience for the return of day. As soon as morning dawned, all doubts and fears were dispelled. From every ship an island was seen about two leagues to the north, whose flat and verdant fields, well stored with wood, and watered with many rivulets, presented the aspect of a delightful country. The crew of the *Pinta* instantly began the *Te Deum*, as a hymn of thanksgiving to God, and were joined by those of the other ships with tears of joy and transports of congratulation. This office of gratitude to Heaven was followed by an act of justice to their commander. They threw themselves at the feet of Columbus, with feelings of self-condemnation, mingled with reverence. They implored him to pardon their ignorance, incredulity, and insolence, which had created him so much unnecessary disquiet, and had so often obstructed the prosecution of his well-concerted plan; and passing, in the warmth of their admiration, from one extreme to another, they now pronounced the man whom they had so lately reviled and threatened, to be a person inspired by Heaven with sagacity and fortitude more than human, in order to accomplish a design so far beyond the ideas and conception of all former ages.

As soon as the sun arose, all their boats were manned and armed. They rowed towards the island with their colours displayed, with warlike music, and other martial pomp. As they approached the coast, they saw it covered with a multitude of people, whom the novelty of the spectacle had drawn together, whose attitudes and gestures expressed wonder and astonishment at the strange objects which presented themselves to their view. Columbus was the first European who set foot on the new world which he had discovered. He landed in a rich dress, and with a naked sword in his hand. His men followed, and, kneeling down, they all kissed the ground which they had so long desired to see. They next erected a crucifix, and prostrating themselves before it, returned thanks to God for conducting their voyage to such a happy issue. They then took solemn possession of the country for the crown of Castile and Leon, with all the formalities which the Portuguese were accustomed to observe in acts of this kind in their new discoveries.

The Spaniards, while thus employed, were surrounded by many of the natives, who gazed in silent admiration upon actions which they could not comprehend, and of which they did not foresee the consequences. The dress of the Spaniards, the whiteness of their skins, their beards, their arms, appeared strange and surprising. The vast machines in which they had traversed the ocean, that seemed to move upon the waters with wings, and uttered a dreadful sound resembling thunder, accompanied with lightning and smoke, struck them with such terror that they began to respect their new guests as a superior order of beings, and concluded that they were children of the sun, who had descended to visit the earth.

The Europeans were hardly less amazed at the scene now before them. Every herb and shrub and tree was different from those which flourished in Europe. The soil seemed to be rich, but bore few marks of cultivation. The climate, even to the Spaniards, felt warm, though extremely delightful. The inhabitants appeared in the simple innocence of nature, entirely naked. Their black hair, long and uncurled, floated upon their shoulders, or was bound in tresses on their heads. They had no beards, and every part of their bodies was perfectly smooth. Their complexion was of a dusky copper colour, their features singular rather than disagreeable, their aspect gentle and timid. Though not tall, they were well shaped and active. Their faces, and several parts of their bodies, were fantastically painted with glaring colours. They were shy at first through fear, but soon became familiar with the Spaniards, and with transports of joy received from them hawk-bells, glass beads, or other baubles; in return for which they gave such provisions as they had, and some cotton yarn, the only commodity of value which they could produce. Towards evening, Columbus returned to his ship, accompanied by many of the islanders in their boats, which they called canoes, and though rudely formed out of the trunk of a single tree, they rowed them with surprising dexterity. Thus, in the first interview between the inhabitants of the old and new worlds, everything was conducted amicably and to their mutual satisfaction. The former, enlightened and ambitious, formed already vast ideas with respect to the advantages which they might derive from the regions that began to open to their view. The latter, simple and undiscerning, had no foresight of the calamities and desolation which were approaching their country!

### *Chivalry.*

The feudal state was a state of almost perpetual war, rapine, and anarchy; during which the weak and unarmed were exposed to insults or injuries. The power of the sovereign was too limited to prevent these wrongs, and the administration of justice too feeble to redress them. The most effectual protection against violence and oppression was often found to be that which the valour and generosity of private persons afforded. The same spirit of enterprise which had prompted so many gentlemen to take arms in defence of the oppressed pilgrims in Palestine, incited others to declare themselves the patrons and avengers of injured innocence at home. When the final reduction of the Holy Land, under the dominion of infidels, put an end to these foreign expeditions, the latter was the only employment left for the activity and courage of adventurers. To check the insolence of overgrown oppressors; to rescue the helpless from captivity; to protect or to avenge women, orphans, and ecclesiastics, who could not bear arms in their own defence; to redress wrongs and remove grievances; were deemed acts of the highest prowess and merit. Valour, humanity, courtesy, justice, honour, were the characteristic qualities of chivalry. To these were added religion, which mingled itself with every passion and institution during the middle ages, and by infusing a large proportion of enthusiastic zeal, gave them such force as carried them to romantic excess. Men were trained to knighthood by a long previous discipline; they were admitted into the order by solemnities no less devout than pompous; every person of noble birth courted that honour; it was deemed a distinction superior to royalty; and monarchs were proud to receive it from the hands of private gentlemen.

This singular institution, in which valour, gallantry, and religion were so strangely blended, was wonderfully adapted to the taste and genius of martial nobles; and its effects were soon visible in their manners. War was carried on with less ferocity when humanity came to be deemed the ornament of knighthood no less than courage. More gentle and polished manners were introduced when courtesy was recommended as the most amiable of knightly virtues. Violence and oppression decreased when it was reckoned meritorious to check and to punish them. A scrupulous adherence to truth, with the most religious attention to fulfil every engagement, became the distinguishing characteristic of a gentleman, because chivalry was regarded as the school of honour, and inculcated the most delicate sensibility with respect to those points. The admiration of these qualities, together with the high distinctions and prerogatives conferred on knighthood in every part of Europe, inspired persons of noble birth on some occasions with a species of military fanaticism, and led them to extravagant enterprises. But they deeply imprinted on their minds the principles of generosity and honour. These were strengthened by everything that can affect the senses or touch the heart. The wild exploits of those romantic knights who sallied forth in quest of adventures are well known, and have been treated with proper ridicule. The political and permanent effects of the spirit of chivalry have been less observed. Perhaps the humanity which accompanies all the operations of war, the refinements of gallantry, and the point of honour—the three chief circumstances which distinguish modern from ancient manners—may be ascribed in a great measure to this institution, which has appeared whimsical to superficial observers, but by its effects has proved of great benefit to mankind. The sentiments which chivalry inspired had a wonderful influence on manners and conduct during the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries. They were so deeply rooted, that they continued to operate after the vigour and reputation of the institution itself began to decline.

### *Characters of Francis I. and the Emperor Charles V.*

During twenty-eight years, an avowed rivalship subsisted between Francis I. and the Emperor Charles V. which involved not only their own dominions, but the greatest part of Europe, in wars which were prosecuted with more violent animosity, and drawn out to a greater length, than had been known in any former period. Many circumstances contributed to this. Their animosity was founded in opposition of interest, heightened by personal emulation, and exasperated, not only by mutual injuries, but by reciprocal insults. At the same time, whatever advantage one seemed to possess towards gaining the ascendant, was wonderfully balanced by some favourable circumstance peculiar to the other.

The emperor's dominions were of greater extent; the French king's lay more compact. Francis governed his kingdom with absolute power; that of Charles was limited, but he supplied the want of authority by address. The troops of the former were more impetuous and enterprising; those of the latter better disciplined, and more patient of fatigue. The talents and abilities of the two monarchs were as different as the advantages which they possessed, and contributed no less to prolong the contest between them. Francis took his resolutions suddenly, prosecuted them at first with warmth, and pushed them into execution with a most adventurous courage; but being destitute of the perseverance necessary to surmount difficulties, he often abandoned his designs, or relaxed the vigour of pursuit from impatience, and sometimes from levity. Charles deliberated long, and determined with coolness; but having once fixed his plan, he adhered to it with inflexible obstinacy, and neither danger nor discouragement could turn him aside from the execution of it. The success of their enterprises was suitable to the diversity of their characters, and was uniformly influenced by it. Francis, by his impetuous activity, often disconcerted the emperor's best-laid schemes; Charles, by a more calm but steady prosecution of his designs, checked the rapidity of his rival's career, and baffled or repulsed his most vigorous efforts. The former, at the opening of a war or of a campaign, broke in upon the enemy with the violence of a torrent, and carried all before him; the latter, waiting until he saw the force of his rival beginning to abate, recovered in the end not only all that he had lost, but made new acquisitions. Few of the French monarch's attempts towards conquest, whatever promising aspect they might wear at first, were conducted to a happy issue; many of the emperor's enterprises, even after they appeared desperate and impracticable, terminated in the most prosperous manner.

### SMOLLETT, TYTLER, LYTTELTON, &c.

In 1758, Dr Smollett published, in four volumes quarto, his *Complete History of England, deduced from the Descent of Julius Cæsar to the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle*, 1748. In extent and completeness of design, this history approaches nearest to the works of the historical masters; but its execution is unequal, and it abounds in errors and inconsistencies. It was rapidly composed; and though Smollett was too fluent and practised a writer to fail in narrative—his account of the rebellion in 1745-6, and his observations on the act for the relief of debtors in 1759, are excellent specimens of his best style and his benevolence of character—he could not, without adequate study and preparation, succeed in so important an undertaking. Smollett afterwards continued his work to the year 1765. The portion from the Revolution of 1688 to the death of George II. is usually printed as a continuation to Hume.

The views which Dr Robertson had taken of the reign and character of Mary, Queen of Scots, were combated by William Tytler of Woodhouselee (1711-1792), who, in 1759, published an *Inquiry, Historical and Critical, into the Evidence against Mary, Queen of Scots, and an Examination of the Histories of Dr Robertson and Mr Hume with respect to that Evidence.* The work of Mr Tytler is acute and learned; it procured for the author the approbation and esteem of the most eminent men of his times; but, judged by the higher standards which now exist, it must be pronounced to be partial and inconclusive. Lord Lyttelton wrote a *History of the Reign of Henry II.* on which he had bestowed years of study; it is a valuable repertory of facts, but a dry and uninteresting composition. The first three volumes were published in 1764, and the conclusion in 1771. Of a similar character are the *Historical Memoirs and Lives*—Queen Elizabeth, Raleigh, Henry, Prince of Wales, &c.—written by Dr Thomas Birch, of the Royal Society. These works drew attention to the materials that existed for a history of domestic manners, always more interesting than state diplomacy or wars;[*] and Dr Robert Henry (1718-1790) entered upon a *History of Great Britain*, in which particular attention was to be given to this department. The first volume was published in 1771, and four other at intervals between that time and 1785. This work realised to its author the large sum of £3300, and was rewarded with a pension from the crown of £100 per annum. Henry's work does not come further down than the reign of Henry VIII. In our own days, the plan of a history with copious information as to manners, arts, and improvements, has been admirably realised in the *Pictorial History of England*, published by Mr Charles Knight. Of Dr Henry, we may add that he was a native of St Ninians, in Stirlingshire, and one of the ministers of Edinburgh.

Dr Gilbert Stuart (1742-1786), a native of Edinburgh, wrote various historical works, a *History of Scotland*, a *Dissertation on the British Constitution*, a *History of the Reformation*, &c. His style is florid and high sounding, not wanting in elegance, but disfigured by affectation, and still more by the violent prejudices of its vindictive and unprincipled author.

About the year 1760, the London booksellers completed a compilation which had, for a long period, employed several professional authors—a *Universal History*, a large and valuable work, seven volumes being devoted to ancient, and sixteen to modern history. The writers were Archibald Bower (1686-1766), a native of Dundee, who was educated at the Jesuits' College of St Omer, but afterwards fled to England and embraced the Protestant faith: he was author of a *History of the Popes*.—Dr John Campbell (1709-1775), a son of Campbell of Glenlyon in Perthshire, wrote the *Military History of the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene*, *Lives of the Admirals*, a considerable portion of the *Biographia Britannica*, a *History of Europe*, a *Political Survey of Britain*, &c. Campbell was a candid and intelligent man, acquainted with Dr Johnson and most of the eminent men of his day.—William Guthrie (1708-1770), a native of Brechin, was an indefatigable writer, author of a *History of England*, a *History of Scotland*, a *Geographical Grammar*, &c.—George Sale (1680-1736) translated the Koran; and was one of the founders of a society for the encouragement of learning.—George Psalmanazar (1679-1763), a native of France, deceived the world for some time by pretending to be a native of the island of Formosa, to support which he invented an alphabet and grammar. He afterwards became a hack author, was sincerely penitent, and was reverenced by Johnson for his piety. When the *Universal History* was completed, Goldsmith wrote a preface to it, for which he received three guineas!

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[*] For at least part of our history, a mass of facts relating to events and individuals had been accumulated in the *Political State of Great Britain*, a monthly publication from 1711 to 1740, or in sixty volumes; and in the *Historical Register*, 1714-1738. The former miscellany was begun by Abel Boyer (1666-1729), a French refugee, with a German appetite for work. Besides his *Political State*, Boyer compiled histories of Queen Anne and William III. and was author of a French and English dictionary, long popular.

*Histories of Ireland*, evincing antiquarian research, were published, the first in 1763-7 by Dr Warner, and another in 1773 by Dr Leland, the translator of our best English version of Demosthenes. A review of Celtic and Roman antiquities was in 1771-5 presented by John Whittaker, grafted upon his *History of Manchester;* and the same author afterwards wrote a violent and prejudiced *Vindication of Mary, Queen of Scots.* The *Biographical History of England* by Granger, and Orme's *History of the British Transactions in Hindostan*, which appeared at this time, are also valuable works. In 1775, Macpherson, translator of Ossian, published a *History of Great Britain from the Restoration to the Accession of the House of Hanover*, accompanied by original papers. The object of Macpherson was to support the Tory party, and to detract from the purity and patriotism of those who had planned and effected the Revolution of 1688. The secret history brought to light by his original papers—though Macpherson is charged with having tampered with them and falsified history—disclosed a degree of selfishness and intrigue for which the public were not prepared. In this task, the historian—if Macpherson be entitled to the venerable name—had the use of Carte's collections, for which he paid £200, and he received no less than £3000 for the copyright of his work. *The Annals of Scotland*, from Malcolm III. to Robert I. were published in 1776 by Sir David Dalrymple, Lord Hailes. In 1779 the same author produced a continuation to the accession of the House of Stuart. These works were invaluable at the time, and have since formed an excellent quarry for the historian. Lord Hailes was born in Edinburgh in 1726, the son of Sir James Dalrymple of Hailes, Bart. He distinguished himself at the Scottish bar, and was appointed one of the judges of the Court of Session in 1766. He was the author of various legal and antiquarian treatises: of the *Remains of Christian Antiquity*, containing translations from the fathers, &c.; and of an inquiry into the secondary causes assigned by Gibbon the historian for the rapid growth of Christianity. Lord Hailes was a man of great erudition, an able lawyer, and upright judge. He died in 1792. In 1776, Robert Watson (1730-1780), professor of rhetoric, and afterwards principal of one of the colleges of St Andrews, wrote a *History of Philip II. of Spain* as a continuation to Robertson, and left unfinished a *History of Philip III.* which was completed by Dr William Thomson, and published in 1783. In 1779, the first two volumes of a *History of Modern Europe*, by Dr William Russell (1741-1793), were published with distinguished success, and three others were added in 1784, bringing down the history to the year 1763. Continuations to this valuable compendium have been made by Dr Coote and others, and it continues to be a standard work. Russell was a native of Selkirkshire, and fought his way to learning and distinction in the midst of considerable difficulties. The vast number of historical works published about this time shews how eagerly this noble branch of study was cultivated and appreciated by authors and the public. No department of literary labour seems then to have been so lucrative, or so sure of leading to distinction. But our greatest name yet remains behind.

## EDWARD GIBBON.

The historian of the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* was, by birth, education, and manners, distinctively an English gentleman. He was born at Putney, in Surrey, April 27, 1737. His father was of an ancient family settled at Beriton, near Petersfield, Hampshire. Of delicate health, young Edward Gibbon was privately educated, and at the age of fifteen he was placed at Magdalen College, Oxford. He was almost from infancy a close student, but his indiscriminate appetite for books 'subsided by degrees in the historic line.' He arrived at Oxford, he says, with a stock of erudition that might have puzzled a doctor, and a degree of ignorance of which a school-boy would have been ashamed. He spent fourteen months at college idly and unprofitably, as he himself states: and, studying the works of Bossuet and Parsons the Jesuit, he became a convert to the Roman Catholic religion. He went to London, and at the feet of a priest, on the 8th of June 1753, he 'solemnly, though privately, abjured the errors of heresy.' His father, in order to reclaim him, placed him for some years at Lausanne, in Switzerland, under the charge of M. Pavilliard, a Calvinist clergyman, whose judicious conduct prevailed upon his pupil to return to the bosom of the Protestant church. On Christmas-day, 1754, he received the sacrament in the Protestant church at Lausanne. 'It was here,' says the historian, 'that I suspended my religious inquiries, acquiescing with implicit belief in the tenets and mysteries which are adopted by the general consent of Catholics and Protestants.' At Lausanne, a regular and severe system of study perfected Gibbon in the Latin and French languages, and in a general knowledge of literature. In 1758 he returned to England, and three years afterwards appeared as an author in a slight French treatise, an *Essay on the Study of Literature.* He accepted the commission of captain in the Hampshire militia; and though his studies were interrupted, 'the discipline and evolutions of a modern battle,' he remarks, 'gave him a clearer notion of the phalanx and the legion, and the captain of the Hampshire grenadiers was not useless to the historian of the Roman Empire.' On the peace of 1762, Gibbon was released from his military duties, and paid a visit to France and Italy. He had long been meditating some historical work, and whilst at Rome, October 15, 1764, his choice was determined by an incident of a striking and romantic nature. 'As I sat musing,' he says, 'amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter, the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started into my mind.' Many years, however, elapsed before he realised his intentions. On returning to England in 1765, he seems to have been fashionable and idle; his father died in 1770, and he then began to form the plan of an independent life. The estate left him by his father was much involved in debt, and he determined on quitting the country and residing permanently in London. He then undertook the composition of the first volume of his history. 'At the outset,' he remarks, 'all was dark and doubtful: even the title of the work, the true era of the decline and fall of the empire, the limits of the introduction, the division of the chapters, and the order of the narrative; and I was often tempted to cast away the labour of seven years. The style of an author should be the image of his mind, but the choice and command of language is the fruit of exercise. Many experiments were made before I could hit the middle tone between a dull tone and a rhetorical declamation: three times did I compose the first chapter, and twice the second and third, before I was tolerably satisfied with their effect. In the remainder of the way, I advanced with a more equal and easy pace.'

In 1774 he was returned for the borough of Liskeard, and sat in parliament eight sessions during the memorable contest between Great Britain and America. Prudence, he says, condemned him to acquiesce in the humble station of a mute; the great speakers filled him with despair, the bad ones with terror. Gibbon, however, supported by his vote the administration of Lord North, and was by this nobleman appointed one of the lords commissioners of trade and plantations. In 1776 the first quarto volume of his history was given to the world. Its success was almost unprecedented for a grave historical work: 'the first impression was exhausted in a few days; a second and third edition were scarcely adequate to the demand; and the bookseller's property was twice invaded by the pirates of Dublin: the book was on every table, and almost on every toilet.' His brother-historians, Robertson and Hume, generously greeted him with warm applause. 'Whether I consider the dignity of your style,' says Hume, 'the depth of your matter, or the extensiveness of your learning, I must regard the work as equally the object of esteem.' There was another bond of sympathy between the English and the Scottish historian: Gibbon had insidiously, though too unequivocally, evinced his adoption of infidel principles. 'The various modes of worship which prevailed in the Roman world were all,' he remarks, 'considered by the people as equally true, by the philosopher as equally false, and by the magistrate as equally useful.' Some feeling of this kind constituted the whole of Gibbon's religious belief: the philosophers of France had triumphed over the lessons of the Calvinist minister of Lausanne, and the historian seems never to have returned to the faith and the humility of the Christian. In the fifteenth and sixteenth chapters of his work he gave an account of the growth and progress of Christianity, which he accounted for solely by secondary causes, without reference to its divine origin. Several answers were written to these memorable chapters, but the only one that excited general attention was the reply by Dr Watson, bishop of Llandaff, entitled *An Apology for Christianity*. Gibbon's method of attacking our faith has been well described by Lord Byron, as

> Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer,
> The lord of irony, that master spell.

He nowhere openly avows his disbelief. By tacitly sinking the early and astonishing spread of Christianity during the time of the Apostles, and dwelling with exaggerated colouring and minuteness on the errors and corruption by which it afterwards became debased, the historian in effect conveys an impression that its divine origin is but a poetical fable, like the golden age of the poets, or the mystic absurdities of Mohammedanism. The Christian faith was a bold and succcessful innovation, and Gibbon hated all innovations. In his after-life, he was in favour of retaining even the Inquisition, with its tortures and its tyranny, because it was an ancient institution! Besides the 'solemn sneer' of Gibbon, there is another cardinal defect in his account of the progress of the Christian faith, which has been thus ably pointed out by the Rev. H. H. Milman: 'Christianity alone receives no embellishment from the magic of Gibbon's language; his imagination is dead to its moral dignity; it is kept down by a general tone of jealous disparagement, or neutralised by a painfully elaborate exposition of its darker and degenerate periods. There are occasions, indeed, when its pure and exalted humanity, when its manifestly beneficial influence, can compel even him, as it were, to fairness, and kindle his unguarded eloquence to its usual fervour; but in general he soon relapses into a frigid apathy; affects an ostentatiously severe impartiality; notes all the faults of Christians in every age with bitter and almost malignant sarcasm; reluctantly, and with exception and reservation, admits their claim to admiration. This inextricable bias appears even to influence his manner of composition. While all the other assailants of the Roman empire, whether warlike or religious, the Goth, the Hun, the Arab, the Tatar, Alaric and Attila, Mohammed, and Zingis, and Tamerlane, are each introduced upon the scene almost with dramatic animation—their progress related in a full, complete, and unbroken narrative—the triumph of Christianity alone takes the form of a cold and critical disquisition. The successes of barbarous energy and brute force call forth all the consummate skill of composition, while the moral triumphs of Christian benevolence, the tranquil heroism of endurance, the blameless purity, the contempt of guilty fame, and of honours destructive to the human race, which, had they assumed the proud name of philosophy, would have been blazoned in his brightest words, because they own religion as their principle, sink into narrow asceticism. The *glories* of Christianity, in short, touch on no chord in the heart of the writer; his imagination remains unkindled; his words, though they maintain their stately and measured march, have become cool, argumentative, and inanimate.' The second and third volumes of the history did not appear till 1781. After their publication, finding it necessary to retrench his expenditure, and being disappointed of a lucrative place which he had hoped for from ministerial patronage, he resolved to retire to Lausanne, where he was offered a residence by a friend of his youth, M. Deyverdun. Here he lived very happily for about four years, devoting his mornings to composition, and his evenings to the enlightened and polished society which had gathered in that city and neighbourhood. The completion of the history he thus describes: 'It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th of June 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a berceau, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and perhaps the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that, whatsoever might be the future date of my history, the life of the historian must be short and precarious.'[*] The historian adds two facts which have seldom occurred in the composition of six or even five quartos; his first rough manuscript, without an intermediate copy, was sent to the press, and not a sheet was seen by any person but the author and the printer. His lofty style, like that of Johnson, was, in fact, 'the image of his mind.'

Gibbon went to London to superintend the publication of his last three volumes, and afterwards returned to Lausanne, where he resided till 1793. The French Revolution had imbittered and divided the society of Lausanne; some of his friends were dead, and he anxiously wished himself again in England. At this time, the lady of his most intimate friend, Lord Sheffield, died, and he hastened to administer consolation: he arrived at Lord Sheffield's house in London, in June 1793. The health of the historian had, however, been indifferent for some time, owing to a long-settled complaint; and, exhausted by surgical operations, he died without pain, and apparently without any sense of his danger, on the 16th of January 1794.

In most of the essential qualifications of a historian, Gibbon was equal to either Hume or Robertson. In some, he was superior. He had greater depth and variety of learning, and a more perfect command of his intellectual treasures. It was not merely with the main stream of Roman history that he was familiar. All its accessories and tributaries—the art of war, philosophy, theology, jurisprudence, geography, down to its minutest point—every shade of manners, opinions, and public character, in Roman and contemporaneous history, he had studied with laborious diligence and complete success. Hume was elaborate, but it was only with respect to style. Errors in fact and theory were perpetuated through every edition, while the author was purifying his periods and weeding out Scotticisms. The labour of Gibbon was directed to higher objects—to the accumulation of facts, and the collation of ancient authors. His style once fixed, remained unaltered. In erudition, and comprehensiveness of intellect, Gibbon may therefore be pronounced the first of English historians. The vast range of his subject, and the tone of dignity which he preserves throughout the whole of his capacious circuit, also give him a superiority over his illustrious rivals. In concentrating his information, and presenting it in a clear and lucid order, he is no less remarkable, while his vivid imagination, quickening and adorning his varied knowledge, is fully equal to his other powers. He identifies himself with whatever he describes, and paints local scenery, national costume or manners, with all the force and animation of a native or eye-witness. These solid and bright acquirements of the historian were not, however, without their drawbacks. His mind was more material or sensual than philosophical—more fond of splendour and display than of the beauty of virtue, or the grandeur of moral heroism. His taste was vitiated and impure, so that his style is not only deficient in chaste simplicity, but is disfigured by offensive pruriency and occasional grossness. His lofty ornate diction fatigues by its uniform pomp and dignity, notwithstanding the graces and splendour of his animated narrative. Deficient in depth of moral feeling and elevation of sentiment, Gibbon seldom touches the heart or inspires true enthusiasm. The reader admires his glittering sentences, his tournaments, and battle-pieces, his polished irony, and masterly sketches of character; he marvels at his inexhaustible learning, and is fascinated by his pictures of military conquest and Asiatic luxury, but he still feels that, as in the state of imperial Rome itself, the seeds of ruin are developed amidst flattering appearances: 'the florid bloom but ill conceals the fatal malady which preys upon the vitals.'[*] The want of one great harmonising spirit of humanity and genuine philosophy to give unity to the splendid mass, becomes painfully visible on a calm review of the entire history.

The work of Gibbon has been translated into French, with notes by M. Guizot, the distinguished philosopher and statesman. The remarks of Guizot, with those of Wenck, a German commentator, and numerous original illustrations and corrections, are embodied in a fine edition by Mr Milman, in twelve volumes, published by Mr Murray, London, in 1838. M. Guizot has thus recorded his own impressions on reading Gibbon's history: 'After a first rapid perusal, which allowed me to feel nothing but the interest of a narrative, always animated, and notwithstanding its extent and the variety of objects which it makes to pass before the view, always perspicuous, I entered upon a minute examination of the details of which it was composed, and the opinion which I then formed was, I confess, singularly severe. I discovered in certain chapters errors which appeared to me sufficiently important and numerous to make me believe that they had been written with extreme negligence; in others, I was struck with a certain tinge of partiality and prejudice, which imparted to the exposition of the facts that want of truth and justice which the English express by their happy term, *misrepresentation*. Some imperfect quotations, some passages omitted unintentionally or designedly, have cast a suspicion on the honesty of the author; and his violation of the first law of history—increased to my eyes by the prolonged attention with which I occupied myself with every phrase, every note, every reflection—caused me to form on the whole work a judgment far too rigorous. After having finished my labours, I allowed some time to elapse before I reviewed the whole. A second attentive and regular perusal of the entire work, of the notes of the author, and of those which I had thought it right to subjoin, shewed me how much I had exaggerated the importance of the reproaches which Gibbon really deserved; I was struck with the same errors, the same partiality on certain subjects; but I had been far from doing adequate justice to the immensity of his researches, the variety of his knowledge, and, above all, to that truly philosophical discrimination (*justesse d'esprit*) which judges the past as it would judge the present; which does not permit itself to be blinded by the clouds which time gathers around the dead, and which prevent us from seeing that under the toga, as under the modern dress, in the senate as in our councils, men were what they still are, and that events took place eighteen centuries ago as they take place in our days. I then felt that his book, in spite of its faults, will always be a noble work; and that we may correct his errors, and combat his prejudices, without ceasing to admit that few men have combined, if we are not to say in so high a degree, at least in a manner so complete and so well regulated, the necessary qualifications for a writer of history.'

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[*] The house occupied by Gibbon is now an hotel, and the whole premises are much altered.

[*] Hall, *On the Causes of the Present Discontents.*

### *Opinion of the Ancient Philosophers on the Immortality of the Soul.*

The writings of Cicero represent in the most lively colours the ignorance, the errors, and the uncertainty of the ancient philosophers with regard to the immortality of the soul. When they are desirous of arming their disciples against the fear of death, they inculcate as an obvious though melancholy position, that the fatal stroke of our dissolution releases us from the calamities of life; and that those can no longer suffer who no longer exist. Yet there were a few sages of Greece and Rome who had conceived a more exalted, and in some respects a juster idea of human nature; though it must be confessed, that in the sublime inquiry, their reason had often been guided by their imagination, and that their imagination had been prompted by their vanity. When they viewed with complacency the extent of their own mental powers; when they exercised the various faculties of memory, of fancy, and of judgment, in the most profound speculations, or the most important labours; and when they reflected on the desire of fame, which transported them into future ages, far beyond the bounds of death and of the grave; they were unwilling to confound themselves with the beasts of the field, or to suppose that a being, for whose dignity they entertained the most sincere admiration, could be limited to a spot of earth, and to a few years of duration. With this favourable prepossession, they summoned to their aid the science, or rather the language, of metaphysics. They soon discovered that as none of the properties of matter will apply to the operations of the mind, the human soul must consequently be a substance distinct from the body—pure, simple, and spiritual, incapable of dissolution, and susceptible of a much higher degree of virtue and happiness after the release from its corporeal prison. From these specious and noble principles, the philosophers who trod in the footsteps of Plato deduced a very unjustifiable conclusion, since they asserted not only the future immortality, but the past eternity of the human soul, which they were too apt to consider as a portion of the infinite and self-existing spirit which pervades and sustains the universe. A doctrine thus removed beyond the senses and the experience of mankind might serve to amuse the leisure of a philosophic mind; or, in the silence of solitude, it might sometimes impart a ray of comfort to desponding virtue; but the faint impression which had been received in the school was soon obliterated by the commerce and business of active life. We are sufficiently acquainted with the eminent persons who flourished in the age of Cicero, and of the first Cæsars, with their actions, their characters, and their motives, to be assured that their conduct in this life was never regulated by any serious conviction of the rewards or punishments of a future state.[*] At the bar and in the senate of Rome the ablest orators were not apprehensive of giving offence to their hearers by exposing that doctrine as an idle and extravagant opinion, which was rejected with contempt by every man of a liberal education and understanding.

Since, therefore, the most sublime efforts of philosophy can extend no further than feebly to point out the desire, the hope, or at most the probability, of a future state, there is nothing except a divine revelation that can ascertain the existence and describe the condition of the invisible country which is destined to receive the souls of men after their separation from the body.

### *The City of Bagdad—Magnificence of the Caliphs.*

Almansor, the brother and successor of Saffah, laid the foundations of Bagdad (762 A.D.), the imperial seat of his posterity during a reign of five hundred years. The chosen spot is on the eastern bank of the Tigris, about fifteen miles above the ruins of Modain: the double wall was of a circular form; and such was the rapid increase of a capital now dwindled to a provincial town, that the funeral of a popular saint might be attended by eight hundred thousand men and sixty thousand women of Bagdad and the adjacent villages. In this city of peace, amidst the riches of the east, the Abbasides soon disdained the abstinence and frugality of the first caliphs, and aspired to emulate the magnificence of the Persian kings. After his wars and buildings, Almansor left behind him in gold and silver about thirty millions sterling; and this treasure was exhausted in a few years by the vices or virtues of his children. His son Mahadi, in a single pilgrimage to Mecca, expended six millions of dinars of gold. A pious and charitable motive may sanctify the foundation of cisterns and caravanseras, which he distributed along a measured road of seven hundred miles; but his train of camels, laden with snow, could serve only to astonish the natives of Arabia, and to refresh the fruits and liquors of the royal banquet. The courtiers would surely praise the liberality of his grandson Almamon, who gave away four-fifths of the income of a province—a sum of two millions four hundred thousand gold dinars—before he drew his foot from the stirrup. At the nuptials of the same prince, a thousand pearls of the largest size were showered on the head of the bride, and a lottery of lands and houses displayed the capricious bounty of fortune. The glories of the court were brightened rather than impaired in the decline of the empire, and a Greek ambassador might admire or pity the magnificence of the feeble Moctader. 'The caliph's whole army,' says the historian Abulfeda, 'both horse and foot, was under arms, which together made a body of one hundred and sixty thousand men. His state-officers, the favourite slaves, stood near him in splendid apparel, their belts glittering with gold and gems. Near them were seven thousand eunuchs, four thousand of them white, the remainder black. The porters or door-keepers were in number seven hundred. Barges and boats, with the most superb decorations, were seen swimming upon the Tigris. Nor was the palace itself less splendid, in which were hung up thirty-eight thousand pieces of tapestry, twelve thousand five hundred of which were of silk embroidered with gold. The carpets on the floor were twenty-two thousand. A hundred lions were brought out, with a keeper to each lion. Among the other spectacles of rare and stupendous luxury was a tree of gold and silver spreading into eighteen large branches, on which, and on the lesser boughs, sat a variety of birds made of the same precious metals, as well as the leaves of the tree. While the machinery affected spontaneous motions, the several birds warbled their natural harmony. Through this scene of magnificence the Greek ambassador was led by the vizier to the foot of the caliph's throne.' In the west, the Ommiades of Spain supported, with equal pomp, the title of commander of the faithful. Three miles from Cordova, in honour of his favourite sultana, the third and greatest of the Abdalrahmans constructed the city, palace, and gardens of Zehra. Twenty-five years, and above three millions sterling, were employed by the founder: his liberal taste invited the artists of Constantinople, the most skilful sculptors and architects of the age; and the buildings were sustained or adorned by twelve hundred columns of Spanish and African, of Greek and Italian marble. The hall of audience was incrusted with gold and pearls, and a great basin in the centre was surrounded with the curious and costly figures of birds and quadrupeds. In a lofty pavilion of the gardens, one of these basins and fountains, so delightful in a sultry climate, was replenished not with water, but with the purest quicksilver. The seraglio of Abdalrahman, his wives, concubines, and black eunuchs, amounted to six thousand three hundred persons; and he was attended to the field by a guard of twelve thousand horse, whose belts and scimitars were studded with gold.

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[*] This passage of Gibbon is finely illustrated in Hall's Funeral Sermon for Dr Ryland:

'If the mere conception of the reunion of good men in a future state infused a momentary rapture into the mind of Tully; if an airy speculation—for there is reason to fear it had little hold on his convictions—could inspire him with such delight, what may we be expected to feel who are assured of such an event by the true sayings of God! How should we rejoice in the prospect, the certainty rather, of spending a blissful eternity with those whom we loved on earth, of seeing them emerge from the ruins of the tomb, and the deeper ruins of the fall, not only uninjured, but refined and perfected, "with every tear wiped from their eyes," standing before the throne of God and the Lamb, "in white robes and palms in their hands, crying with a loud voice, Salvation to God that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb, for ever and ever!" What delight will it afford to renew the sweet counsel we have taken together, to recount the toils of combat and the labour of the way, and to approach not the house, but the throne of God in company, in order to join in the symphony of heavenly voices, and lose ourselves amidst the splendours and fruitions of the beatific vision.'

In a private condition, our desires are perpetually repressed by poverty and subordination; but the lives and labours of millions are devoted to the service of a despotic prince, whose laws are blindly obeyed, and whose wishes are instantly gratified. Our imagination is dazzled by the splendid picture; and whatever may be the cool dictates of reason, there are few among us who would obstinately refuse a trial of the comforts and the cares of royalty. It may therefore be of some use to borrow the experience of the same Abdalrahman, whose magnificence has perhaps excited our admiration and envy, and to transcribe an authentic memorial which was found in the closet of the deceased caliph. 'I have now reigned above fifty years in victory or peace; beloved by my subjects, dreaded by my enemies, and respected by my allies. Riches and honours, power and pleasure, have waited on my call, nor does any earthly blessing appear to have been wanting to my felicity. In this situation I have diligently numbered the days of pure and genuine happiness which have fallen to my lot: they amount to fourteen. O man! place not thy confidence in this present world.'

### *Conquest of Jerusalem by the Crusaders*, 1099 A.D.

Jerusalem has derived some reputation from the number and importance of her memorable sieges. It was not till after a long and obstinate contest that Babylon and Rome could prevail against the obstinacy of the people, the craggy ground that might supersede the necessity of fortifications, and the walls and towers that would have fortified the most accessible plain. These obstacles were diminished in the age of the crusades. The bulwarks had been completely destroyed and imperfectly restored: the Jews, their nation and worship, were for ever banished; but nature is less changeable than man, and the site of Jerusalem, though somewhat softened and somewhat removed, was still strong against the assaults of an enemy. By the experience of a recent siege, and a three years' possession, the Saracens of Egypt had been taught to discern, and in some degree to remedy, the defects of a place which religion as well as honour forbade them to resign. Aladin or Iftikhar, the caliph's lieutenant, was intrusted with the defence; his policy strove to restrain the native Christians by the dread of their own ruin and that of the holy sepulchre; to animate the Moslems by the assurance of temporal and eternal rewards. His garrison is said to have consisted of forty thousand Turks and Arabians; and if he could muster twenty thousand of the inhabitants, it must be confessed that the besieged were more numerous than the besieging army. Had the diminished strength and numbers of the Latins allowed them to grasp the whole circumference of four thousand yards—about two English miles and a half—to what useful purpose should they have descended into the valley of Ben Himmon and torrent of Cedron, or approached the precipices of the south and east, from whence they had nothing either to hope or fear? Their siege was more reasonably directed against the northern and western sides of the city. Godfrey of Bouillon erected his standard on the first swell of Mount Calvary; to the left, as far as St Stephen's gate, the line of attack was continued by Tancred and the two Roberts; and Count Raymond established his quarters from the citadel to the foot of Mount Sion, which was no longer included within the precincts of the city. On the fifth day the crusaders made a general assault, in the fanatic hope of battering down the walls without engines, and of scaling them without ladders. By the dint of brutal force, they burst the first barrier, but they were driven back with shame and slaughter to the camp: the influence of vision and prophecy was deadened by the too frequent abuse of those pious stratagems, and time and labour were found to be the only means of victory. The time of the siege was indeed fulfilled in forty days, but they were forty days of calamity and anguish. A repetition of the old complaint of famine may be imputed in some degree to the voracious or disorderly appetite of the Franks, but the stony soil of Jerusalem is almost destitute of water; the scanty springs and hasty torrents were dry in the summer season; nor was the thirst of the besiegers relieved, as in the city, by the artificial supply of cisterns and aqueducts. The circumjacent country is equally destitute of trees for the uses of shade or building, but some large beams were discovered in a cave by the crusaders: a wood near Sichem, the enchanted grove of Tasso, was cut down: the necessary timber was transported to the camp by the vigour and dexterity of Tancred; and the engines were framed by some Genoese artists, who had fortunately landed in the harbour of Jaffa. Two movable turrets were constructed at the expense and in the stations of the Duke of Lorraine and the Count of Tholouse, and rolled forwards with devout labour, not to the most accessible, but to the most neglected parts of the fortification. Raymond's tower was reduced to ashes by the fire of the besieged, but his colleague was more vigilant and successful; the enemies were driven by his archers from the rampart; the drawbridge was let down; and on a Friday, at three in the afternoon, the day and hour of the Passion, Godfrey of Bouillon stood victorious on the walls of Jerusalem. His example was followed on every side by the emulation of valour; and about four hundred and sixty years after the conquest of Omar, the holy city was rescued from the Mohammedan yoke. In the pillage of public and private wealth, the adventurers had agreed to respect the exclusive property of the first occupant; and the spoils of the great mosque—seventy lamps and massy vases of gold and silver—rewarded the diligence and displayed the generosity of Tancred. A bloody sacrifice was offered by his mistaken votaries to the God of the Christians: resistance might provoke, but neither age nor sex could mollify their implacable rage; they indulged themselves three days in a promiscuous massacre, and the infection of the dead bodies produced an epidemical disease. After seventy thousand Moslems had been put to the sword, and the harmless Jews had been burnt in their synagogue, they could still reserve a multitude of captives whom interest or lassitude persuaded them to spare. Of these savage heroes of the cross, Tancred alone betrayed some sentiments of compassion; yet we may praise the more selfish lenity of Raymond, who granted a capitulation and safe-conduct to the garrison of the citadel. The holy sepulchre was now free; and the bloody victors prepared to accomplish their vow. Bareheaded and barefoot, with contrite hearts, and in a humble posture, they ascended the hill of Calvary amidst the loud anthems of the clergy; kissed the stone which had covered the Saviour of the world, and bedewed with tears of joy and penitence the monument of their redemption.

### *Appearance and Character of Mohammed.*

According to the tradition of his companions, Mohammed was distinguished by the beauty of his person—an outward gift which is seldom despised, except by those to whom it has been refused. Before he spoke, the orator engaged on his side the affections of a public or private audience. They applauded his commanding presence, his majestic aspect, his piercing eye, his gracious smile, his flowing beard, his countenance that painted every sensation of the soul, and his gestures that enforced each expression of the tongue. In the familiar offices of life he scrupulously adhered to the grave and ceremonious politeness of his country: his respectful attention to the rich and powerful was dignified by his condescension and affability to the poorest citizens of Mecca; the frankness of his manner concealed the artifice of his views; and the habits of courtesy were imputed to personal friendship or universal benevolence. His memory was capacious and retentive, his wit easy and social, his imagination sublime, his judgment clear, rapid, and decisive. He possessed the courage both of thought and action; and although his designs might gradually expand with his success, the first idea which he entertained of his divine mission bears the stamp of an original and superior genius. The son of Abdallah was educated in the bosom of the noblest race, in the use of the purest dialect of Arabia; and the fluency of his speech was corrected and enhanced by the practice of discreet and seasonable silence. With these powers of eloquence, Mohammed was an illiterate barbarian; his youth had never been instructed in the arts of reading and writing; the common ignorance exempted him from shame or reproach, but he was reduced to a narrow circle of existence, and deprived of those faithful mirrors which reflect to our mind the minds of sages and heroes. Yet the book of nature and of man was open to his view; and some fancy has been indulged in the political and philosophical observations which are ascribed to the Arabian traveller. He compares the nations and religions of the earth; discovers the weakness of the Persian and Roman monarchies; beholds with pity and indignation the degeneracy of the times; and resolves to unite, under one God and one king, the invincible spirit and primitive virtues of the Arabs. Our more accurate inquiry will suggest, that instead of visiting the courts, the camps, the temples of the east, the two journeys of Mohammed into Syria were confined to the fairs of Bostra and Damascus; that he was only thirteen years of age when he accompanied the caravan of his uncle, and that his duty compelled him to return as soon as he had disposed of the merchandise of Cadijah. In these hasty and superficial excursions, the eye of genius might discern some objects invisible to his grosser companions; some seeds of knowledge might be cast upon a fruitful soil; but his ignorance of the Syriac language must have checked his curiosity, and I cannot perceive in the life or writings of Mohammed that his prospect was far extended beyond the limits of the Arabian world. From every region of that solitary world the pilgrims of Mecca were annually assembled, by the calls of devotion and commerce: in the free concourse of multitudes, a simple citizen, in his native tongue, might study the political state and character of the tribes, the theory and practice of the Jews and Christians. Some useful strangers might be tempted or forced to implore the rites of hospitality; and the enemies of Mohammed have named the Jew, the Persian, and the Syrian monk, whom they accuse of lending their secret aid to the composition of the Koran. Conversation enriches the understanding, but solitude is the school of genius; and the uniformity of a work denotes the hand of a single artist. From his earliest youth Mohammed was addicted to religious contemplation: each year, during the month of Ramadan, he withdrew from the world and from the arms of Cadijah: in the cave of Hera, three miles from Mecca, he consulted the spirit of fraud or enthusiasm, whose abode is not in the heavens but in the mind of the prophet. The faith which, under the name of Islam, he preached to his family and nation, is compounded of an eternal truth and a necessary fiction—that there is only one God, and that Mohammed is the apostle of God.

### *Death and Character of Timour, or Tamerlane,*
### A.D. 1405.

The standard was unfurled for the invasion of China; the emirs made their report of two hundred thousand veteran soldiers of Iran and Touran; their baggage and provisions were transported by five hundred great wagons, and an immense train of horses and camels; and the troops might prepare for a long absence, since more than six months were employed in the tranquil journey of a caravan from Samarcand to Pekin. Neither age nor the severity of the winter could retard the impatience of Timour; he mounted on horseback, passed the Sihoon on the ice, marched seventy-six parasangs (three hundred miles) from his capital, and pitched his last camp in the neighbourhood of Otrar, where he was expected by the angel of death. Fatigue, and the indiscreet use of iced water, accelerated the progress of his fever; and the conqueror of Asia expired in the seventieth year of his age, thirty-five years after he had ascended the throne of Zagatai. His designs were lost; his armies were disbanded; China was saved; and fourteen years after his decease, the most powerful of his children sent an embassy of friendship and commerce to the court of Pekin.

The fame of Timour has pervaded the east and west; his posterity is still invested with the imperial title; and the admiration of his subjects, who revered him almost as a deity, may be justified in some degree by the praise or confession of his bitterest enemies. Although he was lame of a hand and foot, his form and stature were not unworthy of his rank; and his vigorous health, so essential to himself and to the world, was corroborated by temperance and exercise. In his familiar discourse, he was grave and modest, and if he was ignorant of the Arabic language, he spoke with fluency and elegance the Persian and Turkish idioms. It was his delight to converse with the learned on topics of history and science; and the amusement of his leisure hours was the game of chess, which he improved or corrupted with new refinements. In his religion he was a zealous, though not perhaps an orthodox, Mussulman; but his sound understanding may tempt us to believe that a superstitious reverence for omens and prophecies, for saints and astrologers, was only affected as an instrument of policy. In the government of a vast empire he stood alone and absolute, without a rebel to oppose his power, a favourite to seduce his affections, or a minister to mislead his judgment. It was his firmest maxim, that whatever might be the consequence, the word of the prince should never be disputed or recalled; but his foes have maliciously observed, that the commands of anger and destruction were more strictly executed than those of beneficence and favour. His sons and grandsons, of whom Timour left six-and-thirty at his decease, were his first and most submissive subjects; and whenever they deviated from their duty, they were corrected, according to the laws of Zingis, with the bastonade, and afterwards restored to honour and command. Perhaps his heart was not devoid of the social virtues; perhaps he was not incapable of loving his friends and pardoning his enemies; but the rules of morality are founded on the public interest; and it may be sufficient to applaud the wisdom of a monarch for the liberality by which he is not impoverished, and for the justice by which he is strengthened and enriched. To maintain the harmony of authority and obedience, to chastise the proud, to protect the weak, to reward the deserving, to banish vice and idleness from his dominions, to secure the traveller and merchant, to restrain the depredations of the soldier, to cherish the labours of the husbandman, to encourage industry and learning, and, by an equal and moderate assessment, to increase the revenue without increasing the taxes, are indeed the duties of a prince; but, in the discharge of these duties, he finds an ample and immediate recompense. Timour might boast that, at his accession to the throne, Asia was the prey of anarchy and rapine, whilst under his prosperous monarchy, a child, fearless and unhurt, might carry a purse of gold from the east to the west. Such was his confidence of merit, that from this reformation he derived an excuse for his victories, and a title to universal dominion. The four following observations will serve to appreciate his claim to the public gratitude; and perhaps we shall conclude that the Mogul emperor was rather the scourge than the benefactor of mankind. 1. If some partial disorders, some local oppressions, were healed by the sword of Timour, the remedy was far more pernicious than the disease. By their rapine, cruelty, and discord, the petty tyrants of Persia might afflict their subjects; but whole nations were crushed under the footsteps of the reformer. The ground which had been occupied by flourishing cities was often marked by his abominable trophies—by columns or pyramids of human heads. Astracan, Carizme, Delhi, Ispahan, Bagdad, Aleppo, Damascus, Boursa, Smyrna, and a thousand others, were sacked, or burned, or utterly destroyed in his presence, and by his troops; and perhaps his conscience would have been startled if a priest or philosopher had dared to number the millions of victims whom he had sacrificed to the establishment of peace and order. 2. His most destructive wars were rather inroads than conquests. He invaded Turkestan, Kipzak, Russia, Hindostan, Syria, Anatolia, Armenia, and Georgia, without a hope or a desire of preserving those distant provinces. From thence he departed laden with spoil; but he left behind him neither troops to awe the contumacious, nor magistrates to protect the obedient natives. When he had broken the fabric of their ancient government, he abandoned them to the evils which his invasion had aggravated or caused; nor were these evils compensated by any present or possible benefits. 3. The kingdoms of Transoxiana and Persia were the proper field which he laboured to cultivate and adorn, as the perpetual inheritance of his family. But his peaceful labours were often interrupted, and sometimes blasted, by the absence of the conqueror. While he triumphed on the Volga or the Ganges, his servants, and even his sons, forgot their master and their duty. The public and private injuries were poorly redressed by the tardy rigour of inquiry and punishment; and we must be content to praise the institutions of Timour as the specious idea of a perfect monarchy. 4. Whatsoever might be the blessings of his administration, they evaporated with his life. To reign, rather than to govern, was the ambition of his children and grandchildren, the enemies of each other and of the people. A fragment of the empire was upheld with some glory by Sharokh, his youngest son; but after his decease, the scene was again involved in darkness and blood; and before the end of a century, Transoxiana and Persia were trampled by the Uzbeks from the north, and the Turkmans of the black and white sheep. The race of Timour would have been extinct, if a hero, his descendant in the fifth degree, had not fled before the Uzbek arms to the conquest of Hindostan. His successors—the great Moguls—extended their sway from the mountains of Cashmir to Cape Comorin, and from Candahar to the Gulf of Bengal. Since the reign of Aurungzebe, their empire has been dissolved; their treasures of Delhi have been rifled by a Persian robber; and the richest of their kingdoms is now possessed by a company of Christian merchants, of a remote island in the northern ocean.

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## THEOLOGIANS AND METAPHYSICIANS.

Without much originality—excepting in one memorable instance—there was great acuteness, controversial ability, and learning displayed in the department of theology. The higher dignitaries of the Church of England are generally well fitted, by education, talents, and the leisure they enjoy, for vindicating revealed religion from the attacks of all assailants; and even when the standard of duty was low among the inferior clergy, there was seldom any want of sound polemical divines. It seems to be admitted that there was a decay of piety and zeal in the church at this period.

### BISHOP BUTLER.

To animate this drooping spirit, and to place revelation upon the imperishable foundations of true philosophy, **Dr Joseph Butler** published his great work on the *Analogy of Religion to the Course of Nature*, which appeared in 1736. Without entering on the question of the miracles and prophecies, Dr Butler rested his evidence on the analogies of nature: 'he reasons from that part of the divine proceedings which comes under our view in the daily business of life, to that larger and more comprehensive part of these proceedings which is beyond our view, and which religion reveals.' His argument for a future life, from the changes which the human body undergoes at birth, and in its different stages of maturity; and from the instances of the same law of nature, in the change of worms into butterflies, and birds and insects bursting the shell, and entering into a new world, furnished with new powers, is one of the most conclusive pieces of reasoning in the language. The same train of argument, in support of the immortality of the soul, has been followed up in two admirable lectures in Dr T. Brown's *Philosophy*. The work of Butler, however, extends over a wide field—over the whole of the leading points, both in natural and revealed religion. The germ of his treatise is contained in a passage in Origen—one of the most eminent of the fathers, who died at Tyre in the year 254—which Butler quotes in his introduction. It is to the effect that he who believes the Scripture to have proceeded from the author of nature, may well believe that the same difficulties exist in it as in the constitution of nature. Hence, Butler infers that he who denies the Scripture to have come from God, on account of difficulties found in it, may, for the same reason, deny the world to have been formed by him. Inexplicable difficulties are found in the course of nature; no sound theist can therefore be surprised to find similar difficulties in the Christian religion. If both proceed from the same author, the wonder would rather be, that, even on this inferior ground of difficulty and adaptation to the comprehension of man, there should not be found the impress of the same hand, whose *works* we can trace but a very little way, and whose *word* equally transcends on some points the feeble efforts of unassisted reason. All Butler's arguments on natural and revealed religion are marked by profound thought and sagacity. In a volume of sermons published by him, he shines equally as an ethical philosopher. In the first three, on human nature, he has laid the science of morals on a surer foundation than any previous writer. After shewing that our social affections are disinterested, he proceeds to vindicate the supremacy of the moral sentiments. Man is, in his view, a law to himself; but the intimations of this law are not to be deduced from the strength or temporary predominance of any single appetite or passion. They are to be deduced from the dictates of one principle, which is evidently intended to rule over the other parts of our nature, and which issues its mandates with authority. This master principle is conscience, which rests upon rectitude as its object, as disinterestedly as the social affections rest upon their appropriate objects, and as naturally as the appetite of hunger is satisfied with food. The ethical system of Butler has been adopted by Reid, Stewart, and Brown. Sir James Mackintosh—who acknowledged that Bishop Butler was his father in philosophy—made an addition to it; he took the principle of utility as a test or criterion of the rectitude or virtue which, with Butler, he maintained to be the proper object of our moral affections. Butler's writings derive none of their value or popularity from mere literary excellence: his style is dry and inelegant. The life of this eminent prelate affords a pleasing instance of talent winning its way to distinction in the midst of difficulties. He was born in 1692, the son of a shopkeeper at Wantage, in Berkshire. His father was a Presbyterian, and intended his son to be a minister of the same persuasion, but the latter conformed to the establishment, took orders, and was successively preacher at the Rolls Chapel, prebendary of Rochester, clerk of the closet to the queen, bishop of Bristol (1738), dean of St Paul's (1740), and bishop of Durham (1750). He owed much to Queen Caroline, who had a philosophical taste, and valued his talents and virtues. Butler died on the 16th of June 1752.

### BISHOP WARBURTON.

No literary man of this period engrossed in his own time a larger share of attention than WILLIAM WARBURTON, bishop of Gloucester (1698–1779). Great powers of application and copious expression, a bold and original way of thinking, and indomitable self-will and arrogance, were the leading characteristics of this fortunate churchman. He was eager to astonish and arrest the attention of mankind, and his writings, after passing like a splendid meteor across the horizon of his own age, have sunk into all but oblivion. He was the son of an attorney at Newark, and entered life in the same profession, and at the same town. A passion for reading led Warburton in his twenty-fifth year to adopt the clerical profession. He took deacon's orders, and by a dedication to a volume of translations published in 1723, obtained a presentation to a small vicarage. He now threw himself amidst the literary society of the metropolis, and sought for subsistence and advancement by his pen. On obtaining from a patron the rectory of Brand Broughton, in Lincolnshire, he retired thither, and devoted himself for a long series of years to study. His first work of any note was published in 1736, under the title of *The Alliance between Church and State; or the Necessity and Equity of an Established Religion and a Test Law.* This treatise, though scarcely calculated to please either party in the church, was extensively read, and brought the author into notice. His next work was *The Divine Legation of Moses, demonstrated on the Principles of a Religious Deist, from the Omission of the Doctrine of a Future State of Rewards and Punishments in the Jewish Dispensation* (1738–1741). In this celebrated work, the gigantic scholarship of Warburton shone out in all its vastness. It had often been objected to the pretensions of the Jewish religion, that it presented nowhere any acknowledgment of the principle of a future state of rewards and punishments. Warburton, who delighted in paradox, instead of attempting to deny this or explain it away, at once acknowledged it, but asserted that therein lay the strongest argument for the divine mission of Moses. To establish this point, he ransacked the whole domains of pagan antiquity, and reared such a mass of curious and confounding argument, that mankind might be said to be awed by it into a partial concession to the author's views. He never completed the work; he became, indeed, weary of it; and perhaps the fallacy of the hypothesis was first secretly acknowledged by himself. If it had been consecrated to truth, instead of paradox, it would have been by far the most illustrious book of its age. As it is, we only look into it to wonder at its endless learning and misspent ingenuity.

The merits of the author, or his worldly wisdom, brought him preferment in the church: he rose through the grades of prebend of Gloucester, prebend of Durham, and dean of Bristol, to be (1759), bishop of Gloucester—a remarkable transition for the Newark attorney, though many English prelates have risen from a much humbler origin. Warburton early forced himself into notice by his writings, but one material cause of his advancement was his friendship with Pope. He had secured the poet's favour by defending the ethical principles enunciated in the *Essay on Man*, and by writing commentaries on that and other poetical essays of Pope; in return for which the latter left him the property or copyright of his works, the value of which Johnson estimated at £4000; but Pope had also introduced him to Ralph Allen, one of the wealthiest and most benevolent men of his day, the Squire Allworthy of Fielding's *Tom Jones;* and Warburton so far improved upon this introduction that he secured the hand of Allen's niece, and thus obtained a large fortune. To Pope he was also indebted for an acquaintance with Murray, Lord Mansfield, whom he propitiated by flattering attentions, and through whose influence he was made preacher of Lincoln's Inn (1746). Among the various theological works of Warburton are *The Principles of Natural and*

*Revealed Religion*, and a *View of Bolingbroke's Philosophy* (1755). He attacked Hume's *Natural History of Religion.* In 1747, he issued an edition of Shakspeare. The arrogance and dogmatism of Warburton have become almost proverbial. His great learning was thrown away on paradoxical speculations, and none of his theological or controversial works have in the slightest degree benefited Christianity. His notes and commentaries on Shakspeare and Pope are devoid of taste and genius, but often display curious erudition and ingenuity. His force of character and various learning, always ostentatiously displayed, gave him a high name and authority in his own day; but his contemporary fame has failed to receive the impartial award of posterity. Gibbon speaks of the *Divine Legation* as a brilliant ruin. The metaphor may be applied to Warburton's literary character and reputation. The once formidable fabric is now a ruin—a ruin not venerable from cherished associations, but great, unsightly, and incongruous.

### *The Grecian Mythology—the Various Lights in which it was regarded.—From the 'Divine Legation.'*

Here matters rested; and the vulgar faith seems to have remained a long time undisturbed. But as the age grew refined, and the Greeks became inquisitive and learned, the common mythology began to give offence. The speculative and more delicate were shocked at the absurd and immoral stories of their gods, and scandalised to find such things make an authentic part of their story. It may, indeed, be thought matter of wonder how such tales, taken up in a barbarous age, came not to sink into oblivion as the age grew more knowing, from mere abhorrence of their indecencies and shame of their absurdities. Without doubt, this had been their fortune, but for an unlucky circumstance. The great poets of Greece, who had most contributed to refine the public taste and manners, and were now grown into a kind of sacred authority, had sanctified these silly legends by their writings, which time had now consigned to immortality.

Vulgar paganism, therefore, in such an age as this, lying open to the attacks of curious and inquisitive men, would not, we may well think, be long at rest. It is true, freethinking then lay under great difficulties and discouragements. To insult the religion of one's country, which is now the mark of learned distinction, was branded in the ancient world with public infamy. Yet freethinkers there were, who, as is their wont, together with the public worship of their country, threw off all reverence for religion in general. Amongst these was Euhemerus, the Messenian, and, by what we can learn, the most distinguished of this tribe. This man, in mere wantonness of heart, began his attacks on religion by divulging the secret of the mysteries. But as it was capital to do this directly and professedly, he contrived to cover his perfidy and malice by the intervention of a kind of Utopian romance. He pretended 'that in a certain city, which he came to in his travels, he found this grand secret, that the gods were dead men deified, preserved in their sacred writings, and confirmed by monumental records inscribed to the gods themselves, who were there said to be interred.' So far was not amiss; but then, in the genuine spirit of his class, who never cultivate a truth but in order to graft a lie upon it, he pretended 'that dead mortals were the first gods, and that an imaginary divinity in these early heroes and conquerors created the idea of a superior power, and introduced the practice of religious worship amongst men.' Our freethinker is true to his cause, and endeavours to verify the fundamental principle of his sect, that fear first made gods, even in that very instance where the contrary passion seems to have been at its height, the time when men made gods of their deceased benefactors. A little matter of address hides the shame of so perverse a piece of malice. He represents those founders of society and fathers of their country under the idea of destructive conquerors, who, by mere force and fear, had brought men into subjection and slavery. On this account it was that indignant antiquity concurred in giving Euhemerus the proper name of atheist, which, however, he would hardly have escaped, though he had done no more than divulge the secret of the mysteries, and had not poisoned his discovery with this impious and foreign addition, so contrary to the true spirit of that secret.

This detection had been long dreaded by the orthodox protectors of pagan worship; and they were provided of a temporary defence in their intricate and properly perplexed system of symbolic adoration. But this would do only to stop a breach for the present, till a better could be provided, and was too weak to stand alone against so violent an attack. The philosophers, therefore, now took up the defence of paganism where the priests had left it, and to the others' symbols added their own allegories, for a second cover to the absurdities of the ancient mythology; for all the genuine sects of philosophy, as we have observed, were steady patriots, legislation making one essential part of their philosophy; and to legislate without the foundation of a national religion, was, in their opinion, building castles in the air. So that we are not to wonder they took the alarm, and opposed these insulters of the public worship with all their vigour. But as they never lost sight of their proper character, they so contrived that the defence of the national religion should terminate in a recommendation of their philosophic speculations. Hence, their support of the public worship, and their evasion of Euhemerus's charge, turned upon this proposition, 'That the whole ancient mythology was no other than the vehicle of physical, moral, and divine knowledge.' And to this it is that the learned Eusebius refers, where he says: 'That a new race of men refined their old gross theology, and gave it an honester look, and brought it nearer to the truth of things.'

However, this proved a troublesome work, and, after all, ineffectual for the security of men's private morals, which the example of the licentious story according to the letter would not fail to influence, how well soever the allegoric interpretation was calculated to cover the public honour of religion; so that the more ethical of the philosophers grew peevish with what gave them so much trouble, and answered so little to the interior of religious practice. This made them break out, from time to time, into hasty resentments against their capital poets; unsuitable, one would think, to the dignity of the authors of such noble recondite truths as they would persuade us to believe were treasured up in their writings. Hence it was that Plato banished Homer from his republic, and that Pythagoras, in one of his extramundane adventures, saw both Homer and Hesiod doing penance in hell, and hung up there for examples, to be bleached and purified from the grossness and pollution of their ideas.

The first of these allegorisers, as we learn from Laertius, was Anaxagoras, who, with his friend Metrodorus, turned Homer's mythology into a system of ethics. Next came Hereclides Ponticus, and of the same fables made as good a system of physics. And last of all, when the necessity became more pressing, Proclus undertook to shew that all Homer's fables were no other than physical, ethical, and moral allegories.

## DR ROBERT LOWTH—DR C. MIDDLETON—REV. W. LAW—DR ISAAC WATTS, &C.

DR ROBERT LOWTH, second son of Dr William Lowth, was born at Buriton, in Hampshire, in 1710. He entered the church, and became successively bishop of St David's, Oxford, and London; he died in 1787. The works of Lowth display both genius and learning. They consist of *Prelections on Hebrew Poetry* (1753), a *Life of William of Wykeham* (1758), a *Short Introduction to English Grammar*, and a *Translation of Isaiah* (1778). The last is the greatest of his productions. The spirit of eastern poetry is rendered with fidelity, elegance, and sublimity; and the work is an inestimable contribution to biblical criticism and learning, as well as illustrative of the exalted strains of the divine muse.

**Dr Conyers Middleton**, distinguished for his *Life of Cicero*, mixed freely and eagerly in the religious controversies of the times. One writer, Dr Matthew Tindal (1657-1733), served as a firebrand to the clergy. Tindal had embraced popery in the reign of James II. but afterwards renounced it. Being thus, as Drummond the poet said of Ben Jonson, 'of either religion, as versed in both,' he set himself to write on theology, and published *The Rights of the Christian Church Asserted*, and *Christianity as Old as the Creation*. The latter had a decided deistical tendency, and was answered by several divines, as Dr Conybeare, Dr Foster, and Dr Waterland. Middleton now joined in the argument, and wrote remarks on Dr Waterland's manner of vindicating Scripture against Tindal, which only increased the confusion by adding to the elements of discord. He also published (1747) *A Free Inquiry into the Miraculous Powers of the Church*, which was answered by several of the High-Church clergy. These treatises have now fallen into oblivion. They were perhaps useful in preventing religious truths from stagnating in that lukewarm age; but in adverting to them, we are reminded of the fine saying of Hall: 'While Protestants attended more to the points on which they differed than those on which they agreed, while more zeal was employed in settling ceremonies and defending subtleties than in enforcing plain revealed truths, the lovely fruits of peace and charity perished under the storms of controversy.'

A permanent service was rendered to the cause of Christianity by the writings of the **Rev. William Law** (1686-1761), author of a still popular work, *A Serious Call to a Holy Life* (1729), which, happening to fall into the hands of Dr Johnson at college, gave him 'the first occasion of thinking in earnest of religion after he became capable of rational inquiry.' Law was a Jacobite nonconformist: he was tutor to the father of Gibbon the historian, and the latter has commemorated his wit and scholarship, while also noticing the gloom and mysticism which characterise some of Law's writings.

The two elementary works of **Dr Isaac Watts**—his *Logic, or the Right Use of Reason*, published in 1724, and his *Improvement of the Mind*—a supplement to the former—were both designed to advance the interests of religion, and are well adapted to the purpose. Various theological treatises were also written by Watts.

Of the other theological and devotional productions of the established clergy of this age, there is only room to notice a few of the best. The dissertations of Bishop Newton on various parts of the Bible (1754-58); the *Lectures on the English Church Catechism*, by Archbishop Secker; Bishop w's *Considerations on the Theory of Religion*, and his *Reflections on the Life and Character of Christ*, are all works of standard excellence. The labours of Dr Kennicot, in the collation of various manuscripts of the Hebrew Bible, are also worthy of being here mentioned as an eminent service to sacred literature. He commenced his researches about 1753, and continued them till his death, in 1783. The Hebrew Bible of Dr Kennicot, with the various readings of manuscripts, appeared in 1776.

### JORTIN—HURD—HORNE.

**Dr John Jortin** (1698-1770), a prebendary of St Paul's, and archdeacon of London, was early distinguished as a scholar and an independent theologian. His *Remarks upon Ecclesiastical History*, published at intervals between 1751 and 1754 with an addition of two more volumes after his death, have been greatly admired, and he wrote *Six Dissertations upon various Subjects* (1755), which evince his classical taste and acquirements. His other works are a *Life of Erasmus*, 1758; *Remarks upon the Works of Erasmus*, 1760; and several tracts, philological, critical, and miscellaneous. Seven volumes of his *Sermons* were published after his decease.

**Dr Richard Hurd** (1720-1808), a friend and disciple of Warburton, was author of an *Introduction to the Study of the Prophecies* (1772), being the substance of twelve discourses delivered at Cambridge. Hurd was a man of taste and learning, author of a commentary on Horace, and editor of Cowley's works. He rose to enjoy high church preferment, and died bishop of Worcester, after having declined the archiepiscopal see of Canterbury.

**Dr George Horne** (1730-1792) was another divine whose talents and learning raised him to the bench of bishops. He wrote various works, the most important of which is a *Commentary on the Book of Psalms*, which appeared in 1776 in two volumes quarto. It is still a text-book with theological students and divines, and unites extensive erudition with fervent piety.

### GEORGE WHITEFIELD—JOHN AND CHARLES WESLEY.

Connected with the English establishment, yet ultimately separating from it, were those two remarkable men, Whitefield and Wesley. Both were highly useful in their day and generation, and they enjoyed a popularity rarely attained by divines. **George Whitefield** was born in Gloucester in 1714. He took orders, and preached in London with astonishing success. He made several voyages to America, where he was equally popular. Whitefield adopted the Calvinistic doctrines, and preached them with incessant activity, and an eloquence unparalleled in its effects. As a popular orator, he was passionate and vehement, wielding his audiences almost at will; and so fascinating in his style and manner, that Hume the historian said he was worth travelling twenty miles to hear. He died in Newbury, New England, in 1770. His writings are tame and commonplace, and his admirers regretted that he should have injured his fame by resorting to publication.

**John Wesley** was more learned, and in all respects better fitted to become the leader and founder of a sect. His father was rector of Epworth, in Lincolnshire, where John was born in 1703. He was educated at Oxford, where he and his brother Charles, and a few other students, lived in a regular system of pious study and discipline, whence they were denominated Methodists. After officiating a short time as curate to his father, the young enthusiast set off as a missionary to Georgia, where he remained about two years. Shortly after his return in 1738, he commenced field-preaching, occasionally travelling through every part of Great Britain and Ireland, where he established congregations of Methodists. Thousands flocked to his standard. The grand doctrine of Wesley was universal redemption, as contradistinguished from the Calvinistic doctrine of particular redemption, and his proselytes were, by the act of conversion, made regenerate men. The Methodists also received lay converts as preachers, who, by their itinerant ministrations and unquenchable enthusiasm, contributed materially to the extension of their societies. Wesley continued writing, preaching, and travelling, till he was eighty-eight years of age; his apostolic earnestness and venerable appearance procured for him everywhere profound respect. He had preached about forty thousand sermons, and travelled three hundred thousand miles. His highly useful and laborious career was terminated on the 2d of March 1791. His body lay in a kind of state in his chapel at London the day previous to his interment, dressed in his clerical habit, with gown, cassock, and band; the old clerical cap on his head, a Bible in one hand, and a white handkerchief in the other. The funeral service was read by one of his old preachers. 'When he came to that part of the service, "forasmuch as it hath pleased God to take unto himself the soul of our dear *brother*," his voice changed, and he substituted the word *father;* and the feeling with which he did this was such, that the congregation, who were shedding silent tears, burst at once into loud weeping.'[*] At the time of Wesley's death, the number of Methodists in Europe, America, and the West India Islands, was 80,000: they are now above a million—three hundred thousand of which are in Great Britain and Ireland. The writings and journals of Wesley are very voluminous, and have been published in sixteen volumes (London, 1809). CHARLES WESLEY (1708-1788) joined with his brother in publishing, in 1738, a *Collection of Psalms and Hymns*, some of which are among the most striking and beautiful in the language.

### HERVEY—ERSKINE—WEBSTER.

The REV. JAMES HERVEY (1714-1758) was a popular writer on religious subjects. His *Meditations on the Tombs, on a Flower-garden*, &c. had an extraordinary sale, and the author is said to have received £700 for the copyright of the first part of his work—which sum he distributed in charity. Hervey was also author of *Theron and Aspasio, or a Series of Letters and Dialogues on the most important Subjects; Remarks on Lord Bolingbroke's Letters on History; Eleven Letters to the Rev. John Wesley, in answer to his Remarks on Theron and Aspasio*, &c. After his death, collections of his letters and sermons were printed, and these, with his works, are comprised in six volumes octavo. When Johnson, on one occasion, ridiculed Hervey's *Meditations*, Boswell could not join in this treatment of the admired volume. 'I am not an impartial judge,' he says, 'for Hervey's *Meditations* engaged my affections in my early years.' This apology may be pleaded by many readers, for the *Meditations* are written in a flowery, ornate style, which captivates the young and persons of immature taste. The inflated description and overstrained pathos with which the work abounds render it distasteful—almost ludicrous—to critical readers; but Hervey was a good man, whose works have soothed many an invalid and mourner, and quickened the efforts of benevolence and piety. He was rector of Weston-Favell, near Northampton, and was most exemplary in the discharge of his pastoral duties.

The REV. EBENEZER ERSKINE (1680-1754) and his younger brother, the REV. RALPH ERSKINE (1685-1752), are both divines celebrated in the annals of the Scottish Church, but more remarkable for their personal influence and preaching than as contributors to our theological literature. The first was founder of the Secession Church, having isolated himself from the establishment in consequence of disagreement with the leaders of the General Assembly respecting the law of patronage and other ecclesiastical matters. Mr Erskine and three other clergymen abjured the authority of the Assembly, and held aloof from it for several years; and in 1740 they were formally severed from the Established Church by a judicial act of the Assembly. His congregation, however, adhered to him; other ministers also withdrew from the church, and the seceders took the name of Burghers. In this body differences also arose, and it became divided into two sections—Burghers and Anti-burghers. A collection of Erskine's *Sermons*, extending to five volumes, printed 1762-1765, has been published.—Ralph Erskine was minister of Dunfermline from 1711 to 1737, when, having joined the secession with his brother and the other ministers, he withdrew from the establishment. Ralph Erskine was a copious writer on religious subjects. His sermons are numerous, and his *Gospel Sonnets*, published in 1760, fill two large volumes. These works are devotional, not poetical, and are not of a nature to be subjected to literary criticism.

DR ALEXANDER WEBSTER (1707-1784), minister of the Tolbooth Church in Edinburgh, has the merit of originating the Ministers' Widows' Fund—a benevolent scheme sanctioned by parliament—and also of carrying out the first attempt at a census in Scotland. According to the returns obtained by Webster in 1755, Scotland had a population of 1,265,380. In 1798, a more careful and regular series of returns, obtained from the clergy by Sir John Sinclair, made the amount of the population 1,526,492. On the occasion of Whitefield's famous visit to Scotland in 1741, Webster acted a conspicuous part. On his journey to Ralph Erskine at Dunfermline, Whitefield was met and entertained at Edinburgh by Webster and some of his brethren; and learning from them the state of church prejudices and parties, he refused to connect himself with any particular sect. 'The spiritual tempest,' says Mr Burton in his *History of Scotland*, 'was worked up to its wildest climax when, in an encampment of tents on the hill-side at Cambuslang, Whitefield, at the head of a band of clergy, held, day after day, a festival which might be called awful, but scarcely solemn, among a multitude calculated by contemporary writers to amount to 30,000 people. The Secession ministers imputed the whole to sorcery and the devil, and a fast was appointed as a penitence for these sins of the land. Dr Webster, on the other hand, wrote a pamphlet ascribing the conversions alleged to have been made by Whitefield to the influence of the Holy Spirit. Political agitation followed this religious fervour: the Stuart insurrection of 1745 broke out, and Webster lent all his energies and influence to the cause of the royalists. After the victory of Culloden he was appointed to preach the thanksgiving sermon, and this discourse, with a few other of his sermons, was printed. He is said also to have written several patriotic songs to animate the loyalty of his countrymen, and one amatory lyric on the lady to whom he was married.* Webster was employed by a gentleman of his acquaintance to gain Miss Erskine, a young lady of fortune related to the Dundonald family. He urged the suit of his friend with uncommon eloquence, but received a decided refusal, to which the lady naïvely added: 'Had you spoken as well for yourself, perhaps you might have succeeded better.' Upon this hint the minister spake, and became the husband of the heiress. Mr Chambers, in his *Traditions of Edinburgh*, relates various anecdotes of this energetic clergyman, characterising him as 'a man eminent in his day on many accounts—a leading evangelical clergyman in Edinburgh, a statist and calculator of extraordinary talent, and a distinguished figure in festive scenes.' He is reported to have drawn up the first plan of the New Town of Edinburgh.

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[*] Southey's *Life of Wesley*.

### DR JOHN ERSKINE—DR HUGH BLAIR.

The REV. DR JOHN ERSKINE (1721-1803) was united with Dr Robertson, the historian, in the collegiate charge of the Old Greyfriars parish, Edinburgh. They were opposed to each other in the church courts, but were cordial personal friends. Dr Erskine was a learned and able divine, who maintained an extensive correspondence with eminent men at home and abroad, and wrote numerous *Discourses* and *Theological Dissertations* adapted to the times.

One of the most popular and influential of the Scottish clergy was DR HUGH BLAIR, born in Edinburgh in 1718. He was at first minister of a country church in Fifeshire, but, being celebrated for his pulpit eloquence, he was successively preferred to the Canongate, Lady Yester's, and the High Church in Edinburgh. In 1759 he commenced a course of lectures on rhetoric and belles-lettres, which extended his literary reputation; and in 1763 he published his *Dissertation on the Poems of Ossian*, a production evincing both critical taste and learning. In 1777 appeared the first volume of his *Sermons*, which was so well received that the author published three other volumes, and a fifth which he had prepared was printed after his death. A royal pension of £200 per annum further rewarded its author. Blair next published his *Rhetorical Lectures*, and they also met with a favourable reception. Though somewhat hard and dry in style and manner, this work forms a useful guide to the young student; it is carefully arranged, contains abundance of examples in every department of literary composition, and has also detailed criticisms on ancient and modern authors. The sermons are the most valuable of Blair's works. They are written with taste and elegance, and by inculcating Christian morality without any allusion to controversial topics, are suited to all classes of Christians. Profound thought, or reasoning, or impassioned eloquence they certainly do not possess, and in this respect they must be considered inferior to the posthumous sermons of Logan the poet, which, if occasionally irregular or faulty in style, have more of devotional ardour and vivid description. In society, Dr Blair was cheerful and polite, the friend of literature as well as of virtue. His predominant weakness seems to have been vanity, which was soon discovered by Burns, in his memorable residence in Edinburgh in 1787. Blair died on the 27th of December 1800. We subjoin two short extracts from his *Lectures*.

#### *On the Cultivation of Taste.*

Such studies have this peculiar advantage, that they exercise our reason without fatiguing it. They lead to inquiries acute, but not painful; profound, but not dry or abstruse. They strew flowers in the path of science; and while they keep the mind bent in some degree and active, they relieve it at the same time from that more toilsome labour to which it must submit in the acquisition of necessary erudition, or the investigation of abstract truth.

The cultivation of taste is further recommended by the happy effects which it naturally tends to produce on human life. The most busy man in the most active sphere cannot be always occupied by business. Men of serious professions cannot always be on the stretch of serious thought. Neither can the most gay and flourishing situations of fortune afford any man the power of filling all his hours with pleasure. Life must always languish in the hands of the idle. It will frequently languish even in the hands of the busy, if they have not some employment subsidiary to that which forms their main pursuit. How, then, shall these vacant spaces, those unemployed intervals, which more or less occur in the life of every one, be filled up? How can we contrive to dispose of them in any way that shall be more agreeable in itself, or more consonant to the dignity of the human mind, than in the entertainments of taste, and the study of polite literature? He who is so happy as to have acquired a relish for these has always at hand an innocent and irreproachable amusement for his leisure hours, to save him from the danger of many a pernicious passion. He is not in hazard of being a burden to himself. He is not obliged to fly to low company, or to court the riot of loose pleasures, in order to cure the tediousness of existence.

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* This song seems worthy of quotation as unique in its history and style:

O how could I venture to love one like thee,
Or thou not despise a poor conquest like me!
On lords, thy admirers, could look with disdain,
And, though I was nothing, yet pity my pain!

You said, when they teased you with nonsense and dress,
When real the passion, the vanity 's less;
You saw through that silence which others despise,
And while beaux were still prating, read love in my eyes.

Oh, where is the nymph that like thee ne'er can cloy,
Whose wit can enliven the dull pause of joy;
And when the sweet transport is all at an end,
From beautiful mistress turn sensible friend.

When I see thee, I love thee, but hearing adore,
I wonder and think you a woman no more;
Till mad with admiring, I cannot contain,
And, kissing those lips, find you woman again.

In all that I write, I 'll thy judgment require;
Thy taste shall correct what thy love did inspire:
I 'll kiss thee and press thee till youth all is o'er,
And then live on friendship when passion 's no more.

Providence seems plainly to have pointed out this useful purpose to which the pleasures of taste may be applied, by interposing them in a middle station between the pleasures of sense and those of pure intellect. We were not designed to grovel always among objects so low as the former; nor are we capable of dwelling constantly in so high a region as the latter. The pleasures of taste refresh the mind after the toils of the intellect and the labours of abstract study; and they gradually raise it above the attachments of sense, and prepare it for the enjoyments of virtue.

So consonant is this to experience, that, in the education of youth, no object has in every age appeared more important to wise men than to tincture them early with a relish for the entertainments of taste. The transition is commonly made with ease from these to the discharge of the higher and more important duties of life. Good hopes may be entertained of those whose minds have this liberal and elegant turn. It is favourable to many virtues. Whereas, to be entirely devoid of relish for eloquence, poetry, or any of the fine arts, is justly construed to be an unpromising symptom of youth; and raises suspicions of their being prone to low gratifications, or destined to drudge in the more vulgar and illiberal pursuits of life.

There are indeed few good dispositions of any kind with which the improvement of taste is not more or less connected. A cultivated taste increases sensibility to all the tender and humane passions, by giving them frequent exercise; while it tends to weaken the more violent and fierce emotions.

Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.

[These polished arts have humanised mankind,
Softened the rude, and calmed the boisterous mind.]

The elevated sentiments and high examples which poetry, eloquence, and history are often bringing under our view, naturally tend to nourish in our minds public spirit, the love of glory, contempt of external fortune, and the admiration of what is truly illustrious and great.

I will not go so far as to say that the improvement of taste and of virtue is the same, or that they may always be expected to coexist in an equal degree. More powerful correctives than taste can apply are necessary for reforming the corrupt propensities which too frequently prevail among mankind. Elegant speculations are sometimes found to float on the surface of the mind, while bad passions possess the interior regions of the heart. At the same time, this cannot but be admitted, that the exercise of taste is, in its native tendency, moral and purifying. From reading the most admired productions of genius, whether in poetry or prose, almost every one rises with some good impressions left on his mind; and though these may not always be durable, they are at least to be ranked among the means of disposing the heart to virtue. One thing is certain, that without possessing the virtuous affections in a strong degree, no man can attain eminence in the sublime parts of eloquence. He must feel what a good man feels, if he expects greatly to move or to interest mankind. They are the ardent sentiments of honour, virtue, magnanimity, and public spirit, that only can kindle that fire of genius, and call up into the mind those high ideas, which attract the admiration of ages; and if this spirit be necessary to produce the most distinguished efforts of eloquence, it must be necessary also to our relishing them with proper taste and feeling.

### *Difference between Taste and Genius.*

Taste and genius are two words frequently joined together, and therefore, by inaccurate thinkers, confounded. They signify, however, two quite different things. The difference between them can be clearly pointed out, and it is of importance to remember it. Taste consists in the power of judging; genius, in the power of executing. One may have a considerable degree of taste in poetry, eloquence, or any of the fine arts, who has little or hardly any genius for composition or execution in any of these arts; but genius cannot be found without including taste also. Genius, therefore, deserves to be considered as a higher power of the mind than taste. Genius, always imports something inventive or creative, which does not rest in mere sensibility to beauty where it is perceived, but which can, moreover, produce new beauties, and exhibit them in such a manner as strongly to impress the minds of others. Refined taste forms a good critic; but genius is further necessary to form the poet or the orator.

It is proper also to observe, that genius is a word which, in common acceptation, extends much further than to the objects of taste. It is used to signify that talent or aptitude which we receive from nature for excelling in any one thing whatever. Thus, we speak of a genius for mathematics, as well as a genius for poetry—of a genius for war, for politics, or for any mechanical employment.

This talent or aptitude for excelling in some one particular is, I have said, what we receive from nature. By art and study, no doubt, it may be greatly improved, but by them alone it cannot be acquired. As genius is a higher faculty than taste, it is ever, according to the usual frugality of nature, more limited in the sphere of its operations. It is not uncommon to meet with persons who have an excellent taste in several of the polite arts, such as music, poetry, painting, and eloquence, all together; but to find one who is an excellent performer in all these arts, is much more rare, or rather, indeed, such a one is not to be looked for. A sort of universal genius or one who is equally and indifferently turned towards several different professions and arts, is not likely to excel in any; although there may be some few exceptions, yet in general it holds, that when the bent of the mind is wholly directed towards some one object, exclusive in a manner of others, there is the fairest prospect of eminence in that, whatever it be. The rays must converge to a point, in order to glow intensely.

## DR PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

Dr Philip Doddridge, a distinguished nonconformist divine and author, was born in London, June 26, 1702. His grandfather had been ejected from the living of Shepperton, in Middlesex, by the act of uniformity in 1662; and his father, a man engaged in mercantile pursuits in London, married the only daughter of a German, who had fled from Prague to escape the persecution which raged in Bohemia, after the expulsion of Frederick, the Elector Palatine, when to abjure or emigrate were the only alternatives. In 1712, Doddridge was sent to school at Kingston-upon-Thames; but both his parents dying within three years afterwards, he was removed to St Albans, and whilst there, was solemnly admitted, in his sixteenth year, a member of the nonconforming congregation. His religious impressions were ardent and sincere; and when, in 1718, the Duchess of Bedford made him an offer to educate him for the ministry in the Church of England, Doddridge declined, from conscientious scruples, to avail himself of this advantage. A generous friend, Dr Clarke of St Albans, now stepped forward to patronise the studious youth, and in 1719 he was placed at an academy established at Kibworth, Leicestershire, for the education of dissenters. Here he resided three years, pursuing his studies for the ministry, and cultivating a taste for elegant literature. To one of his fellow-pupils who had condoled with him on being buried alive, Doddridge writes in the following happy strain: 'Here I stick close to those delightful studies which a favourable Providence has made the business of my life. One day passeth away after another, and I only know that it passeth pleasantly with me. As for the world about me, I have very little concern with it. I live almost like a tortoise shut up in its shell, almost always in the same town, the same house, the same chamber; yet I live like a prince—not, indeed, in the pomp of greatness, but the pride of liberty; master of my books, master of my time, and, I hope I may add, master of myself. So that, instead of lamenting it as my misfortune, you should congratulate me upon it as my happiness, that I am confined in an obscure village, seeing it gives me so many valuable advantages to the most important purposes of devotion and philosophy, and, I hope I may add, usefulness too.' The obscure village had also further attractions. It appears from the correspondence of Doddridge (published by his great-grandson in 1829), that the young divine was of a susceptible temperament, and was generally in love with some fair one of the neighbourhood, with whom he kept up a constant and lively interchange of letters. The levity or gaiety of some of these epistles is remarkable in one of so staid and devout a public character. His style is always excellent—correct and playful like that of Cowper, and interesting from the very egotism and carelessness of the writer. To one of his female correspondents he thus describes his situation:

'You know I love a country life, and here we have it in perfection. I am roused in the morning with the chirping of sparrows, the cooing of pigeons, the lowing of kine, the bleating of sheep, and, to complete the concert, the grunting of swine and neighing of horses. We have a mighty pleasant garden and orchard, and a fine arbour under some tall shady limes, that form a kind of lofty dome, of which, as a native of the great city, you may perhaps catch a glimmering idea, if I name the cupola of St Paul's. And then, on the other side of the house, there is a large space which we call a wilderness, and which I fancy would please you extremely. The ground is a dainty greensward; a brook runs sparkling through the middle, and there are two large fish-ponds at one end; both the ponds and the brook are surrounded with willows; and there are several shady walks under the trees, besides little knots of young willows interspersed at convenient distances. This is the nursery of our lambs and calves, with whom I have the honour to be intimately acquainted. Here I generally spend the evening, and pay my respects to the setting sun, when the variety and the beauty of the prospect inspire a pleasure that I know not how to express. I am sometimes so transported with these inanimate beauties, that I fancy I am like Adam in Paradise; and it is my only misfortune that I want an Eve, and have none but the birds of the air, and the beasts of the field, for my companions.'

From his first sermon, delivered at the age of twenty, Doddridge became a marked preacher among the dissenters, and had calls to various congregations. In 1729, he settled at Northampton, and became celebrated. He first appeared as an author in 1730, when he published a pamphlet on the *Means of Reviving the Dissenting Interest*. He afterwards applied himself to the composition of practical religious works. His *Sermons on the Education of Children* (1732), *Sermons to Young People* (1735), and *Ten Sermons on the Power and Grace of Christ, and the Evidences of his Glorious Gospel* (1736), were all well received by the public. In 1741 appeared his *Practical Discourses on Regeneration*, and in 1745 *The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul*. The latter forms a body of practical divinity and Christian experience which has never been surpassed by any work of the same nature. In 1747 appeared his still popular work, *Some Remarkable Passages in the Life of Colonel James Gardiner, who was slain by the Rebels at the Battle of Prestonpans, Sept.* 21, 1745. Gardiner was a brave Scottish officer, who had served with distinction under Marlborough, and was aide-de-camp to the Earl of Stair on his embassy to Paris. From a gay libertine life he was suddenly converted to one of the strictest piety, by what he conceived to be a supernatural interference—namely, a visible representation of Christ upon the cross, suspended in the air, amidst an unusual blaze of light, and accompanied by a declaration of the words: 'O sinner! did I suffer this for thee, and are these the returns?' From the period of this vision till his death, twenty-six years afterwards, Colonel Gardiner maintained the life and character of a sincere and zealous Christian, united with that of an intrepid and active officer. Besides several single sermons and charges delivered at the ordination of some of his brethren, Dr Doddridge published an elaborate work, the result of many years' study, entitled *The Family Expositor, containing a Version and Paraphrase of the New Testament, with Critical Notes, and a Practical Improvement of each Section*. This compendium of Scriptural knowledge was received with the greatest approbation both at home and abroad, and was translated into several languages. Doddridge continued his useful and laborious life at Northampton for many years; but his health failing, he was, in 1751, advised to remove to a warmer climate for the winter. The generosity of his friends supplied ample funds for his stay abroad, and in September of the same year he sailed from Falmouth for Lisbon. He arrived there on the 21st of October, but survived only five days, dying October 26, 1751. The solid learning, unquestioned piety, and truly catholic liberality and benevolence of Dr Doddridge, secured for him the warm respect and admiration of his contemporaries of all sects. Dr Doddridge was author of what Johnson calls 'one of the finest epigrams in the English language.' The subject is his family motto, 'Dum vivimus vivamus,' which, in its primary signification, is not very suitable to a Christian divine, but he paraphrased it thus:

'Live while you live,' the *epicure* would say,
'And seize the pleasures of the present day.'

'Live while you live,' the sacred *preacher* cries,
'And give to God each moment as it flies.'
Lord, in my views let both united be;
I live in pleasure when I live to thee!

### *Happy Devotional Feelings of Doddridge.*

To Mrs Doddridge, from Northampton, October 1742.

I hope, my dear, you will not be offended when I tell you that I am, what I hardly thought it possible, without a miracle, that I should have been, very easy and happy without you. My days begin, pass, and end in pleasure, and seem short because they are so delightful. It may seem strange to say it, but really so it is, I hardly feel that I want anything. I often think of you, and pray for you, and bless God on your account, and please myself with the hope of many comfortable days, and weeks, and years with you; yet I am not at all anxious about your return, or indeed about anything else. And the reason, the great and sufficient reason, is, that I have more of the presence of God with me than I remember ever to have enjoyed in any one month of my life. He enables me to live for him, and to live with him. When I awake in the morning, which is always before it is light, I address myself to him, and converse with him, speak to him while I am lighting my candle and putting on my clothes, and have often more delight before I come out of my chamber, though it be hardly a quarter of an hour after my awaking, than I have enjoyed for whole days, or perhaps weeks of my life. He meets me in my study, in secret, in family devotions. It is pleasant to read, pleasant to compose, pleasant to converse with my friends at home; pleasant to visit those abroad—the poor, the sick; pleasant to write letters of necessary business by which any good can be done; pleasant to go out and preach the gospel to poor souls, of which some are thirsting for it, and others dying without it; pleasant in the week-day to think how near another Sabbath is; but, oh! much, much more pleasant, to think how near eternity is, and how short the journey through this wilderness, and that it is but a step from earth to heaven.

### *Vindication of Religious Opinions.*

Addressed, November 1742, to the Rev. Mr Bourne.

Had the letter which I received from you so many months ago been merely an address of common friendship, I hope no hurry of business would have led me to delay so long the answer which civility and gratitude would in that case have required; or had it been to request any service in my power to you, sir, or to any of your family or friends, I would not willingly have neglected it so many days or hours: but when it contained nothing material, except an unkind insinuation that you esteemed me a dishonest man, who, out of a design to please a party, had written what he did not believe, or, as you thought fit to express yourself, had 'trimmed it a little with the gospel of Christ,' I thought all that was necessary, after having fully satisfied my own conscience on that head, which, I bless God, I very easily did, was to forgive and pray for the mistaken brother who had done me the injury, and to endeavour to forget it, by turning my thoughts to some more pleasant, important, and useful subject. I imagined, sir, that for me to give you an assurance under my hand that I meant honestly, would signify very little, whether you did or did not already believe it; and as I had little particular to say on the doctrines to which you referred, I thought it would be of little use to send you a bare confession of my faith, and quite burdensome to enter, into a long detail and examination of arguments which have on one side and the other been so often discussed, and of which the world has of late years been so thoroughly satiated.

On this account, sir, I threw aside the beginning of a long letter, which I had prepared in answer to yours, and with it your letter itself; and I believe I may safely say, several weeks and months have passed in which I have not once recollected anything relating to this affair. But I have since been certainly informed that you, interpreting my silence as an acknowledgment of the justice of your charge, have sent copies of your letter to several of your friends, who have been industrious to propagate them far and near! This is a fact which, had it not been exceedingly well attested, I should not have believed; but as I find it too evident to be questioned, you must excuse me, sir, if I take the liberty to expostulate with you upon it, which, in present circumstances, I apprehend to be not only justice to myself, but, on the whole, kindness and respect for you.

Though it was unkind readily to entertain the suspicions you express, I do not so much complain of your acquainting me with them; but on what imaginable humane or Christian principle could you communicate such a letter, and grant copies of it? With what purpose could it be done, but with a design of aspersing my character? and to what purpose could you desire my character to be reproached? Are you sure, sir, that I am not intending the honour of God, and the good of souls, by my various labours of one kind and another—so sure of it, that you will venture to maintain at the bar of Christ, before the throne of God, that I was a person whom it was your duty to endeavour to discredit? for, considering me as a Christian, a minister, and a tutor, it could not be merely an indifferent action; nay, considering me as a man, if it was not a duty, it was a crime!

I will do you the justice, sir, to suppose you have really an ill opinion of me, and believe I mean otherwise than I write; but let me ask, what reason have you for that opinion? Is it because you cannot think me a downright fool, and conclude that every one who is not, must be of your opinion, and is a knave if he does not declare that he is so? or is it from anything particular which you apprehend you know of my sentiments contrary to what my writings declare? He that searches my heart, is witness that what I wrote on the very passage you except against, I wrote as what appeared to me most agreeable to truth, and most subservient to the purposes of His glory and the edification of my readers; and I see no reason to alter it in a second edition, if I should reprint my Exposition, though I had infinitely rather the book should perish than advance anything contrary to the tenor of the gospel, and subversive to the souls of men. I guard against apprehending Christ to be a mere creature, or another God, inferior to the Father, or co-ordinate with him. And you will maintain that I believe him to be so; from whence, sir, does your evidence of that arise? If from my writings, I apprehend it must be in consequence of some inference you draw from them, of laying any just foundation for which I am not at present aware; nor did I ever intend, I am sure, to say or intimate anything of the kind. If from report, I must caution you against rashly believing such reports. I have heard some stories of me, echoed back from your neighbourhood, which God knows to be as false as if I had been reported to have asserted the divine authority of the Alcoran! or to have written Hobbes's *Leviathan;* and I can account for them in no other way than by supposing, either that coming through several hands, every one mistook a little, or else that some people have such vivid dreams, that they cannot distinguish them from realities, and so report them as facts; though how to account for their propagating such reports so zealously, on any principles of Christianity or common humanity, especially considering how far I am from having offered them any personal injury, would amaze me, if I did not know how far *party* zeal debases the understandings of those who in other matters are wise and good. All I shall add with regard to such persons is, that I pray God this evil may not be laid to their charge.

I have seriously reflected with myself whence it should come that such suspicions should arise of my being in what is generally called the Arian scheme, and the chief causes I can discover are these two: my not seeing the arguments which some of my brethren have seen against it in some disputed texts, and my tenderness and regard to those who, I have reason to believe, do espouse it, and whom I dare not in conscience raise a popular cry against! Nor am I at all fond of urging the controversy, lest it should divide churches, and drive some who are wavering, as indeed I myself once was, to an extremity to which I should be sorry to see such worthy persons, as some of them are, reduced.

Permit me, sir, on so natural an occasion, to conclude with expressing the pleasure with which I have heard that you of late have turned your preaching from a controversial to a more practical and useful strain. I am persuaded, sir, it is a manner of using the great talents which God has given you, which will turn to the most valuable account with respect to yourself and your flock; and if you would please to add another labour of love, by endeavouring to convince some who may be more open to the conviction from you than from others, that Christian candour does not consist in judging the hearts of their brethren, or virulently declaring against their supposed bigotry, it would be a very important charity to them, and a favour to, reverend and dear sir, your very affectionate brother and humble servant,

P. DODDRIDGE.

### NATHANIEL LARDNER—DR JAMES FOSTER—JOHN LELAND.

**DR NATHANIEL LARDNER** (1684–1768) produced treatises of the highest importance to the theological student. His works fill eleven octavo volumes. The chief is his *Credibility of the Gospel History*, published between 1730 and 1757, in fifteen volumes, and in which proofs are brought from innumerable sources in the religious history and literature of the first five centuries in favour of the truth of Christianity. Another voluminous work, entitled *A Large Collection of Ancient Jewish and Heathen Testimonies to the Truth of the Christian Religion*, appeared near the close of the author's life, and completed a design, which, making allowance for the interruptions occasioned by other studies and writings of less importance, occupied his attention for forty-three years.

**DR JAMES FOSTER** (1697–1753) is worthy of notice among the dissenting divines as having obtained the poetical praise of Pope. He was originally an Independent, but afterwards joined the Baptists, and was one of the most popular preachers in London. He published several volumes of sermons (1720–42), *Discourses on Natural Religion and Social Virtue* (1749–52), and a defence of Christianity (1731).

**JOHN LELAND** (1691–1766) was pastor of a congregation of Protestant dissenters in Dublin. He wrote *A View of the Deistical Writers in England* (1754–56), and an elaborate work on the *Advantage and Necessity of the Christian Revelation*. The former is a solid and valuable treatise, and is still regarded as one of the best confutations of infidelity.

### DR FRANCIS HUTCHESON.

The public taste has been almost wholly withdrawn from metaphysical pursuits, which at this time constituted a favourite study with men of letters. Ample scope was given for ingenious speculation in the inductive philosophy of the mind; and the example of a few great names, each connected with some particular theory of moral science, kept alive a zeal for such minute and often fanciful inquiries. In the higher branch of ethics, honourable service was rendered by Bishop Butler, but it was in Scotland that speculative philosophy obtained most favour and celebrity. After a long interval of a century and a half, **DR FRANCIS HUTCHESON** (1694–1747) introduced into Scotland a taste for metaphysics, which, in the sixteenth century, had prevailed to a great extent in the northern universities. Hutcheson was a native of Ireland, but studied in the university of Glasgow for six years, after which he returned to his native country, and kept an academy in Dublin. About the year 1726 he published his *Inquiry into Beauty and Virtue*, and his reputation was so high that he was called to be professor of moral philosophy in Glasgow in the year 1729. His great work, *A System of Moral Philosophy*, did not appear till after his death, when it was published in two volumes, quarto, by his son. The rudiments of his philosophy were borrowed from Shaftesbury, but he introduced a new term, *the moral sense*, into the metaphysical vocabulary, and assigned to it a sphere of considerable importance. With him the moral sense was a capacity of perceiving moral qualities in action, which excite what he called ideas of those qualities, in the same manner as external things give us not merely pain or pleasure, but notions or ideas of hardness, form, and colour. We agree with Dr Brown in considering this a great error; a moral sense considered strictly and truly a sense, as much so as any of those which are the source of our direct external perceptions, and not a state or act of the understanding, seems a purely fanciful hypothesis. The ancient doctrine, that virtue consists in benevolence, was supported by Hutcheson with much acuteness; but when he asserts that even the approbation of our own conscience diminishes the merit of a benevolent action, we instinctively reject his theory as unnatural and visionary. On account of these paradoxes, Sir James Mackintosh charges Hutcheson with confounding the theory of moral sentiments with the criterion of moral actions, but bears testimony to the ingenuity of his views, and the elegant simplicity of his language.

### DAVID HUME.

The system of Idealism, promulgated by Berkeley and the writings of Hutcheson, led to the first literary production of **DAVID HUME**—his *Treatise on Human Nature*, published in 1738. The leading doctrine of Hume is, that all the objects of our knowledge are divided into two classes —impressions and ideas. From the structure of our minds he contended that we must for ever dwell in ignorance; and thus, 'by perplexing the relations of cause and effect, he boldly aimed to introduce a universal scepticism, and to pour a more than Egyptian darkness into the whole region of morals.' The *Treatise on Human Nature* was afterwards recast and republished under the title of *An Inquiry concerning the Human Understanding;* but it still failed to attract attention. He was now, however, known as a philosophical writer by his *Essays, Moral, Political, and Literary*, published in 1742; a miscellany of thoughts at once original, and calculated for popularity. The other metaphysical works of Hume are, *An Inquiry concerning the Principles of*

*Morals*, the *Natural History of Religion*, and *Dialogues on Natural Religion*, which were not published till after his death. The moral system of Hume, that the virtue of actions depends wholly upon their utility, has been often combated, and is generally held to be successfully refuted by Brown. In his own day, Dr Adam Smith thus ridiculed the doctrine. 'It seems impossible,' he says, 'that the approbation of virtue should be a sentiment of the same kind with that by which we approve of a convenient and well-contrived building; or that we should have no other reason for praising a man than for that for which we commend a chest of drawers!' Hume's theory as to miracles, that there was more probability in the error or bad faith of the reporter than in any interference with the ordinary laws of nature, which the observations of scientific men shew to be unswerving, was met, to the general satisfaction of the public, by the able disquisition of Dr George Campbell, whose leading argument in reply was, that we have equally to trust to human testimony for an account of those laws, as for a history of the transactions which are considered to be an exception from them. In drawing his metaphysical theories and distinctions, Hume seems to have been unmoved by any consideration of consequences. He saw that they led to universal scepticism—'to doubts that would not only shake all inductive science to pieces, but would put a stop to the whole business of life'—to the absurd contradiction in terms, 'a belief that there can be no belief'—but his love of theory and paradox, his philosophical acuteness and subtlety, involved him in the maze of scepticism, and he was content to be for ever in doubt. It is at the same time to be admitted, in favour of this remarkable man, that a genuine love of letters and of philosophy, and an honourable desire of distinction in these walks—which had been his predominating sentiment and motive from his earliest years, to the exclusion of more vulgar though dazzling ambition—had probably a large concern in misleading him.[*] In matters strictly philosophical, his thoughts were original and profound, and to him it might not be difficult to trace the origin of several ideas which have since been more fully elaborated, and exercised no small influence on human affairs.

### *On Delicacy of Taste.*

Nothing is so improving to the temper as the study of the beauties either of poetry, eloquence, music, or painting. They give a certain elegance of sentiment to which the rest of mankind are strangers. The emotions which they excite are soft and tender. They draw off the mind from the hurry of business and interest; cherish reflection; dispose to tranquillity; and produce an agreeable melancholy, which, of all dispositions of the mind, is the best suited to love and friendship. In the second place, a delicacy of taste is favourable to love and friendship, by confining our choice to few people, and making us indifferent to the company and conversation of the greater part of men. You will seldom find that mere men of the world, whatever strong sense they may be endowed with, are very nice in distinguishing characters, or in marking those insensible differences and gradations which make one man preferable to another. Any one that has competent sense is sufficient for their entertainment: they talk to him of their pleasure and affairs with the same frankness that they would to another; and finding many who are fit to supply his place, they never feel any vacancy or want in his absence. But, to make use of the allusion of a celebrated French author, the judgment may be compared to a clock or watch where the most ordinary machine is sufficient to tell the hours, but the most elaborate alone can point out the minutes and seconds, and distinguish the smallest differences of time. One that has well digested his knowledge, both of books and men, has little enjoyment but in the company of a few select companions. He feels too sensibly how much all the rest of mankind fall short of the notions which he has entertained; and his affections being thus confined within a narrow circle, no wonder he carries them further than if they were more general and undistinguished. The gaiety and frolic of a bottle-companion improve with him into a solid friendship; and the ardours of a youthful appetite become an elegant passion.

### *On Simplicity and Refinement.*

It is a certain rule that wit and passion are entirely incompatible. When the affections are moved, there is no place for the imagination. The mind of man being naturally limited, it is impossible that all its faculties can operate at once; and the more any one predominates, the less room is there for the others to exert their vigour. For this reason a greater degree of simplicity is required in all compositions where men, and actions, and passions are painted, than in such as consist of reflections and observations. And, as the former species of writing is the more engaging and beautiful, one may safely, upon this account, give the preference to the extreme of simplicity above that of refinement.

We may also observe, that those compositions which we read the oftenest, and which every man of taste has got by heart, have the recommendation of simplicity, and have nothing surprising in the thought when divested of that elegance of expression and harmony of numbers with which it is clothed. If the merit of the composition lie in a point of wit, it may strike at first; but the mind anticipates the thought in the second perusal, and is no longer affected by it. When I read an epigram of Martial, the first line recalls the whole; and I have no pleasure in repeating to myself what I know already. But each line, each word in Catullus, has its merit; and I am never tired with the perusal of him. It is sufficient to run over Cowley once; but Parnell, after the fiftieth reading, is as fresh as the first. Besides, it is with books as with women, where a certain plainness of manner and of dress is more engaging than that glare of paint, and airs, and apparel, which may dazzle the eye, but reaches not the affections. Terence is a modest and bashful beauty, to whom we grant everything, because he assumes nothing; and whose purity and nature make a durable though not a violent impression on us.

### *Estimate of the Effects of Luxury.*

What has chiefly induced severe moralists to declaim against refinement in the arts, is the example of ancient Rome, which, joining to its poverty and rusticity virtue and public spirit, rose to such a surprising height of grandeur and liberty; but, having learned from its conquered provinces the Asiatic luxury, fell into every kind of corruption; whence arose sedition and civil wars, attended at last with the total loss of liberty. All the Latin classics whom we peruse in our infancy are full of these sentiments, and universally ascribe the ruin of their state to the arts and riches imported from the

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[*] Of this ruling passion of Hume we have the following outburst in his account of the reign of James I.: 'Such a superiority do the pursuits of literature possess above every other occupation, that even he who attains but a mediocrity in them, merits the pre-eminence above those that excel the most in the common and vulgar professions.' This sentence Samuel Rogers was fond of quoting to his friends.

East; insomuch that Sallust represents a taste for painting as a vice, no less than lewdness and drinking. And so popular were these sentiments during the latter ages of the republic, that this author abounds in praises of the old rigid Roman virtue, though himself the most egregious instance of modern luxury and corruption; speaks contemptuously of the Grecian eloquence, though the most elegant writer in the world; nay, employs preposterous digressions and declamations to this purpose, though a model of taste and correctness.

But it would be easy to prove that these writers mistook the cause of the disorders in the Roman state, and ascribed to luxury and the arts what really proceeded from an ill-modelled government, and the unlimited extent of conquests. Refinement on the pleasures and conveniences of life has no natural tendency to beget venality and corruption. The value which all men put upon any particular pleasure depends on comparison and experience; nor is a porter less greedy of money which he spends on bacon and brandy, than a courtier who purchases champagne and ortolans. Riches are valuable at all times and to all men, because they always purchase pleasures such as men are accustomed to and desire: nor can anything restrain or regulate the love of money but a sense of honour and virtue; which, if it be not nearly equal at all times, will naturally abound most in ages of knowledge and refinement.

To declaim against present times, and magnify the virtue of remote ancestors, is a propensity almost inherent in human nature: and as the sentiments and opinions of civilised ages alone are transmitted to posterity, hence it is that we meet with so many severe judgments pronounced against luxury, and even science; and hence it is that at present we give so ready an assent to them. But the fallacy is easily perceived by comparing different nations that are contemporaries; where we both judge more impartially, and can better set in opposition those manners with which we are sufficiently acquainted. Treachery and cruelty, the most pernicious and most odious of all vices, seem peculiar to uncivilised ages, and by the refined Greeks and Romans were ascribed to all the barbarous nations which surrounded them. They might justly, therefore, have presumed that their own ancestors, so highly celebrated, possessed no greater virtue, and were as much inferior to their posterity in honour and humanity as in taste and science. An ancient Frank or Saxon may be highly extolled; but I believe every man would think his life or fortune much less secure in the hands of a Moor or Tartar than those of a French or English gentleman, the rank of men the most civilised in the most civilised nations.

We come now to the second position which we proposed to illustrate, to wit, that as innocent luxury or a refinement in the arts and conveniences of life is advantageous to the public, so wherever luxury ceases to be innocent, it also ceases to be beneficial; and when carried a degree further, begins to be a quality pernicious, though perhaps not the most pernicious, to political society.

Let us consider what we call vicious luxury. No gratification, however sensual, can of itself be esteemed vicious. A gratification is only vicious when it engrosses all a man's expense, and leaves no ability for such acts of duty and generosity as are required by his situation and fortune. Suppose that he correct the vice, and employ part of his expense in the education of his children, in the support of his friends, and in relieving the poor, would any prejudice result to society? On the contrary, the same consumption would arise; and that labour which at present is employed only in producing a slender gratification to one man, would relieve the necessitous, and bestow satisfaction on hundreds. The same care and toil that raise a dish of peas at Christmas, would give bread to a whole family during six months. To say that without a vicious luxury the labour would not have been employed at all, is only to say that there is some other defect in human nature, such as indolence, selfishness, inattention to others, for which luxury in some measure provides a remedy; as one poison may be an antidote to another. But virtue, like wholesome food, is better than poisons, however corrected.

Suppose the same number of men that are at present in Great Britain, with the same soil and climate; I ask, is it not possible for them to be happier, by the most perfect way of life that can be imagined, and by the greatest reformation that omnipotence itself could work in their temper and disposition? To assert that they cannot, appears evidently ridiculous. As the land is able to maintain more than all its present inhabitants, they could never, in such a Utopian state, feel any other ills than those which arise from bodily sickness, and these are not the half of human miseries. All other ills spring from some vice, either in ourselves or others; and even many of our diseases proceed from the same origin. Remove the vices, and the ills follow. You must only take care to remove all the vices. If you remove part, you may render the matter worse. By banishing vicious luxury, without curing sloth and an indifference to others, you only diminish industry in the state, and add nothing to men's charity or their generosity. Let us, therefore, rest contented with asserting that two opposite vices in a state may be more advantageous than either of them alone; but let us never pronounce vice in itself advantageous. Is it not very inconsistent for an author to assert in one page that moral distinctions are inventions of politicians for public interest, and in the next page maintain that vice is advantageous to the public? And indeed it seems, upon any system of morality, little less than a contradiction in terms to talk of a vice which is in general beneficial to society.

I thought this reasoning necessary, in order to give some light to a philosophical question which has been much disputed in England. I call it a philosophical question, not a political one; for whatever may be the consequence of such a miraculous transformation of mankind as would endow them with every species of virtue, and free them from every species of vice, this concerns not the magistrate who aims only at possibilities. He cannot cure every vice by substituting a virtue in its place. Very often he can only cure one vice by another, and in that case he ought to prefer what is least pernicious to society. Luxury, when excessive, is the source of many ills, but is in general preferable to sloth and idleness, which would commonly succeed in its place, and are more hurtful both to private persons and to the public. When sloth reigns, a mean uncultivated way of life prevails amongst individuals, without society, without enjoyment. And if the sovereign, in such a situation, demands the service of his subjects, the labour of the state suffices only to furnish the necessaries of life to the labourers, and can afford nothing to those who are employed in the public service.

## JONATHAN EDWARDS.

The great metaphysician and divine of America, JONATHAN EDWARDS, was born in 1703 at Windsor in Connecticut, and died in 1758 at Princeton in New Jersey. By his power of subtle argument, his religious fervour, and his peculiar doctrines respecting free-will, Edwards has obtained a high and lasting reputation. He has perhaps never been surpassed as a dialectician. Educated among the Calvinistic Puritans of New England, he imbibed their religious opinions and sentiments, and went so far as to assert that 'if the doctrines of Calvinism, in their whole length and breadth, were not rigidly maintained, a man could nowhere set his foot down with consistency and safety short of deism, or even atheism itself, or rather universal scepticism.' His definition of true religion, however, is one that may be adopted by all sects. He says: 'True religion in a great measure consists in holy affections. A love of divine things for the beauty and sweetness of their moral excellency is the spring of all holy affections.' On this passage, Sir James Mackintosh remarks: 'Had he [Edwards] suffered this noble principle to take the right road to all its fair consequences, he would entirely have concurred with Plato, with Shaftesbury, and Malebranche, in devotion to the "first good, first perfect, and first fair." But he thought it necessary afterwards to limit his doctrine to his own persuasion, by denying that such moral excellence could be discovered in divine things by those Christians who did not take the same view with him of their religion. All others, and some who hold his doctrines with a more enlarged spirit, may adopt his principle without any limitation.' Another of Edwards's doctrines, his ethical theory, relates to the principle of virtue, which, he argues, consists in benevolence or love to *being* in general. This is felt towards a particular being, first in proportion to his degree of existence—'for,' says he, 'that which is great has more existence and is further from nothing than that which is little'—and secondly, in proportion to the degree in which that particular being feels benevolence to others. Thus, God, having infinitely more existence and benevolence than man, ought to be infinitely more loved; and for the same reason, God must love himself infinitely more than he does all other beings. He can act only from regard to himself, and his end in creation can only be to manifest his whole nature, which is called acting for his own glory.' This startling doctrine of necessity has been combated by Mackintosh, Hall, and others. Virtue on such principles is an impossibility, 'for the system of being comprehending the great Supreme is *infinite;* and therefore, to maintain the proper proportion, the force of particular attachment must be infinitely less than the passion for the general good; but the limits of the human mind are not capable of any emotion so infinitely different in *degree.*' The ingenious speculations of Edwards on the freedom of the will, and on original sin, must be held to be airy abstractions, incapable of giving force either to moral or religious truth. He was, however, a zealous and faithful minister, and like most profound thinkers, a man of childlike simplicity of character. The warmth of his sensibilities may be estimated from the following account of his early impressions:

> As I was walking there, and looked up on the sky and clouds, there came into my mind so sweet a sense of the glorious majesty and grace of God that I know not how to express it. God's excellency, his wisdom, his purity, and love, seemed to appear in everything: in the sun, moon, and stars; in the clouds and blue sky; in the grass, flowers, trees; in the water and all nature, which used greatly to fix my mind. I often used to sit and view the moon a long time, and so in the daytime spent much time in viewing the clouds and sky, to behold the sweet glory of God in these things; in the meantime singing forth with a loud voice my contemplations of the Creator and Redeemer. I used to be a person uncommonly terrified with thunder; and it used to strike me with terror when I saw a thunder-storm rising; but now, on the contrary, it rejoiced me. I felt God at the first appearance of a thunder-storm, and used to take an opportunity at such times to fix myself to view the clouds and see the lightnings play, and hear the majestic and awful voice of God's thunder.

Such outbreaks of poetical feeling form a strange contrast to the hard and stern arguments in Edwards's exposition of his theological and philosophical tenets. The works of this eminent person are numerous, but the most important are his *Treatise concerning Religious Affections*, 1746; *A Careful and Strict Inquiry into the Modern Notion of that Freedom of Will which is supposed to be essential to Moral Agency*, 1754; *The Great Doctrine of Original Sin Defended*, 1758; and dissertations *On the Nature of True Virtue*, and *On God's Chief End in the Creation*—the last two not published until thirty years after his death.

The Hartleian theory at this time found admirers and followers in England. DR DAVID HARTLEY, an English physician (1705–1757), having imbibed from Locke the principles of logic and metaphysics, and from a hint of Newton the doctrine that there were vibrations in the substance of the brain that might throw new light on the phenomena of the mind, formed a system which he developed in his elaborate work, published in 1749, under the title of *Observations on Man, his Frame, his Duty, and his Expectations.* Hartley, besides his theory of the vibrations in the brain, refers all the operations of the intellect to the association of ideas, and represents that association as reducible to the single law, that ideas which enter the mind at the same time acquire a tendency to call up each other, which is in direct proportion to the frequency of their having entered together. His theory of vibrations has a tendency to materialism, but was not designed by its ingenious author to produce such an effect.

### DR ADAM SMITH.

DR ADAM SMITH, after an interval of a few years, succeeded to Hutcheson as professor of moral philosophy in Glasgow, and not only inherited his love of metaphysics, but adopted some of his theories, which he blended with his own views of moral science. Smith was born in Kirkcaldy, in Fifeshire, in 1723. His father held the situation of comptroller of customs, but died before the birth of his son. At Glasgow University, Smith distinguished himself by his acquirements, and obtained a nomination to Balliol College, Oxford, where he continued for seven years. His friends had designed him for the church, but he preferred trusting to literature and science. He gave a course of lectures in Edinburgh on rhetoric and belles-lettres, which, in 1751, recommended him to the vacant chair of professor of logic in Glasgow, and this situation he next year exchanged for the more congenial one of moral philosophy professor. In 1759 he published his *Theory of Moral Sentiments*, and in 1764 he was prevailed upon to accompany the young Duke of Buccleuch as travelling tutor on the continent. They were absent two years, and on his return, Smith retired to his native town, and pursued a severe system of study, which resulted in the publication, in 1776, of his great work on the *Wealth of Nations.* Two years afterwards, he was made one of the commissioners of customs, and his latter days were spent in ease and opulence. He died in 1790.

The philosophical doctrines of Smith are vastly inferior in value to the language and illustrations he employs in enforcing them. He has been styled the most eloquent of modern moralists; and his work is embellished with such a variety of examples, with such true pictures of the passions, and of life and manners, that it may be read with pleasure and advantage by those who, like Gray the poet, cannot see in the darkness of metaphysics. His leading doctrine, that sympathy must necessarily precede our moral approbation or disapprobation, has been generally abandoned. 'To derive our moral sentiments,' says Brown, 'which are as universal as the actions of mankind that come under our review, from the occasional sympathies that warm or sadden us with joys, and griefs, and resentments which are not our own, seems to me very nearly the same sort of error as it would be to derive the waters of an overflowing stream from the sunshine or shade which may occasionally gleam over it.'

### *The Results of Misdirected and Guilty Ambition.*

To attain to this envied situation, the candidates for fortune too frequently abandon the paths of virtue; for unhappily, the road which leads to the one, and that which leads to the other, lie sometimes in very opposite directions. But the ambitious man flatters himself that, in the splendid situation to which he advances, he will have so many means of commanding the respect and admiration of mankind, and will be enabled to act with such superior propriety and grace, that the lustre of his future conduct will entirely cover or efface the foulness of the steps by which he arrived at that elevation. In many governments the candidates for the highest stations are above the law, and if they can attain the object of their ambition, they have no fear of being called to account for the means by which they acquired it. They often endeavour, therefore, not only by fraud and falsehood, the ordinary and vulgar arts of intrigue and cabal, but sometimes by the perpetration of the most enormous crimes, by murder and assassination, by rebellion and civil war, to supplant and destroy those who oppose or stand in the way of their greatness. They more frequently miscarry than succeed, and commonly gain nothing but the disgraceful punishment which is due to their crimes. But though they should be so lucky as to attain that wished-for greatness, they are always most miserably disappointed in the happiness which they expect to enjoy in it. It is not ease or pleasure, but always honour, of one kind or another, though frequently an honour very ill understood, that the ambitious man really pursues. But the honour of his exalted station appears, both in his own eyes and in those of other people, polluted and defiled by the baseness of the means through which he rose to it. Though by the profusion of every liberal expense; though by excessive indulgence in every profligate pleasure—the wretched but usual resource of ruined characters; though by the hurry of public business, or by the prouder and more dazzling tumult of war, he may endeavour to efface, both from his own memory and from that of other people, the remembrance of what he has done, that remembrance never fails to pursue him. He invokes in vain the dark and dismal powers of forgetfulness and oblivion. He remembers himself what he has done, and that remembrance tells him that other people must likewise remember it. Amidst all the gaudy pomp of the most ostentatious greatness, amidst the venal and vile adulation of the great and of the learned, amidst the more innocent though more foolish acclamations of the common people, amidst all the pride of conquest and the triumph of successful war, he is still secretly pursued by the avenging furies of shame and remorse; and while glory seems to surround him on all sides, he himself, in his own imagination, sees black and foul infamy fast pursuing him, and every moment ready to overtake him from behind. Even the great Cæsar, though he had the magnanimity to dismiss his guards, could not dismiss his suspicions. The remembrance of Pharsalia still haunted and pursued him. When, at the request of the senate, he had the generosity to pardon Marcellus, he told that assembly that he was not unaware of the designs which were carrying on against his life; but that, as he had lived long enough both for nature and for glory, he was contented to die, and therefore despised all conspiracies. He had, perhaps, lived long enough for nature; but the man who felt himself the object of such deadly resentment, from those whose favour he wished to gain, and whom he still wished to consider as his friends, had certainly lived too long for real glory, or for all the happiness which he could ever hope to enjoy in the love and esteem of his equals.

## DR RICHARD PRICE.

Dr Richard Price (1723–1791), a Nonconformist divine, published, in 1758, *A Review of the Principal Questions and Difficulties in Morals*, which attracted attention as 'an attempt to revive the intellectual theory of moral obligation, which seemed to have fallen under the attacks of Butler, Hutcheson, and Hume, even before Smith.' Price, after Cudworth, supports the doctrine that moral distinctions being perceived by reason, or the understanding, are equally immutable with all other kinds of truth. On the other side, it is argued that reason is but a principle of our mental frame, like the principle which is the source of moral emotion, and has no peculiar claim to remain unaltered in the supposed general alteration of our mental constitution. Price was an able writer on finance and political economy, and took an active part in the political questions of the day at the time of the French Revolution. He was a republican in principle, and is attacked by Burke in his *Reflections on the Revolution.*

## DR GEORGE CAMPBELL.

Dr George Campbell (1719–1796), professor of divinity, and afterwards principal of Marischal College, Aberdeen, was a theologian and critic of vigorous intellect and various learning. His *Dissertation on Miracles*, written in reply to Hume, is a conclusive and masterly piece of reasoning, and his *Philosophy of Rhetoric*, published in 1776, is perhaps the best book of the kind since Aristotle. Most of the other works on this subject are little else but compilations, but Campbell brought to it a high degree of philosophical acumen and learned research. Its utility is also equal to its depth and originality: the philosopher finds in it exercise for his ingenuity, and the student may safely consult it for its practical suggestions and illustrations. Dr Campbell's other works are—a *Translation of the Four Gospels*, worthy of his talents; some sermons preached on public occasions; and a series of *Lectures on Ecclesiastical History*, which were not published till after his death. It is worthy of remark that Hume himself admitted the 'ingenuity' of Campbell's reply to his sceptical opinions, and the 'great learning' of the author. The well-known hypothesis of

Hume is, that no testimony for any kind of miracle can ever amount to a probability, much less to a proof. To this Dr Campbell opposed the argument that testimony has a natural and original influence on belief, antecedent to experience; in illustration of which he remarked, that the earliest assent which is given to testimony by children, and which is previous to all experience, is in fact the most unlimited. His answer is divided into two parts; first, that miracles are capable of proof from testimony, and religious miracles not less than others; and, secondly, that the miracles on which the belief of Christianity is founded are sufficiently attested.

### *Christianity need not fear Discussion.*

I do not hesitate to affirm that our religion has been indebted to the *attempts*, though not to the *intentions*, of its bitterest enemies. They have tried its strength, indeed, and, by trying, they have displayed its strength; and that in so clear a light, as we could never have hoped, without such a trial, to have viewed it in. Let them, therefore, write; let them argue, and when arguments fail, even let them cavil against religion as much as they please; I should be heartily sorry that ever in this island, the asylum of liberty, where the spirit of Christianity is better understood—however defective the inhabitants are in the observance of its precepts—than in any other part of the Christian world; I should, I say, be sorry that in this island so great a disservice were done to religion as to check its adversaries in any other way than by returning a candid answer to their objections. I must at the same time acknowledge, that I am both ashamed and grieved when I observe any friends of religion betray so great a diffidence in the goodness of their cause—for to this diffidence alone can it be imputed—as to shew an inclination for recurring to more forcible methods. The assaults of infidels, I may venture to prophesy, will never overturn our religion. They will prove not more hurtful to the Christian system, if it be allowed to compare small things with the greatest, than the boisterous winds are said to prove to the sturdy oak. They shake it impetuously for a time, and loudly threaten its subversion; whilst, in effect, they only serve to make it strike its roots the deeper, and stand the firmer ever after.

In the same manly spirit, and reliance on the ultimate triumph of truth, Dr Campbell was opposed to the penal laws against the Catholics; and in 1779, when the country was agitated with that intolerant zeal against popery, which in the following year burst out in riots in London, he issued an *Address to the People of Scotland*, remarkable for its cogency of argument and its just and enlightened sentiments. For this service to true religion and toleration the mob of Aberdeen broke the author's windows, and nicknamed him 'Pope Campbell.' In 1795, when far advanced in life, Dr Campbell received a pension of £300 from the crown, on which he resigned his professorship, and his situation as principal of Marischal College. He enjoyed this well-earned reward only one year, dying in 1796, in his seventy-seventh year. With the single exception of Dr Robertson, the historian—who shone in a totally different walk—the name of Dr Campbell is the greatest which the Scottish church, since the days of Knox, can number among its clergy.

## DR REID.

The novelty and boldness of Hume's speculations, and the great talent and ingenuity with which they were propounded and illustrated, continued the taste for metaphysical studies, especially in Scotland.

DR THOMAS REID'S *Inquiry into the Human Mind*, published in 1764, was an attack on the ideal theory, and on the sceptical conclusions which Hume deduced from it. The author had the candour to submit it to Hume before publication; and the latter, with his usual complacency and good-nature, acknowledged the merit of the treatise. In 1785 Reid published his *Essays on the Intellectual Powers of Man*, and in 1788 those on the *Active Powers*. The merit of Reid as a correct reasoner and original thinker on moral science, free from the jargon of the schools, and basing his speculations on inductive reasoning, has been generally admitted. The ideal theory which he combated, taught that 'nothing is perceived but what is in the mind which perceives it; that we really do not perceive things that are external, but only certain images and pictures of them imprinted upon the mind, which are called impressions and ideas.' This doctrine Reid had himself believed, till, finding it led to important consequences, he asked himself the question: 'What evidence have I for this doctrine, that all the objects of my knowledge are ideas in my own mind?' He set about an inquiry, but could find no evidence for the principle, he says, excepting the authority of philosophers. Dugald Stewart says of Reid, that it is by the logical rigour of his method of investigating metaphysical subjects—imperfectly understood even by the disciples of Locke—still more than by the importance of his particular conclusions, that he stands so conspicuously distinguished among those who have hitherto prosecuted analytically the study of man. In the dedication of his *Inquiry*, Reid incidentally makes a definition which strikes us as very happy: 'The productions of imagination,' he says, 'require a genius which soars above the common rank; but the treasures of knowledge are commonly buried deep, and may be reached by those drudges who can dig with labour and patience, though they have not wings to fly.' Dr Reid was a native of Strachan, in Kincardineshire, where he was born on the 26th of April 1710. He was bred to the church, and obtained the living of New Machar, Aberdeenshire. In 1752 he was appointed professor of moral philosophy in King's College, Aberdeen, which he quitted in 1763 for the chair of moral philosophy in Glasgow. He died on the 7th of October 1796.

## LORD KAMES.

HENRY HOME (1696–1782) was a native of Kames, in Berwickshire. Having studied for the legal profession, he was called to the bar in 1723. In 1752 he was raised to the bench, assuming the title of Lord Kames, and in 1763 he was made one of the Lords of Justiciary. In 1728 he published a report of *Remarkable Decisions of the Court of Session*, but it is as a writer on metaphysical subjects that he is now known. His work, *Essays on the Principles of Morality and Natural Religion* (1751), combats those theories of human nature which deduce all actions from some single principle, and attempts to establish several principles of action. He here maintained philosophical necessity, but in a connection with the duties of morality and religion, which he hoped might save him from the obloquy bestowed on other defenders of that doctrine; an expectation in which he was partially disappointed, as he narrowly escaped a citation before the General Assembly of his native church, on account of this book.

In 1762 appeared a larger work, perhaps the best of all his compositions—*The Elements of Criticism*, three volumes, a bold and original performance, which, discarding all arbitrary rules of literary criticism derived from authority, seeks for a proper set of rules in the fundamental principles of human nature itself. Dugald Stewart admits this to be the first systematic attempt to investigate the metaphysical principles of the fine arts. It is, however, greatly inferior to the work of Dr Campbell.

When advanced to near eighty years of age, he published a work entitled *Sketches of the History of Man* (two vols. 4to, 1773), which shews his usual ingenuity and acuteness, and presents many curious disquisitions on society. A volume, entitled *Loose Hints on Education*, published in 1781, and in which he anticipates some of the doctrines on that subject which have since been popular, completes the list of his philosophical works.

Lord Kames was also distinguished as an amateur agriculturist and improver of land, and some operations, devised by him for clearing away a superincumbent moss from his estate by means of water raised from a neighbouring river, help to mark the originality and boldness of his conceptions. This taste led to his producing, in 1777, a volume entitled *The Gentleman Farmer*, which he has himself sufficiently described as 'an attempt to improve agriculture by subjecting it to the test of rational principles.'

## DR BEATTIE.

Among the opponents of Hume was **DR BEATTIE** the poet, who, in 1770, published his *Essay on the Nature and Immutability of Truth, in Opposition to Sophistry and Scepticism.* Inferior to most of the metaphysicians in logical precision, equanimity of temper, or patient research, Beattie brought great zeal and fervour to his task, a respectable share of philosophical knowledge, and a better command of popular language and imaginative illustration than most of his fellow-labourers in that dry and dusty field. These qualities, joined to the pious and beneficial tendency of his work, enabled him to produce a highly popular treatise. No work of the kind was ever so successful. It has fallen into equal neglect with other metaphysical treatises of the age, and is now considered unworthy the talents of its author. It has neither the dignity nor the acumen of the original philosopher, and is unsuited to the ordinary religious reader. The best of Beattie's prose works are his *Dissertations, Moral and Critical*, 1783, and his *Essays on Poetry, Music, &c.* 1762. He also published a digest of his college lectures, under the title of *Elements of Moral Science.* In these works, though not profoundly philosophical, the author's 'lively relish for the sublime and beautiful, his clear and elegant style,' and his happy quotations and critical examples, must strike every reader.

### *On the Love of Nature.—From Beattie's 'Essays.'*

Homer's beautiful description of the heavens and earth, as they appear in a calm evening by the light of the moon and stars, concludes with this circumstance—'and the heart of the shepherd is glad.' Madame Dacier, from the turn she gives to the passage in her version, seems to think, and Pope, in order perhaps to make out his couplet, insinuates, that the gladness of the shepherd is owing to his sense of the utility of those luminaries. And this may in part be the case; but this is not in Homer; nor is it a necessary consideration. It is true that, in contemplating the material universe, they who discern the causes and effects of things must be more rapturously entertained than those who perceive nothing but shape and size, colour and motion. Yet, in the mere outside of nature's works—if I may so express myself—there is a splendour and a magnificence to which even untutored minds cannot attend without great delight.

Not that all peasants or all philosophers are equally susceptible of these charming impressions. It is strange to observe the callousness of some men, before whom all the glories of heaven and earth pass in daily succession, without touching their hearts, elevating their fancy, or leaving any durable remembrance. Even of those who pretend to sensibility, how many are there to whom the lustre of the rising or setting sun, the sparkling concave of the midnight sky, the mountain forest tossing and roaring to the storm, or warbling with all the melodies of a summer evening; the sweet interchange of hill and dale, shade and sunshine, grove, lawn, and water, which an extensive landscape offers to the view; the scenery of the ocean, so lovely, so majestic, and so tremendous, and the many pleasing varieties of the animal and vegetable kingdom, could never afford so much real satisfaction as the steams and noise of a ball-room, the insipid fiddling and squeaking of an opera, or the vexations and wranglings of a card-table!

But some minds there are of a different make, who, even in the early part of life, receive from the contemplation of nature a species of delight which they would hardly exchange for any other; and who, as avarice and ambition are not the infirmities of that period, would, with equal sincerity and rapture, exclaim:

'I care not, Fortune, what you me deny;
You cannot rob me of free nature's grace;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shews her brightening face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns by living stream at eve.'

Such minds have always in them the seeds of true taste, and frequently of imitative genius. At least, though their enthusiastic or visionary turn of mind, as the man of the world would call it, should not always incline them to practise poetry or painting, we need not scruple to affirm that, without some portion of this enthusiasm, no person ever became a true poet or painter. For he who would imitate the works of nature, must first accurately observe them, and accurate observation is to be expected from those only who take great pleasure in it.

To a mind thus disposed, no part of creation is indifferent. In the crowded city and howling wilderness, in the cultivated province and solitary isle, in the flowery lawn and craggy mountain, in the murmur of the rivulet and in the uproar of the ocean, in the radiance of summer and gloom of winter, in the thunder of heaven and in the whisper of the breeze, he still finds something to rouse or to soothe his imagination, to draw forth his affections, or to employ his understanding. And from every mental energy that is not attended with pain, and even from some of those that are, as moderate terror and pity, a sound mind derives satisfaction; exercise being equally necessary to the body and the soul, and to both equally productive of health and pleasure.

### *On Scottish Music.—From the same.*

There is a certain style of melody peculiar to each musical country, which the people of that country are apt to prefer to every other style. That they should prefer their own, is not surprising; and that the melody of one people should differ from that of another, is not more surprising, perhaps, than that the language of one people should differ from that of another. But there is something not unworthy of notice in the particular expression and style that characterise the music of one nation or province, and distinguish it from every other sort of music. Of this diversity Scotland supplies a striking example. The native melody of the Highlands and Western Isles is as different from that of the southern part of the kingdom as the Irish or Erse language is different from the English or Scotch. In the conclusion of a discourse on music, as it relates to the mind, it will not perhaps be impertinent to offer a conjecture on the cause of these peculiarities; which though it should not —and indeed I am satisfied that it will not—fully account for any one of them,' may, however, incline the reader to think that they are not unaccountable, and may also throw some faint light on this part of philosophy.

Every thought that partakes of the nature of passion has a correspondent expression in the look and gesture; and so strict is the union between the passion and its outward sign, that where the former is not in some degree felt, the latter can never be perfectly natural, but if assumed, becomes awkward mimicry, instead of that genuine imitation of nature which draws forth the sympathy of the beholder. If, therefore, there be, in the circumstances of particular nations or persons, anything that gives a peculiarity to their passions and thoughts, it seems reasonable to expect that they will also have something peculiar in the expression of their countenance and even in the form of their features. Caius Marius, Jugurtha, Tamerlane, and some other great warriors, are celebrated for a peculiar ferocity of aspect, which they had no doubt contracted from a perpetual and unrestrained exertion of fortitude, contempt, and other violent emotions. These produced in the face their correspondent expressions, which, being often repeated, became at last as habitual to the features as the sentiments they arose from were to the heart. Savages, whose thoughts are little inured to control, have more of this significancy of look than those men who, being born and bred in civilised nations, are accustomed from their childhood to suppress every emotion that tends to interrupt the peace of society. And while the bloom of youth lasts, and the smoothness of feature peculiar to that period, the human face is less marked with any strong character than in old age. A peevish or surly stripling may elude the eye of the physiognomist; but a wicked old man, whose visage does not betray the evil temperature of his heart, must have more cunning than it would be prudent for him to acknowledge. Even by the trade or profession, the human countenance may be characterised. They who employ themselves in the nicer mechanic arts, that require the earnest attention of the artist, do generally contract a fixedness of feature suited to that one uniform sentiment which engrosses them while at work. Whereas other artists, whose work requires less attention, and who may ply their trade and amuse themselves with conversation at the same time, have, for the most part, smoother and more unmeaning faces: their thoughts are more miscellaneous, and therefore their features are less fixed in one uniform configuration. A keen, penetrating look indicates thoughtfulness and spirit: a dull, torpid countenance is not often accompanied with great sagacity.

This, though there may be many an exception, is in general true of the visible signs of our passions; and it is no less true of the audible. A man habitually peevish, or passionate, or querulous, or imperious, may be known by the sound of his voice, as well as by his physiognomy. May we not go a step further, and say that if a man under the influence of any passion, were to compose a discourse, or a poem, or a tune, his work would in some measure exhibit an image of his mind? I could not easily be persuaded that Swift and Juvenal were men of sweet tempers; or that Thomson, Arbuthnot, and Prior were ill-natured. The airs of Felton are so uniformly mournful that I cannot suppose him to have been a merry or even a cheerful man. If a musician in deep affliction were to attempt to compose a lively air, I believe he would not succeed: though I confess I do not well understand the nature of the connection that may take place between a mournful mind and a melancholy tune. It is easy to conceive how a poet or an orator should transfuse his passions into his work; for every passion suggests ideas congenial to its own nature; and the composition of the poet or of the orator must necessarily consist of those ideas that occur at the time he is composing. But musical sounds are not the signs of ideas; rarely are they even the imitations of natural sounds; so that I am at a loss to conceive how it should happen that a musician, overwhelmed with sorrow, for example, should put together a series of notes whose expression is contrary to that of another series which he had put together when elevated with joy. But of the fact I am not doubtful; though I have not sagacity or knowledge of music enough to be able to explain it. And my opinion in this matter is warranted by that of a more competent judge, who says, speaking of church voluntaries, that if the organist 'do not feel in himself the divine energy of devotion, he will labour in vain to raise it in others. Nor can he hope to throw out those happy instantaneous thoughts which sometimes far exceed the best concerted compositions, and which the enraptured performer would gladly secure to his future use and pleasure, did they not as fleetly escape as they rise.' A man who has made music the study of his life, and is well acquainted with all the best examples of style and expression that are to be found in the works of former masters, may, by memory and much practice, attain a sort of mechanical dexterity in contriving music suitable to any given passion; but such music would, I presume, be vulgar and spiritless compared to what an artist of genius throws out when under the power of any ardent emotion. It is recorded of Lulli, that once, when his imagination was all on fire with some verses descriptive of terrible ideas, which he had been reading in a French tragedy, he ran to his harpsichord, and struck off such a combination of sounds that the company felt their hair stand on end with horror. . . .

The Highlands of Scotland are a picturesque, but in general a melancholy country. Long tracts of mountainous desert, covered with dark heath, and often obscured by misty weather; narrow valleys, thinly inhabited, and bounded by precipices resounding with the fall of torrents; a soil so rugged, and a climate so dreary, as in many parts to admit neither the amusements of pasturage nor the labours of agriculture; the mournful dashing of waves along the firths and lakes that intersect the country; the portentous noises which every change of the wind and every increase and diminution of the waters is apt to raise in a lonely region, full of echoes, and rocks, and caverns; the grotesque and ghastly appearance of such a landscape by the light of the moon. Objects like these diffuse a gloom over the fancy, which may be compatible enough with occasional and social merriment, but cannot fail to tincture the thoughts of a native in the hour of silence and solitude. If these people, notwithstanding their reformation in religion, and more frequent intercourse with strangers, do still retain many of their old superstitions, we need not doubt but in former times they must have been more enslaved to the horrors of imagination, when beset with the bugbears of popery and the darkness of paganism. Most of their superstitions are of a melancholy cast. That second-sight wherewith some of them are still supposed to be haunted, is considered by themselves as a misfortune, on account of the many dreadful images it is said to obtrude upon the fancy. I have been told that the inhabitants of some of the Alpine regions do likewise lay claim to a sort of second-sight. Nor is it wonderful that persons of lively imagination, immured in deep solitude, and surrounded with the stupendous scenery of clouds, precipices, and torrents, should dream, even when they think themselves awake, of those few striking ideas with which their lonely lives are diversified; of corpses, funeral processions, and other objects of terror, or of marriages and the arrival of strangers, and such-like matters of more agreeable curiosity. Let it be observed, also, that the ancient Highlanders of Scotland had hardly any other way of supporting themselves than by hunting, fishing, or war, professions that are continually exposed to fatal accidents. And hence, no doubt, additional horrors would often haunt their solitude, and a deeper gloom overshadow the imagination even of the hardiest native.

What, then, would it be reasonable to expect from the fanciful tribe, from the musicians and poets, of such a region? Strains expressive of joy, tranquillity, or the softer passions? No: their style must have been better suited to their circumstances. And so we find, in fact, that their music is. The wildest irregularity appears in its composition: the expression is warlike and melancholy, and approaches even to the terrible. And that their poetry is almost uniformly mournful, and their views of nature dark and dreary, will be allowed by all who admit of the authenticity of Ossian: and not doubted by any who believe those fragments of Highland poetry to be genuine, which many old people, now alive, of that country, remember to have heard in their youth, and were then taught to refer to a pretty high antiquity.

Some of the southern provinces of Scotland present a very different prospect. Smooth and lofty hills covered with verdure; clear streams winding through long and beautiful valleys; trees produced without culture, here straggling or single, and there crowding into little groves and bowers, with other circumstances peculiar to the districts I allude to, render them fit for pasturage, and favourable to romantic leisure and tender passions. Several of the old Scotch songs take their names from the rivulets, villages, and hills adjoining to the Tweed near Melrose; a region distinguished by many charming varieties of rural scenery, and which, whether we consider the face of the country or the genius of the people, may properly enough be termed the Arcadia of Scotland. And all these songs are sweetly and powerfully expressive of love and tenderness, and other emotions suited to the tranquillity of pastoral life.

## ABRAHAM TUCKER—DR PRIESTLEY.

ABRAHAM TUCKER (1705-1774) was an English squire, who, instead of pursuing the pleasures of the chase, studied metaphysics at his country seat, and published (1768), under the fictitious name of Edward Search, a work entitled *The Light of Nature Pursued*, which Paley said contained more original thinking and observation than any other work of the kind. Tucker, like Adam Smith, excelled in illustration, and he did not disdain the most homely subjects for examples. Mackintosh says he excels in mixed, not in pure philosophy, and that his intellectual views are of the Hartleian school. How truly, and at the same time how beautifully, has Tucker characterised in one short sentence his own favourite metaphysical studies: 'The science of abstruse learning,' he says, 'when completely attained, is like Achilles's spear, that healed the wounds it had made before. It casts no additional light upon the paths of life, but disperses the clouds with which it had overspread them; it advances not the traveller one step on his journey, but conducts him back again to the spot from whence he had wandered.'

In 1775, DR JOSEPH PRIESTLEY published an examination of the principles of Dr Reid and others, designed as a refutation of the doctrine of common sense, said to be employed as the test of truth by the Scottish metaphysicians. The doctrines of Priestley are of the school of Hartley. In 1777 he published a series of disquisitions on *Matter and Spirit*, in which he openly supported the material system. He also wrote in support of another unpopular doctrine—that of necessity. He settled in Birmingham in 1780, and officiated as minister of a dissenting congregation. His religious opinions were originally Calvinistic, but afterwards became decidedly anti-Trinitarian. His works excited so much opposition, that he ever after found it necessary, as he states, to write a pamphlet annually in their defence! Priestley was also an active and distinguished chemist, and wrote a history of discoveries relative to light and colours, a history of electricity, &c. At the period of the French Revolution in 1791, a mob of outrageous and brutal loyalists set fire to his house in Birmingham, and destroyed his library, apparatus, and specimens. Three years afterwards he emigrated to America, where he continued his studies in science and theology, and died at Northumberland, Pennsylvania, in 1804. He was then in his seventy-first year, having been born at Birstal-Fieldhead, near Leeds, in 1733, son of a cloth-dresser. As an experimental philosopher and discoverer, Priestley was of a very high class; but as a metaphysical or ethical writer, he can only be considered subordinate. He was a man of intrepid spirit and of unceasing industry. One of his critics —in the *Edinburgh Review*—draws from his writings a lively picture of 'that indefatigable activity, that bigoted vanity, that precipitation, cheerfulness, and sincerity, which made up the character of this restless philosopher.' Robert Hall has thus eulogised him in one of his eloquent sentences: 'The religious tenets of Dr Priestley appear to me erroneous in the extreme: but I should be sorry to suffer any difference of sentiment to diminish my sensibility to virtue, or my admiration of genius. His enlightened and active mind, his unwearied assiduity, the extent of his researches, the light he has poured into almost every department of science, will be the admiration of that period, when the greater part of those who have favoured, or those who have opposed him, will be alike forgotten. Distinguished merit will ever rise superior to oppression, and will draw lustre from reproach. The vapours which gather round the rising sun, and follow in its course, seldom fail at the close of it to form a magnificent theatre for its reception, and to invest with variegated tints, and with a softened effulgence, the luminary which they cannot hide.' [*]

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[*] This simile seems to have been suggested by the lines of Pope:

> Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue;
> But like a shadow proves the substance true:
> For envied wit, like Sol eclipsed, makes known
> The opposing body's grossness, not its own.
> When first that sun too powerful beams displays,
> It draws up vapours which obscure its rays;
> But even those clouds at last adorn its way,
> Reflect new glories and augment the day.
>
> *Essay on Criticism.*

## MISCELLANEOUS WRITERS.

### EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

No work was more eagerly perused or more sharply criticised than the series of *Letters* written by **Philip Dormer Stanhope**, Earl of Chesterfield (1694-1773), to his natural son, Philip Stanhope, sometime envoy at the court of Dresden. The letters were never designed for publication. After the death of Mr Stanhope in 1768, it was found that he had been secretly married, and had left a widow and two children. The widow disposed of the original letters to their proper owner, Lord Chesterfield, but she preserved copies, and immediately after the death of the eminent wit and statesman, the letters were committed to the press. The copyright was sold for £1500—a sum almost unprecedented for such a work, and five editions were called for within twelve months. The correspondence began, as was stated in the preface, with 'the dawnings of instruction adapted to the capacity of a boy, rising gradually, by precepts and monition calculated to direct and guard the age of incautious youth, to the advice and knowledge requisite to form the man ambitious to shine as an accomplished courtier, an orator in the senate, or a minister at foreign courts.' Mr Stanhope, however, was not calculated to shine; he was deficient in those graces which the anxious and courtly father so sedulously inculcated; his manners were distant, shy, and repulsive. The letters in point of morality are indefensible. Johnson said strongly that they taught the morals of a courtesan and the manners of a dancing-master; but they are also characterised by good sense and refined taste, and are written in pure and admirable English. Chesterfield was, perhaps, the most accomplished man of his age; but it was an age in which a low standard of morality prevailed among public men. As a statesman and diplomatist, he was ingenious, witty, and eloquent, without being high-spirited or profound. As lord-lieutenant of Ireland for a short period, his administration was conciliatory and enlightened. The speeches, state-papers, literary essays, and other miscellaneous writings of this celebrated peer were published by Dr Maty, accompanied with a memoir, in 1774, and a valuable edition of his *Letters*, edited, with notes, by Lord Mahon (now Earl Stanhope), was given to the world in four volumes in 1845, and a fifth in 1853.

The importance which Chesterfield attached to 'good-breeding' may be seen from this passage:

*On Good-Breeding.*

A friend of yours and mine has very justly defined good-breeding to be, 'the result of much good-sense, some good-nature, and a little self-denial for the sake of others, and with a view to obtain the same indulgence from them.' Taking this for granted—as I think it cannot be disputed—it is astonishing to me that anybody, who has good-sense and good-nature, can essentially fail in good-breeding. As to the modes of it, indeed, they vary according to persons, places, and circumstances, and are only to be acquired by observation and experience; but the substance of it is everywhere and eternally the same. Good-manners are to particular societies, what good morals are to society in general—their cement and their security. And as laws are enacted to enforce good morals, or at least to prevent the ill effects of bad ones, so there are certain rules of civility, universally implied and received, to enforce good-manners and punish bad ones. And indeed there seems to me to be less difference, both between the crimes and punishments, than at first one would imagine. The immoral man, who invades another's property, is justly hanged for it; and the ill-bred man, who by his ill-manners invades and disturbs the quiet and comforts of private life, is by common consent as justly banished society. Mutual complaisances, attentions, and sacrifices of little conveniences, are as natural an implied compact between civilised people as protection and obedience are between kings and subjects; whoever, in either case, violates that compact, justly forfeits all advantages arising from it. For my own part, I really think that, next to the consciousness of doing a good action, that of doing a civil one is the most pleasing; and the epithet which I should covet the most, next to that of Aristides, would be that of well-bred.

*Detached Thoughts.*

Men who converse only with women are frivolous, effeminate puppies, and those who never converse with them are bears.

The desire of being pleased is universal. The desire of pleasing should be so too. Misers are not so much blamed for being misers as envied for being rich.

Dissimulation, to a certain degree, is as necessary in business as clothes are in the common intercourse of life; and a man would be as imprudent who should exhibit his inside naked, as he would be indecent if he produced his outside so.

Hymen comes whenever he is called, but Love only when he pleases.

An abject flatterer has a worse opinion of others, and, if possible, of himself, than he ought to have.

A woman will be implicitly governed by the man whom she is in love with, but will not be directed by the man whom she esteems the most. The former is the result of passion, which is her character; the latter must be the effect of reasoning, which is by no means of the feminine gender.

The best moral virtues are those of which the vulgar are, perhaps, the best judges.

Chesterfield occasionally wrote *vers-de-société*, of which the following is the best specimen:

*On the Picture of Richard Nash, Esq. Master of the Ceremonies of Bath, placed at full length between the Busts of Sir Isaac Newton and Mr Pope at Bath.*

The old Egyptians hid their wit
  In hieroglyphic dress,
To give men pains in search of it,
  And please themselves with guess.

Moderns, to hit the self-same path,
  And exercise their parts,
Place figures in a room at Bath;
  Forgive them, god of arts!

Newton, if I can judge aright,
  All wisdom does express;
His knowledge gives mankind delight,
  Adds to their happiness.

Pope is the emblem of true wit,
  The sunshine of the mind;
Read o'er his works in search of it,
  You'll endless pleasure find.

Nash represents men in the mass,
  Made up of wrong and right;
Sometimes a knave, sometimes an ass,
  Now blunt, and now polite.

The picture placed the busts between,
Adds to the thought much strength;
Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
But Folly 's at full length.

### SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE.

SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE'S *Commentaries on the Laws of England*, published in 1765, exhibit a logical and comprehensive mind, and a correct taste in composition. They formed the first attempt to popularise legal knowledge, and were eminently successful. Junius and others have attacked their author for leaning too much to the side of prerogative, and abiding rather by precedents than by sense and justice; yet in the House of Commons, when Blackstone was once advocating what was considered servile obedience, he was answered from his own book! The *Commentaries* have not been supplanted by any subsequent work of the same kind, but various additions and corrections have been made by eminent lawyers in late editions. Blackstone thus sums up the relative merits of an elective and hereditary monarchy:

#### *On Monarchy.*

It must be owned, an elective monarchy seems to be the most obvious and best suited of any to the rational principles of government and the freedom of human nature; and accordingly, we find from history that, in the infancy and first rudiments of almost every state, the leader, chief-magistrate, or prince hath usually been elective. And if the individuals who compose that state could always continue true to first principles, uninfluenced by passion or prejudice, unassailed by corruption, and unawed by violence, elective succession were as much to be desired in a kingdom as in other inferior communities. The best, the wisest, and the bravest man would then be sure of receiving that crown which his endowments have merited; and the sense of an unbiassed majority would be dutifully acquiesced in by the few who were of different opinions. But history and observation will inform us that elections of every kind, in the present state of human nature, are too frequently brought about by influence, partiality, and artifice; and even where the case is otherwise, these practices will be often suspected, and as constantly charged upon the successful, by a splenetic disappointed minority. This is an evil to which all societies are liable; as well those of a private and domestic kind, as the great community of the public, which regulates and includes the rest. But in the former there is this advantage, that such suspicions, if false, proceed no further than jealousies and murmurs, which time will effectually suppress; and, if true, the injustice may be remedied by legal means, by an appeal to those tribunals to which every member of society has (by becoming such) virtually engaged to submit. Whereas, in the great and independent society which every nation composes, there is no superior to resort to but the law of nature; no method to redress the infringements of that law but the actual exertion of private force. As, therefore, between two nations complaining of mutual injuries, the quarrel can only be decided by the law of arms, so in one and the same nation, when the fundamental principles of their common union are supposed to be invaded, and more especially when the appointment of their chief-magistrate is alleged to be unduly made, the only tribunal to which the complainants can appeal is that of the God of battles; the only process by which the appeal can be carried on is that of a civil and intestine war. A hereditary succession to the crown is therefore now established in this and most other countries, in order to prevent that periodical bloodshed and misery which the history of ancient imperial Rome, and the more modern experience of Poland and Germany, may shew us are the consequences of elective kingdoms.

### DR SAMUEL JOHNSON.

At the head of the men of letters at this time—especially of professional authors, as exercising a more commanding influence than any other of his contemporaries, may be placed DR JOHNSON, already noticed as a poet and essayist. In 1755 Johnson completed his *Dictionary*, which had occupied the greater part of his time for seven years, and for the copyright of which he received £1575. Before the publication of the Dictionary he had begun the *Rambler*, which he carried on for two years. For two more years (1758-1760) he was engaged in writing the essays entitled *The Idler*, and his novel of *Rasselas*, published in 1759. The latter he wrote in the nights of one week to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral. The scene is laid in the east, but the author makes no attempt to portray eastern manners. It is, in fact, a series of essays on various subjects of morality and religion—on the efficacy of pilgrimages, the state of departed souls, the probability of the reappearance of the dead, the dangers of solitude, &c. on all which the philosopher and prince of Abyssinia talk exactly as Johnson talked for more than twenty years in his house at Bolt Court, or in the club. The habitual melancholy of Johnson is apparent in this work—as when he nobly apostrophises the river Nile: 'Answer, great Father of waters! thou that rollest thy floods through eighty nations, to the invocations of the daughter of thy native king. Tell me if thou waterest through all thy course, a single habitation from which thou dost not hear the murmurs of complaint.' When Johnson afterwards penned his depreciatory criticism of Gray, and upbraided him for apostrophising the Thames, adding coarsely, 'Father Thames has no better means of knowing than himself,' he forgot that he had written *Rasselas*.

In 1765 appeared Johnson's edition of Shakspeare, containing little that is valuable in the way of annotation, but introduced by a powerful and masterly preface. In 1770 and 1771 he wrote two political pamphlets in support of the measures of government, *The False Alarm*, and *Thoughts on the Late Transactions respecting the Falkland Islands*. Though often harsh, contemptuous, and intolerant, these pamphlets are admirable pieces of composition—full of nerve and controversial zeal. In 1775 appeared his *Journey to the Western Isles of Scotland;* and in 1781 his *Lives of the Poets*. It was the felicity of Johnson, as of Dryden, to improve as an author as he advanced in years, and to write best after he had passed that period of life when many men are almost incapable of intellectual exertion. The *Dictionary* is a valuable practical work, not remarkable for philological research, but for its happy and luminous definitions, the result of great sagacity, precision of understanding, and clearness of expression. A few of the definitions betray the personal feelings and peculiarities of the author, and have been much ridiculed. For example, 'Excise,' which—as a Tory hating Walpole and the Whig excise act—he defines, 'A hateful tax levied upon commodities, and adjudged, not by the common judges of property, but by wretches hired by those to whom excise is paid.' A pension is defined to be 'an allowance made to any one without an equivalent. In England, it is generally understood to mean pay given to a state-hireling for treason to his country.' After such a definition, it is scarcely to be wondered that Johnson paused, and felt some 'compunctious visitings,' before he accepted a pension himself! Oats he defines, 'A grain which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people.' This gave mortal offence to the natives of Scotland, and is hardly yet forgiven; but the best reply was the happy observation of Lord Elibank: 'Yes, and where will you find such horses and such men?' The *Journey to the Western Isles* makes no pretension to scientific discovery, but it is an entertaining and finely written work. In the Highlands, the poetical imagination of Johnson expanded with the new scenery and forms of life presented to his contemplation. His love of feudalism, of clanship, and of ancient Jacobite families, found full scope; and as he was always a close observer, his descriptions convey much pleasing and original information. His complaints of the want of woods in Scotland, though dwelt upon with a ludicrous perseverance and querulousness, had the effect of setting the landlords to plant their bleak moors and mountains, and improve the aspect of the country. The *Lives of the Poets* have a freedom of style, a vigour of thought, and happiness of illustration, rarely attained even by their author. The plan of the work was defective, as the lives begin only with Cowley. Some feeble and worthless rhymsters also obtained niches in Johnson's gallery; but the most serious defect is the injustice done to some of our greatest masters in consequence of the political or personal prejudices of the author.—To Milton he is strikingly unjust, though his criticism on *Paradise Lost* is able and profound. Gray is treated with a coarseness and insensibility derogatory only to the critic; and in general, the higher order of imaginative poetry suffers under the ponderous hand of Johnson. Its beauties were too airy and ethereal for his grasp—too subtle for his feelings or understanding.

### *From the Preface to the Dictionary.*

It is the fate of those who toil at the lower employments of life to be rather driven by the fear of evil than attracted by the prospect of good; to be exposed to censure without hope of praise; to be disgraced by miscarriage, or punished for neglect, where success would have been without applause, and diligence without reward.

Among these unhappy mortals is the writer of dictionaries; whom mankind have considered, not as the pupil, but the slave of science, the pioneer of literature, doomed only to remove rubbish and clear obstructions from the paths through which learning and genius press forward to conquest and glory, without bestowing a smile on the humble drudge that facilitates their progress. Every other author may aspire to praise; the lexicographer can only hope to escape reproach, and even this negative recompense has been yet granted to very few. . . .

In hope of giving longevity to that which its own nature forbids to be immortal, I have devoted this book, the labour of years, to the honour of my country, that we may no longer yield the palm of philology, without a contest, to the nations of the continent. The chief glory of every people arises from its authors: whether I shall add anything by my own writings to the reputation of English literature, must be left to time; much of my life has been lost under the pressures of disease; much has been trifled away; and much has always been spent in provision for the day that was passing over me; but I shall not think my employment useless or ignoble, if, by my assistance, foreign nations and distant ages gain access to the propagators of knowledge, and understand the teachers of truth; if my labours afford light to the repositories of science, and add celebrity to Bacon, to Hooker, to Milton, and to Boyle.

When I am animated by this wish, I look with pleasure on my book, however defective, and deliver it to the world with the spirit of a man that has endeavoured well. That it will immediately become popular, I have not promised to myself; a few wild blunders and risible absurdities, from which no work of such multiplicity was ever free, may for a time furnish folly with laughter, and harden ignorance into contempt; but useful diligence will at last prevail, and there never can be wanting some who distinguish desert, who will consider that no dictionary of a living tongue ever can be perfect, since, while it is hastening to publication, some words are budding and some falling away; that a whole life cannot be spent upon syntax and etymology, and that even a whole life would not be sufficient; that he whose design includes whatever language can express, must often speak of what he does not understand; that a writer will sometimes be hurried by eagerness to the end, and sometimes faint with weariness under a task which Scaliger compares to the labours of the anvil and the mine; that what is obvious is not always known, and what is known is not always present; that sudden fits of inadvertency will surprise vigilance, slight avocations will seduce attention, and casual eclipses of the mind will darken learning; and that the writer shall often in vain trace his memory at the moment of need for that which yesterday he knew with intuitive readiness, and which will come uncalled into his thoughts to-morrow.

In this work, when it shall be found that much is omitted, let it not be forgotten that much likewise is performed; and though no book was ever spared out of tenderness to the author, and the world is little solicitous to know whence proceeded the faults of that which it condemns, yet it may gratify curiosity to inform it, that the English Dictionary was written with little assistance of the learned, and without any patronage of the great; not in the soft obscurities of retirement, or under the shelter of academic bowers, but amid inconvenience and distraction, in sickness and in sorrow. It may repress the triumph of malignant criticism to observe, that if our language is not here fully displayed, I have only failed in an attempt which no human powers have hitherto completed. If the lexicons of ancient tongues, now immutably fixed, and comprised in a few volumes, be yet, after the toil of successive ages, inadequate and delusive; if the aggregated knowledge and co-operating diligence of the Italian academicians did not secure them from the censure of Beni; if the embodied critics of France, when fifty years had been spent upon their work, were obliged to change its economy, and give their second edition another form, I may surely be contented without the praise of perfection, which if I could obtain in this gloom of solitude, what would it avail me? I have protracted my work till most of those whom I wished to please have sunk into the grave, and success and miscarriage are empty sounds. I therefore dismiss it with frigid tranquillity, having little to fear or hope from censure or from praise.

### *Reflections on Landing at Iona.*

From the *Journey to the Western Isles.*

We were now treading that illustrious island which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion. To abstract the mind from all local emotion would be impossible if it were endeavoured, and would be foolish if it were possible. Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me and my friends be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. The man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force on the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.

### *Parallel between Pope and Dryden.*

From the *Lives of the Poets.*

Pope professed to have learned his poetry from Dryden, whom, whenever an opportunity was presented, he praised through his whole life with unvaried liberality; and perhaps his character may receive some illustration, if he be compared with his master.

Integrity of understanding and nicety of discernment were not allotted in a less proportion to Dryden than to Pope. The rectitude of Dryden's mind was sufficiently shewn by the dismission of his poetical prejudices, and the rejection of unnatural thoughts and rugged numbers. But Dryden never desired to apply all the judgment that he had. He wrote, and professed to write, merely for the people; and when he pleased others he contented himself. He spent no time in struggles to rouse latent powers; he never attempted to make that better which was already good, nor often to mend what he must have known to be faulty. He wrote, as he tells us, with very little consideration; when occasion or necessity called upon him, he poured out what the present moment happened to supply, and, when once it had passed the press, ejected it from his mind; for when he had no pecuniary interest, he had no further solicitude.

Pope was not content to satisfy: he desired to excel, and therefore always endeavoured to do his best: he did not court the candour, but dared the judgment of his reader, and expecting no indulgence from others, he shewed none to himself. He examined lines and words with minute and punctilious observation, and retouched every part with indefatigable diligence, till he had left nothing to be forgiven.

For this reason he kept his pieces very long in his hands, while he considered and reconsidered them. The only poems which can be supposed to have been written with such regard to the times as might hasten their publication, were the two satires of *Thirty-eight*, of which Dodsley told me that they were brought to him by the author that they might be fairly copied. 'Almost every line,' he said, 'was then written twice over. I gave him a clean transcript, which he sent some time afterwards to me for the press, with almost every line written twice over a second time.'

His declaration, that his care for his works ceased at their publication, was not strictly true. His parental attention never abandoned them; what he found amiss in the first edition, he silently corrected in those that followed. He appears to have revised the *Iliad*, and freed it from some of its imperfections; and the *Essay on Criticism* received many improvements after its first appearance. It will seldom be found that he altered without adding clearness, elegance, or vigour.

Pope had perhaps the judgment of Dryden, but Dryden certainly wanted the diligence of Pope.

In acquired knowledge the superiority must be allowed to Dryden, whose education was more scholastic, and who, before he became an author, had been allowed more time for study, with better means of information. His mind has a larger range, and he collects his images and illustrations from a more extensive circumference of science. Dryden knew more of man in his general nature, and Pope in his local manners. The notions of Dryden were formed by comprehensive speculation, and those of Pope by minute attention. There is more dignity in the knowledge of Dryden, and more certainty in that of Pope.

Poetry was not the sole praise of either; for both excelled likewise in prose; but Pope did not borrow his prose from his predecessor. The style of Dryden is capricious and varied, that of Pope is cautious and uniform. Dryden obeys the motions of his own mind, Pope constrains his mind to his own rules of composition. Dryden is sometimes vehement and rapid, Pope is always smooth, uniform, and gentle. Dryden's page is a natural field, rising into inequalities, and diversified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation; Pope's is a velvet lawn, shaven by the scythe, and levelled by the roller.

Of genius, that power which constitutes a poet, that quality without which judgment is cold and knowledge is inert, that energy which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates, the superiority must, with some hesitation, be allowed to Dryden. It is not to be inferred, that of this poetical vigour Pope had only a little, because Dryden had more; for every other writer since Milton must give place to Pope; and even of Dryden it must be said, that if he has brighter paragraphs, he has not better poems. Dryden's performances were always hasty, either excited by some external occasion, or extorted by domestic necessity; he composed without consideration, and published without correction. What his mind could supply at call, or gather in one excursion, was all that he sought, and all that he gave. The dilatory caution of Pope enabled him to condense his sentiments, to multiply his images, and to accumulate all that study might produce or chance might supply. If the flights of Dryden, therefore, are higher, Pope continues longer on the wing. If of Dryden's fire the blaze is brighter, of Pope's the heat is more regular and constant. Dryden often surpasses expectation, and Pope never falls below it. Dryden is read with frequent astonishment, and Pope with perpetual delight.

## JUNIUS AND SIR PHILIP FRANCIS.

On the 21st of January 1769 appeared the first of a series of political letters, bearing the signature of JUNIUS, which have since taken their place among the standard works of the English language. Great excitement prevailed in the nation at the time. The contest with the American colonies, the imposition of new taxes, the difficulty of forming a steady and permanent administration, and the great ability and eloquence of the opposition, had tended to spread a feeling of dissatisfaction throughout the country. The publication of the *North Briton*, a periodical edited by John Wilkes, and conducted with reckless violence and asperity, added fuel to the flame, and the prime-minister, Lord North, said justly, that 'the press overflowed the land with its black gall, and poisoned the minds of the people.' The government was by no means equal to the emergency, and indeed it would have required a cabinet of the highest powers and most energetic wisdom to have triumphed over the opposition of men like Chatham and Burke, and writers like Junius. The most popular newspaper of that day was the *Public Advertiser*, published by Woodfall, a man of education and respectability. To this journal the writer known as Junius had contributed under various signatures for about two years. The letters by which he is now distinguished were more carefully elaborated, and more highly polished, than any of his previous communications. They attacked all the public characters of the day connected with the government, they retailed much private scandal and personal history, and did not spare even royalty itself. The compression, point, and brilliancy of their language, their unrivalled sarcasm, boldness, and tremendous invective, at once arrested the attention of the public. Every effort that could be devised by the government, or prompted by private indignation, was made to discover their author, but in vain. 'It is not in the nature of things,' he writes to his publisher, 'that you or anybody else should know me, unless I make myself known: all arts or inquiries or rewards would be ineffectual.' In another place he remarks, 'I am the sole depositary of my secret, and it shall die with me.' The event has verified the prediction: he had drawn around himself so impenetrable a veil of secrecy, that all the efforts of inquirers, political and literary, failed in dispelling the original darkness. The letters were published at intervals from 1769 to 1772, when they were collected by Woodfall, and revised by their author—who was equally unknown to his publisher—and printed in two volumes. They have since gone through innumerable editions; but the best is that published in 1812 by Woodfall's son, which includes the letters by the same writer under other signatures—probably along with others *not* written by him, for there is a want of direct evidence—with his private notes to his publisher, and fac-similes of his handwriting.

The *principles* of Junius are moderate, compared with his *personalities*. Some sound constitutional maxims are conveyed in his letters, but his style has undoubtedly been his passport to fame. His illustrations and metaphors are also sometimes uncommonly felicitous. The personal malevolence of his attacks it is impossible to justify. When the controversy as to the authorship of these memorable philippics had almost died away, a book appeared in 1816, bearing the title of *Junius identified with a Celebrated Living Character*. The living character was Sir Philip Francis, and certainly a mass of strong circumstantial evidence has been presented in his favour. 'The external evidence,' says Macaulay, 'is, we think, such as would support a verdict in a civil, nay, in a criminal proceeding. The handwriting of Junius is the very peculiar handwriting of Francis, slightly disguised. As to the position, pursuits, and connections of Junius, the following are the most important facts which can be considered as clearly proved: First, that he was acquainted with the technical forms of the secretary of state's office; secondly, that he was intimately acquainted with the business of the War-office; thirdly, that he, during the year 1770, attended debates in the House of Lords, and took notes of speeches, particularly of the speeches of Lord Chatham; fourthly, that he bitterly resented the appointment of Mr Chamier to the place of deputy-secretary at war; fifthly, that he was bound by some strong tie to the first Lord Holland. Now, Francis passed some years in the secretary of state's office. He was subsequently chief-clerk of the War-office. He repeatedly mentioned that he had himself, in 1770, heard speeches of Lord Chatham; and some of these speeches were actually printed from his notes. He resigned his clerkship at the War-office from resentment at the appointment of Mr Chamier. It was by Lord Holland that he was first introduced into the public service. Now, here are five marks, all of which ought to be found in Junius. They are all five found in Francis. We do not believe that more than two of them can be found in any other person whatever. If this argument does not settle the question, there is an end of all reasoning on circumstantial evidence.' Attention has been drawn to another individual, one of ten or more persons suspected at the time of publication. This is Lord George Sackville, latterly Viscount Sackville, an able but unpopular soldier, cashiered from the army in consequence of neglect of duty at the battle of Minden, but who afterwards regained the favour of the government, and acted as secretary at war throughout the whole period of the American contest. A work by Mr Coventry in 1825, and a volume by Mr Jaques in 1842, have been devoted to an endeavour to fix the authorship of Junius upon Lord George. In 1853 the Grenville Papers were published from the originals at Stowe, and an attempt was made by their editor, Mr W. J. Smith, to prove that Lord Temple was Junius, Lady Temple acting as the amanuensis. Junius had, without disclosing himself, written three letters to Lord Temple on political topics; but these only prove that the unknown looked for the patronage of the Temples, should that family gain an ascendency in the government. It is probable that more than one person was connected with the letters, and Temple may have been one of these supplying hints; but the evidence given to prove that he was really Junius must be pronounced inconclusive. The claim of Francis still remains the best. In 1871 it was further strengthened by a series of fac-similes by Mr Charles Chabot, expert, with preface and collateral evidence by the Hon. E. Twistleton.

Philip Francis was the son of the Rev. Philip Francis, translator of Horace. He was born in Dublin in 1740, and at the early age of sixteen was placed by Lord Holland in the secretary of state's office. By the patronage of Pitt (Lord Chatham), he was made secretary to General Bligh in 1758, and was present at the capture of Cherbourg; in 1760 he accompanied Lord Kinnoul as secretary on his embassy to Lisbon; and in 1763 he was appointed to a considerable situation in the War-office, which he held till 1772. Next year he was made a member of the council appointed for the government of Bengal, from whence he returned in 1781, after being perpetually at war with the governor-general, Warren Hastings, and being wounded by him in a duel. He afterwards sat in parliament, supporting Whig principles, and was one of the 'Friends of the People' in association with Fox, Tierney, and Grey. He died in 1818. It must be acknowledged that the speeches and letters of Sir Philip evince much of the talent found in Junius, though they are less rhetorical in style; while the history and dispositions of the man—his strong resentments, his arrogance, his interest in the public questions of the day, evinced by his numerous pamphlets, even in advanced age, and the whole complexion of his party and political sentiments, are what we should expect of Woodfall's celebrated correspondent. High and commanding qualities he undoubtedly possessed; nor was he without genuine patriotic feelings, and a desire to labour earnestly for the public weal. His error lay in mistaking his private enmities for public virtue, and nursing his resentments till they attained a dark and unsocial malignity. His temper was irritable and gloomy, and often led him to form mistaken and uncharitable estimates of men and measures.

Of the literary excellences of Junius, his sarcasm, compressed energy, and brilliant illustration, a few specimens may be quoted. His finest metaphor—as just in sentiment as beautiful in expression—is contained in the conclusion to the forty-second letter: 'The ministry, it seems, are labouring to draw a line of distinction between the honour of the crown and the rights of the people. This new idea has yet only been started in discourse; for, in effect, both objects have been equally sacrificed. I neither understand the distinction, nor what use the ministry propose to make of it. The king's honour is that of his people. *Their* real honour and real interest are the same. I am not contending for a vain punctilio. A clear unblemished character comprehends not only the integrity that will not offer, but the spirit that will not submit to an injury; and whether it belongs to an individual or to a community, it is the foundation of peace, of independence, and of safety. Private credit is wealth; public honour is security. The feather that adorns the royal bird supports his flight. Strip him of his plumage, and you fix him to the earth.'

Thus also he remarks: 'In the shipwreck of the state, trifles float and are preserved; while everything solid and valuable sinks to the bottom, and is lost for ever.'

Of the supposed enmity of George III. to Wilkes, and the injudicious prosecution of that demagogue, Junius happily remarks: 'He said more than moderate men would justify, but not enough to entitle him to the honour of your majesty's personal resentment. The rays of royal indignation, collected upon him, served only to illuminate, and could not consume. Animated by the favour of the people on the one side, and heated by persecution on the other, his views and sentiments changed with his situation. Hardly serious at first, he is now an enthusiast. The coldest bodies warm with opposition, the hardest sparkle in collision. There is a holy mistaken zeal in politics as well as religion. By persuading others, we convince ourselves. The passions are engaged, and create a maternal affection in the mind, which forces us to love the cause for which we suffer.'

The letter to the king is the most dignified of the letters of Junius; those to the Dukes of Grafton and Bedford the most severe. The Duke of Grafton was descended from Charles II. and this afforded the satirist scope for invective: 'The character of the reputed ancestors of some men has made it possible for their descendants to be vicious in the extreme, without being degenerate. Those of your Grace, for instance, left no distressing examples of virtue, even to their legitimate posterity; and you may look back with pleasure to an illustrious pedigree, in which heraldry has not left a single good quality upon record to insult or upbraid you. You have better proofs of your descent, my lord, than the register of a marriage, or any troublesome inheritance of reputation. There are some hereditary strokes of character by which a family may be as clearly distinguished as by the blackest features of the human face. Charles I. lived and died a hypocrite; Charles II. was a hypocrite of another sort, and should have died upon the same scaffold. At the distance of a century, we see their different characters happily revived and blended in your Grace. Sullen and severe without religion, profligate without gaiety, you live like Charles II. without being an amiable companion; and for aught I know, may die as his father did, without the reputation of a martyr.'

In the same strain of elaborate and refined sarcasm the Duke of Bedford is addressed:

### *On the Duke of Bedford.*

My lord, you are so little accustomed to receive any marks of respect or esteem from the public, that if in the following lines a compliment or expression of applause should escape me, I fear you would consider it as a mockery of your established character, and perhaps an insult to your understanding. You have nice feelings, my lord, if we may judge from your resentments. Cautious, therefore, of giving offence where you have so little deserved it, I shall leave the illustration of your virtues to other hands. Your friends have a privilege to play upon the easiness of your temper, or probably they are better acquainted with your good qualities than I am. You have done good by stealth. The rest is upon record. You have still left ample room for speculation when panegyric is exhausted. . . .

Let us consider you, then, as arrived at the summit of worldly greatness; let us suppose that all your plans of avarice and ambition are accomplished, and your most sanguine wishes gratified in the fear as well as the hatred of the people. Can age itself forget that you are now in the last act of life? Can gray hairs make folly venerable? and is there no period to be reserved for meditation and retirement? For shame, my lord! Let it not be recorded of you that the latest moments of your life were dedicated to the same unworthy pursuits, the same busy agitations, in which your youth and manhood were exhausted. Consider that, though you cannot disgrace your former life, you are violating the character of age, and exposing the impotent imbecility, after you have lost the vigour, of the passions.

Your friends will ask, perhaps: Whither shall this unhappy old man retire? Can he remain in the metropolis, where his life has been so often threatened, and his palace so often attacked? If he returns to Woburn, scorn and mockery await him: he must create a solitude round his estate, if he would avoid the face of reproach and derision. At Plymouth, his destruction would be more than probable; at Exeter, inevitable. No honest Englishmen will ever forget his attachment, nor any honest Scotchman forgive his treachery, to Lord Bute. At every town he enters, he must change his liveries and name. Whichever way he flies, the hue and cry of the country pursues him.

In another kingdom, indeed, the blessings of his administration have been more sensibly felt, his virtues better understood; or, at worst, they will not for him alone forget their hospitality. As well might Verres have returned to Sicily. You have twice escaped, my lord; beware of a third experiment. The indignation of a whole people plundered, insulted, and oppressed, as they have been, will not always be disappointed.

It is in vain, therefore, to shift the scene; you can no more fly from your enemies than from yourself. Persecuted abroad, you look into your own heart for consolation, and find nothing but reproaches and despair. But, my lord, you may quit the field of business, though not the field of danger; and though you cannot be safe, you may cease to be ridiculous. I fear you have listened too long to the advice of those pernicious friends with whose interests you have sordidly united your own, and for whom you have sacrificed everything that ought to be dear to a man of honour. They are still base enough to encourage the follies of your age, as they once did the vices of your youth. As little acquainted with the rules of decorum as with the laws of morality, they will not suffer you to profit by experience, nor even to consult the propriety of a bad character. Even now they tell you that life is no more than a dramatic scene, in which the hero should preserve his consistency to the last; and that, as you lived without virtue, you should die without repentance.

These are certainly brilliant pieces of composition. The tone and spirit in which they are conceived are harsh and reprehensible—in some parts almost fiendish—but they are the emanations of a powerful and cultivated mind, that, under better moral discipline, might have done lasting honour to literature and virtue. The acknowledged productions of Sir Philip Francis have equal animation, but less studied brevity and force of style. The soaring ardour of youth had flown; his hopes were crushed; he was not writing under the mask of a fearless and impenetrable secrecy. Yet in a letter to Earl Grey on the subject of the blockade of Norway, we find such vigorous sentences as the following:

### *State of England in* 1812.

Though a nation may be bought and sold, deceived or betrayed, oppressed or beggared, and in every other sense undone, *all* is not lost, as long as a sense of national honour survives the general ruin. Even an individual cannot be crushed by events or overwhelmed by adversity, if, in the wreck and ruin of his fortune, the character of the man remains unblemished. That force is elastic, and, with the help of resolution, will raise him again out of any depth of calamity. But if the injured sufferer, whether it be a great or a little community, a number of individuals or a single person, be content to submit in silence, and to endure without resentment—if no complaints shall be uttered, no murmur shall be heard, *deploratum est*—there must be something celestial in the spirit that rises from that descent.

In March 1798, I had your voluntary and entire concurrence in the following, as well as many other abandoned propositions—when we drank pure wine together—when *you* were young, and *I* was not superannuated—when we left the cold infusions of prudence to fine ladies and gentle politicians—when true wisdom was not degraded by the name of moderation—when we cared but little by what majorities the nation was betrayed, or how many felons were acquitted by their peers—and when we were not afraid of being intoxicated by the elevation of a spirit too highly rectified. In England and Scotland, the general disposition of the people may be fairly judged of by the means which are said to be necessary to counteract it—an immense standing army, barracks in every part of the country, the bill of rights suspended, and, in effect, a military despotism.

In the last of the private letters of Junius to Woodfall—the last, indeed, of his appearances in that character—he says, with his characteristic ardour and impatience, 'I feel for the honour of this country, when I see that there are not ten men in it who will unite and stand together upon any one question. But it is all alike, vile and contemptible.' This was written in January 1773. Forty-three years afterwards, in 1816, Sir Philip Francis thus writes in a letter on public affairs, addressed to Lord Holland, and the similarity in manner and sentiment is striking. The style is not unworthy of Junius: 'My mind sickens and revolts at the scenes of public depravity, of personal baseness, and of ruinous folly, little less than universal, which have passed before us, not in dramatic representation, but in real action, since the year 1792, in the government of this once flourishing as well as glorious kingdom. In that period, a deadly revolution has taken place in the moral character of the nation, and even in the instinct of the gregarious multitude. Passion of any kind, if it existed, might excite action. With still many generous exceptions, the body of the country is lost in apathy and indifference—sometimes strutting on stilts—for the most part grovelling on its belly—no life-blood in the heart—and instead of reason or reflection, a *caput mortuum* for a head-piece; of all revolutions this one is the worst, because it makes any other impossible.'[*]

Among the lighter sketches of Francis may be taken the following:

### *Characters of Fox and Pitt.*

They know nothing of Mr Fox who think that he was what is commonly called *well educated.* I know that it was directly or very nearly the reverse. His mind educated itself, not by early study or instruction, but by active listening and rapid apprehension. He said so in the House of Commons when he and Mr Burke parted. His powerful understanding grew like a forest oak, not by cultivation, but by neglect. Mr Pitt was a plant of an inferior order, though marvellous in its kind—a smooth bark, with the deciduous pomp and decoration of a rich foliage, and blossoms and flowers which drop off of themselves, and leave the tree naked at last to be judged by its fruits. *He,* indeed, as I suspect, had been educated more than enough, until there was nothing natural and spontaneous left in him. He was too polished and accurate in the minor embellishments of his art to be a great artist in anything. He could have painted the boat, and the fish, and the broken nets, but not the two fishermen. He knew his audience, and, with or without eloquence, how to summon the generous passions to his applause. The human eye soon grows weary of an unbounded plain, and sooner, I believe, than of any limited portion of space, whatever its dimensions may be. There is a calm delight, a *dolce riposo,* in viewing the smooth-shaven verdure of a bowling-green as long as it is near. You must learn from repetition that those properties are inseparable from the idea of a flat surface, and that flat and tiresome are synonymous. The works of nature, which command admiration at once, and never lose it, are compounded of grand inequalities.

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[*] The character of Francis is seen in the following admirable observation, which is at once acute and profound: 'With a callous heart there can be no genius in the imagination or wisdom in the mind; and therefore the prayer with equal truth and sublimity says: "Incline our hearts unto wisdom." Resolute thoughts find words for themselves, and make their own vehicle. Impression and expression are relative ideas. He who feels deeply will express strongly. The language of slight sensations is naturally feeble and superficial.'—*Reflections on the abundance of Paper,* 1810. Francis excelled in pointed and pithy expression. After his return to parliament in 1784, he gave great offence to Mr Pitt, by exclaiming, after he had pronounced an animated eulogy on Lord Chatham: 'But he is dead, and has left nothing in this world that resembles him!' The writer of a memoir of Francis, in the *Annual Obituary* (1820), states that one of his maxims was, 'That the views of every one should be directed towards a solid, however moderate independence, without which no man can be happy, or even honest.' There is a remarkable coincidence—too close to be accidental—in a private letter by Junius to his publisher, Woodfall, dated March 5, 1772: 'As for myself, be assured that I am far above all pecuniary views, and no other person I think has any claim to share with you. Make the most of it, therefore, and let all your views in life be directed to a solid, however moderate independence. Without it, no man can be happy, nor even honest.' It is obvious, however, that Francis may have copied from Junius, and it has been surmised that, notwithstanding his denials of the authorship, he was not unwilling to bear the imputation.

### *From Junius's Letter to the King.*

To the Printer of the *Public Advertiser*.—December 19, 1769.

Sir—When the complaints of a brave and powerful people are observed to increase in proportion to the wrongs they have suffered; when, instead of sinking into submission, they are roused to resistance, the time will soon arrive at which every inferior consideration must yield to the security of the sovereign, and to the general safety of the state. There is a moment of difficulty and danger, at which flattery and falsehood can no longer deceive, and simplicity itself can no longer be misled. Let us suppose it arrived. Let us suppose a gracious, well-intentioned prince made sensible at last of the great duty he owes to his people, and of his own disgraceful situation; that he looks round him for assistance, and asks for no advice but how to gratify the wishes and secure the happiness of his subjects. In these circumstances, it may be matter of curious speculation to consider, if an honest man were permitted to approach a king, in what terms he would address himself to his sovereign. Let it be imagined, no matter how improbable, that the first prejudice against his character is removed; that the ceremonious difficulties of an audience are surmounted; that he feels himself animated by the purest and most honourable affection to his king and country; and that the great person whom he addresses has spirit enough to bid him speak freely, and understanding enough to listen to him with attention. Unacquainted with the vain impertinence of forms, he would deliver his sentiments with dignity and firmness, but not without respect:

Sir—It is the misfortune of your life, and originally the cause of every reproach and distress which has attended your government, that you should never have been acquainted with the language of truth till you heard it in the complaints of your people. It is not, however, too late to correct the error of your education. We are still inclined to make an indulgent allowance for the pernicious lessons you received in your youth, and to form the most sanguine hopes from the natural benevolence of your disposition. We are far from thinking you capable of a direct deliberate purpose to invade those original rights of your subjects on which all their civil and political liberties depend. Had it been possible for us to entertain a suspicion so dishonourable to your character, we should long since have adopted a style of remonstrance very distant from the humility of complaint. The doctrine inculcated by our laws, 'that the king can do no wrong,' is admitted without reluctance. We separate the amiable good-natured prince from the folly and treachery of his servants, and the private virtues of the man from the vices of his government. Were it not for this just distinction, I know not whether your majesty's condition, or that of the English nation, would deserve most to be lamented. I would prepare your mind for a favourable reception of truth, by removing every painful offensive idea of personal reproach. Your subjects, sir, wish for nothing but that, as *they* are reasonable and affectionate enough to separate your person from your government, so *you*, in your turn, would distinguish between the conduct which becomes the permanent dignity of a king, and that which serves only to promote the temporary interest and miserable ambition of a minister.

You ascended the throne with a declared—and, I doubt not, a sincere—resolution of giving universal satisfaction to your subjects. You found them pleased with the novelty of a young prince, whose countenance promised even more than his words, and loyal to you not only from principle but passion. It was not a cold profession of allegiance to the first magistrate, but a partial, animated attachment to a favourite prince, the native of their country. They did not wait to examine your conduct, nor to be determined by experience, but gave you a generous credit for the future blessings of your reign, and paid you in advance the dearest tribute of their affections. Such, sir, was once the disposition of a people who now surround your throne with reproaches and complaints. Do justice to yourself. Banish from your mind those unworthy opinions with which some interested persons have laboured to possess you. Distrust the men who tell you that the English are naturally light and inconstant; that they complain without a cause. Withdraw your confidence equally from all parties; from ministers, favourites, and relations; and let there be one moment in your life in which you have consulted your own understanding.

When you affectedly renounced the name of Englishman,* believe me, sir, you were persuaded to pay a very ill-judged compliment to one part of your subjects at the expense of another. While the natives of Scotland are not in actual rebellion, they are undoubtedly entitled to protection; nor do I mean to condemn the policy of giving some encouragement to the novelty of their affection for the house of Hanover. I am ready to hope for everything from their new-born zeal, and from the future steadiness of their allegiance. But hitherto they have no claim to your favour. To honour them with a determined predilection and confidence, in exclusion of your English subjects—who placed your family, and, in spite of treachery and rebellion, have supported it, upon the throne—is a mistake too gross for even the unsuspecting generosity of youth. In this error we see a capital violation of the most obvious rules of policy and prudence. We trace it, however, to an original bias in your education, and are ready to allow for your inexperience.

To the same early influence we attribute it that you have descended to take a share, not only in the narrow views and interests of particular persons, but in the fatal malignity of their passions. At your accession to the throne the whole system of government was altered; not from wisdom or deliberation, but because it had been adopted by your predecessor. A little personal motive of pique and resentment was sufficient to remove the ablest servants of the crown; but it is not in this country, sir, that such men can be dishonoured by the frowns of a king. They were dismissed, but could not be disgraced. . . .

Without consulting your minister, call together your whole council. Let it appear to the public that you can determine and act for yourself. Come forward to your people; lay aside the wretched formalities of a king, and speak to your subjects with the spirit of a man, and in the language of a gentleman. Tell them you have been fatally deceived: the acknowledgment will be no disgrace, but rather an honour, to your understanding. Tell them you are determined to remove every cause of complaint against your government; that you will give your confidence to no man that does not possess the confidence of your subjects; and leave it to themselves to determine, by their conduct at a future election, whether or not it be in reality the general sense of the nation, that their rights have been arbitrarily invaded by the present House of Commons, and the constitution betrayed. They will then do justice to their representatives and to themselves.

These sentiments, sir, and the style they are conveyed in, may be offensive, perhaps, because they are new to you. Accustomed to the language of courtiers, you measure their affections by the vehemence of their

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* The king, in his first speech from the throne, said he 'gloried in the name of Briton.'

**expressions: and when they only praise you indirectly, you admire their sincerity. But this is not a time to trifle with your fortune. They deceive you, sir, who tell you that you have many friends whose affections are founded upon a principle of personal attachment. The first foundation of friendship is not the power of conferring benefits, but the equality with which they are received, and may be returned. The fortune which made you a king, forbade you to have a friend; it is a law of nature, which cannot be violated with impunity. The mistaken prince who looks for friendship will find a favourite, and in that favourite the ruin of his affairs.**

**The people of England are loyal to the house of Hanover, not from a vain preference of one family to another, but from a conviction that the establishment of that family was necessary to the support of their civil and religious liberties. This, sir, is a principle of allegiance equally solid and rational; fit for Englishmen to adopt, and well worthy of your majesty's encouragement. We cannot long be deluded by nominal distinctions. The name of Stuart of itself is only contemptible: armed with the sovereign authority, their principles are formidable. The prince who imitates their conduct should be warned by their example; and while he plumes himself upon the security of his title to the crown, should remember that, as it was acquired by one revolution, it may be lost by another.**

### JOHN HORNE TOOKE—M. DE-LOLME.

As a philologist or grammarian, JOHN HORNE TOOKE (1736–1812) is known in literature, but his chief celebrity arises from his political and social character. He was the son of Mr Horne, a wealthy London poulterer, and hence the punning answer made to his school-fellows who asked what his father was. 'A *Turkey* merchant,' was the boy's reply. John Horne was well educated—first at Westminster, then at Eton, and afterwards at St John's College, Cambridge. His father designed him for the church, and he took orders, but disliking the clerical profession, he studied law at the Middle Temple. He travelled in France and Italy as travelling tutor, first to a son of Elwes the miser, and secondly to a Mr Taylor of Surrey; and having cast off the clerical character in these continental tours, he never again resumed it. He became an active politician and supporter of John Wilkes, in favour of whom he wrote an anonymous pamphlet in 1765. In 1770, he distinguished himself by the part he took in a memorable public event. The king (George III.) having from the throne censured an address presented by the city authorities, the latter waited upon the sovereign with another 'humble address,' remonstrance, and petition, reiterating their request for the dissolution of parliament and the dismissal of ministers. They were again repulsed, the king stating that he would consider such a use of his prerogative as dangerous to the interests and constitution of the country. Horne Tooke, anticipating such a reception, suggested to his friend, Mr Beckford, the lord mayor, the idea of a reply to the sovereign; a measure unexampled in our history. When the lord mayor had retired from the royal presence, 'I saw Beckford,' said Tooke, 'just after he came from St James's. I asked him what he had said to the king; and he replied, that he had been so confused, he scarcely knew what he had said. "But," cried I, "*your speech* must be sent to the papers; I'll write it for you."' He did so; it was printed and diffused over the kingdom, and was engraved on the pedestal of a statue of Beckford erected in Guildhall.* This famous unspoken speech, the composition of Horne Tooke, is as follows:

**MOST GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN—Will your majesty be pleased so far to condescend as to permit the mayor of your loyal city of London to declare in your royal presence, on behalf of his fellow-citizens, how much the bare apprehension of your majesty's displeasure would, at all times, affect their minds? The declaration of that displeasure has already filled them with inexpressible anxiety, and with the deepest affliction. Permit me, sire, to assure your majesty, that your majesty has not in all your dominions any subjects more faithful, more dutiful, or more affectionate to your majesty's person or family, or more ready to sacrifice their lives and fortunes in the maintenance of the true honour and dignity of your crown. We do, therefore, with the greatest humility and submission, most earnestly supplicate your majesty, that you will not dismiss us from your presence without expressing a more favourable opinion of your faithful citizens, and without some comfort, without some prospect, at least of redress. Permit me, sire, further to observe that whoever has already dared, or shall hereafter endeavour, to alienate your majesty's affections from your loyal subjects in general, and from the city of London in particular, and to withdraw your confidence in, and regard for your people, is an enemy to your majesty's person and family, a violator of the public peace, and a betrayer of our happy constitution as it was established at the glorious and necessary revolution.**

There seems little to excite popular enthusiasm in this address, but it had the appearance of 'bearding the king upon the throne,' and the nation was then in a state of political ferment. Horne Tooke's subsequent quarrel with Wilkes and controversy with Junius are well known. In the latter, he was completely and eminently successful. He had ere this formally severed himself from the church (1773), and again taken to the study of the law. His spirited opposition to an inclosure bill, which it was attempted to hurry through parliament, procured him the favour of a wealthy client, Mr Tooke of Purley, from whom he inherited a fortune of about £8000, and whose surname of Tooke he afterwards assumed. To this connection we must also ascribe part of the title of his greatest work, *Epea Pteroenta, or the Diversions of Purley*. So early as 1778, Tooke had addressed a *Letter to Mr Dunning* on the rudiments of grammar, and the principles there laid down were followed up and treated at length in the *Diversions*, of which the first part appeared in 1786, and a second part in 1805. Wit, politics, metaphysics, etymology, and grammar are curiously mingled in this work. The chief object of its author was an attempt to prove that all the parts of speech, including those which grammarians considered as expletives and unmeaning particles, may be resolved into nouns and verbs. As respects the English language, he was considered to have been successful; and his knowledge of the northern languages, no less than his liveliness and acuteness, was highly commended. But his idea that the etymological history of words is a true guide, both as to the *present* import of the words themselves, and as to the nature of those things which they are intended to signify, is a fanciful and fallacious assumption. However witty and well informed as an etymologist, Horne

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* The best account of this political manœuvre is given in the *Recollections of Samuel Rogers*, 1856.

Tooke was meagre in definition and metaphysics. He *diverted* himself and friends with philosophical studies, but made politics and social pleasure the real business of his life—thus reminding us more of the French *savans* of the last century than of any class of English students or authors. In 1794 Horne Tooke was tried for high treason—accused with Hardy, Thelwall, and others of conspiring and corresponding with the French Convention to overthrow the English constitution. His trial excited intense interest, to which the eloquence of Erskine, his counsel, has given something more than temporary importance. It lasted several days, and ended in his acquittal. For a short time Horne Tooke sat in parliament, as member for Old Sarum, but did not distinguish himself as a legislator or debater. His latter years were spent in a sort of lettered retirement at Wimbledon, entertaining his friends to Sunday dinners and quiet parties, and delighting them with his lively and varied conversation—often more amusing and pungent than delicate or correct.

*The Constitution of England, or an Account of the English Government*, by JOHN LEWIS DE-LOLME (1740–1806), was recommended by Junius 'as a performance deep, solid, and ingenious.' The author was a native of Geneva, who had studied the law. His work on the English constitution was first published in Holland, in the French language. The English edition, enlarged and dedicated by the author to King George III., appeared in 1775. De-Lolme wrote several slight political treatises, and expected to be patronised by the British government. In this he was disappointed; and his circumstances were so reduced, that he was glad to accept of relief from the Literary Fund. The praise of Junius has not been confirmed by the present generation, for De-Lolme's work has fallen into neglect.

## THE EARL OF CHATHAM.

A series of letters, written at this time, has been published. The collection is inferior in literary value, but its author was one of the greatest men of his age—perhaps the first of English orators and statesmen. We allude to a volume of letters written by the Earl of Chatham to his nephew, Thomas Pitt, Lord Camelford. This work contains much excellent advice as to life and conduct, a sincere admiration of classical learning, and great kindliness of domestic feeling and affection. Another collection of the correspondence of Lord Chatham was made and published in 1840, in four volumes. Some light is thrown on contemporary history and public events by this correspondence; but its principal value is of a reflex nature, derived from our interest in all that relates to the lofty and commanding intellect which shaped the destinies of Europe. WILLIAM PITT was born on the 15th of November 1708. He was educated at Eton, whence he removed to Trinity College, Oxford. He was afterwards a cornet in the Blues. His military career, however, was of short duration; for in 1735 he had a seat in parliament, being returned member for Old Sarum. His talents for debate were soon conspicuous; and on the occasion of a bill for registering seamen in 1740, he made his memorable reply to the elder Horatio Walpole (brother of Sir Robert), who had taunted him on account of his youth. This burst of youthful ardour has been immortalised by Dr Johnson, who then reported the parliamentary debates for the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

### *Speech of Pitt, afterwards Lord Chatham, on being taunted on Account of Youth.*

SIR—The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honourable gentleman has, with such spirit and decency, charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny, but content myself with wishing that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience. Whether youth can be imputed to any man as a reproach, I will not, sir, assume the province of determining; but surely age may become justly contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement, and vice appears to prevail when the passions have subsided. The wretch who, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and whose age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object either of abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not that his gray hairs should secure him from insult. Much more, sir, is he to be abhorred who, as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and become more wicked with less temptation; who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy, and spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country. But youth, sir, is not my only crime; I have been accused of acting a theatrical part. A theatrical part may either imply some peculiarities of gesture, or a dissimulation of my real sentiments, and an adoption of the opinions and language of another man.

In the first sense sir, the charge is too trifling to be confuted, and deserves only to be mentioned that it may be despised. I am at liberty, like every other man, to use my own language; and though, perhaps, I may have some ambition to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint, nor very solicitously copy his diction or his mien, however matured by age, or modelled by experience. But if any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behaviour, imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator and a villain; nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment he deserves. I shall on such an occasion, without scruple, trample upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity intrench themselves; nor shall anything but age restrain my resentment; age, which alway brings one privilege, that of being insolent and supercilious, without punishment. But with regard, sir, to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion that if I had acted a borrowed part, I should have avoided their censure; the heat that offended them is the ardour of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my country which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upon public robbery. I will exert my endeavours, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor, and drag the thief to justice, whoever may protect him in his villainy, and whoever may partake of his plunder.

The style of this speech is eminently Johnsonian—not the style of Pitt. We need not follow the public career of Pitt, which is, in fact, a part of the history of England during a long and agitated period. His style of oratory was of the highest class, rapid, vehement, and overpowering, and it was adorned by all the graces of action and delivery. His public conduct was singularly pure and disinterested, considering the venality of the times in which he lived; but as a statesman, he was often inconsistent, haughty, and impracticable. His acceptance of a peerage (in 1766) hurt his popularity with the nation, who loved and reverenced him as 'the great commoner;' but he still 'shook the senate' with the resistless appeals of his eloquence. His speech—delivered when he was upwards of sixty, and broken down and enfeebled by disease—against the employment of Indians in the war with America, is too characteristic, too noble to be omitted:

### *Speech of Chatham against the Employment of Indians in the War with America.*

I cannot, my lords, I will not, join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. This, my lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment; it is not a time for adulation; the smoothness of flattery cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne in the language of truth. We must, if possible, dispel the delusion and darkness which envelop it, and display, in its full danger and genuine colours, the ruin which is brought to our doors. Can ministers still presume to expect support in their infatuation? Can parliament be so dead to their dignity and duty, as to give their support to measures thus obtruded and forced upon them; measures, my lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to scorn and contempt? But yesterday, and England might have stood against the world: now, none so poor to do her reverence! The people whom we at first despised as rebels, but whom we now acknowledge as enemies, are abetted against you, supplied with every military store, have their interest consulted, and their ambassadors entertained, by your inveterate enemy; and ministers do not, and dare not, interpose with dignity or effect. The desperate state of our army abroad is in part known. No man more highly esteems and honours the English troops than I do; I know their virtues and their valour; I know they can achieve anything but impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of English America is an impossibility. You cannot, my lords, you cannot conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst; but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing and suffered much. You may swell every expense, accumulate every assistance, and extend your traffic to the shambles of every German despot; your attempts will be for ever vain and impotent—doubly so, indeed, from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your adversaries, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms: Never, never, never! But, my lords, who is the man that, in addition to the disgraces and mischiefs of the war, has dared to authorise and associate to our arms the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage; to call into civilised alliance the wild and inhuman inhabitant of the woods; to delegate to the merciless Indian the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment. But, my lords, this barbarous measure has been defended, not only on the principles of policy and necessity, but also on those of morality; 'for it is perfectly allowable,' says Lord Suffolk, 'to use all the means which God and nature have put into our hands.' I am astonished, I am shocked, to hear such principles confessed; to hear them avowed in this house or in this country. My lords, I did not intend to encroach so much on your attention; but I cannot repress my indignation—I feel myself impelled to speak. My lords, we are called upon as members of this house, as men, as Christians, to protest against such horrible barbarity! That God and nature have put into our hands! What ideas of God and nature that noble lord may entertain, I know not; but I know that such detestable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity. What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife! to the cannibal savage, torturing, murdering, devouring, drinking the blood of his mangled victims! Such notions shock every precept of morality, every feeling of humanity, every sentiment of honour. These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation. I call upon that right reverend, and this most learned bench, to vindicate the religion of their God, to support the justice of their country. I call upon the bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn; upon the judges to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honour of your lordships, to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country to vindicate the national character. I invoke the Genius of the Constitution. From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country. In vain did he defend the liberty and establish the religion of Britain against the tyranny of Rome, if these worse than popish cruelties and inquisitorial practices are endured among us. To send forth the merciless cannibal, thirsting for blood! against whom? your Protestant brethren! to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name by the aid and instrumentality of these horrible hell-hounds of war! Spain can no longer boast pre-eminence in barbarity. She armed herself with blood-hounds to extirpate the wretched natives of Mexico; we, more ruthless, loose these dogs of war against our countrymen in America, endeared to us by every tie that can sanctify humanity. I solemnly call upon your lordships, and upon every order of men in the state, to stamp upon this infamous procedure the indelible stigma of the public abhorrence. More particularly I call upon the holy prelates of our religion to do away this iniquity; let them perform a lustration, to purify the country from this deep and deadly sin. My lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more; but my feelings and indignation were too strong to have said less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, nor even reposed my head upon my pillow, without giving vent to my eternal abhorrence of such enormous and preposterous principles.

The last public appearance and death of Lord Chatham are thus described by WILLIAM BELSHAM (1753-1827), essayist and historian, in his *History of Great Britain:*

The mind feels interested in the minutest circumstances relating to the last day of the public life of this renowned statesman and patriot. He was dressed in a rich suit of black velvet, with a full wig, and covered up to the knees in flannel. On his arrival in the house, he refreshed himself in the lord chancellor's room, where he stayed till prayers were over, and till he was informed that business was going to begin. He was then led into the house by his son and son-in-law, Mr William Pitt and Lord Viscount Mahon, all the lords standing up out of respect, and making a lane for him to pass to the earl's bench, he bowing very gracefully to them as he proceeded. He looked pale and much emaciated, but his eye retained all its native fire; which, joined to his general deportment, and the attention of the house, formed a spectacle very striking and impressive.

When the Duke of Richmond had sat down, Lord Chatham rose, and began by lamenting 'that his bodily infirmities had so long and at so important a crisis prevented his attendance on the duties of parliament. He declared that he had made an effort almost beyond the powers of his constitution to come down to the house on this day, perhaps the last time he should ever be able to enter its walls, to express the indignation he felt at the idea which he understood was gone forth of yielding up the sovereignty of America. "My lords," continued he, "I rejoice that the grave has not closed upon me, that I am still alive to lift up my voice against the dismemberment of this ancient and noble monarchy. Pressed down as I am by the load of infirmity, I am little able to assist my country in this most perilous conjuncture; but, my lords, while I have sense and memory, I never will consent to tarnish the lustre of this nation by an ignominious surrender of its rights and fairest possessions. Shall a people so lately the terror of the world, now fall prostrate before the house of Bourbon? It is impossible! In God's name, if it is absolutely necessary to declare either for peace or war, and if peace cannot be preserved with honour, why is not war commenced without hesitation? I am not, I confess, well informed of the resources of this kingdom, but I trust it has still sufficient to maintain its just rights, though I know them not. Any state, my lords, is better than despair. Let us at least make one effort, and if we must fall, let us fall like men."'

The Duke of Richmond, in reply, declared himself to be 'totally ignorant of the means by which we were to resist with success the combination of America with the house of Bourbon. He urged the noble lord to point out any possible mode, if he were able to do it, of making the Americans renounce that independence of which they were in possession. His Grace added, that if he could not, no man could; and that it was not in his power to change his opinion on the noble lord's authority, unsupported by any reasons but a recital of the calamities arising from a state of things not in the power of this country now to alter.'

Lord Chatham, who had appeared greatly moved during the reply, made an eager effort to rise at the conclusion of it, as if labouring with some great idea, and impatient to give full scope to his feelings; but before he could utter a word, pressing his hand on his bosom, he fell down suddenly in a convulsive fit. The Duke of Cumberland, Lord Temple, and other lords near him, caught him in their arms. The house was immediately cleared; and his lordship being carried into an adjoining apartment, the debate was adjourned. Medical assistance being obtained, his lordship in some degree recovered, and was conveyed to his favourite villa of Hayes, in Kent, where, after lingering some few weeks, he expired, May 11, 1778, in the seventieth year of his age.

Grattan, the Irish orator (1750-1820) has drawn the character of Lord Chatham with felicity and vigour of style. The glittering point and antithesis of the sketch are united to great originality and force:

### *Character of Lord Chatham by Grattan.*

The secretary stood alone. Modern degeneracy had not reached him. Original and unaccommodating, the features of his character had the hardihood of antiquity. His august mind overawed majesty; and one of his sovereigns thought royalty so impaired in his presence, that he conspired to remove him, in order to be relieved from his superiority. No state chicanery, no narrow system of vicious politics, sunk him to the vulgar level of the great; but, overbearing, persuasive, and impracticable, his object was England, his ambition was fame. Without dividing, he destroyed party; without corrupting, he made a venal age unanimous. France sunk beneath him. With one hand he smote the house of Bourbon, and wielded in the other the democracy of England. The sight of his mind was infinite; and his schemes were to affect, not England, not the present age only, but Europe and posterity. Wonderful were the means by which these schemes were accomplished; always seasonable, always adequate, the suggestions of an understanding animated by ardour and enlightened by prophecy.

The ordinary feelings which make life amiable and indolent were unknown to him. No domestic difficulties, no domestic weakness, reached him; but aloof from the sordid occurrences of life, and unsullied by its intercourse, he came occasionally into our system to counsel and to decide.

A character so exalted, so strenuous, so various, so authoritative, astonished a corrupt age, and the treasury trembled at the name of Pitt through all the classes of venality. Corruption imagined, indeed, that she had found defects in this statesman, and talked much of the inconsistency of his glory, and much of the ruin of his victories; but the history of his country, and the calamities of the enemy, answered and refuted her. Nor were his political abilities his only talents: his eloquence was an era in the senate, peculiar and spontaneous, familiarly expressing gigantic sentiments and instinctive wisdom; not like the torrent of Demosthenes, or the splendid conflagration of Tully; it resembled sometimes the thunder, and sometimes the music of the spheres. Like Murray, he did not conduct the understanding through the painful subtlety of argumentation; nor was he, like Townsend, for ever on the rack of exertion; but rather lightened upon the subject, and reached the point by the flashings of the mind, which, like those of his eye, were felt, but could not be followed. Upon the whole, there was in this man something that could create, subvert, or reform; an understanding, a spirit, and an eloquence to summon mankind to society, or to break the bonds of slavery asunder, and to rule the wilderness of free minds with unbounded authority, something that could establish or overwhelm empire, and strike a blow in the world that should resound through the universe.

## EDMUND BURKE.

As an orator, politician, and author, the name of EDMUND BURKE stood high with his contemporaries, and time has abated little of its lustre. He is still by far the most eloquent and imaginative of all our writers on public affairs, and the most philosophical of English statesmen. Burke was born in Dublin, January 12, 1728-9, the son of a respectable solicitor, a Protestant. His mother's name was Nagle, of a Roman Catholic family. He was educated first at a popular school at Ballitore in Kildare, kept by Abraham Shackleton, a Quaker, and afterwards at Trinity College, Dublin. In 1750 he removed to London, where he entered himself as a student of the Middle Temple, but he seems soon to have abandoned his intention of prosecuting the law as a profession. In 1756 he published anonymously a parody on the style and manner of Bolingbroke, a *Vindication of Natural Society*, in which the paradoxical reasoning of the noble sceptic is pushed to a ridiculous extreme, and its absurdity very happily exposed. In 1757, he published *A Philosophical Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful*, and an *Account of European Settlements in America*. He obtained an introduction to the society of Johnson, Reynolds, Goldsmith, and the other eminent men of the day. Burke, however, was still struggling with difficulties, and compiling for booksellers. He suggested to Dodsley the plan of an Annual Register, which that spirited publisher adopted, Burke furnishing the whole of the original matter for 1758 and 1759. He continued for several years to write the historical portion of this valuable compilation. In 1761, Burke accompanied Mr W. G. Hamilton (best known as 'Single-speech Hamilton') to Ireland, partly in the capacity of private secretary to Hamilton (who had been appointed chief-secretary to the Earl of Halifax, lord-lieutenant of Ireland), and partly as a personal friend. This connection did not last long, Burke being too independent to serve as a mere tool of party. In 1765, he became secretary to the Marquis of Rockingham, and was returned to the House of Commons as member for Wendover. He soon distinguished himself in parliament, but the Rockingham administration was dissolved in 1766, and Burke joined the opposition. In 1769, he wrote an able reply to a pamphlet, by Mr Grenville, on the State of the Nation; and in the following year, another political disquisition, *Thoughts on the Present Discontents*. This is a powerful argumentative treatise. We shall not attempt to follow Burke's parliamentary career. His speeches on American affairs were among his most vigorous and felicitous appearances; his most important public duty was the part he took in the prosecution of Warren Hastings, and his opposition to the Regency Bill of Pitt. Stormier times, however, were at hand: the French Revolution was then 'blackening the horizon'—to use one of his own metaphors—and he early predicted the course it would take. He strenuously warned his countrymen against the dangerous influence of French principles, and published his memorable treatise, *Reflections on the French Revolution*, 1790. A rupture now took place between him and his Whig friends, Mr Fox in particular; but with characteristic ardour Burke went on denouncing the doctrines of the Revolution, and published his *Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs*, his *Letters to a Noble Lord*, and his *Letters on the Proposals for Peace with the Regicide Directory of France*. The splendour of these compositions, the various knowledge which they display, the rich imagery with which they abound, and the spirit of philosophical reflection which pervades them all, stamp them among the first literary productions of their time. Such a flood of rich illustration had never before been poured on questions of state policy and government. At the same time, Burke was eminently practical in his views. His greatest efforts will be found directed to the redress of some existing wrong, or the preservation of some existing good—to hatred of actual oppression, to the removal of useless restrictions, and to the calm and sober improvement of the laws and government which he venerated, without 'coining to himself Whig principles from a French die, unknown to the impress of our fathers in the constitution.' Where inconsistencies are found in his writings between his early and later opinions, they will be seen to consist chiefly in matters of detail or in expression. The leading principles of his public life were always the same. He wished, as he says, to preserve consistency, but only by varying his means to secure the unity of his end: 'when the equipoise of the vessel in which he sails may be endangered by overloading it upon one side, he is desirous of carrying the small weight of his reasons to that which may preserve its equipoise.' When the revolution broke out, his sagacity enabled him to foresee the dreadful consequences which it would entail upon France and the world, and his enthusiastic temperament led him to state his impressions in language sometimes overcharged and almost bombastic, and sometimes full of prophetic fire. In one of the debates on the Revolution, after mentioning that he understood that three thousand daggers had been ordered from Birmingham, Burke drew one from under his coat, and throwing it on the floor, exclaimed: 'This is what you are to gain by an alliance with France—this is your fraternisation!' Such a melodramatic exhibition was wholly unworthy of Burke, and naturally provoked ridicule. He stood aloof from most of his old associates, when, like a venerable tower, he was sinking into ruin and decay. Posterity, however, has done ample justice to his genius and character, and has confirmed the opinion of one of his contemporaries, that if—as he did not attempt to conceal—Cicero was the model on which he laboured to form his own character in eloquence, in policy, in ethics, and philosophy, he infinitely surpassed the original. Burke retired from parliament in 1794. The friendship of the Marquis of Rockingham had enabled him to purchase an estate near Beaconsfield, in Buckinghamshire, and there the orator spent exclusively his few remaining years. In 1795, he was rewarded with a handsome pension from the civil list. It was in contemplation to elevate him to the peerage, but the death of his only son—who was his colleague in the representation of Malton—rendered him indifferent, if not averse, to such a distinction. The force and energy of his mind, and the creative richness of his imagination, continued with him to the last. His *Letter to a Noble Lord on his Pension* (1796), his *Letters on a Regicide Peace* (1796 and 1797), and his *Observations on the Conduct of the Minority* (1797), bear no trace of decaying vigour, though written after the age of sixty. The keen and lively interest with which he regarded passing events, particularly the great political drama then in action in France, is still manifest in these works, with general observations and reflections that strike from their profundity and their universal application. 'He possessed,' says Coleridge, 'and had sedulously sharpened that eye which sees all things, actions, and events, in relation to the laws which determine their existence and circumscribe their possibility. He referred habitually to principles—he was a scientific statesman.' His imagination, it is admitted, was not always guided by correct taste; some of his images are low, and even border on disgust.[*] His language and his conceptions are often hyperbolical; or it may be said, his mind, like the soil of the East, which he loved to paint, threw up a rank and luxuriant vegetation, in which unsightly weeds were mingled with the choicest flowers and the most precious fruit. He was at once a poet, an orator, a philosopher, and practical statesman; and his knowledge, his industry, and perseverance were as remarkable as his genius. The protracted and brilliant career of this great man was terminated on the 9th of July 1797, and he was interred in the church at Beaconsfield.

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[*] One of the happiest of his homely similes is contained in his reply to Pitt, on the subject of the commercial treaty with France in 1787. Pitt, he contended, had contemplated the subject with a narrowness peculiar to limited minds—'as an affair of two little counting-houses, and not of two great nations. He seems to consider it as a contention between the sign of the *Fleur-de-lis* and the sign of the old *Red Lion*, for which should obtain the best custom.' In replying to the argument, that the Americans were our children, and should not have revolted against their parent, he said: 'They are our children, it is true, but when children ask for bread, we are not to give them a stone. When those children of ours wish to assimilate with their parent, and to respect the beauteous countenance of British liberty, are we to turn to them the shameful parts of our constitution? Are we to give them our weakness for their strength, our opprobrium for their glory, and the slough of slavery, which we are not able to work off, to serve them for their freedom?' His account of the ill-assorted administration of Lord Chatham is no less ludicrous than correct. 'He made an administration so checkered and speckled; he put together a piece of joinery so crossly indented, and whimsically dovetailed; a cabinet so variously inlaid; such a piece of diversified mosaic; such a

A complete edition of Burke's works has been published in sixteen volumes. His correspondence between the year 1744 and his decease, edited by Earl Fitzwilliam and Sir R. Bourke, was published in 1844, in four volumes; and copious Lives of Burke have been written by Prior, Croly, and Macknight. Burke's political, and not his philosophical writings, are now chiefly read. His *Disquisition on the Sublime and beautiful* is incorrect in theory and in many of its illustrations, though containing some just remarks and elegant criticism. His mighty understanding, as Sir James Mackintosh observed, was best employed in 'the middle region, between the details of business and the generalities of speculation.' A generous political opponent, and not less eloquent—though less original and less powerful—writer, has thus sketched the character of Burke:

'It is pretended,' says Robert Hall, 'that the moment we quit a state of nature, as we have given up the control of our actions in return for the superior advantages of law and government, we can never appeal again to any original principles, but must rest content with the advantages that are secured by the terms of the society. These are the views which distinguish the political writings of Mr Burke, an author whose splendid and unequal powers have given a vogue and fashion to certain tenets which, from any other pen, would have appeared abject and contemptible. In the field of reason, the encounter would not be difficult, but who can withstand the fascination and magic of his eloquence? The excursions of his genius are immense. His imperial fancy has laid all nature under tribute, and has collected riches from every scene of the creation and every walk of art. His eulogium on the queen of France is a master-piece of pathetic composition; so select are its images, so fraught with tenderness, and so rich with colours "dipt in heaven," that he who can read it without rapture may have merit as a reasoner, but must resign all pretensions to taste and sensibility. His imagination is, in truth, only too prolific: a world of itself, where he dwells in the midst of chimerical alarms—is the dupe of his own enchantments, and starts, like Prospero, at the spectres of his own creation. His intellectual views in general, however, are wide, and variegated, rather than distinct; and the light he has let in on the British constitution, in particular, resembles the coloured effulgence of a painted medium, a kind of mimic twilight, solemn and soothing to the senses, but better fitted for ornament than use.'

Sir James Mackintosh considered that Burke's best style was before the Indian business and the French Revolution had inflamed him. It was more chaste and simple; but his writings and speeches at this period can hardly be said to equal his later productions in vigour, fancy, or originality. The excitement of the times seemed to give a new development to his mental energies. The early speeches have most constitutional and practical value—the late ones, most genius. The former are a solid and durable structure, and the latter its 'Corinthian columns.'

### *From the Speech on Conciliation with America, 1775.*

Mr Speaker, I cannot prevail on myself to hurry over the great consideration. It is good for us to be here. We stand where we have an immense view of what is, and what is past. Clouds, indeed, and darkness, rest upon the future. Let us, however, before we descend from this noble eminence, reflect that this growth of our national prosperity has happened within the short period of the life of man. It has happened within sixty-eight years. There are those alive whose memory might touch the two extremities. For instance, my Lord Bathurst* might remember all the stages of the progress. He was in 1704 of an age at least to be made to comprehend such things. He was then old enough *acta parentum jam legere, et quæ sit poterit cognoscere virtus.* Suppose, sir, that the angel of this auspicious youth, foreseeing the many virtues which made him one of the most amiable, as he is one of the most fortunate men of his age, had opened to him in vision, that, when in the fourth generation, the third prince of the house of Brunswick had sat twelve years on the throne of that nation, which—by the happy issue of moderate and healing councils—was to be made Great Britain, he should see his son, lord-chancellor of England, turn back the current of hereditary dignity to its fountain, and raise him to a higher rank of peerage, whilst he enriched the family with a new one. If amidst these bright and happy scenes of domestic honour and prosperity that angel should have drawn up the curtain, and unfolded the rising glories of his country, and whilst he was gazing with admiration on the then commercial grandeur of England, the Genius should point out to him a little speck, scarce visible in the mass of the national interest, a small seminal principle, rather than a formed body, and should tell him: 'Young man, there is America—which at this day serves for little more than to amuse you with stories of savage men and uncouth manners; yet shall, before you taste of death, shew itself equal to the whole of that commerce which now attracts the envy of the world. Whatever England has been growing to by a progressive increase of improvement, brought in by varieties of people, by succession of civilising conquests and civilising settlements in a series of seventeen hundred years, you shall see as much added to her by America in the course of a single life!' If this state of his country had been foretold to him, would it not require all the sanguine credulity of youth, and all the fervid glow of enthusiasm, to make him believe it? Fortunate man, he has lived to see it! Fortunate, indeed, if he lives to see nothing that shall vary the prospect and cloud the setting of his day! . . .

You cannot station garrisons in every part of these deserts. If you drive the people from one place, they

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tesselated pavement without cement, here a bit of black stone, and there a bit of white; patriots and courtiers: king's friends and republicans; Whigs and Tories; treacherous friends and open enemies; that it was indeed a very curious show, but utterly unsafe to touch, and unsure to stand on. The colleagues whom he had assorted at the same boards stared at each other, and were obliged to ask: "Sir, your name?" "Sir, you have the advantage of me;" "Mr Such-a-one, I beg a thousand pardons." I venture to say it did so happen, that persons had a single office divided between them, who had never spoke to each other in their lives, until they found themselves, they knew not how, pigging together, heads and points, in the same truckle-bed.'

* Allen, first Earl Bathurst, the friend of Pope and Swift, born in 1684, died in 1775.

will carry on their annual tillage, and remove with their flocks and herds to another. Many of the people in the back settlements are already little attached to particular situations. Already they have topped the Appalachian mountains. From thence they behold before them an immense plain, one vast, rich, level meadow; a square of five hundred miles. Over this they would wander without a possibility of restraint; they would change their manners with the habits of their life; would soon forget a government by which they were disowned; would become hordes of English Tatars, and, pouring down upon your unfortified frontiers a fierce and irresistible cavalry, become masters of your governors and your counsellors, your collectors and comptrollers, and all the slaves that adhere to them. Such would, and in no long time must, be the effect of attempting to forbid as a crime, and to suppress as an evil, the command and blessing of Providence—'increase and multiply.' Such would be the happy result of an endeavour to keep as a lair of wild beasts that earth which God, by an express charter, has given to the children of men. Far different, and surely much wiser, has been our policy hitherto. Hitherto we have invited our people, by every kind of bounty, to fixed establishments. We have invited the husbandman to look to authority for his title. We have taught him piously to believe in the mysterious virtue of wax and parchment. We have thrown each tract of land, as it was peopled, into districts, that the ruling power should never be wholly out of sight. We have settled all we could, and we have carefully attended every settlement with government.

Adhering, sir, as I do to this policy, as well as for the reasons I have just given, I think this new project of hedging-in population to be neither prudent nor practicable.

To impoverish the colonies in general, and in particular to arrest the noble course of their marine enterprises, would be a more easy task. I freely confess it. We have shewn a disposition to a system of this kind; a disposition even to continue the restraint after the offence; looking on ourselves as rivals to our colonies, and persuaded that of course we must gain all that they shall lose. Much mischief we may certainly do. The power inadequate to all other things is often more than sufficient for this. I do not look on the direct and immediate power of the colonies to resist our violence as very formidable. In this, however, I may be mistaken. But when I consider that we have colonies for no purpose but to be serviceable to us, it seems to my poor understanding a little preposterous to make them unserviceable, in order to keep them obedient. It is, in truth, nothing more than the old, and, as I thought, exploded problem of tyranny, which proposes to beggar its subjects into submission. But remember, when you have completed your system of impoverishment, that nature still proceeds in her ordinary course; and that discontent will increase with misery; and that there are critical moments in the fortunes of all states, when they who are too weak to contribute to your prosperity, may be strong enough to complete your ruin. *Spoliatis arma supersunt.*

The temper and character which prevail in our colonies are, I am afraid, unalterable by any human art. We cannot, I fear, falsify the pedigree of this fierce people, and persuade them that they are not sprung from a nation in whose veins the blood of freedom circulates. The language in which they would hear you tell them this tale would detect the imposition; your speech would betray you. An Englishman is the unfittest person on earth to argue another Englishman into slavery. . . .

My hold of the colonies is in the close affection which grows from common names, from kindred blood, from similar privileges, and equal protection. These are ties which, though light as air, are as strong as links of iron. Let the colonies always keep the idea of their civil rights associated with your government; they will cling and grapple to you; and no force under heaven will be of power to tear them from their allegiance. But let it be once understood that your government may be one thing and their privileges another; that these two things may exist without any mutual relation, the cement is gone—the cohesion is loosened—and everything hastens to decay and dissolution. As long as you have the wisdom to keep the sovereign authority of this country as the sanctuary of liberty, the sacred temple consecrated to our common faith, wherever the chosen race and sons of England worship freedom, they will turn their faces towards you. The more they multiply, the more friends you will have; the more ardently they love liberty, the more perfect will be their obedience. Slavery they can have anywhere. It is a weed that grows in every soil. They may have it from Spain, they may have it from Prussia; but until you become lost to all feeling of your true interest and your natural dignity, freedom they can have from none but you. This is the commodity of price, of which you have the monopoly. This is the true act of navigation, which binds you to the commerce of the colonies, and through them secures to you the commerce of the world. Deny them this participation of freedom, and you break that sole bond which originally made, and must still preserve, the unity of the empire. Do not entertain so weak an imagination, as that your registers and your bonds, your affidavits and your sufferances, your coquets and your clearances, are what form the great securities of your commerce. Do not dream that your letters of office, and your instructions, and your suspending clauses, are the things that hold together the great contexture of this mysterious whole. These things do not make your government. Dead instruments, passive tools as they are, it is the spirit of the English communion that gives all their life and efficacy to them. It is the spirit of the English constitution which, infused through the mighty mass, pervades, feeds, unites, invigorates, vivifies every part of the empire, even down to the minutest member. . . .

Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom, and a great empire and little minds go ill together. If we are conscious of our situation, and glow with zeal to fill our places as becomes our station and ourselves, we ought to auspicate all our public proceedings on America with the old warning of the church, *sursum corda!* We ought to elevate our minds to the greatness of that trust to which the order of Providence has called us. By adverting to the dignity of this high calling, our ancestors have turned a savage wilderness into a glorious empire; and have made the most extensive, and the only honourable conquests, not by destroying, but by promoting the wealth, the number, the happiness of the human race. Let us get an American revenue, as we have got an American empire. English privileges have made it all that it is; English privileges alone will make it all it can be. In full confidence of this unalterable truth, I now (*quod felix faustumque sit*) lay the first stone of the temple of peace.*

### *Destruction of the Carnatic.*

From speech on the Nabob of Arcot's debts, 1785.

When at length Hyder Ali found that he had to do with men who either would sign no convention, or whom no treaty and no signature could bind, and who were the determined enemies of human intercourse itself, he decreed to make the country possessed by these incorrigible and predestinated criminals a memorable example to mankind. He resolved, in the gloomy recesses of a mind capacious of such things, to leave the whole Carnatic an everlasting monument of vengeance, and to put perpetual desolation as a barrier between him and those against whom the faith which holds the moral elements of the world together was no protection. He became at length so confident of his force, so collected in his might, that he made no secret whatever of his dreadful resolution. Having terminated his disputes with every enemy and every rival, who buried their mutual animosities in their common detestation against the creditors of the Nabob of Arcot, he drew from every quarter whatever a savage ferocity could add to his new rudiments in the arts of destruction; and compounding all the materials of fury, havoc, and desolation into one black cloud, he hung for a while on the declivities of the mountains. Whilst the authors of all these evils were idly and stupidly gazing on this menacing meteor which blackened all their horizon, it suddenly burst and poured down the whole of its contents upon the plains of the Carnatic. Then ensued a scene of woe, the like of which no eye had seen, no heart conceived, and which no tongue can adequately tell. All the horrors of war before known or heard of were mercy to that new havoc. A storm of universal fire blasted every field, consumed every house, destroyed every temple. The miserable inhabitants flying from the flaming villages, in part were slaughtered: others, without regard to sex, to age, to the respect of rank, or sacredness of function; fathers torn from children, husbands from wives, enveloped in a whirlwind of cavalry, and amidst the goading spears of drivers and the trampling of pursuing horses, were swept into captivity in an unknown and hostile land. Those who were able to evade this tempest fled to the walled cities; but, escaping from fire, sword, and exile, they fell into the jaws of famine.

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* At the conclusion of this speech, Mr Burke moved that the right of parliamentary representation should be extended to the American colonies, but his motion was negatived by 270 to 78. Indeed, his most brilliant orations made little impression on the House of Commons, the ministerial party being omnipotent in numbers. The manner of the orator was also ungraceful, and detracted from the effect of his speeches.

The alms of the settlement, in this dreadful exigency, were certainly liberal; and all was done by charity that private charity could do: but it was a people in beggary; it was a nation that stretched out its hands for food. For months together these creatures of sufferance, whose very excess and luxury in their most plenteous days had fallen short of the allowance of our austerest fasts, silent, patient, resigned, without sedition or disturbance, almost without complaint, perished by a hundred a day in the streets of Madras; every day seventy at least laid their bodies in the streets, or on the glacis of Tanjore, and expired of famine in the granary of India. I was going to awake your justice towards this unhappy part of our fellow-citizens, by bringing before you some of the circumstances of this plague of hunger. Of all the calamities which beset and waylay the life of man, this comes the nearest to our heart, and is that wherein the proudest of us all feels himself to be nothing more than he is: but I find myself unable to manage it with decorum; these details are of a species of horror so nauseous and disgusting; they are so degrading to the sufferers and to the hearers; they are so humiliating to human nature itself, that, on better thoughts, I find it more advisable to throw a pall over this hideous object, and to leave it to your general conceptions.

For eighteen months, without intermission, this destruction raged from the gates of Madras to the gates of Tanjore; and so completely did these masters in their art, Hyder Ali and his more ferocious son, absolve themselves of their impious vow, that when the British armies traversed, as they did, the Carnatic for hundreds of miles in all directions, through the whole line of their march did they not see one man, not one woman, not one child, not one four-footed beast of any description whatever. One dead uniform silence reigned over the whole region. . . . The Carnatic is a country not much inferior in extent to England. Figure to yourself, Mr Speaker, the land in whose representative chair you sit; figure to yourself the form and fashion of your sweet and cheerful country from Thames to Trent, north and south, and from the Irish to the German Sea, east and west, emptied and embowelled (may God avert the omen of our crimes!) by so accomplished a desolation!

### *Marie Antoinette, Queen of France.*

From *Reflections on the Revolution in France.*

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the queen of France, then the dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in—glittering like the morning-star full of life, and splendour, and joy. Oh! what a revolution! and what an heart must I have to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream, when she added titles of veneration to that enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honour and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded, and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise is gone! It is gone that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its grossness.

### *The British Monarchy.*

The learned professors of the rights of man regard prescription not as a title to bar all claim set up against old possession, but they look on prescription itself as a bar against the possessor and proprietor. They hold an immemorial possession to be no more than a long-continued, and therefore an aggravated injustice. Such are their ideas, such their religion, and such their law. But as to our country and our race, as long as the well-compacted structure of our church and state, the sanctuary, the holy of holies of that ancient law, defended by reverence, defended by power, a fortress at once and a temple, shall stand inviolate on the brow of the British Sion—as long as the British monarchy, not more limited than fenced by the orders of the state, shall, like the proud keep of Windsor, rising in the majesty of proportion, and girt with the double belt of its kindred and coeval towers—as long as this awful structure shall oversee and guard the subjected land, so long the mounds and dikes of the low fat Bedford Level will have nothing to fear from all the pickaxes of all the levellers of France. As long as our sovereign lord the king, and his faithful subjects, the lords and commons of this realm—the triple cord which no man can break; the solemn, sworn constitutional frankpledge of this nation; the firm guarantee of each other's being and each other's rights; the joint and several securities, each in its place and order for every kind and every quality of property and of dignity—as long as these endure, so long the Duke of Bedford is safe; and we are all safe together—the high from the blights of envy and the spoliations of rapacity; the low from the iron hand of oppression and the insolent spurn of contempt.

### *The Difference between Mr Burke and the Duke of Bedford.*[*]

I was not, like his Grace of Bedford, swaddled, and rocked, and dandled into a legislator—*Nitor in adversum* is the motto for a man like me. I possessed not one of the qualities, nor cultivated one of the arts, that recommend men to the favour and protection of the great. I was not made for a minion or a tool. As little did I follow the trade of winning the hearts by imposing on the understandings of the people. At every step of my progress in life—for in every step was I traversed and opposed—and at every turnpike I met, I was obliged to shew my passport, and again and again to prove my sole title to the honour of being useful to my country, by a proof that I was not wholly unacquainted with its laws, and the whole system of its interests both abroad and at home. Otherwise, no rank, no toleration even for me. I had no arts but manly arts. On them I have stood, and, please God, in spite of the Duke of Bedford and the Earl of Lauderdale, to the last gasp will I stand. . . .

I know not how it has happened, but it really seems that, whilst his Grace was meditating his well-considered censure upon me, he fell into a sort of sleep. Homer nods, and the Duke of Bedford may dream; and as dreams—even his golden dreams—are apt to be ill-pieced and incongruously put together, his Grace preserved his idea of reproach to me, but took the subject-matter from the crown-grants to his own family. This is 'the stuff of which his dreams are made.' In that way of putting things together, his Grace is perfectly in the right. The grants to the house of Russell were so enormous, as not only to outrage economy, but even to stagger credibility. The Duke of Bedford is the leviathan among all the creatures of the crown. He tumbles about his unwieldy bulk; he plays and frolics in the ocean of the royal bounty. Huge as he is, and whilst 'he lies floating many a rood,' he is still a creature. His ribs, his fins, his whalebone, his blubber, the very spiracles through which he spouts a torrent of brine against his origin, and covers me all over with the spray—everything of him and about him is from the throne. Is it for *him* to question the dispensation of the royal favour?

I really am at a loss to draw any sort of parallel between the public merits of his Grace, by which he justifies the grants he holds, and these services of mine, on the favourable construction of which I have obtained what his Grace so much disapproves. In private life, I have not at all the honour of acquaintance with the noble Duke. But I ought to presume, and it costs me nothing to do so, that he abundantly deserves the esteem and love of all who live with him. But as to public service, why, truly, it would not be more ridiculous for me to compare myself in rank, in fortune, in splendid descent, in youth, strength, or figure, with the Duke of Bedford, than to make a parallel between his services and my attempts to be useful to my country. It would not be gross adulation, but uncivil irony, to say that he has any public merit of his own, to keep alive the idea of the services by which his vast landed pensions were obtained. My merits, whatever they are, are original and personal; his, are derivative. It is his ancestor, the original pensioner, that has laid up this inexhaustible fund of merit, which makes his Grace so very delicate and exceptious about the merit of all other grantees of the crown. Had he permitted me to remain in quiet, I should have said: ''Tis his estate; that's enough. It is his by law; what have I to do with it or its history?' He would naturally have said on his side: ''Tis this man's fortune. He is as good now as my ancestor was two hundred and fifty years ago. I am a young man with very old pensions: he is an old man with very young pensions—that's all.'

Why will his Grace, by attacking me, force me reluctantly to compare my little merit with that which obtained from the crown those prodigies of profuse donation by which he tramples on the mediocrity of humble and laborious individuals? . . . Since the new grantees have war made on them by the old, and that the word of the sovereign is not to be taken, let us turn our eyes to history, in which great men have always a pleasure in contemplating the heroic origin of their house.

The first peer of the name, the first purchaser of the grants, was a Mr Russell, a person of an ancient gentleman's family, raised by being a minion of Henry VIII. As there generally is some resemblance of character to create these relations, the favourite was in all likelihood much such another as his master. The first of those immoderate grants was not taken from the ancient demesne of the crown, but from the recent confiscation of the ancient nobility of the land. The lion having sucked the blood of his prey, threw the offal carcass to the jackal in waiting. Having tasted once the food of confiscation, the favourites became fierce and ravenous. This worthy favourite's first grant was from the lay nobility. The second, infinitely improving on the enormity of the first, was from the plunder of the church. In truth, his Grace is somewhat excusable for his dislike to a grant like mine, not only in its quantity, but in its kind, so different from his own.

Mine was from a mild and benevolent sovereign; his, from Henry VIII. Mine had not its fund in the murder of any innocent person of illustrious rank, or in the pillage of any body of unoffending men; his grants were from the aggregate and consolidated funds of judgments iniquitously legal, and from possessions voluntarily surrendered, by the lawful proprietors with the gibbet at their door.

The merit of the grantee whom he derives from, was that of being a prompt and greedy instrument of a levelling tyrant, who oppressed all descriptions of his people, but who fell with particular fury on everything that was great and noble. Mine has been in endeavouring to screen every man, in every class, from oppression, and particularly in defending the high and eminent, who in the bad times of confiscating princes, confiscating chief-governors, or confiscating demagogues, are the most exposed to jealousy, avarice, and envy.

The merit of the original grantee of his Grace's pensions was in giving his hand to the work, and partaking the spoil with a prince who plundered a part of the national church of his time and country. Mine was in defending the whole of the national church of my own time and my own country, and the whole of the national churches of all countries, from the principles and the examples which lead to ecclesiastical pillage, thence to a contempt of all prescriptive titles, thence to the pillage of all property, and thence to universal desolation.

The merit of the origin of his Grace's fortune was in being a favourite and chief adviser to a prince who left no liberty to his native country. My endeavour was to obtain liberty for the municipal country in which I was born, and for all descriptions and denominations in it. Mine was to support, with unrelaxing vigilance, every right, every privilege, every franchise, in this my adopted, my dearer, and more comprehensive country; and not only to preserve those rights in this chief seat of empire, but in every nation, in every land, in every climate, language, and religion in the vast domain that still is under the protection, and the larger that was once under the protection, of the British crown.

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[*] The Duke of Bedford and the Earl of Lauderdale attacked Mr Burke and his pension in their place in the House of Lords, and Burke replied in his *Letter to a Noble Lord* (1796), one of the most sarcastic and most able of all his productions.

### *Burke's Account of his Son.*

Had it pleased God to continue to me the hopes of succession, I should have been, according to my mediocrity, and the mediocrity of the age I live in, a sort of founder of a family; I should have left a son, who, in all the points in which personal merit can be viewed, in science, in erudition, in genius, in taste, in honour, in generosity, in humanity, in every liberal sentiment and every liberal accomplishment, would not have shewn himself inferior to the Duke of Bedford, or to any of those whom he traces in his line. His Grace very soon would have wanted all plausibility in his attack upon that provision which belonged more to mine than to me. He would soon have supplied every deficiency, and symmetrised every disproportion. It would not have been for that successor to resort to any stagnant wasting reservoir of merit in me, or in any ancestry. He had in himself a salient living spring of generous and manly action. Every day he lived, he would have repurchased the bounty of the crown, and ten times more, if ten times more he had received. He was made a public creature, and had no enjoyment whatever but in the performance of some duty. At this exigent moment the loss of a finished man is not easily supplied.

But a Disposer, whose power we are little able to resist, and whose wisdom it behoves us not at all to dispute, has ordained it in another manner, and—whatever my querulous weakness might suggest—a far better. The storm has gone over me, and I lie like one of those old oaks which the late hurricane has scattered about me. I am stripped of all my honours; I am torn up by the roots, and lie prostrate on the earth! There, and prostrate there, I most unfeignedly recognise the divine justice, and in some degree submit to it. But whilst I humble myself before God, I do not know that it is forbidden to repel the attacks of unjust and inconsiderate men. The patience of Job is proverbial. After some of the convulsive struggles of our irritable nature, he submitted himself, and repented in dust and ashes. But even so, I do not find him blamed for reprehending, and with a considerable degree of verbal asperity, those ill-natured neighbours of his who visited his dunghill to read moral, political, and economical lectures on his misery. I am alone. I have none to meet my enemies in the gate. Indeed, my lord, I greatly deceive myself, if in this hard season I would give a peck of refuse wheat for all that is called fame and honour in the world. This is the appetite but of a few. It is a luxury; it is a privilege; it is an indulgence for those who are at their ease. But we are all of us made to shun disgrace, as we are made to shrink from pain, and poverty, and disease. It is an instinct; and under the direction of reason, instinct is always in the right. I live in an inverted order. They who ought to have succeeded me are gone before me; they who should have been to me as posterity are in the place of ancestors. I owe to the dearest relation—which ever must subsist in memory—that act of piety which he would have performed to me; I owe it to him to shew, that he was not descended, as the Duke of Bedford would have it, from an unworthy parent.

## REYNOLDS—PENNANT.

The *Discourses on Painting*, by SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS (1723-1792), are elegant and agreeable compositions, containing a variety of literary illustration, and suggestive thought, but they are not always correct or definite in their criticism and rules for artists. Sir Joshua was elected president of the Royal Academy on its institution in 1769, and from that time to 1790, he delivered fifteen lectures or discourses on the principles and practice of painting. The readers of Johnson and Goldsmith need not be told how much Reynolds was beloved and respected by his associates, while his exquisite taste and skill as a portrait-painter have preserved to us, as Macaulay remarks, 'the thoughtful foreheads of many writers and statesmen, and the sweet smiles of many noble matrons.'

THOMAS PENNANT (1726-1798) commenced in 1761 a body of British zoology, originally published in four volumes folio, and afterwards gave to the world treatises on quadrupeds, birds, arctic zoology, and other departments of natural science. He made tours into Scotland and Wales, of which he published copious accounts; but though a lively and pleasant traveller, and diligent antiquary, Pennant was neither correct nor profound. The popularity of his works stimulated others, and had the effect of greatly promoting the extension of his favourite studies.

## THOMAS AMORY.

THOMAS AMORY (1692-1789) was an eccentric miscellaneous writer, a humorist of an extreme stamp. He was most probably a native of Ireland, where his father, a counsellor, acquired considerable property as secretary for the confiscated estates. Thomas is said to have been bred a physician, but is not known to have practised. He is found residing in Westminster in 1757. Previous to this, in 1755, he published ***Memoirs**: containing the Lives of several Ladies of Great Britain;* and afterwards he issued the *Life of John Buncle, Esq.* 1756-66. The 'Ladies' whose charms and virtues Amory commemorates, appear to have been fictitious characters. The object of the author, in this work, as well as in the *Life of Buncle*, was to extol and propagate unitarian opinions. He describes himself as travelling among the hills of Northumberland, and meeting there, in a secluded spot (which he invests with all the beauty and softness of a scene in Kent or Devon), a young lady, the daughter of a deceased college friend, who had been disinherited for refusing to sign the Thirty-nine Articles. The young lady entertains her father's friend, and introduces him to other ladies. They undertake a visit to the Western Islands, and encounter various adventures and vicissitudes, besides indulging in philosophical and polemical discussions. The *Life of John Buncle* is of a similar complexion, but in the form of an autobiography. Buncle has seven wives, all wooed and won upon his peculiar 'Christian principles.' To such reviewers as should attempt to raise the laugh against him, he replies: 'I think it unreasonable and impious to grieve immoderately for the dead. A decent and proper tribute of tears and sorrow, humanity requires; but when that duty has been paid, we must remember that to lament a dead woman is not to lament a wife. A wife must be a living woman.' And in the spirit of this philosophy, John Buncle proceeds after each bereavement, always in high animal spirits, relishing good cheer, and making fresh converts to his views and opinions. The character, appearance, and acquirements of each wife, with her family history, are related at length. The progeny he casts into shade. 'As I mention nothing of any children by so many wives,' he explains, 'some readers may perhaps wonder at this; and therefore, to give a general answer once for all, I think it sufficient to observe, that I had a great many to carry on the *succession;* but as they never were concerned in any extraordinary affairs, nor ever did any remarkable things, that I ever heard of—only rise and breakfast, read and saunter, drink and eat, it would not be fair, in my opinion, to make any one pay for their history.' In lieu of this, the reader is treated to dissertations on the origin of earthquakes, on muscular motion, of phlogiston, fluxions, the Athanasian creed, and fifty other topics brought together in heroic contempt of the unities of time and place. Such a fantastic and desultory work would be intolerable if it were not, like Rabelais and Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*—though in a greatly inferior degree—redolent of wit, scholarship, and quaint original thought. Amory promised to give the world an account of Dean Swift. 'I knew him well,' he says, 'though I never was within sight of his house, because I could not flatter, cringe, or meanly humour the extravagances of any man. I had him often to myself in his rides and walks, and have studied his soul when he little thought what I was about. As I lodged for a year within a few doors of him, I knew his time of going out to a minute, and generally nicked the opportunity.' Unfortunately, though Amory lived thirty years after making this declaration, he never redeemed his promise.

### *Portrait of Marinda Bruce.*

In the year 1739, I travelled many hundred miles to visit ancient monuments, and discover curious things; and as I wandered, to this purpose, among the vast hills of Northumberland, fortune conducted me one evening, in the month of June, when I knew not where to rest, to the sweetest retirement my eyes have ever beheld. This is Hali-farm. It is a beautiful vale surrounded with rocks, forest, and water. I found at the upper end of it the prettiest thatched house in the world, and a garden of the most artful confusion I had ever seen. The little mansion was covered on every side with the finest flowery greens. The streams all round were murmuring and falling a thousand ways. All the kind of singing-birds were here collected, and in high harmony on the sprays. The ruins of an abbey enhance the beauties of this place; they appear at the distance of four hundred yards from the house; and as some great trees are now grown up among the remains, and a river winds between the broken walls, the view is solemn, the picture fine.

When I came up to the house, the first figure I saw was the lady whose story I am going to relate. She had the charms of an angel, but her dress was quite plain and clean as a country-maid. Her person appeared faultless, and of the middle size, between the disagreeable extremes; her face, a sweet oval, and her complexion the brunette of the bright rich kind; her mouth, like a rose-bud that is just beginning to blow; and a fugitive dimple, by fits, would lighten and disappear. The finest passions were always passing in her face; and in her long, even chestnut eyes, there was a fluid fire, sufficient for half-a-dozen pair.

She had a volume of Shakspeare in her hand as I came softly towards her, having left my horse at a distance with my servant; and her attention was so much engaged with the extremely poetical and fine lines which Titania speaks in the third act of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, that she did not see me till I was quite near her. She seemed then in great amazement. She could not be much more surprised if I had dropped from the clouds. But this was soon over, upon my asking her if she was not the daughter of Mr John Bruce, as I supposed, from a similitude of faces, and informing her that her father, if I was right, was my near friend, and would be glad to see his chum in that part of the world. Marinda replied: 'You are not wrong,' and immediately asked me in. She conducted me to a parlour that was quite beautiful in the rural way, and welcomed me to Hali-farm, as her father would have done, she said, had I arrived before his removal to a better world. She then left me for a while, and I had time to look over the room I was in. The floor was covered with rushes wrought into the prettiest mat, and the walls decorated all round with the finest flowers and shells. Robins and nightingales, the finch and the linnet, were in the neatest reed cages of her own making; and at the upper end of the chamber, in a charming little open grotto, was the finest *strix capite aurito, corpore rufo*, that I have seen, that is, the great eagle owl. This beautiful bird, in a niche like a ruin, looked vastly fine. As to the flowers which adorned this room, I thought they were all natural at my first coming in; but on inspection, it appeared that several baskets of the finest kinds were inimitably painted on the walls by Marinda's hand.

These things afforded me a pleasing entertainment for about half an hour, and then Miss Bruce returned. One of the maids brought in a supper—such fare, she said, as her little cottage afforded; and the table was covered with green peas and pigeons, cream-cheese, new bread and butter. Everything was excellent in its kind. The cider and ale were admirable. Discretion and dignity appeared in Marinda's behaviour; she talked with judgment; and under the decencies of ignorance was concealed a valuable knowledge.

## CHARLOTTE LENNOX—CATHERINE MACAULAY.

Among the literary names preserved by Boswell and Horace Walpole are those of **Mrs Charlotte Lennox** (1720-1804), and **Mrs Catherine Macaulay** (1733-1791). The former wrote several novels, one of which, *The Female Quixote*, 1752, is an amusing picture of female extravagance consequent on romance-reading. Mrs Lennox also published a feeble critical work, *Shakspeare Illustrated*, and translated from the French Brumoy's *Greek Theatre*, *The Life of Sully*, &c. The first novel of this lady (*Harriot Stuart*, 1751) was celebrated by Johnson and a party of ladies and gentlemen in the Devil Tavern, where a sumptuous supper was provided, and Johnson invested the authoress with a crown of laurel!

Mrs Macaulay was an ardent politician, and in sentiment a republican—'the hen-brood of faction,' according to Walpole. Her chief work was a *History of England from the Accession of James I. to the Elevation of the House of Hanover*, 8 vols. 1763-83. Though a work of no authority or original information, this history has passages of animated composition. To ridicule Mrs Macaulay's republicanism, Johnson one day proposed that her footman, 'a very sensible, civil, well-behaved fellow-citizen,' should be allowed to sit down to dinner with them. The lady, of course, was indignant; but she held to her levelling doctrines in theory, and before her death, had visited George Washington in America, and written against Burke's denunciation of the French Revolution.

## MRS MONTAGU AND MRS CHAPONE.

**Mrs Elizabeth Montagu** (1720-1800) and **Mrs Hester Chapone** (1727-1801) were ladies of learning and ability, holding—particularly the former—a prominent place in the literary society of the period. Mrs Montagu was left a widow with a large fortune, and her house became the popular resort of persons of both sexes distinguished for rank, classical taste, and literary talent. Numerous references to this circle will be found in Boswell's *Johnson*, in the *Life of Dr Beattie*, the works of Hannah More, &c. Mrs Montagu was authoress of a work highly popular in its day, *Essay on the Writings and Genius of Shakspeare, compared with the Greek and French Dramatic Poets, with some Remarks upon the Misrepresentations of M. de Voltaire*, 1769. This essay is now chiefly valued as shewing the low state of poetical and Shakspearean criticism at the time it was written. A memoir, with letters, of Mrs Montagu was published in 1873 by Dr Doran, under the title of *A Lady of the Last Century*. Mrs Chapone's principal work is *Letters on the Improvement of the Mind*, 1773. Two years afterwards she published a volume of *Miscellanies in Prose and Verse*. All her writings are distinguished for their piety and good sense.

### DR RICHARD FARMER—GEORGE STEEVENS—JACOB BRYANT.

In 1766, **Dr Richard Farmer**, of Emanuel College, Cambridge (1735–1797), published an *Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare*, which was considered to have for ever put an end to the dispute concerning the classic knowledge of the great dramatist. Farmer certainly shewed that Shakspeare had implicitly followed English translations of the ancient authors—as North's *Plutarch*—copying even their errors; but more careful and reverent study of the poet has weakened the force of many of the critic's conclusions. The due appreciation of Shakspeare had not then begun.

A dramatic critic and biographer, **George Steevens** (1736–1800), was associated with Johnson in the second edition of his Shakspeare, 1773. In 1793 he published an enlarged edition of his Shakspeare. He was acute and well read in dramatic literature, but prone to literary mystification and deception. Gifford styled him the 'Puck of commentators.'

A student and scholar, **Jacob Bryant** (1715–1804) engaged the attention of the learned and critical world throughout a long life by his erudition, inventive fancy, and love of paradox. His most celebrated works are—*A New System or Analysis of Ancient Mythology*, 1774–76; *Observations on the Plain of Troy*, 1795; and a *Dissertation concerning the War of Troy*, 1796. The object of Bryant was to shew that the expedition of the Greeks, as described by Homer, is fabulous, and that no such city as Troy existed. A host of classic adversaries rose up against him, to one of whom—Mr J. B. S. Morritt, the friend of Sir Walter Scott—he replied, but his theory has not obtained general acquiescence. Bryant also wrote several theological treatises and papers on classical subjects. It is worthy of remark that though this able and amiable man doubted and denied concerning Homer, he was a believer in the fabrications of Chatterton, having written observations to prove the authenticity of the Rowley poems.

### BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

This invaluable American author and patriot (1706–1790), by his writings and life, inculcated the virtues of industry, frugality, and independence of thought, and may be reckoned one of the benefactors of mankind. Franklin was a native of Boston in America, and was brought up to the trade of a printer. By unceasing industry and strong natural talents, which he assiduously cultivated, he rose to be one of the representatives of Philadelphia, and after the separation of America from Britain, he was ambassador for the states at the court of France. Several important treaties were negotiated by him, and in all the fame and fortunes of his native country—its struggles, disasters, and successes—he bore a prominent part. The writings of Franklin are not numerous; he always, as he informs us, 'set a greater value on a *doer of good* than on any other kind of reputation.' His *Poor Richard's Almanac*, containing some homely and valuable rules of life, was begun in 1732. Between the year 1747 and 1754 he communicated to his friend, Peter Collinson, a series of letters detailing *New Experiments and Observations on Electricity, made at Philadelphia*, in which he established the scientific fact, that electricity and lightning are the same. He made a kite of a silk handkerchief, and set it up into the air, with a common key fastened to the end of a hempen string, by which he held the kite in his hand. His son watched with him the result; clouds came and passed, and at length lightning came; it agitated the hempen cord, and emitted sparks from the key, which gave him a slight electrical shock. The discovery was thus made: the identity of lightning with electricity was clearly manifested; and Franklin was so overcome by his feelings at the discovery, that he said he could willingly at that moment have died! The political, miscellaneous, and philosophical works of Franklin were published by him in 1779, and were afterwards republished, with additions, by his grandson, in six volumes. His memoir of himself is the most valuable of his miscellaneous pieces; his essays scarcely exceed mediocrity as literary compositions, but they are animated by a spirit of benevolence and practical wisdom. In 1817, Franklin's grandson, William Temple Franklin, published two volumes of the *Private Correspondence* of his grandfather between the years 1753 and 1790. These are less known than his essays and autobiography—which have always been popular—and we shall subjoin a few extracts.

#### *The Cost of Wars, and Eulogium on Washington.*

I hope mankind will at length, as they call themselves reasonable creatures, have reason and sense enough to settle their differences without cutting throats; for in my opinion *there never was a good war or a bad peace.* What vast additions to the conveniences and comforts of living might mankind have acquired, if the money spent in wars had been employed in works of public utility! What an extension of agriculture, even to the tops of our mountains; what rivers rendered navigable, or joined by canals; what bridges, aqueducts, new roads, and other public works, edifices, and improvements, rendering England a complete paradise, might not have been obtained by spending those millions in doing good, which in the last war have been spent in doing mischief; in bringing misery into thousands of families, and destroying the lives of so many thousands of working-people, who might have performed the useful labour! . . .

Should peace arrive after another campaign or two, and afford us a little leisure, I should be happy to see your Excellency [George Washington] in Europe, and to accompany you, if my age and strength would permit, in visiting some of its ancient and most famous kingdoms. You would, on this side the sea, enjoy the great reputation you have acquired, pure and free from those little shades that the jealousy and envy of a man's countrymen and contemporaries are ever endeavouring to cast over living merit. Here (in France) you would know, and enjoy, what posterity will say of Washington. For a thousand leagues have nearly the same effect as a thousand years. The feeble voice of those grovelling passions cannot extend so far either in time or distance. At present, I enjoy that pleasure for you: as I frequently hear the old generals of this martial country (who study the maps of America, and mark upon them all your operations) speak with sincere approbation and great applause of your conduct, and join in giving you the character of one of the greatest captains of the age. I must soon quit the scene, but you may live to see our country flourish, as it will amazingly and rapidly, after the war is over, like a field of young Indian corn, which long fair weather and sunshine had enfeebled and discoloured, and which, in that weak state, by a thunder-gust of violent wind, hail, and rain, seemed to be threatened with absolute destruction; yet the storm being past, it recovers fresh verdure, shoots up with double vigour, and delights the eye, not of its owner only, but of every observing traveller.

### *A New Device for the American Coin.*

Instead of repeating continually upon every halfpenny the dull story that everybody knows—and what it would have been no loss to mankind if nobody had ever known—that George III. is King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, &c. to put on one side some important proverb of Solomon, some pious, moral, prudential, or economical precept, the frequent inculcation of which, by seeing it every time one receives a piece of money, might make an impression upon the mind, especially of young persons, and tend to regulate the conduct; such as on some, *The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom*; on others, *Honesty is the best policy*; on others, *He that by the plough would thrive, himself must either hold or drive*; on others, *A penny saved is a penny got*; on others, *Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee*; on others, *He that buys what he has no need of, will soon be forced to sell his necessaries*; on others, *Early to bed and early to rise, will make a man healthy, wealthy, and wise*; and so on to a great variety.

### *Argument for Contentment.*

All human situations have their inconveniences. We *feel* those that we find in the present; and we neither *feel* nor *see* those that exist in another. Hence we make frequent and troublesome changes without amendment, and often for the worse. In my youth I was passenger in a little sloop descending the river Delaware. There being no wind, we were obliged, when the ebb was spent, to cast anchor, and wait for the next. The heat of the sun on the vessel was excessive, the company strangers to me, and not very agreeable. Near the river-side I saw what I took to be a pleasant green meadow, in the middle of which was a large shady tree, where it struck my fancy I could sit and read—having a book in my pocket—and pass the time agreeably till the tide turned. I therefore prevailed with the captain to put me ashore. Being landed, I found the greatest part of my meadow was really a marsh, in crossing which, to come at my tree, I was up to my knees in mire; and I had not placed myself under its shade five minutes before the mosquitoes in swarms found me out, attacked my legs, hands, and face, and made my reading and my rest impossible; so that I returned to the beach, and called for the boat to come and take me on board again, where I was obliged to bear the heat I had striven to quit, and also the laugh of the company. Similar cases in the affairs of life have since frequently fallen under my observation.

### WILLIAM MELMOTH—DR JOHN BROWN.

The refined classical taste and learning of William Melmoth (1710-1799) enriched this period with a translation of Pliny's *Letters*. Under the name of Fitzosborne, Melmoth also published a volume of *Letters on Literary and Moral Subjects*, remarkable for elegance of style, and translated Cicero's Letters and the treatises *De Amicitia* and *De Senectute*, to which he appended annotations. Melmoth was an amiable, accomplished, and pious man. His translations are still the best we possess; and his style, though sometimes feeble from excess of polish and ornament, is generally correct, perspicuous, and musical in construction.

Dr John Brown (1715-1766), an English divine, was popular in his own day as author of *Essays on the Characteristics of the Earl of Shaftesbury* (1751), and an *Estimate of the Manners and Principles of the Times* (1757). The latter was written at a period when there was a general feeling of dissatisfaction with public men and measures, and by its caustic severity and animated appeals excited much attention. Cowper says:

> The inestimable Estimate of Brown
> Rose like a paper kite, and charmed the town.

But Pitt was called to the helm of the state, things looked brighter, and down came Brown's paper Estimate:

> For measures planned and executed well,
> Shifted the wind that raised it, and it fell.

Dr Brown wrote other occasional prose treatises now forgotten, and he evinced his command of verse by an *Essay on Satire*, addressed to Warburton, and prefixed by Warburton to his edition of Pope. In almost every department of literature this versatile and indefatigable writer ventured with tolerable success; and he has been praised by Wordsworth as one of the first who led the way to a worthy admiration of the scenery of the English Lakes. This was in 1753; Gray, who has been considered one of the earliest explorers of our romantic districts, did not visit the Lake country till 1769.

### *Description of the Vale of Keswick—A Letter to a Friend.*

In my way to the north from Hagley, I passed through Dovedale; and, to say the truth, was disappointed in it. When I came to Buxton, I visited another or two of their romantic scenes; but these are inferior to Dovedale. They are all but poor miniatures of Keswick; which exceeds them more in grandeur than you can imagine; and more, if possible, in beauty than in grandeur.

Instead of the narrow slip of valley which is seen at Dovedale, you have at Keswick a vast amphitheatre, in circumference about twenty miles. Instead of a meagre rivulet, a noble living lake, ten miles round, of an oblong form, adorned with a variety of wooded islands. The rocks indeed of Dovedale are finely wild, pointed, and irregular; but the hills are both little and unanimated; and the margin of the brook is poorly edged with weeds, morass, and brushwood. But at Keswick, you will, on one side of the lake, see a rich and beautiful landscape of cultivated fields, rising to the eye in fine inequalities, with noble groves of oak, happily dispersed, and climbing the adjacent hills, shade above shade, in the most various and picturesque forms. On the opposite shore, you will find rocks and cliffs of stupendous height, hanging broken over the lake in horrible grandeur; some of them a thousand feet high, the woods climbing up their steep and shaggy sides, where mortal foot never yet approached. On these dreadful heights the eagles build their nests: a variety of waterfalls are seen pouring from their summits, and tumbling in vast sheets from rock to rock in rude and terrible magnificence; while, on all sides of this immense amphitheatre, the lofty mountains rise round, piercing the clouds in shapes as spiry and fantastic as the very rocks of Dovedale. To this I must add the frequent and bold projection of the cliffs into the lake, forming noble bays and promontories; in other parts, they finely retire from it; and often open in abrupt chasms or clefts, through which at hand you see rich and uncultivated vales; and beyond these, at various distance, mountain rising over mountain; among which new prospects present themselves in mist, till the eye is lost in an agreeable perplexity:

> Where active fancy travels beyond sense,
> And pictures things unseen.

Were I to analyse the two places into their constituent principles, I should tell you that the full perfection of Keswick consists of three circumstances—beauty, horror, and immensity united—the second of which alone is found in Dovedale. Of beauty it hath little, nature having left it almost a desert; neither its small extent, nor the diminutive and lifeless form of the hills, admit magnificence. But to give you a complete idea of these three perfections, as they are joined in Keswick, would require the united powers of Claude, Salvator, and Poussin. The first should throw his delicate sunshine over the cultivated vales, the scattered cots, the groves, the lake, and wooded islands; the second should dash out the horror of the rugged cliffs, the steeps, the hanging woods, and foaming waterfalls; while the grand pencil of Poussin should crown the whole with the majesty of the impending mountains.

So much for what I would call the permanent beauties of this astonishing scene. Were I not afraid of being tiresome, I could now dwell as long on its varying or accidental beauties. I would sail round the lake, anchor in every bay, and land you on every promontory and island. I would point out the perpetual change of prospect; the woods, rocks, cliffs, and mountains, by turns vanishing or rising into view: now gaining on the sight, hanging over our heads in their full dimensions, beautifully dreadful: and now, by a change of situation, assuming new romantic shapes; retiring and lessening on the eye, and insensibly losing themselves in an azure mist. I would remark the contrast of light and shade, produced by the morning and evening sun; the one gilding the western, the other the eastern, side of this immense amphitheatre; while the vast shadow projected by the mountains, buries the opposite part in a deep and purple gloom, which the eye can hardly penetrate. The natural variety of colouring which the several objects produce is no less wonderful and pleasing: the ruling tints in the valley being those of azure, green, and gold; yet ever various, arising from an intermixture of the lake, the woods, the grass, and corn-fields; these are finely contrasted by the gray rocks and cliffs; and the whole heightened by the yellow streams of light, the purple hues and misty azure of the mountains. Sometimes a serene air and clear sky disclose the tops of the highest hills; at other times, you see the clouds involving their summits, resting on their sides, or descending to their base, and rolling among the valleys, as in a vast furnace. When the winds are high, they roar among the cliffs and caverns like peals of thunder; then, too, the clouds are seen in vast bodies sweeping along the hills in gloomy greatness, while the lake joins the tumult, and tosses like a sea. But in calm weather, the whole scene becomes new; the lake is a perfect mirror, and the landscape in all its beauty; islands, fields, woods, rocks, and mountains are seen inverted and floating on its surface. By still moonlight (at which time the distant waterfalls are heard in all their variety of sound), a walk among these enchanting dales opens such scenes of delicate beauty, repose, and solemnity, as exceed all description.

## HORACE WALPOLE.

**Horace Walpole** (1717-1797) would have held but an insignificant place in British literature, if it had not been for his correspondence and memoirs, those pictures of society and manners, compounded of wit and gaiety, shrewd observation, sarcasm, censoriousness, high life, and sparkling language. His situation and circumstances were exactly suited to his character and habits. He had in early life travelled with his friend Gray, the poet, and imbibed in Italy a taste for antiquity and the arts, fostered, no doubt, by the kindred genius of Gray, who delighted in ancient architecture and in classic studies. He next tried public life, and sat in parliament for twenty-six years. This added to his observation of men and manners, but without increasing his reputation, for Horace Walpole was no orator or statesman. His aristocratic habits prevented him from courting distinction as a general author, and he accordingly commenced collecting antiques, building a baronial castle, and chronicling in secret his opinions and impressions of his contemporaries. His income, from sinecure offices and private sources, was about £4000 per annum; and, as he was never married, his fortune enabled him, under good management and methodical arrangement, to gratify his tastes as a virtuoso. When thirty years old, he had purchased some land at Twickenham, near London, and here he commenced improving a small house, which by degrees swelled into a feudal castle, with turrets, towers, galleries, and corridors, windows of stained glass, armorial bearings, and all the other appropriate insignia of a Gothic baronial mansion. Who has not heard of Strawberry Hill—that 'little plaything house,' as Walpole himself styled it, in which were gathered curiosities of all descriptions, works of art, rare editions, valuable letters, memorials of virtue and of vice, of genius, beauty, taste, and fashion, mouldered into dust! This valuable collection was in 1842 scattered to the winds—dispersed at a public sale. The delight with which Walpole contemplated his suburban retreat, is evinced in many of his letters. In one to General Conway—the only man he seems ever to have really loved or regarded—he runs on in this enthusiastic manner:

### *Strawberry Hill.*

You perceive that I have got into a new camp, and have left my tub at Windsor. It is a little plaything house that I have got out of this Chevenix's shop [Strawberry Hill had been occupied by Mrs Chevenix, a toy-woman!], and is the prettiest bauble you ever saw. It is set in enamelled meadows, with filigree hedges—

> A small Euphrates through the piece is rolled,
> And little fishes wave their wings of gold.

Two delightful roads, that you would call dusty, supply me continually with coaches and chaises; and barges, as solemn as barons of the Exchequer, move under my window. Richmond Hill and Ham Walks bound my prospect; but, thank God! the Thames is between me and the Duchess of Queensberry. Dowagers, as plenty as flounders, inhabit all around; and Pope's ghost is just now skimming under my window by a most poetical moonlight.

The literary performances with which Walpole varied his life at Strawberry Hill are all characteristic of the man. In 1758 appeared his *Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors;* in 1761 his *Anecdotes of Painting in England;* in 1765 his *Castle of Otranto;* and in 1767 his *Historic Doubts* as to the character and person of Richard III. He left for publication *Memoirs of the Court of George II.*, and a large collection of copies of his letters. A complete collection of the whole, chronologically arranged, and edited by Mr Peter Cunningham, was published in 1857-59 in nine volumes. The writings of Walpole are all ingenious and entertaining, and though his judgments on men and books or passing events are often inaccurate, and never profound, it is impossible not to be amused by the liveliness of his style, his wit, his acuteness, and even his malevolence. The peculiarity of his information, his private scandal, his anecdotes of the great, and the constant exhibition of his own tastes and pursuits, furnish abundant amusement to the reader. Another Horace Walpole, like another Boswell, the world has not supplied, and probably never will. The following letters are addressed to Sir Horace Mann, British envoy at the court of Tuscany, from 1741 to 1760.

### *The Scottish Rebellion.—Nov.* 15, 1745.

I told you in my last what disturbance there had been about the new regiments; the affair of rank was again disputed on the report till ten at night, and carried by a majority of twenty-three. The king had been persuaded to appear for it, though Lord Granville made it a party-point against Mr Pelham. Winnington did not speak. I was not there, for I could not vote for it, and yielded not to give any hindrance to a public measure—or at least what was called so—just now. The prince acted openly, and influenced his people against it; but it only served to let Mr Pelham see what, like everything else, he did not know—how strong he is. The king will scarce speak to him, and he cannot yet get Pitt into place.

The rebels are come into England: for two days we believed them near Lancaster, but the ministry now own that they don't know if they have passed Carlisle. Some think they will besiege that town, which has an old wall, and all the militia in it of Cumberland and Westmoreland; but as they can pass by it, I don't see why they should take it, for they are not strong enough to leave garrisons. Several desert them as they advance south; and altogether, good men and bad, nobody believes them ten thousand. By their marching westward to avoid Wade, it is evident that they are not strong enough to fight him. They may yet retire back into their mountains, but if once they get to Lancaster, their retreat is cut off; for Wade will not stir from Newcastle till he has embarked them deep into England, and then he will be behind them. He has sent General Handasyde from Berwick with two regiments to take possession of Edinburgh. The rebels are certainly in a very desperate situation: they dared not meet Wade; and if they had waited for him, their troops would have deserted. Unless they meet with great risings in their favour in Lancashire, I don't see what they can hope, except from a continuation of our neglect. That, indeed, has nobly exerted itself for them. They were suffered to march the whole length of Scotland, and take possession of the capital, without a man appearing against them. Then two thousand men *sailed* to them, to run from them. Till the flight of Cope's army, Wade was not sent. Two roads still lay into England, and till they had chosen that which Wade had not taken, no army was thought of being sent to secure the other. Now Ligonier, with seven old regiments, and six of the new, is ordered to Lancashire; before this first division of the army could get to Coventry, they are forced to order it to halt, for fear the enemy should be up with it before it was all assembled. It is uncertain if the rebels will march to the north of Wales, to Bristol, or towards London. If to the latter, Ligonier must fight them; if to either of the other, which I hope, the two armies may join and drive them into a corner, where they must all perish. They cannot subsist in Wales but by being supplied by the papists in Ireland. The best is, that we are in no fear from France; there is no preparation for invasions in any of their ports. Lord Clancarty,[1] a Scotchman of great parts, but mad and drunken, and whose family forfeited £90,000 a year for King James, is made vice-admiral at Brest. The Duke of Bedford goes in his little round person with his regiment; he now takes to the land, and says he is tired of being a pen-and-ink man. Lord Gower insisted, too, upon going with his regiment, but is laid up with the gout.

With the rebels in England, you may imagine we have no private news, nor think of foreign. From this account you may judge that our case is far from desperate, though disagreeable. The prince,[2] while the princess lies-in, has taken to give dinners, to which he asks two of the ladies of the bed-chamber, two of the maids of honour, &c. by turns, and five or six others. He sits at the head of the table, drinks and harangues to all this medley till nine at night; and the other day, after the affair of the regiments, drank Mr Fox's health in a bumper, with three huzzas, for opposing Mr Pelham:

> 'Si quâ fata aspera rumpas,
> Tu Marcellus eris!'
>
> [Ah! couldst thou break through Fate's severe decree,
> A new Marcellus shall arise in thee.—DRYDEN.]

You put me in pain for my eagle, and in more for the Chutes, whose zeal is very heroic, but very ill placed. I long to hear that all my Chutes and eagles are safe out of the Pope's hands! Pray, wish the Suareses joy of all their espousals. Does the princess pray abundantly for her friend the Pretender? Is she extremely *abattue* with her devotion? and does she fast till she has got a violent appetite for supper? And then, does she eat so long, that old Sarrasin is quite impatient to go to cards again? Good-night! I intend you shall still be resident from King George.

*P.S.*—I forgot to tell you that the other day I concluded the ministry knew the danger was all over; for the Duke of Newcastle ventured to have the Pretender's declaration burnt at the Royal Exchange.

*Nov.* 22, 1745.

For these two days we have been expecting news of a battle. Wade marched last Saturday from Newcastle, and must have got up with the rebels if they stayed for him, though the roads are exceedingly bad, and great quantities of snow have fallen. But last night there was some notice of a body of rebels being advanced to Penrith. We were put into great spirits by a heroic letter from the mayor of Carlisle, who had fired on the rebels and made them retire; he concluded with saying: 'And so I think the town of Carlisle has done his majesty more service than the great city of Edinburgh, or than all Scotland together.' But this hero, who was grown the whole fashion for four-and-twenty hours, had chosen to stop all other letters. The king spoke of him at his levée with great encomiums; Lord Stair said: 'Yes, sir, Mr Patterson has behaved very bravely.' The Duke of Bedford interrupted him: 'My lord, his name is not *Patterson*; that is a Scotch name: his name is *Pattinson*.' But, alack! the next day the rebels returned, having placed the women and children of the country in wagons in front of their army, and forcing the peasants to fix the scaling-ladders. The great Mr Pattinson, or Patterson—for now his name may be which one pleases—instantly surrendered the town, and agreed to pay two thousand pounds to save it from pillage.

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[1] Donagh Maccarty, Earl of Clancarty, was an Irishman, and not a Scotchman.

[2] Frederick, Prince of Wales (1707-1751).

*August* 1, 1746.

I am this moment come from the conclusion of the greatest and most melancholy scene I ever yet saw! you will easily guess it was the trials of the rebel lords. As it was the most interesting sight, it was the most solemn and fine: a coronation is a puppet-show, and all the splendour of it, idle; but this sight at once feasted one's eyes and engaged all one's passions. It began last Monday; three-parts of Westminster Hall were inclosed with galleries, and hung with scarlet; and the whole ceremony was conducted with the most awful solemnity and decency, except in the one point of leaving the prisoners at the bar, amidst the idle curiosity of some crowd, and even with the witnesses who had sworn against them, while the Lords adjourned to their own house to consult. No part of the royal family was there, which was a proper regard to the unhappy men who were become their victims. One hundred and thirty-nine Lords were present, and made a noble sight on their benches frequent and full! The Chancellor was Lord High Steward; but though a most comely personage with a fine voice, his behaviour was mean, curiously searching for occasion to bow to the minister that is no peer, and consequently applying to the other ministers, in a manner, for their orders; and not even ready at the ceremonial. To the prisoners he was peevish; and instead of keeping up to the humane dignity of the law of England, whose character it is to point out favour to the criminal, he crossed them, and almost scolded at any offer they made towards defence. I had armed myself with all the resolution I could, with the thought of their crimes and of the danger past, and was assisted by the sight of the Marquis of Lothian in weepers for his son, who fell at Culloden—but the first appearance of the prisoners shocked me! their behaviour melted me! Lord Kilmarnock and Lord Cromartie are both past forty, but look younger. Lord Kilmarnock is tall and slender, with an extreme fine person: his behaviour a most just mixture between dignity and submission; if in anything to be reprehended, a little affected, and his hair too exactly dressed for a man in his situation; but when I say this, it is not to find fault with him, but to shew how little fault there was to be found. Lord Cromartie is an indifferent figure, appeared much dejected, and rather sullen: he dropped a few tears the first day, and swooned as soon as he got back to his cell. For Lord Balmerino, he is the most natural brave old fellow I ever saw: the highest intrepidity, even to indifference. At the bar he behaved like a soldier and a man; in the intervals of form, with carelessness and humour. He pressed extremely to have his wife, his pretty Peggy, with him in the Tower. Lady Cromartie only sees her husband through the grate, not choosing to be shut up with him, as she thinks she can serve him better by her intercession without. When they were to be brought from the Tower in separate coaches, there was some dispute in which the axe must go—old Balmerino cried, 'Come, come, put it with me.' At the bar, he plays with his fingers upon the axe, while he talks to the gentleman-jailer; and one day, somebody coming up to listen, he took the blade and held it like a fan between their faces. During the trial, a little boy was near him, but not tall enough to see; he made room for the child, and placed him near himself. . . .

When the peers were going to vote, Lord Foley withdrew, as too well a wisher; Lord Moray, as nephew of Lord Balmerino—and Lord Stair, as, I believe, uncle to his great grandfather. Lord Windsor, very affectedly, said, 'I am sorry I must say guilty upon my honour.' Lord Stamford would not answer to the name of Henry, having been christened Harry—what a great way of thinking on such an occasion! I was diverted too with old Norsa, an old Jew that kept a tavern. My brother, as auditor of the exchequer, has a gallery along one whole side of the court. I said, 'I really feel for the prisoners!' Old Issachar replied, 'Feel for them! pray, if they had succeeded, what would have become of all us?' When my Lady Townshend heard her husband vote, she said, 'I always knew my lord was guilty, but I never thought he would own it upon his honour.' Lord Balmerino said, that one of his reasons for pleading not guilty, was, that so many ladies might not be disappointed of their show. . . . He said, 'They call me Jacobite; I am no more a Jacobite than any that tried me: but if the Great Mogul had set up his standard, I should have followed it, for I could not starve.'

### *London Earthquakes and London Gossip.—Mar.* 11, 1751.

Portents and prodigies are grown so frequent,
That they have lost their name.*

My text is not literally true; but as far as earthquakes go towards lowering the price of wonderful commodities, to be sure we are overstocked. We have had a second, much more violent than the first; and you must not be surprised if, by next post, you hear of a burning mountain sprung up in Smithfield. In the night between Wednesday and Thursday last—exactly a month since the first shock—the earth had a shivering fit between one and two, but so slight, that if no more had followed, I don't believe it would have been noticed. I had been awake, and had scarce dozed again—on a sudden I felt my bolster lift up my head; I thought somebody was getting from under my bed, but soon found it was a strong earthquake, that lasted near half a minute, with a violent vibration and great roaring. I rang my bell; my servant came in, frightened out of his senses: in an instant we heard all the windows in the neighbourhood flung up. I got up and found people running into the streets, but saw no mischief done: there has been some; two old houses flung down, several chimneys, and much china-ware. The bells rung in several houses. Admiral Knowles, who has lived long in Jamaica, and felt seven there, says this was more violent than any of them: Francesco prefers it to the dreadful one at Leghorn. The wise say, that if we have not rain soon, we shall certainly have more. Several people are going out of town, for it has nowhere reached above ten miles from London: they say they are not frightened, but that it is such fine weather, 'Lord! one can't help going into the country!' The only visible effect it has had was on the Ridotto, at which, being the following night, there were but four hundred people. A parson who came into White's the morning of earthquake the first, and heard bets laid on whether it was an earthquake or the blowing up of powder-mills, went away exceedingly scandalised, and said: 'I protest they are such an impious set of people, that I believe if the last trumpet was to sound, they would bet puppet-show against Judgment.' If we get any nearer still to the torrid zone, I shall pique myself on sending you a present of cedrati and orange-flower water; I am already planning a *terreno* for Strawberry Hill.

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* Dryden's *All for Love*.

The Middlesex election is carried against the court: the Prince in a green frock—and I won't swear but in a Scotch plaid waistcoat—sat under the park-wall in his chair, and hallooed the voters on to Brentford. The Jacobites are so transported, that they are opening subscriptions for all boroughs that shall be vacant—this is wise! They will spend their money to carry a few more seats in a parliament where they will never have the majority, and so have none to carry the general elections. The omen, however, is bad for Westminster; the high-bailiff went to vote for the opposition.

### DR ADAM SMITH.

Dr Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, published in 1776, laid the foundation of the science of political economy. Some of its leading principles had been indicated by Hobbes and Locke; Mandeville had also in his *Fable of the Bees* (see *ante*, page 571) illustrated the advantages of free trade, and Hume in his essays had shewn that no nation could profit by stopping the natural flood of commerce between itself and the rest of the world. Several French writers, moreover, had made considerable advances towards the formation of a system. Smith, however, after a labour of ten years, produced a complete system of political economy; and the execution of his work evinces such indefatigable research, so much sagacity, learning, and information, derived from arts and manufactures, no less than from books, that the *Wealth of Nations* must always be regarded as one of the greatest works on political philosophy. Its leading principles, as enumerated by its best and latest commentator, Mr M'Culloch, may be thus summed up: 'He shewed that the only source of the opulence of nations is *labour;* that the natural wish to augment our fortunes and rise in the world is the cause of riches being accumulated. He demonstrated that labour is productive of wealth, when employed in manufactures and commerce, as well as when it is employed in the cultivation of land; he traced the various means by which labour may be rendered most effective; and gave a most admirable analysis and exposition of the prodigious addition made to its efficacy by its division among different individuals and countries, and by the employment of accumulated wealth or capital in industrious undertakings. He also shewed, in opposition to the commonly received opinions of the merchants, politicians, and statesmen of his time, that wealth does not consist in the abundance of gold and silver, but in the abundance of the various necessaries, conveniences, and enjoyments of human life; that it is in every case sound policy to leave individuals to pursue their own interest in their own way; that, in prosecuting branches of industry advantageous to themselves, they necessarily prosecute such as are at the same time advantageous to the public; and that every regulation intended to force industry into particular channels, or to determine the species of commercial intercourse to be carried on between different parts of the same country, or between distant and independent countries, is impolitic and pernicious.'* Though correct in his fundamental positions, Dr Smith has been shewn to be guilty of several errors. He does not always reason correctly from the principles he lays down; and some of his distinctions—as that between the different classes of society as productive and unproductive consumers—have been shewn, by a more careful analysis and observation, to be unfounded. In this work, as in his *Moral Sentiments*, Smith is copious and happy in his illustrations. The following account of the advantages of the division of labour is very finely written:

#### *Advantages of the Division of Labour.*

Observe the accommodation of the most common artificer or day-labourer in a civilised and thriving country, and you will perceive that the number of people, of whose industry a part, though but a small part, has been employed in procuring him this accommodation, exceeds all computation. The woollen coat, for example, which covers the day-labourer, as coarse and rough as it may appear, is the produce of the joint labour of a great multitude of workmen. The shepherd, the sorter of the wool, the wool-comber or carder, the dyer, the scribbler, the spinner, the weaver, the fuller, the dresser, with many others, must all join their different arts in order to complete even this homely production. How many merchants and carriers, besides, must have been employed in transporting the materials from some of those workmen to others, who often live in a very distant part of the country! How much commerce and navigation in particular, how many ship-builders, sailors, sail-makers, rope-makers, must have been employed in order to bring together the different drugs made use of by the dyer, which often come from the remotest corners of the world! What a variety of labour, too, is necessary in order to produce the tools of the meanest of those workmen! To say nothing of such complicated machines as the ship of the sailor, the mill of the fuller, or even the loom of the weaver, let us consider only what a variety of labour is requisite in order to form that very simple machine, the shears with which the shepherd clips the wool. The miner, the builder of the furnace for smelting the ore, the feller of the timber, the burner of the charcoal to be made use of in the smelting-house, the brick-maker, the bricklayer, the workmen who attend the furnace, the millwright, the forger, the smith, must all of them join their different arts in order to produce them. Were we to examine in the same manner all the different parts of his dress and household furniture, the coarse linen shirt which he wears next his skin, the shoes which cover his feet, the bed which he lies on, and all the different parts which compose it, the kitchen-grate at which he prepares his victuals, the coals which he makes use of for that purpose, dug from the bowels of the earth, and brought to him, perhaps, by a long sea and a long land carriage, all the other utensils of his kitchen, all the furniture of his table, the knives and forks, the earthen or pewter plates upon which he serves up and divides his victuals, the different hands employed in preparing his bread and his beer, the glass window which lets in the heat and the light, and keeps out the wind and the rain, with all the knowledge and art requisite for preparing that beautiful and happy invention, without which these northern parts of the world could scarce have afforded a very comfortable habitation, together with the tools of all the different workmen employed in producing those different conveniences; if we examine, I say, all these things, and consider what a variety of labour is employed about each of them, we shall be sensible that, without the assistance and co-operation of many thousands, the very meanest person in a civilised country could not be provided, even according to what we very falsely imagine the easy and simple manner in which he is commonly accommodated. Compared, indeed, with the more extravagant luxury of the great, his accommodation must no doubt appear extremely simple and easy; and yet it may be true, perhaps, that the accommodation of a European prince does not always so much exceed that of an industrious and frugal peasant, as the accommodation of the latter exceeds that of many an African king, the absolute masters of the lives and liberties of ten thousand naked savages.

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* M'Culloch's *Principles of Political Economy.*

### ADAM FERGUSON—LORD MONBODDO.

**Dr Adam Ferguson** (1724–1816), son of the minister of Logierait, in Perthshire, was educated at St Andrews: removing to Edinburgh, he became an associate of Dr Robertson, Blair, Home, &c. In 1744, he entered the 42d regiment as chaplain, and continued in that situation till 1757, when he resigned it, and became tutor in the family of Lord Bute. He was afterwards professor of natural philosophy and of moral philosophy in the university of Edinburgh. In 1778, he went to America as secretary to the commissioners appointed to negotiate with the revolted colonies: on his return, he resumed the duties of his professorship. His latter days were spent in ease and affluence at St Andrews, where he died at the patriarchal age of ninety-two. The works of Dr Ferguson are—*The History of Civil Society*, published in 1766; *Institutes of Moral Philosophy*, 1769; *A Reply to Dr Price on Civil and Religious Liberty*, 1776; *The History of the Progress and Termination of the Roman Republic*, 1783; and *Principles of Moral and Political Science*, 1792. Sir Walter Scott, who was personally acquainted with Ferguson, supplies some interesting information as to the latter years of this venerable professor, whom he considered the most striking example of the Stoic philosopher which could be seen in modern days. He had a shock of paralysis in the sixtieth year of his life, from which period he became a strict Pythagorean in his diet, eating nothing but vegetables, and drinking only water or milk. The deep interest which he took in the French war had long seemed to be the main tie which connected him with passing existence; and the news of Waterloo acted on the aged patriot as a *nunc dimittis*.

#### *On the Changes in Society.*

From the *Essay on the History of Civil Society*.

Mankind have twice within the compass of history ascended from rude beginnings to very high degrees of refinement. In every age, whether destined by its temporary disposition to build or to destroy, they have left the vestiges of an active and vehement spirit. The pavement and the ruins of Rome are buried in dust, shaken from the feet of barbarians, who trod with contempt on the refinements of luxury, and spurned those arts the use of which it was reserved for the posterity of the same people to discover and to admire. The tents of the wild Arab are even now pitched among the ruins of magnificent cities; and the waste fields which border on Palestine and Syria are perhaps become again the nursery of infant nations. The chieftain of an Arab tribe, like the founder of Rome, may have already fixed the roots of a plant that is to flourish in some future period, or laid the foundations of a fabric that will attain to its grandeur in some distant age.

Great part of Africa has been always unknown; but the silence of fame, on the subject of its revolutions, is an argument, where no other proof can be found, of weakness in the genius of its people. The torrid zone, everywhere round the globe, however known to the geographer, has furnished few materials for history; and though in many places supplied with the arts of life in no contemptible degree, has nowhere matured the more important projects of political wisdom, nor inspired the virtues which are connected with freedom, and which are required in the conduct of civil affairs. It was indeed in the torrid zone that mere arts of mechanism and manufacture were found, among the inhabitants of the new world, to have made the greatest advance; it is in India, and in the regions of this hemisphere which are visited by the vertical sun, that the arts of manufacture and the practice of commerce are of the greatest antiquity, and have survived, with the smallest diminution, the ruins of time and the revolutions of empire. The sun, it seems, which ripens the pine-apple and the tamarind, inspires a degree of mildness that can even assuage the rigours of despotical government: and such is the effect of a gentle and pacific disposition in the natives of the East, that no conquest, no irruption of barbarians, terminates, as they did among the stubborn natives of Europe, by a total destruction of what the love of ease and of pleasure had produced.

Man, in the perfection of his natural faculties, is quick and delicate in his sensibility; extensive and various in his imaginations and reflections; attentive, penetrating, and subtle in what relates to his fellow-creatures; firm and ardent in his purposes; devoted to friendship or to enmity; jealous of his independence and his honour, which he will not relinquish for safety or for profit; under all his corruptions or improvements, he retains his natural sensibility, if not his force; and his commerce is a blessing or a curse, according to the direction his mind has received. But under the extremes of heat or of cold, the active range of the human soul appears to be limited; and men are of inferior importance, either as friends or as enemies. In the one extreme, they are dull and slow, moderate in their desires, regular and pacific in their manner of life; in the other, they are feverish in their passions, weak in their judgments, and addicted by temperament to animal pleasure. In both, the heart is mercenary, and makes important concessions for childish bribes: in both, the spirit is prepared for servitude; in the one, it is subdued by fear of the future; in the other, it is not roused even by its sense of the present.

**Lord Monboddo's** *Essay on the Origin and Progress of Language*, published in 1771–3 and 1776, is one of those singular works which at once provoke study and ridicule. The author was a man of real learning and talents, but a humorist in character and opinions. He was an enthusiast in Greek literature and antiquities, and a worshipper of Homer. So far did he carry this, that, finding carriages were not in use among the ancients, he never would enter one, but made all his journeys to London—which he visited once a year—and other places on horseback, and continued the practice till he was upwards of eighty. He said it was a degradation of the genuine dignity of human nature to be dragged at the tail of a horse instead of mounting upon his back! The eccentric philosopher was less careful of the dignity of human nature in some of his opinions. He gravely maintains in his *Essay* that men were originally monkeys, in which condition they remained for ages destitute of speech, reason, and social affections. They gradually improved, according to Monboddo's theory, as geologists say the earth was changed by successive revolutions; but he contends that the orang-outangs are still of the human species, and that in the Bay of Bengal there exists a nation of human beings with tails like monkeys, which had been discovered a hundred and thirty years before by a Swedish skipper. When Sir Joseph Banks returned from Botany Bay, Monboddo inquired after the long-tailed men, and, according to Dr Johnson, was not pleased that they had not been found in all his peregrinations. All the moral sentiments and domestic affections were, according to this whimsical philosopher, the result of art, contrivance, and experience, as much as writing, ship-building, or any other mechanical invention; and hence he places man, in his natural state, below beavers and sea-cats, which he terms social and political animals! The laughable absurdity of these doctrines must have protected their author from the fulminations of the clergy, who were then so eager to attack all the metaphysical opponents of revealed religion. In 1779, Monboddo published an elaborate work, on ancient metaphysics, in three volumes quarto, which, like his former publication, is equally learned and equally whimsical. James Burnet, Lord Monboddo, died in Edinburgh, May 26, 1799, at the advanced age of eighty-five.

**William Harris** (1720-1770), a dissenting divine in Devonshire, published historical memoirs of James I., Charles I., Oliver Cromwell, and Charles II. These works were written in imitation of the manner of Bayle, the text being subordinate to the notes and illustrations. Very frequently only a single line of the memoir is contained in the page, the rest been wholly notes. As depositories of original papers, the memoirs of Harris—which are still to be met with in five volumes—were valuable until superseded by better works: the original part is trifling in extent, and written without either merit or pretension.

**James Harris** of Salisbury (1709-1780), a learned benevolent man, published in 1744 treatises on art, on music and painting, and on happiness. He afterwards (1751) produced his celebrated work, *Hermes, or a Philosophical Inquiry concerning Universal Grammar.* The definitions of Harris are considered arbitrary, and often unnecessary, and his rules are complicated; but his profound acquaintance with Greek literature, and his general learning, supplying numerous illustrations, enabled him to produce a curious and valuable publication. Every writer on the history and philosophy of grammar must consult *Hermes.* Unfortunately the study of the ancient dialects of the northern nations was little prevalent at the time of Mr Harris, and to this cause—as was the case also with many of the etymological distinctions in Johnson's Dictionary—must be attributed some of his errors and the imperfection of his plan. Mr Harris was a man of rank and fortune: he sat several years in parliament, and was successively a lord of the admiralty and lord of the treasury. In 1774, he was made secretary and comptroller to the queen, which he held till his death in 1780. His son, Lord Malmesbury, published, in 1801, a complete edition of his works in two volumes quarto. Harris relates the following interesting anecdote of a Greek pilot, to shew that even among the present Greeks, in the day of servitude, the remembrance of their ancient glory is not extinct: 'When the late Mr Anson—Lord Anson's brother—was upon his travels in the East, he hired a vessel to visit the Isle of Tenedos. His pilot, an old Greek, as they were sailing along, said with some satisfaction: "There 'twas our fleet lay." Mr Anson demanded: "What fleet?" "What fleet!" replied the old man, a little piqued at the question; "why, our Grecian fleet at the siege of Troy."' As a specimen of Harris's ingenious though often unsound grammatical speculations, we subjoin a short and lively definition from his *Hermes:*

### *Of Pronouns.*

All conversation passes between individuals, who will often happen to be till that instant unacquainted with each other. What, then, is to be done? How shall the speaker address the other, when he knows not his name? or how explain himself by his own name, of which the other is wholly ignorant? Nouns, as they have been described, cannot answer this purpose. The first expedient upon this occasion seems to have been pointing, or indicating by the finger or hand; some traces of which are still to be observed, as a part of that action which naturally attends our speaking. But the authors of language were not content with this. They invented a race of words to supply this pointing; which words, as they always stood for substantives or nouns, were characterised by the name of *pronouns*. These also they distinguished into three several sorts, calling them pronouns of the first, the second, and the third person, with a view to certain distinctions, which may be explained as follows: Suppose the parties conversing to be wholly unacquainted, neither name nor countenance on either side known, and the subject of the conversation to be the speaker himself. Here, to supply the place of pointing by a word of equal power, the inventors of language furnished the speaker with the pronoun *I*. *I* write, *I* say, *I* desire, &c.; and as the speaker is always principal with respect to his own discourse, this they called, for that reason, the pronoun of the first person. Again, suppose the subject of the conversation to be the party addressed. Here, for similar reasons, they invented the pronoun *thou*; *thou* writest, *thou* walkest, &c. And as the party addressed is next in dignity to the speaker, or at least comes next with reference to the discourse, this pronoun they therefore called the pronoun of the second person. Lastly, suppose the subject of conversation neither the speaker nor the party addressed, but some third object different from both. Here they provided another pronoun, *he*, *she*, or *it*; which, in distinction to the two former, was called the pronoun of the third person. And thus it was that pronouns came to be distinguished by their respective *persons*.

Two distinguished antiquarian writers, whose researches illustrate the history of their native country, may be here mentioned—**William Stukeley** (1687-1765), who published *Itinerarium Curiosum, or an Account of the Antiquities and Curiosities of Great Britain*, *An Account of Stonehenge*, &c. &c. Stukeley studied medicine, but afterwards took orders, and at the time of his death, was rector of St George's Church, Queen Square, London. **Edward King** (1735-1807), an English barrister, published *Observations on Ancient Castles*, and an elaborate work, in three folio volumes, *Munimenta Antiqua*, descriptive of English architecture anterior to the Norman conquest. A still more valuable literary pioneer was **Dr Thomas Birch** (1705-1766), one of the secretaries of the Royal Society, and a trustee of the British Museum. Birch wrote elaborate but dull Lives of Queen Elizabeth; Henry, Prince of Wales, son of James I.; of Dr Ward, Archbishop Tillotson, &c. He edited Thurloe's *State Papers*, Spenser's *Faery Queen*, and Milton's prose works.

He collected a great amount of materials, literary and historical, and deserves honourable mention in any retrospect of British literature.

### ENCYCLOPÆDIAS AND MAGAZINES.

The *Cyclopædia* of EPHRAIM CHAMBERS, published in 1728, in two folio volumes, was the first dictionary or repertory of general knowledge produced in Britain. Chambers, who had been reared to the business of a globe-maker, and was a man of respectable though not profound attainments, died in 1740. His work was printed five times during the subsequent eighteen years, and has finally been extended, in the present century, under the care of DR ABRAHAM REES, to forty volumes in quarto. The *Preceptor* of ROBERT DODSLEY, published in 1748, long continued to be a favourite and useful book. It embraced within the compass of two volumes, in octavo, treatises on elocution, composition, arithmetic, geography, logic, moral philosophy, human life and manners, and a few other branches of knowledge, then supposed to form a complete course of education. In 1751-54 appeared Barrow's *New and Universal Dictionary of Arts and Sciences*. The celebrated French *Encyclopædia* was published between the years 1751 and 1765, and the popularising of scientific knowledge went rapidly forward both in France and Britain.

This reign may also be termed the epoch of magazines, reviews, and journals. Of the latter, there were no less than fifty-five weekly publications—enumerated by Nichols in his *Literary Anecdotes*—and some of them were conducted with spirit and ability. The *Grub Street Journal* was begun in 1730, and continued till 1737, enriched by the personal attacks of Pope, and by some acute and lively criticism. Fielding also had his *True Patriot's Journal* and *Covent Garden Journal*. The monthly form of publication was first adopted by EDWARD CAVE, Johnson's humble literary friend and patron, who commenced in 1731 the *Gentleman's Magazine*, which still exists. Cave, in his introduction, said: 'Upon calculating the number of newspapers, it is found that, besides divers written accounts, no less than 200 half-sheets per month are thrown from the press only in London, and about as many printed elsewhere in the three kingdoms; a considerable part of which constantly exhibit essays on various subjects for entertainment.' Hence the sagacious printer argued that a magazine was necessary to preserve what was valuable in the multifarious half-sheets. Original communications were afterwards admitted, and Cave's success led to rival works of the same kind. The *London Magazine*, the *Universal*, the *Grand*, the *Town and Country*, and others followed. The *Literary Magazine or Universal Review*, commenced in 1756, was chiefly supported, during its three years of existence, by the admirable criticisms of Johnson. The *Lady's Magazine* and *Public Ledger* contained many of the fine essays of Goldsmith; and about the same time Smollett started the *British Magazine*, which appeared under the distinction of the royal license. At this period many other monthly miscellanies were commenced, but most of them were short-lived and obscure. Scotland was not long behind the sister-country in having a monthly periodical. In January 1739 was issued the first number of the *Scots Magazine*, produced, among other reasons, as stated by the publishers, that 'the Caledonian Muse might not be restrained by want of a public echo to her song!' This magazine continued down to 1826.

The first periodical devoted exclusively to criticism on new books was the *Monthly Review*, established in 1749 by Griffiths, a bookseller, assisted by Dr Kippis, Ralph, Langhorne, Grainger, and others. As the *Monthly* was Whig and Low Church, the Tory and High Church party in 1756 set up a rival, the *Critical Review*, which was placed under the editorship of Smollett, and led the irritable novelist into many feuds and wars. Griffiths, indignant at having his province invaded, said his review was not written by 'physicians without practice, authors without learning, men without decency, or writers without judgment.' Smollett, in reply, said the *Critical Review* was not written by 'a parcel of obscure hirelings under the restraint of a bookseller and his wife, who presume to revise, alter, and amend the articles.' Both reviews kept the field for a long period, and were the chief publications of the kind previous to the commencement of the *British Critic* in 1793.

Another useful and valuable periodical was commenced in 1758—the *Annual Register*, towards which, as previously stated, Burke was a contributor, and which is still (1875) continued in a generally improved form. It is the best record we have of the history, political and literary, of the times at home and abroad.

END OF VOL. I.

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